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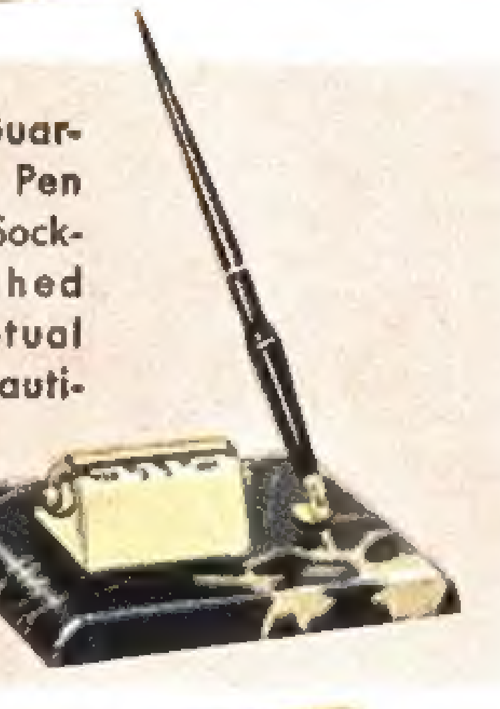

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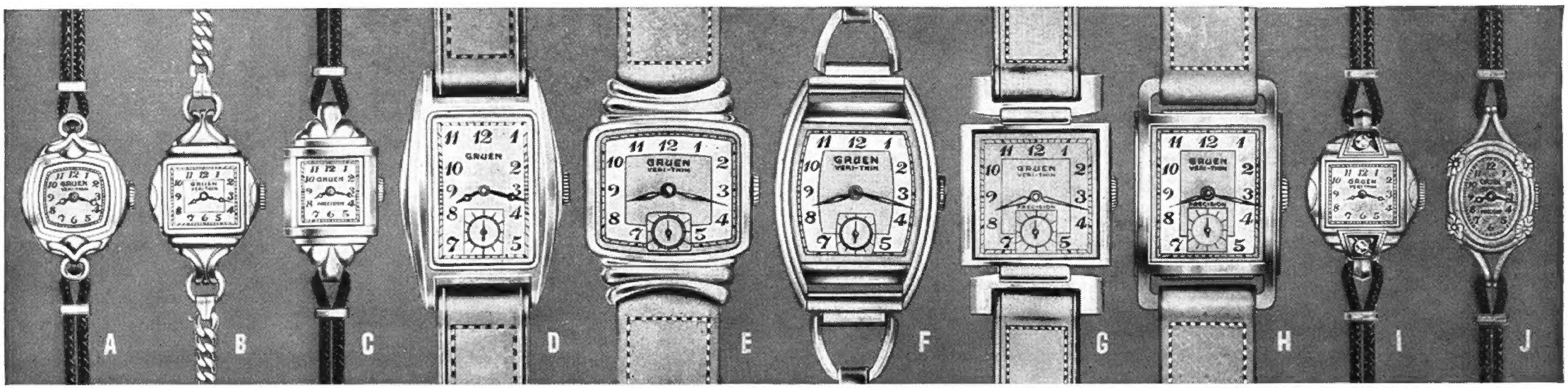

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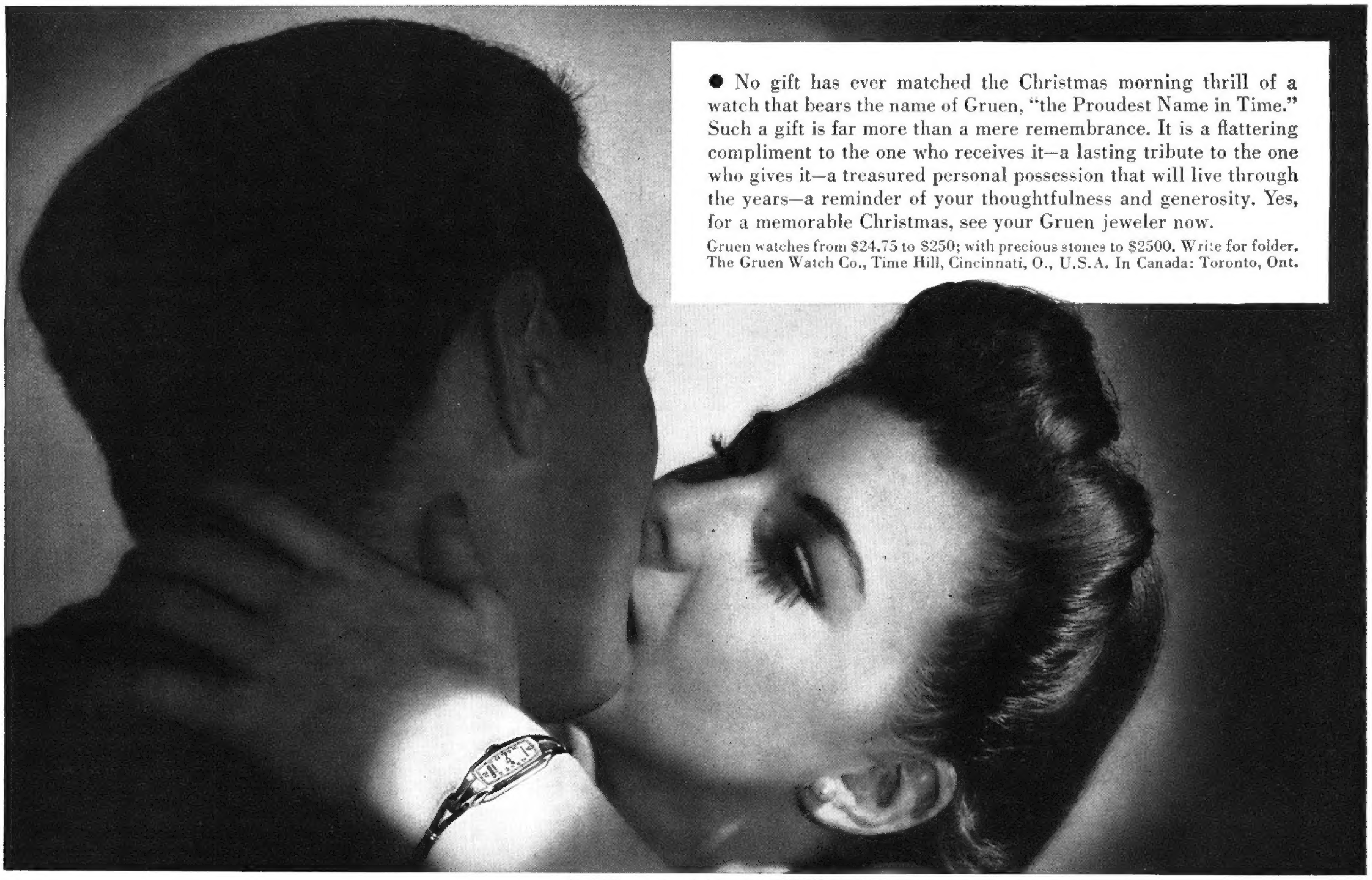

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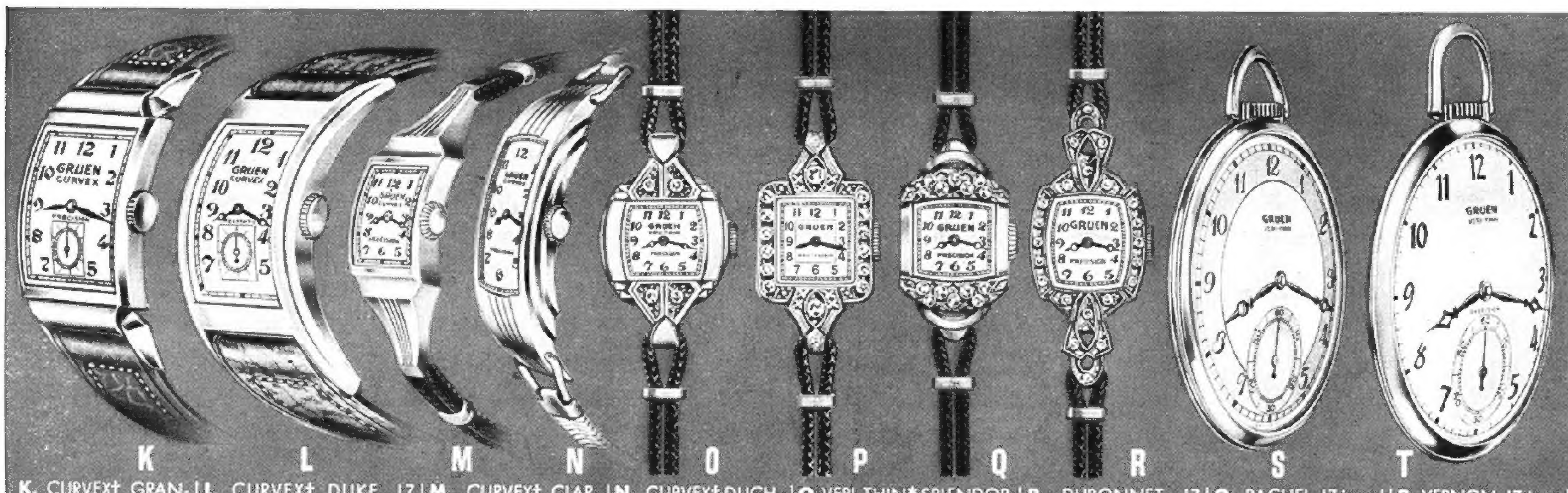

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**Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.**

### *About "For Whom the Bell Tolls"*

Once each year, for Christmas, we allow ourselves to devote this space beneath the table of contents to one single unpurposive thought. We let ourselves enjoy the luxury of thinking, here in this space, one thought that may or may not advance the immediate interests of this magazine. In recent years we have tried to confine this annual thought to a more or less seasonally appropriate aspect of the international situation. For instance, at this time in '36 we were concerned with the apparent imminence of the fall of Madrid and the apparent American indifference to the awful fact that world peace had been broken; in '37 it was the sickness that entered our soul at the thought of Christmas in Nazi Germany (for which the magazine was promptly banned there and ourself elected to Himmler's own blacklist); in '38 it was the Munich-animated reflection that Europe had been saved from suicide then only to be hanged later; and last year it was a rather gloomy recapitulation of the previous three, capped by a harking back to Ernest Hemingway's *Notes on the Next War* which appeared in these pages away back in '35.

Mr. Hemingway has been absent from these pages for a long time. That is an unhappy fact that we have never tried to make our readers forget. For well over two years, when this magazine was new, he very rarely missed an issue. For the last two years he has very rarely made one. He appeared in these pages only twice in '38, and only once in '39. Since then he has hardly appeared in print anywhere, because he has been at work all this time on his new novel. We have just read *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and if it does not make us forget, it at least makes us forgive, his long absence from these pages. For this new book, certainly his best since *A Farewell to Arms* and probably his best to date, is a sustained flight that obviously could not have been made if he had been compelled to interrupt it every so often and alight long enough to produce a transient piece for a magazine.

The title is taken from a prose passage, presumably a sermon, in the works of John Donne, the Elizabethan preacher now best remembered as a poet. The thought is really only another way of saying "I hold nothing human alien to myself" but it is expressed with greatly intensified impact: "No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main; if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a promontory were, as well as if a manor of thy friends or of thine own were; any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind; and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

No book was ever better titled than this one, and no book ever fulfilled more richly all the promises implicit in its title. For brother, as you read this four-day life-unto-death of an obscure hero in an indecisive and abortive effort behind the lines in the war in Spain, *you* die as surely and as slowly, as bravely and as fearfully, as inevitably and as ineffectually as he does, and you live and love in the meantime more intensely, with greater strain on your nervous and vital tissue, than you have in the past twenty years, no matter whether your own life has been on a par, for deeds of valor, with that of a professional soldier like, say, Col. Charles Sweeney, or that of, for instance, Mr. Clifton Webb.

In a sense, such books as *The Sun Also Rises* and *A Farewell to Arms* were only practice bouts or preliminaries to a main event like *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, just as the Franco revolution in Spain was only a curtain-raiser to the world revolution now raising its tri-colored Hydra head. This is said in all due respect both to those excellent earlier books and to that other earlier war, that misunderstood and unappreciated and finally hamstrung struggle in Spain. This is Hemingway's most mature, and perhaps his first fully mature, novel. *The Sun Also Rises* was as much practice in the perfection of a way of saying something as it was expression of something to say. The same was true, to a lesser extent but still to a certain extent, of *A Farewell to Arms*. In those books you were conscious, all the way and perhaps pleasantly so, of the *manner* in which the *matter* was presented. That was the famous magic of the Hemingway style, that fathered a whole school of imitators. You will no longer be conscious of it in this book. You will be too bloody busy, living it along with the hero, in trying to come out of it alive. You will be no more concerned with style in writing, by the time you reach Chapter Forty-Three than you would be concerned with style in clothes if you fell past a clothing-store window while wondering whether your parachute would open before you hit the street below.

This is not to say that this book is a departure from the Hemingway method. It is simply a further perfection, and what must be very nearly the ultimate refinement, of the essence of that method. For the essence of the Hemingway method lay never in such a simple surface manifestation as the so-called stripped or telegraphic style, which was the only thing the imitators ever managed to borrow. It lay, beneath that apparently "stripped" style, in the consciously and painstakingly built-up technique of projection—of projecting the *essentials* of any experience with such high selectivity of significant detail that it heightened your own sensitivity to them. Ideally, the end result of such a method would be to make you more richly aware of any given thing, say a landscape or a battle or a girl, through the medium of Hemingway's prose, than through the medium of your own casual perceptions. In other words, your encounter with a sentry on a wooded Spanish hillside, in Hemingway's pages, would be more real to you, when afterward remembered, than your encounter with the traffic cop who last week bawled you out for jumping the amber light at that crossing. And in this book the method achieves, more nearly than ever before, that ideal perfection.

Incidentally it is ironic to reflect that in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, which has more profanity and more venery than *The Sun Also Rises* and *A Farewell to Arms* put together, Mr. Hemingway has himself practiced what, for the preaching of which, he skewered Ring Lardner and Westbrook Pegler on the same spit, in these pages over six years ago. For he has written this one "with never a dirty word." Here, for example, is how: "Go to the unprintable and unprint thyself." Or, for a varied instance, this: "That we blow up an obscene bridge and then have to obscenely well obscenity ourselves off out of these mountains." By this wonderful device, "coupling an obscenity to every noun as an adjective, (and) using the same obscenity as a verb," he has managed to convey the redolence of his characters' speech without recourse to dashes, those fig leaves on the vitals of artistic prose, and at the same time has managed to wrap it up, like so much coal in cellophane, so that it may be brought into the parlor without damage to the delicacies of the hypersensitive.

While the setting of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is the *guerilla* country behind the lines, in the backwash of the Spanish battlefront, it would be no more fair to label this as merely a novel about the war in Spain than it would be to classify *Hamlet* as a yarn about Denmark. This is a book about a man's insides, in every sense, and it is only incidentally about Spain or even about war. And it is what it will *do*, to and for your insides, that constitutes its great importance. It will leave you hollowed out. For long before you're finished with it (in fact, you're never finished with it if you read it right), it has become a book about you.

Without forgetting Mr. Hemingway's long absence from these pages, then, we forgive it, for what he has done in 471 pages of his own. In an interior monologue on one of those pages Hemingway's Robert Jordan says of the Spaniards, "There is no finer and no worse people in the world. No kinder people and no crueler. And who understands them? Not me, because if I did I would forgive it all."

And *there's* our thought for this space, for this year, for this Christmas. A good, if not a merry, Christian thought. For, to go on with his Robert Jordan, "Forgiveness is a Christian idea." To forget is savage. Puppies and primitives forget readily. So do Fascists, as witness pledges, treaties and pacts. But to forgive, without forgetting, is an attribute of our civilization, now unhappily at stake.

Without forgetting the little Spanish orphans who, while sheltered in England only two years ago, threw themselves to the ground every time they heard a plane, we can forgive the part played then by Chamberlain's government, nor forget the similar part played in that affair by our own government. And every time a little British refugee, now sheltered here, cowers at the sound of a passing truck's backfired exhaust, we can forgive without forgetting. Nor need we ever "send to know for whom the bell tolls," every time a Heinkel or a Junkers, having dumped its ashcans, wings away from over England. It tolls for us.

ESQUIRE
December, 1940
T. M. Reg.

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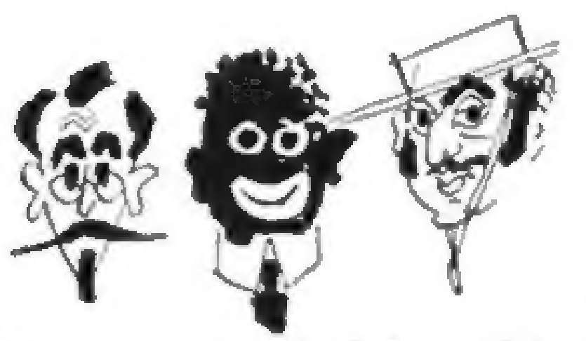

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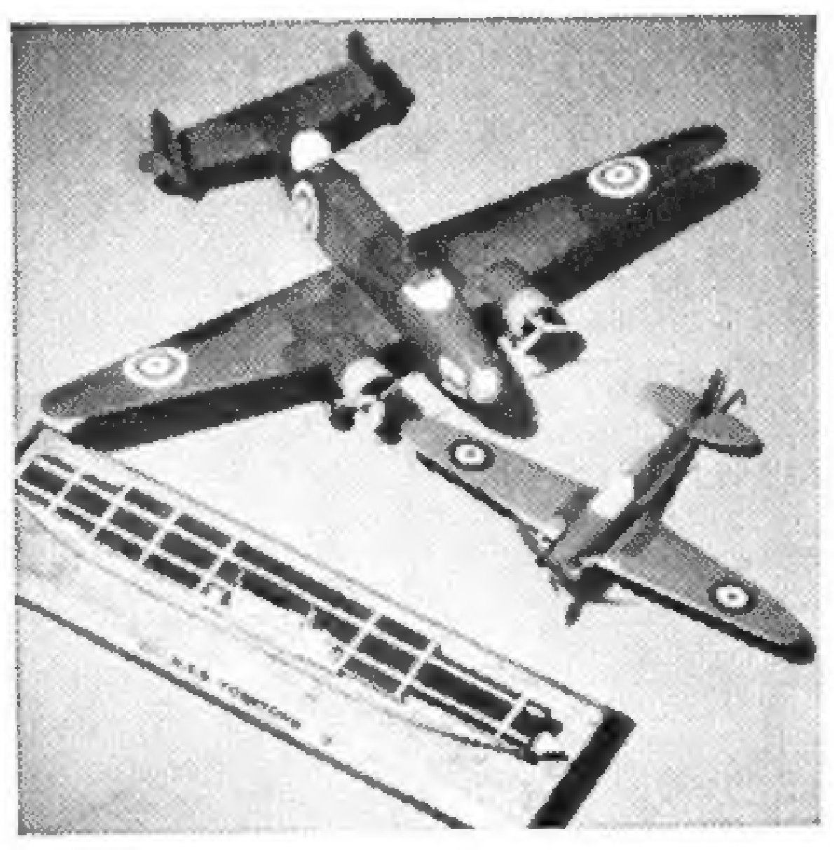
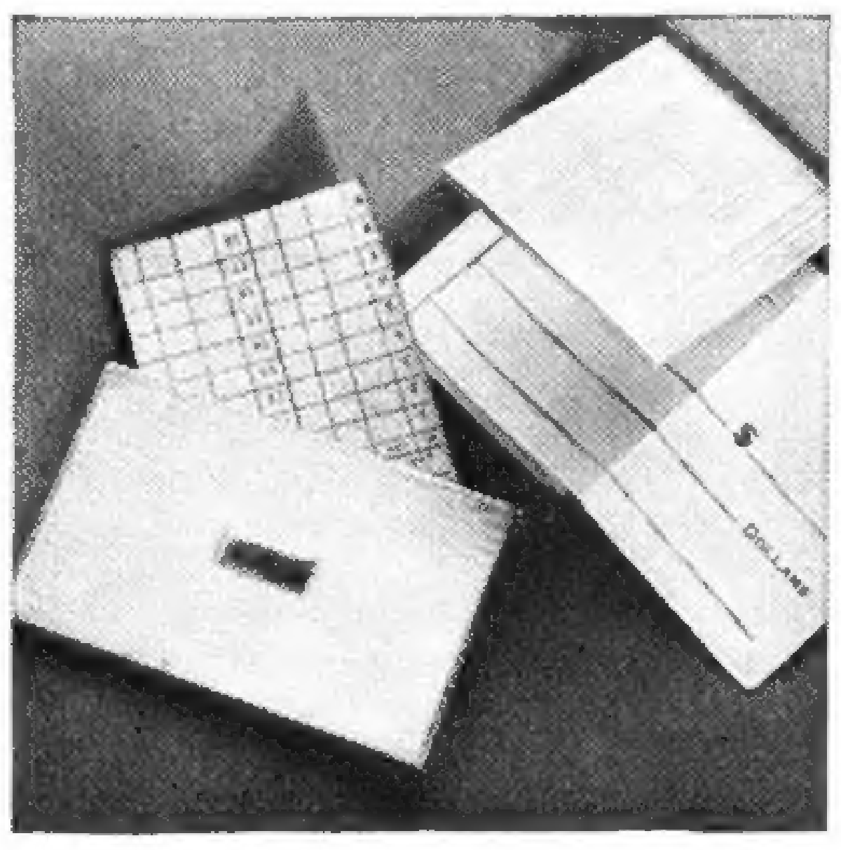
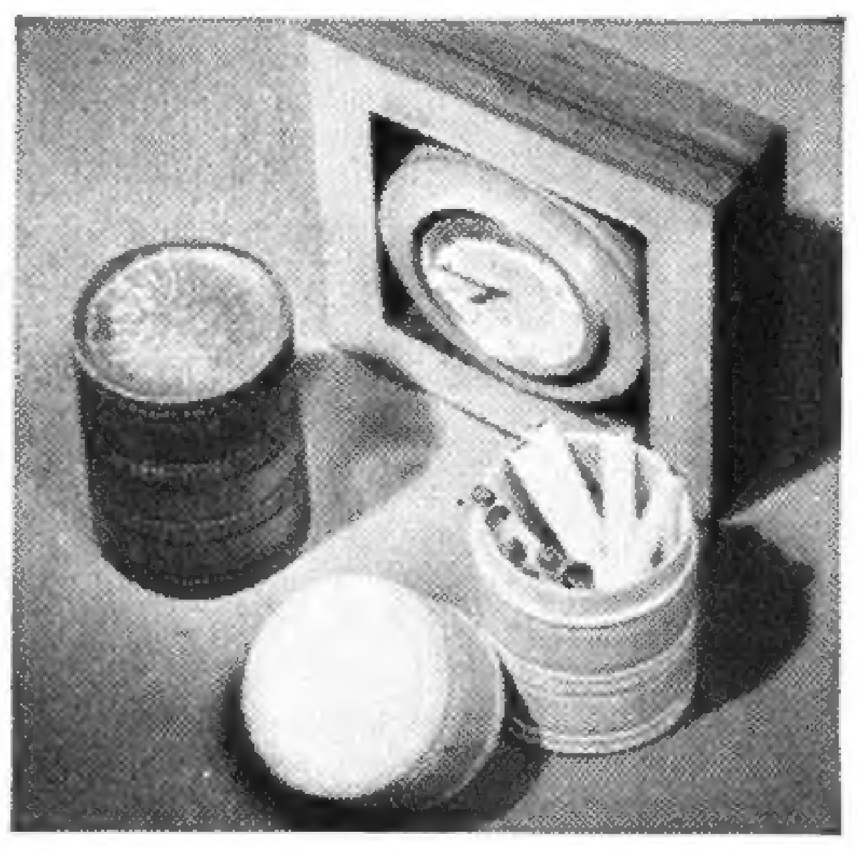


**MODELS IN THE MODERN MANNER.** Again an intrusion of the marts of Mars into the happy bailiwick of Christmas gifts, but any man with a model collection should come in for one of these. Whatever he wants in modern aircraft—fighters, bombers, pursuit ships—are ready, made of wood, in fine, colorful reproductions of the originals. The U. S. S. Yorktown, pictured here, is one of a set of U. S. Navy vessels made accurately to scale and in faithful detail.

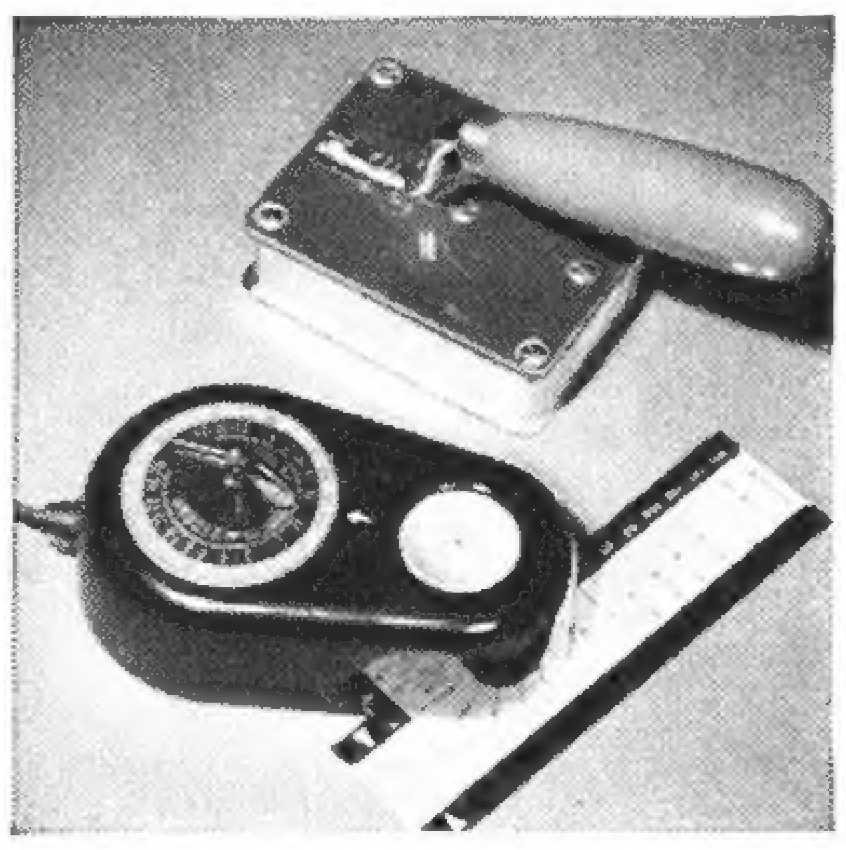


**HE HAS EVERYTHING?** He can't have "everything" until these arrive on the 25th. For the golfer, and as good as a trophy, a golf score pad case of sterling silver. Pad of golf score cards comes inside. To take the pain out of check writing, a silver check book holder with twelve check books to fit, printed with name and name of bank. Engine turned, with two gold stripes.

**CHRISTMASTIME.** Some extremely handsome watch designs, styled by the former purveyor to the Court of Austria—pocket and wrist watch in the skeleton manner, with rock crystal shells and 18K gold frames. The movements are 17 jewel, hands of 18K. The lush woman's wrist watch has a red and green gold bracelet, unsparingly set with 64 pigeon blood rubies.



**TIME AND THE TROPICS.** There's desk distinction in this laminated steerhide clock, which makes good sense of being a round peg in a square hole. Thin strips of leather are built up into a rugged frame, 5½ inches square. The cigarette boxes are conversation pieces for desk or coffee table, made in Honolulu of native bamboo. Satisfying to look at and use, either in their natural color or stained a rich brown.



**CAMERADERIE.** Or, the appreciation of an amateur photographer when you give him a photo presser, the means to the end of professional picture-mounting. Its heat is thermostatically controlled; spreads the adhesive agent under the photograph, eliminates wrinkles. Inexpensive, too, is this tidy enlarging exposure meter to help the amateur in making enlargements. Finger-crossing, guesswork, not necessary in reckoning printing time, because the dial tells all in terms of seconds.

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# BOOKS YOU WILL SOON BE READING

## —they are all Book-of-the-Month Club Choices…

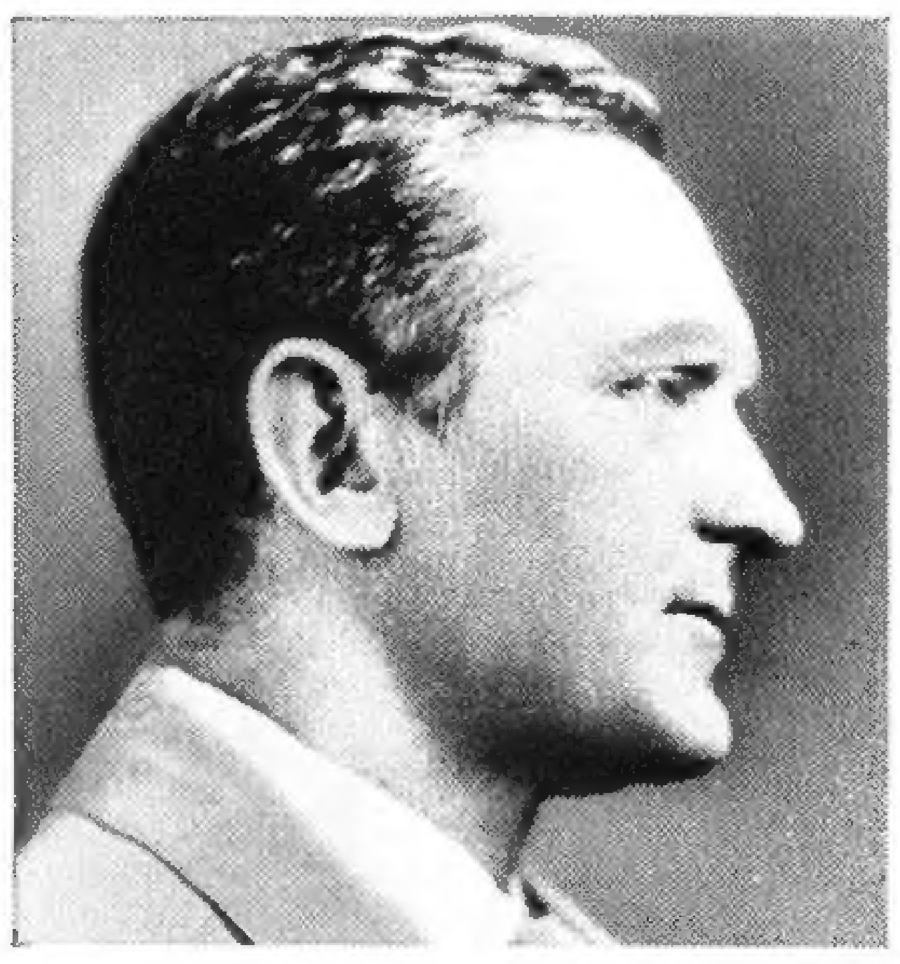
**Ernest Hemingway's** new novel, FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS, is the Club's November choice. It seems pretty certain to be generally regarded as his best novel since *A Farewell to Arms.*

**Margaret Armstrong** in TRELAWNY has written a biography of "one of the most genuine originals of our race;" it was our October choice, and is rising swiftly on all best-seller lists.

**William Saroyan's** new book, MY NAME IS ARAM—coming soon —is a delightful puckish picture of a small boy which, we have a hunch, may go the way of Clarence Day's *Life With Father.*

**Franz Werfel's** new novel EMBEZZLED HEAVEN, is the Club's December book—a quiet, deeply thoughtful work in an entirely different vein from the exciting *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh.*

**Willa Cather's** new novel, SAPPHIRA AND THE SLAVE GIRL, will also be distributed by the Club soon; scene is pre-Civil War Virginia; it is in the mood of *Death Comes to the Archbishop.*



**Hans Zinsser's** book, AS I REMEMBER HIM, was a Club choice just prior to his death; if any book deserved its present place, among the top best-sellers in the nation, it is this.

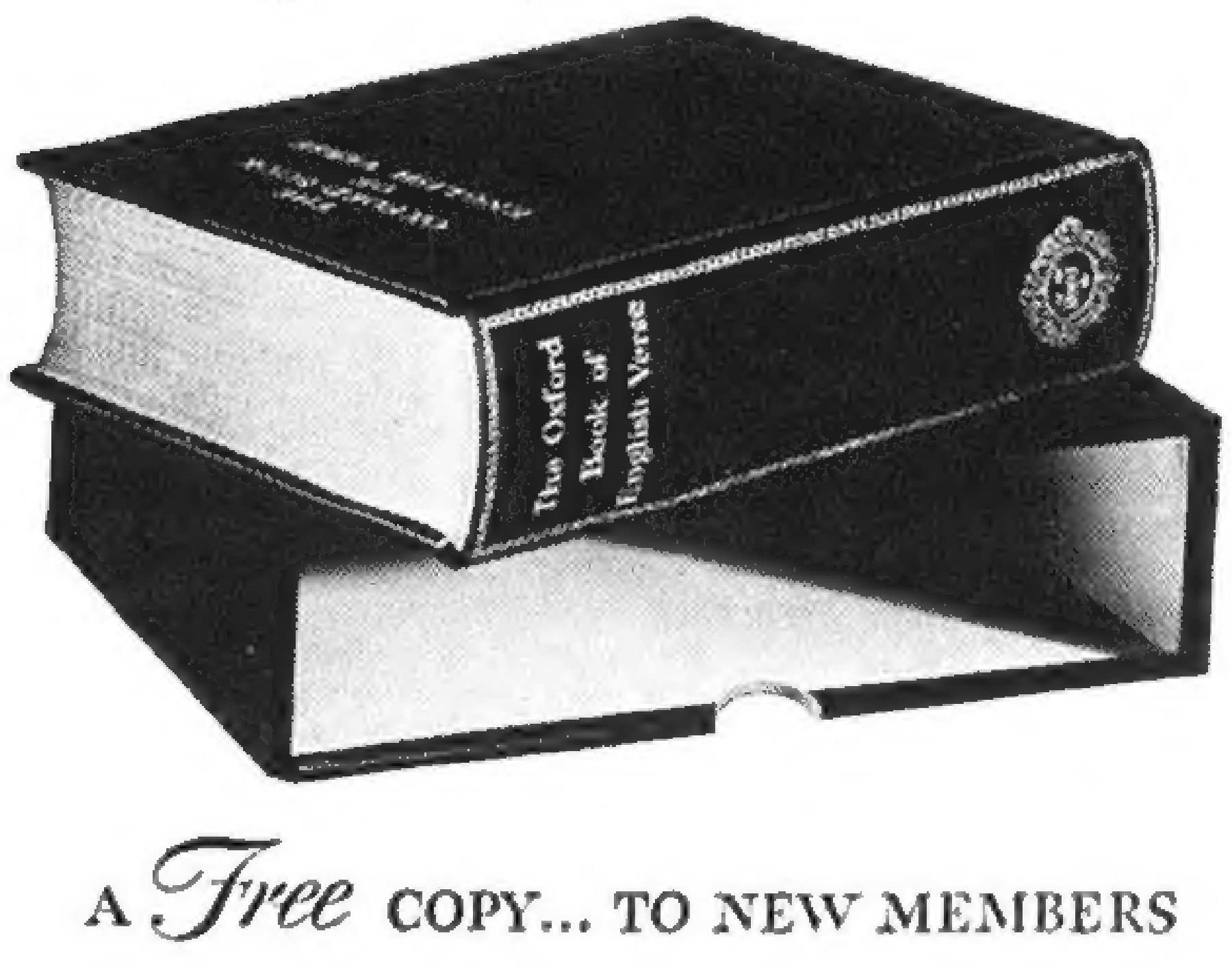
**Jan Struther,** with MRS. MINIVER, is a new author to Americans—instantly and widely introduced, as so many authors have been in the past, when her book was chosen in August.

**Gontran de Poncins,** a Frenchman, has written KABLOONA, an extraordinary book about Eskimos—beautifully translated and strikingly illustrated. It too will appear very soon.

**Van Wyck Brooks'** NEW ENGLAND: INDIAN SUMMER is, in the opinion of many, even more absorbing than *The Flowering of New England.* It was our judges' choice for September.

## —for every *two* Books-of-the-Month you buy from the Club you receive *one* book-dividend, FREE

*"All that is imperishable of England"*



A *Free* COPY… TO NEW MEMBERS

## The Oxford Book of English Verse

This was one of the recent book-dividends of the Club. All subscribers who bought two books-of-the-month received it, free. Revised and enlarged for the first time in forty years, *The Oxford Book of English Verse* contains nearly a thousand poems. Very few are the books that can be read and reread through a lifetime, without their boundless treasures ever being exhausted. This 1200-page volume is one of that select company. Within its richly bound covers are the poems you have always loved and will love as long as you live.

FULLY a million perspicacious book-readers—in the families which use the Book-of-the-Month Club service—now rely upon it to keep themselves from missing the new books they are really interested in. The few mentioned above are an indication of the quality of the books they receive.

Few people realize that writers who now have become as famous as Pearl Buck, Clarence Day, Stephen Vincent Benét, Sigrid Undset, Hervey Allen, John Steinbeck, John Priestley—and a score of others little less known—were *first* introduced to a nation-wide book-reading public by having one of their books selected, and then distributed to every tiny corner of the country, by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Time and again you buy the "book-of-the-month" —not knowing it has previously been chosen by our judges—merely because some discerning friend has said warmly: "There's a book you must not miss." How sensible to get these books from the Club, since you pay no more for the books you buy, and save enormously in other ways.

Here is the simple procedure: You are not obliged, as a subscriber of the Club, to take the book-of-the-month its judges choose. Nor are you obliged to buy one book every month from the Club.

You receive a carefully written report about the book-of-the-month chosen by our four judges, *in advance of its publication.* If it is a book you really want, you let it come to you. If not, you merely sign and mail a slip, saying, "Don't want it."

Scores of other careful recommendations are made to help you choose *among all new books* with discrimination. If you want to buy one of these from the Club, you merely ask for it.

In addition, there is a great money-saving. More often than not—as the writers and books mentioned above demonstrate—our judges' choices are books you find yourself buying anyway. *For every two books-of-the-month you buy you receive, free, one of our book-dividends.*

This can be done because so many of the Club's subscribers ordinarily want the book-of-the-month that an enormous edition can be printed. The saving on this quantity-production enables the Club to buy the right to print *other fine* library volumes. These are then manufactured and distributed free among the Club's subscribers—*one for every two books-of-the-month you buy.*

For every $1 you spend for a book-of-the-month you actually receive about 75¢ back in the form of free books, figured at retail value. You pay no yearly sum to belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. *You pay nothing, except for the books you buy.* Your only obligation is to buy four books-of-the-month a year from the Club.

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Please enroll me as a member. It is understood that I am to receive a free copy of THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE, that I am also to receive, without expense, your monthly magazine which reports about current books, and that for every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club, I am to receive the current book-dividend then being distributed. For my part, I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month a year from the Club.

**IMPORTANT:** Please check whether you would like us to ship the current book-of-the-month with your free book **YES** ☐ **NO** ☐

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New Purity of Tone

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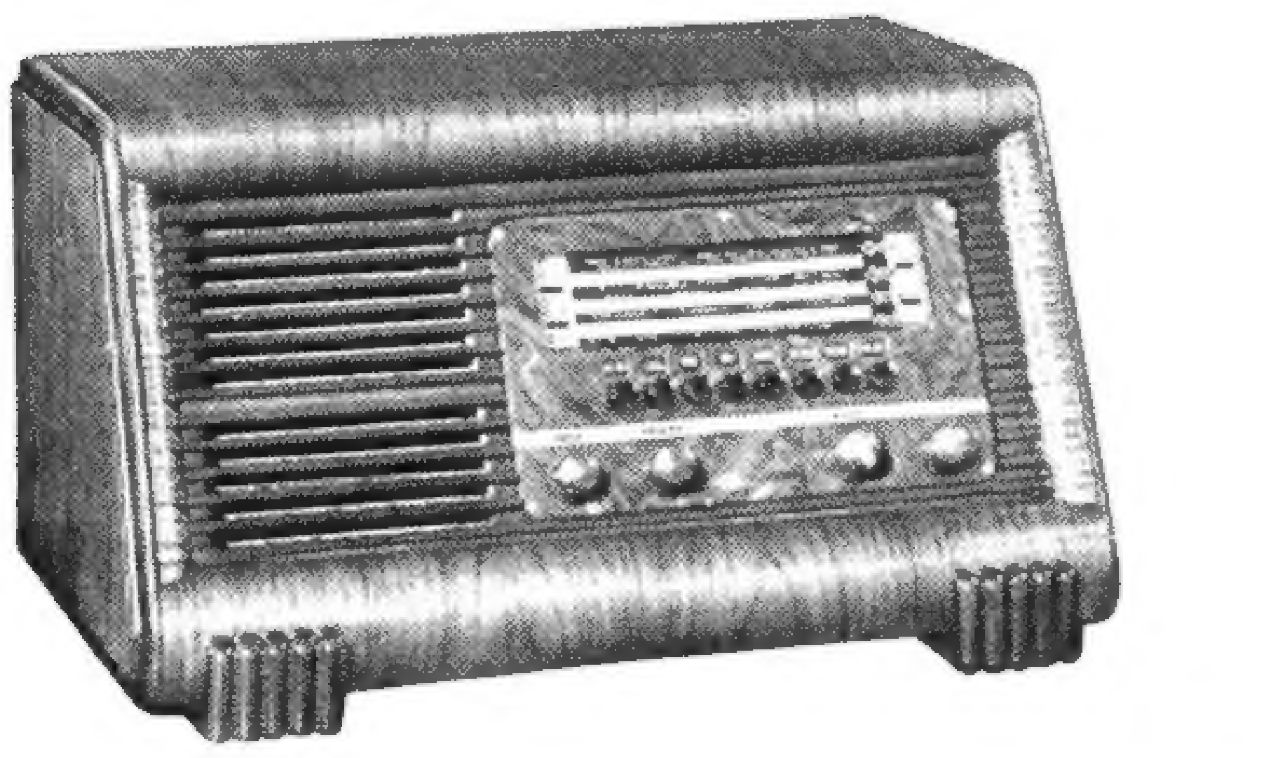
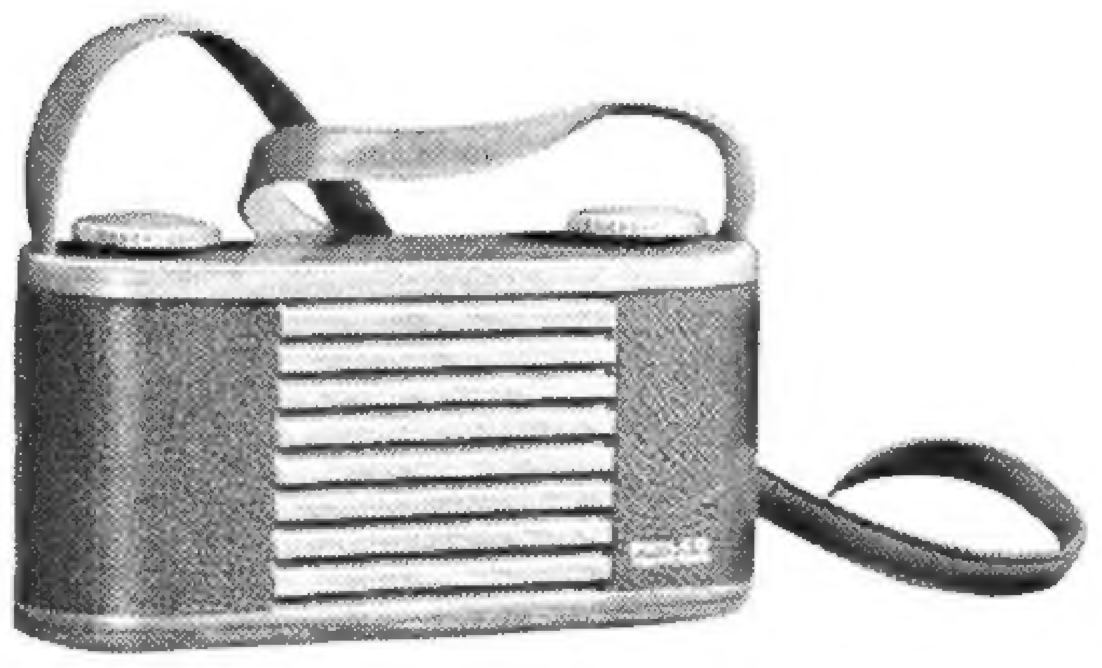
**PHILCO 609P, PHOTO-ELECTRIC RADIO-PHONOGRAPH WITH NEW TILT-FRONT CABINET.** No lid to raise, no need to remove decorations, no dark, unhandy compartments. To place records, simply tilt forward the grille! Plays any record on a Beam of Light. Automatic Record Changer for 12 records. American and Foreign reception. Electric Push-Button Tuning. Exquisite Hepplewhite cabinet in beautifully figured walnut. *Yours for only \$15.95 down.*

*Right,* **PHILCO 608P Radio-Phonograph** Philco's new achievements are yours *at a popular price* in this amazing 9-tube Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph. Plays any record on a Beam of Light. Permanent jewel—no needles to change. Tilt-Front Cabinet. Automatic Record Changer. American and Foreign radio reception with new kind of Overseas Wave-Band. Handsome cabinet of hand-rubbed walnut. *Only \$12.95 down.*

**HOME RECORDING** is *optional equipment* with any Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph. Make your own records at home; record family voices and events, radio programs, etc.



**PHILCO 255T.** The finest table model radio money can buy in tone, performance and beauty. Powerful 9-tube circuit gives amazing sensitivity and selectivity. New kind of Overseas Wave-Band. Eight Electric Push Buttons. Lovely Inclined Panel walnut cabinet. *Only $5.95 down.*



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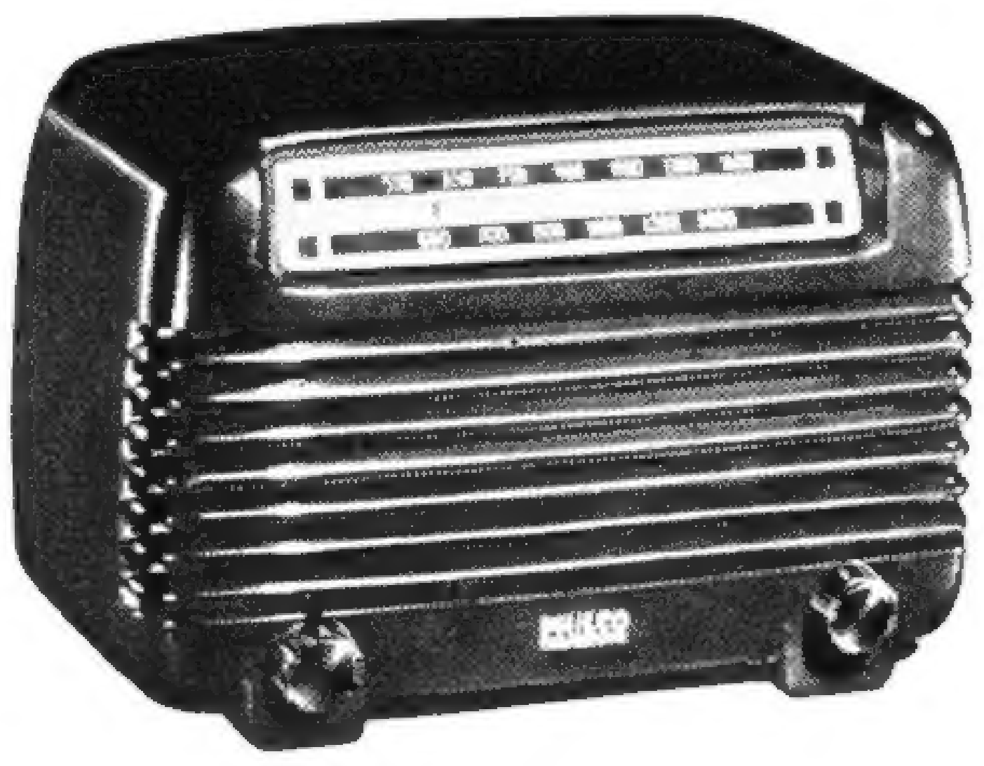
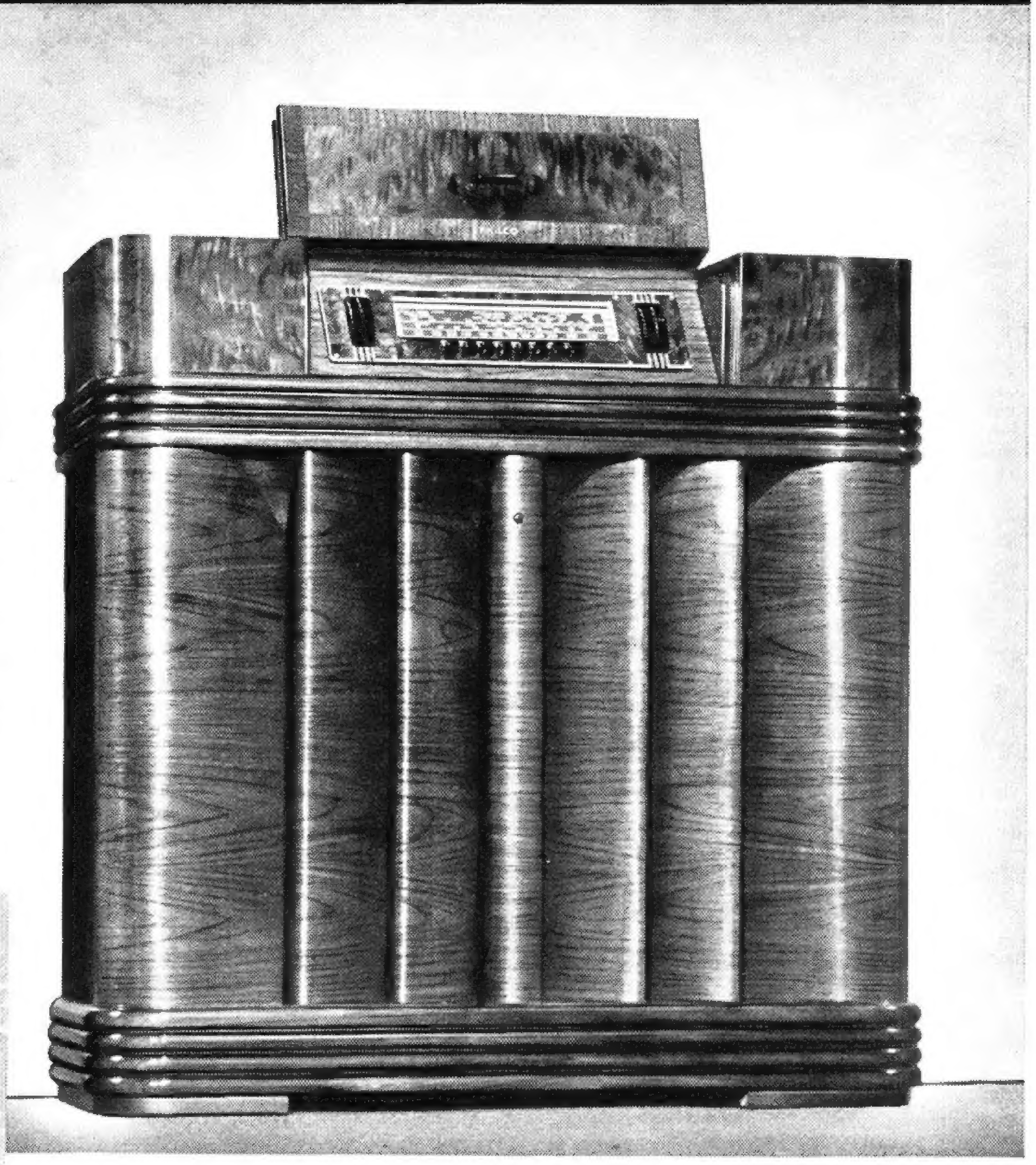
# *for Christmas*

**PHILCO-Transitone PT-87.** The All-Year, Indoor-Outdoor Portable, plays either on its long-life battery or any house current. The "utility" radio, convenient to move from room to room or play anywhere outdoors. Exclusive Philco features give matchless performance where ordinary portables fail. *Only $19.95 complete.*

**PHILCO-Transitone PT-2.** AC-DC. Finest tone quality ever achieved in a compact radio at a low price. New 6-inch Oval Speaker. Beam Power output. Improved Built-In Loop Aerial. Illuminated Horizontal Dial. Smart, streamline plastic cabinet in a rich walnut shade. *A sensational value . . . only $12.95.*





*Above,* **PHILCO 300X Radio Console.** Gives you everything for luxurious tone and performance. Stately cabinet sets a new style in radio design. Powerful noise-reducing circuit, new kind of Overseas Wave-Band, new Built-In American and Overseas Aerial System. Large Cathedral Speaker for gloriously rich, life-like tone. Eight Electric Push Buttons. *Yours for only $13.50 down.*

*Left,* **PHILCO 280X Radio Console.** Radio's champion value! New 8-tube circuit more than doubles selectivity, reduces noise and interference by 5 to 1. New kind of Overseas Wave-Band brings in Europe 5 times stronger and clearer. New Built-In American and Overseas Aerial System. Eight Electric Push Buttons. Large, impressive walnut cabinet. *Yours for only $6.95 down.*

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# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

### PARIS REMEMBERS

Your November 1939 issue of Esquire featured on page 5 an article written about Charles Trenet, the French song writer and singer. I had just remembered it, and how enthusiastic it was, when the news was broadcast just now of Trenet's death, on the German border, a few weeks ago, when Germany was still our enemy and not our protector yet.

Now, without Trenet the world can keep going all wrong, just as it is now, but I assume, as you certainly do, that we did better in those careless days (when one was still able to invest as much as 36 francs in one's favorite magazine) with a little "folly" as he used to put it, and less Berchtesgadenism.

As this letter will be smuggled through somehow, the German Censors won't get the shock of their life when hearing that I am decadent enough to prefer to the majesty of *Siegfried* the crazy rhymes of *Fleur Bleue*. What we need is certainly more to be found in Trenet's songs than in the solemn promises made by Dr. Goebbels to this sickened continent.

Mind you, I never was Trenet's fan. As a matter of fact, I've never been anybody's, being too busy at that time to care much for any sort of entertainment. What is generally referred to as the "no man's land," (and is in fact nothing but a stinky hole), is not the right place to cultivate a sense of humor.

But now that, demobbed and out of work, with as much as about the price of Esquire to live on per month, I have come to think of it, I should certainly give all what is known all over the world as "The barking fool" barbarism for one single moment of what was known all over the world as well, (but in French, and that's the point) as "La Joie de Vivre," and was so familiar with the Singing Fool.

I wonder why I have written all this at all—It was just an outburst of indignation when hearing that that bright and alive young fellow—he was about my age, by the way—is one of Hitler's victims.

But, and that is worse, not only has Hitler killed the singer, but all desire to sing. No longer will this country be as it was—*Une monarchie absolue temperée par des chansons.*

Let's hope we'll sing again, and *not* Deutschland über Alles!

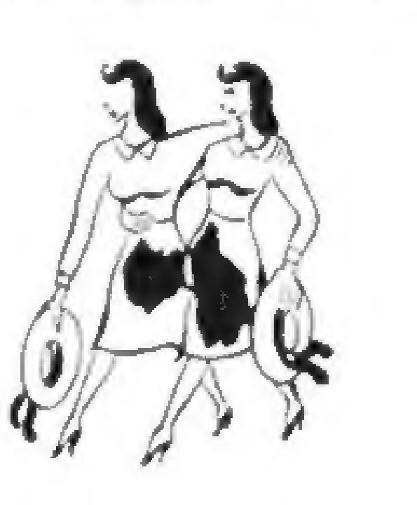
And thanks for the article all the same, and thanks, too, for trying to get at the general idea through this dishevelled English of mine.

Paris, France **Pierre X**

Editor's Note: *Several times reported killed, Charles Trenet was in mid-September, 1940 mentioned by one of* Variety's *foreign correspondents as being one of a group of theatrical people seen "alive and well" in Marseilles.*

### PRAISE FOR A PET OF OURS

I've always thought Esquire one of our best magazines, but in your September Edition for this year you've outdone yourselves. I've just finished reading *Lord and Ladies* by George Slocombe and I'm not equal to the task of praising it. That job is for a more masterful pen than mine.



Though I haven't read any stories or articles other than this. I'm of the opinion that this *must* be one of your best issues, for even if they were all noticeable through an unpleasant odor only (which I know they can't be—not *all* anyway) this one story is so perfect, and its particular qualities so pure it could make up for all other fauxpas.

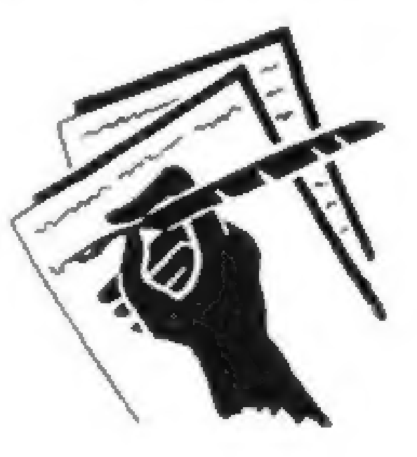
Truly yours,
**J. Carol Mendelson**
New York, N. Y.

### A CASE OF A CURIOUS PARALLEL

In one of your issues, quite a many months ago, you dealt with the question of plagiarism. But— what exactly is plagiarism? The dictionary defines it as "Literary Theft." But the stealing MUST be wilful, and deliberate, to be actually plagiarism.

What explanation can one give for this? I can't give any explanation.

I once attended a lecture on astronomy, given by a very clever student of the stars, who was also a devout Roman Catholic, and whose belief tinctured his lecture.



After I came home, I wrote the following verses which I entitled *At Dawn*, and gave them to him. He was greatly pleased with the thoughts, and the way they were expressed, and he praised them highly. This was some time in 1934.

*AT DAWN*

At dawn, when the orbs of light
Were faint, and distant, and dim,
I stood in the workshop of God,
And broke my fast with Him.

I saw Him burning the track
Of the stars, in infinite space,—
Planning the orbits of worlds
In their own appointed place.

Where the Belt of Orion burns,
I heard His hammers swing,
And Canopus echoed loud
The sound of His anvil's ring.

Dazed with the glory I saw
At the birth of that new-found day,
I trod in the wake of the stars
Down the nebulous Milky Way.

While the Universe blazed with light
Amid pathways yet untrod,
I stood on the confines of Night,
And broke my fast with God.

About twelve months ago, a book of *International Poetry* came into my possession, but as the verses therein had little appeal to me, I barely glanced at a few of the stanzas, and put the book aside. Recently, I took it up again, and — found therein verses entitled *The Smithy of God* by Henry Coffin Fellow, some of which I have transcribed, and enclose in this letter. (Those omitted are not material to the case.)

*THE SMITHY OF GOD*

At the Dawn,
When Chaos was writhing in pain,
And the orbs of light were dim,
I stood in the smithy of God,
breaking fast with Him.

Saw Him burning the tracks for the stars,
Through space with an infinite care,
Making orbits for worlds where
Each might move in its place and turn.

While forging a star for Orion afar,
Saw His celestial swing
Make his anvils ring
Music grander by far
Than the Chimes of Normandy.

We touched the hem of the Milky Way,
That spans the sky like a river of pearl;
We heard the stars at the dawn of day
Chiming their chorus with bells of beryl.

We felt the sweep of His mighty hand
Stirring the depths of the trackless waste,
Moving the void with His mystic wand.
That moves forever untrammelled by haste.

*—Henry Coffin Fellow*

Apparently, Mr. Fellow's verses were written before mine, and therefore must claim precedence; but—HOW did he and I write in such closely-similar strain? We have never met; I had not the slightest knowledge of his verses when my own were written; can any explanation be given why they should be so close in idea and expression?

I was quite proud of the new ideas in my verse,—but—someone else has thought them all before.

*International Poetry* is copyrighted, all over the world; but some of the verse in it bears very plain echoes of other and older songs, so I doubt whether any copyright laws would hold with them, if it ever came to a question of law.

Not that I'd ever dispute the fact that *The Smithy of God* was written at least five years before *At Dawn*, but I find it impossible to explain WHY two such similar poems were written, and by folk so completely out of touch with one another.

Therefore, knowing this, I'm inclined to give the benefit of the doubt to any suggestion of plagiarism, unless there is very definite proof that there has been a literary theft. Then, I'd have no mercy on the thief who robbed another of his rightful dues.

I enjoy Esquire, it's strong meat, but it's enjoyable and interesting reading for the most part, and most of the cartoons are really enjoyable, and the jokes are good.

Yours faithfully,
**"Territorian"**
Darwin, N.T., Australia

### "TO SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US"

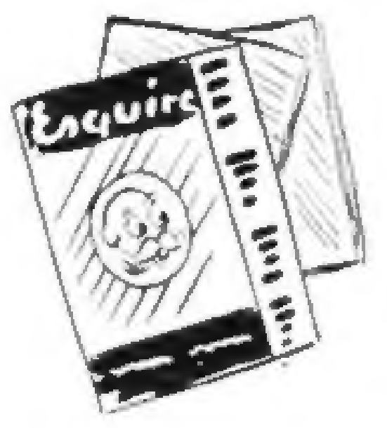
The officers and men of the Fifth Field Artillery desire through me to express to you our appreciation for the fine article in your October issue on our regiment. Our only regret is that data had to be submitted for it while we were on maneuvers in the south when all historical records were not available. Consequently many interesting incidents were necessarily omitted.

We recognize the truth of the author's statement that a regiment is "merely a moribund framework" and consequently have been endeavoring to build a regimental *esprit* commensurate with our history.

Sincerely,
Madison Barracks, N.Y. **J. B. Hunt**

### ESQ WEARS WELL

I have a little story for you. Naturally, with my reputation for tall tales, I don't expect you to believe this. But so help me it's the gospel truth. There is a group of chaps here at Stanford University (the home of our only living (sic) ex-president)—Let's see, where was I? Yes, well there is a group of lads doing post-graduate work at Stanford on scholarships, all poor as church mice. One of the lads, a scientifically-minded fellow whose shoes are in a perpetual state of disrepair, has for a long time cut out insoles, to cover the holes in his shoes, from various magazines. He finally made up a chart of the wearing qualities of most of the better periodicals, and it appears that Esquire wins a conspicuous first as the most endurable and satisfactory material from which to cut insoles. *The New Yorker* comes in a poor second. *Fortune* constituted a rank disappointment. Next in the order of their excellence are *Time*, *Life*, and *The Country Gentleman*. *The Saturday Evening Post* ran completely out of the money.



Palo Alto, Calif. **Louis Paul**

### VARGA GIRL GOES TO TOWN

Esquire arrived Saturday . . . and the angels sang.

Having visited rather lengthily at a neighboring pub the night before and having imbibed well, if not wisely of that dark amber fluid which arouses a glowing and friendly spirit of good will towards men, this writer was aroused from a rather sound sleep by the bell-ringing of our post-man (who doesn't always ring twice).

Since I had reached home safely the night before with the assistance of a kindly police-officer, and was at the time suffering from that malady commonly called a hang-over, I rather unsteadily wound my way towards the door to see what advertisements the government's emissary had brought along.

Under circumstances such as this October's Esquire made its appearance. Clouds were dispelled—the sun shone. Esquire appeared—and the angels sang.

The reason for all this was the long-promised and eagerly awaited Varga Girl, which fulfilled all expectations.

So pleased was I with the newest member of Esquire's collection of American Beauties, that I assumed this would indeed be the propitious time to retrace my steps to the self-same bar where I had spent the night before and show the Varga Girl to Jimmy, prop. of the publick.

Jimmy, at the time of my arrival was experimenting with a new pick-me-up and inasmuch as I considered myself in a position where I needed such a mixture, and, inasmuch as I am at all times eager to further the interests of science I did assist him in his research by sampling several of his pick-me-ups, all the time admiring and discussing the beauties and possibilities of the Varga Girl.

After leaving the publick, I chanced to meet an acquaintance whom I had not seen in two whole days, and so we returned to Jimmy's to celebrate our reunion with a few well-chosen drinks and admire at greater length the creation of Mr. Varga.

My friend bid me adieu and as I stood at the bar came in a gentleman who bet me a drink that I could not guess the number he was thinking of. Three times did I guess with amazing accuracy and three drinks did he buy me and, when in fairness, I reversed the procedure, he could not guess the number in four tries and four more drinks did he buy me—the dope.

Then feeling rather exuberant in spirits, the Varga Girl and I wandered out into the street and began to sing Christmas Carols. At that point Officer Brannigan, the kindly officer, who had helped me home last night, helped me this time to the police station where the Varga Girl and I were thrown into jail, where I at great length reflected on the trouble into which a girl (like Mr. Varga's) can lead a man.

At that point I telephoned my unfortunate wife and asked her to come down and bail me out and take me home, which she did—God bless her—and the Varga Girl.

Tuckahoe, N. Y. **Con Roberts**

Continued on page 12

## ONCE AGAIN . . . IT'S TIME TO MAKE A BOWL OF

# Merry Christmas!

**FOR A PERFECT EGG-NOG**—Beat separately the yolks and whites of 6 fresh eggs. Add ½ cup of sugar to the yolks while beating, and ¼ cup of sugar to the whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix the egg whites with the yolks. Stir in 1 pint of rich cream and 1 pint of milk. Then add 1 pint of Four Roses Whiskey and 1 ounce of Jamaica Rum. Stir thoroughly, and serve very cold with grated nutmeg on each cup. (Makes 5 pints of Egg-Nog.)

**Just one thing**—be mighty sure that you make your Christmas Egg-Nog with Four Roses. For Four Roses . . . because of its matchless flavor, its mellow richness, and infinite smoothness . . . is *the* whiskey that makes an Egg-Nog a gloriously heart-warming Bowl of Merry Christmas! You'll find Four Roses, in its distinguished new bottle, at your nearest package store.

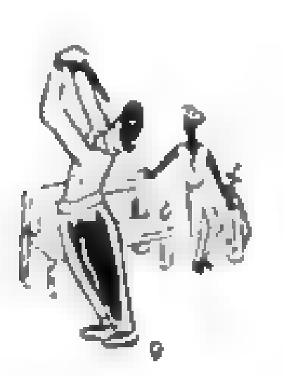
Every drop of Four Roses is whiskey—a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 4 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore.

FOUR
ROSES
FOUR ROSES

# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

### TARDY RETORT

I have spared you this until now. Why a magazine with a previous good reputation would allow Mr. Tommy Armour to so unjustifiably smear the name of Alex J. Morrison in your March 1940 issue is beyond me. What in hell do you care what Tommy Armour thinks about Morrison. There are more golfers in the United States than there are voters. If there were millions of persons improving their games by Morrison's teachings, why not leave them alone.



Tommy Armour may have played a fair game in his day, but that does not make him a golf critic. It certainly does not make him a critic of amateur (par 100) golfers. Professionals are "naturals" mostly, and do not require any system of training. I have never seen Morrison, but I played golf for years with an occasional "breaking a hundred" score until I bought Morrison's book. Within a month I was and am shooting in the low 80's. I know many people who have had this experience.

You allowed most unfair statements to be printed in that article. Morrison has no *system of golf*, he merely *analyzed* the game of good players and wrote down his analysis so that dubs like me could for once in their lives go out and practice with *a definite aim in view.* His book was and is to the golf dubs what Henry Ford's Model T was to transportation thirty years ago.

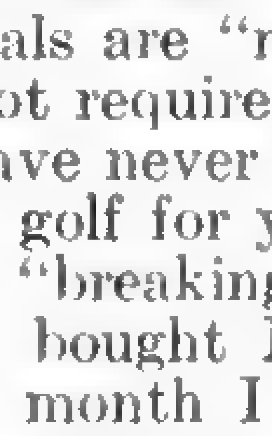
Be fair and dig up the facts from the people for whom his teachings were intended, and publish them.

Very truly yours,
WENDELL S. DOVE
Barranquilla, Colombia, S. A.

### VARGA BY CONTRAST

May I offer a suggestion?—just a suggestion, nothing more. In the October issue of ESQUIRE you are featuring the Varga Girl. Your idea in giving another artist his chance (if this be your idea) is commendable; the result, however, is not.

In all the years I have read ESQUIRE never have I seen you display *anything* unless it was the best. Please, don't abandon this practice now. We (the readers) have missed the shapely Petty Girl, but her absence is not nearly so disappointing as your giving us a substitute such as this one. She is good, yes, and shapely too, but she is not what we have been wanting—and getting. Notice her legs: they have shape, but not the pleasing rounded smooth-shaped legs we have seen heretofore, not the legs we would want our own women to have. And, too, her breast: ugh, it is far from—well, enticing. To have emphasis is one thing but to overstress is another. Miss Varga looks far more hardened and calloused than the inviting, yet more reserved, Betty Petty. Give this a thought please. I do not mean to be cynical or unduly critical; indeed, my criticism is far from being caustic. The Varga Girl is desirable in her own sort of way, but she, unlike Papa Petty's creation, is not as likely to be taken out in public.



Women's beauty is—and should be—judged from the standpoint of that which would make her most desirable to men. We want a female who is a lady in the daytime and a woman at night. Women are beautiful because of specific features, not merely because they are "stacked up." Though love might be blind, beauty is certainly not.

Mr. Petty has, like all of us, pulled boners. Some of his women are not as good as others (and let us hope that this one of Mr. Varga's is his bad one); however most of his women have their emphasis in such manner as to make one take them in the belief that such women really exist—and they do.

Here's to you, and the most carefully composed magazine on the market.

Very truly yours,
RICHARD J. LANGSTON
St. Augustine, Fla.

### ON WHAT'S MEAT TO MICHAEL MARTIN . . .

It has not been without some preliminary heart-searching that I have sat myself down to bang off this kick to *S. & F.* Having had forced upon me, as we all have on our way through this vale of fears, the untrustworthiness of human motives, I have tried to assure myself that in this instance my own are as 'pure as the driven snow,' but, alas, with no great success. Motives, I find, particularly my own (we do better with the other guy's), are about as hard to pin down as a bead of mercury on a tin pie plate. Therefore, if I presume to criticize Mr. Michael Martin for certain statements made in his article, *The Future of Sports Crowds,* I can only ask you to give me the benefit of the doubt and believe that, as far as I know, my motive in sounding off is to get a little nearer that other elusive quantity, the Truth, and not to abuse Mr. Martin or otherwise exalt my ego at his expense.

In fairness to Mr. Martin I should first say that I enjoyed his article; that on the whole I agreed with what he had to say; and I admit that on knowledge of his subject he probably stands in the same relation to me as Einstein on mathematics. But when he comes out flat-footed and says, "Sports fans are always being called brutal. But that's a lot of nonsense," I feel compelled (or am I rationalizing?) to take exception to him. Unquestionably, in my opinion, brutality plays a very large part in the interests of sports fans and participants alike.

Perhaps Mr. Martin won't mind if I borrow his own analogy of the 20,000 people who gathered on Fifth Avenue and adjacent streets while John Warde perched precariously on a window ledge seventeen stories above their heads. He claims that what held them there was the desire to be at the scene of action, to actually witness at first hand a thrilling human drama of life and death. I agree with him. But has he reflected that for all these 20,000 witnesses there was an equal, possibly greater, number that turned shuddering away, people who lacked the brutality to stand and watch a man deliberately hurl himself into oblivion? Doesn't he realize that it was their brutality that made it possible for these 20,000 who stayed to stay? Doesn't he know that had Warde not jumped, the greater part of these same 20,000 would have felt cheated; would have felt that they had wasted their time; that the whole show had fallen flat? When he did jump they were, apart from a probable small percentage of psychopathics, genuinely horrified and otherwise distressed, and given the opportunity, would every one have used every atom of energy, thought and influence at his command to have prevented it. Yet this does not alter the paradoxical truth that in jumping he did exactly what they, consciously or unconsciously, wanted him to do.

And I have also to take issue with Mr. Martin's further statement that "In order to be brutal you have to have a personal interest in the athlete." (In his analogy, Warde.) The reverse, I think, would be nearer the truth. Personally, I am sure I could watch a complete stranger take a dive off a sky-scraper with a nearer approach to equanimity than I could my worst enemy—whoever he may be. Wasn't it the very fact that they had no personal knowledge of Warde that made it possible for these 20,000 people to watch with comparative calmness his plunge to death? His mother, even had she been a monster of sadism, could not have watched it.

It is possible, of course, that Mr. Martin may find support for his statements by citing golf, swimming, croquet or ping-pong (although essentially all competition is brutal), and may disagree with me on the extent of brutality present among fight, wrestling and hockey fans. But it would be interesting to hear him build a similar case on hunting enthusiasts. (Here's where I tread on some tender corns, I fear me.) Lacking as it does the element of fair competition, I am doubtful whether hunting can be called a sport; there's nothing very sporting about the conflict between an animal and a man armed with a gun. But there can be no slightest doubt about its brutality. The difference between 'civilized' man, who adorns his walls with trophies of the hunt, and the Papuan head-hunter, who does likewise with the heads of his enemies, is not one of kind, but of degree. It's the same old habit in both, nicely varnished and polished in the case of our civilized friend, but still as brutal as hell.

And what goes for hunting goes for bull-fighting, cock-fighting, fox-hunting and all the other so-called sports in which man is pitted against animal, or animal against animal. Can Mr. Martin conscientiously and logically clear their participants and witnesses of brutality? I doubt it.

I doubt it, for one thing, because even I, as timid a creature as walks the face of this earth, have my atavistic moments. Perhaps it was a masked brutality that led me to make this attack on Mr. Martin.

Cordially,
Bridgetown, N. S. J. M. TAIT

### A MESSAGE TO NATHAN

As a follow-up on *The Sound and the Fury* letters in the October issue of your magazine, may I add that your drama articles have long had the reputation here on the Coast of being notoriously bad!

Sincerely,
ROBERT P. WHITTEN
Los Angeles, Calif.

### POINT ABOUT BLUE POINTS

Of all the interesting pieces ever written about the oyster, I believe the most interesting and factual article ever written was the Edibles Department that ESQUIRE printed by Iles Brody in the October issue.

He made the material so inviting that it made a veteran fish and oyster eater like myself look forward with added anticipation to my next plate of bivalves on the half shell.

Naturally in gathering such a great amount of material a writer is bound to receive one or two bits of misinformation. Yet, I think it is only fair to say that there are Blue Points—and plenty of them. In fact there is a statute on the books in New York (where Blue Points are produced) which gives a definition of Blue Point oysters. That would be proof enough that there still are Blue Points and ESQUIRE readers are entitled to know that fact.

Keep up the good work in the food department. After all, everybody is interested in what they eat.

Cordially yours,
FISHERY COUNCIL
FRANK W. WILKISSON
New York, N.Y. President

### VARGA FOR VARIETY

I have received the copy of your October issue a few days ago with the much ballyhooed "Varga" girl as its featured attraction for this month.

Upon noticing this girl, she came up to all expectations with the exception of one feature, and that is why I am writing this letter.

The exception, to which I am referring, is her shoes. If you will note carefully, she has a different shoe on each foot, and being a shoe man, I felt it was my place to call this to the artist's attention.

By the way, I enjoy ESQUIRE very much.

Very truly yours,
Auburn, N.Y. RALPH I. BARR

### RECALLING THE WILD

When I call, they answer, even though there may be a lot of sour notes such as those in the letter of Mr. R. N. Howard in the October *Sound and Fury.* Too bad I can't call up something like the hunter did on Page 31 of that issue of ESQUIRE. Too bad. Mr. Howard says that he has never been able to call up a coyote, and concludes that no one else can do it. This is an old American Habit that you will find imbedded in the Bill of Rights. It's known as a man's constitutional right to be wrong.

It happens that the statements I made about the calling of coyotes are correct, just as are the rest of the statements of fact in the article *Calling The Wild.* I can produce affidavits from several gentlemen who stand high in the community—affidavits signed, notarized, and stamped with the Great Seal of the Great State of Texas, proving these statements. If that is not enough, then I suggest that Mr. Howard drop over where I live, in the brush country of South Texas (quite a hop from Brooklyn), and we will have one called up for him. Maybe it's just a better mouse trap, Mr. Howard.

The same offer of proof, or a personal demonstration goes for Mr. Bill Turner, who contends in the same issue of ESQUIRE that maybe you can call up coyotes, but not hawks.

However, I want to make it plain that if I am called upon to demonstrate to anybody else, I will have to charge a good, stiff fee. I can't afford to sit around all the time calling in wild animals just to satisfy the curious.

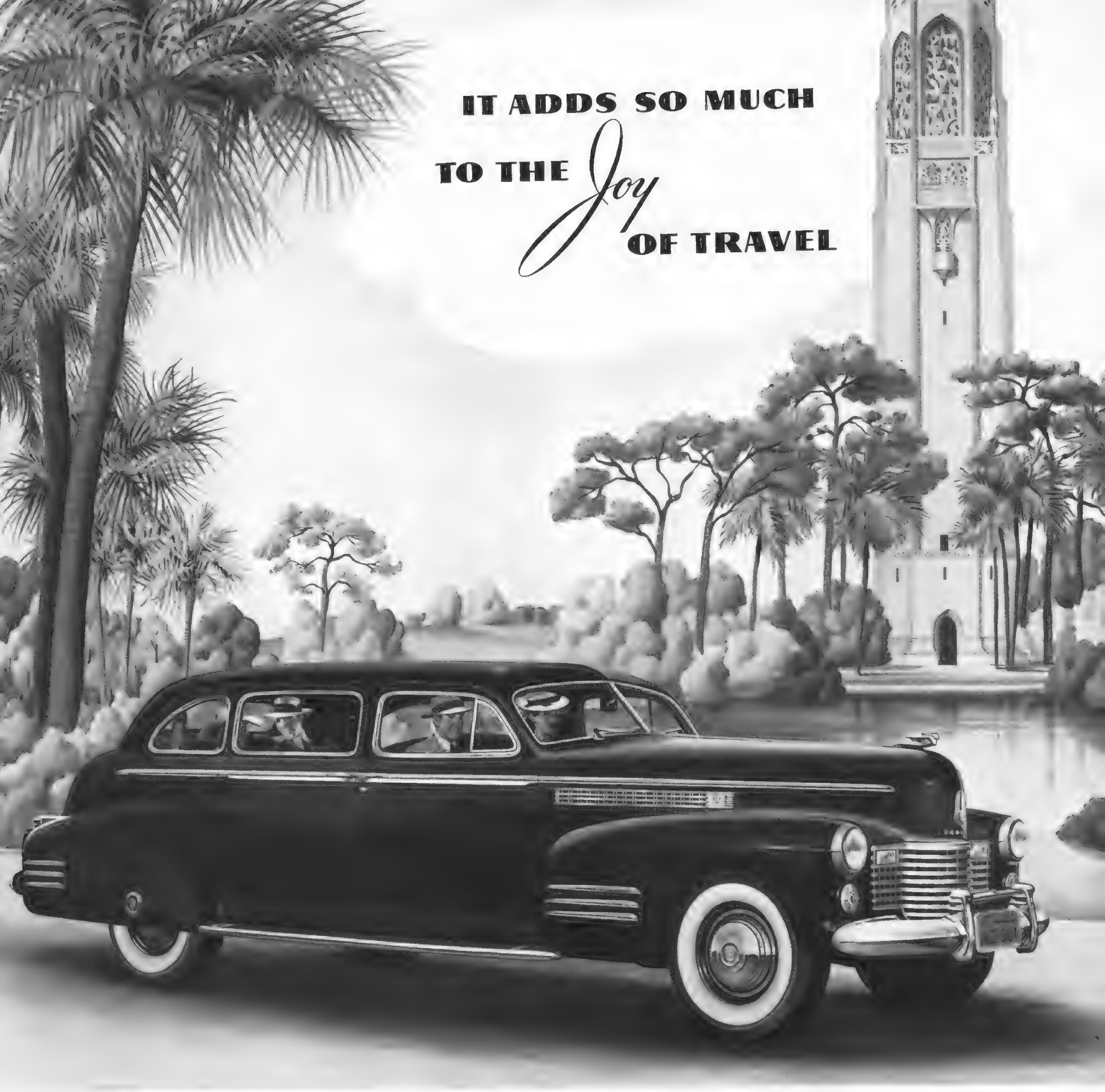
Sincerely,
Brownsville, Texas. HART STILWELL

### RECALLING THE WILD II

Replying to Mr. R. N. Howard, Ensanada, Mexico, B. C. in your October number, relative to the story of Hart Stilwell. This story is true in every respect in regard to the coyotes and hawks. My brother has a ranch north of Edinburg where this was done. I have seen my brother or a Latin American take a piece of the thin skin off a prickly pear, put it between a split twig and call up a coyote up to fifteen feet from where we were sitting and do the same with hawks. Mr. Howard seems to forget that all wild life soon adapts itself to its environment and changes as conditions change; if this were not so it could not survive. Coyotes for instance, have spread their habitat from Texas to New England. Mr. Howard's coyotes are wise because man there has made them so, ours on the ranch are not so much so or we would not be able to trap and kill a hundred or more during the winter.

Brownsville, Tex. D. J. YOUNG

*Continued on page 216*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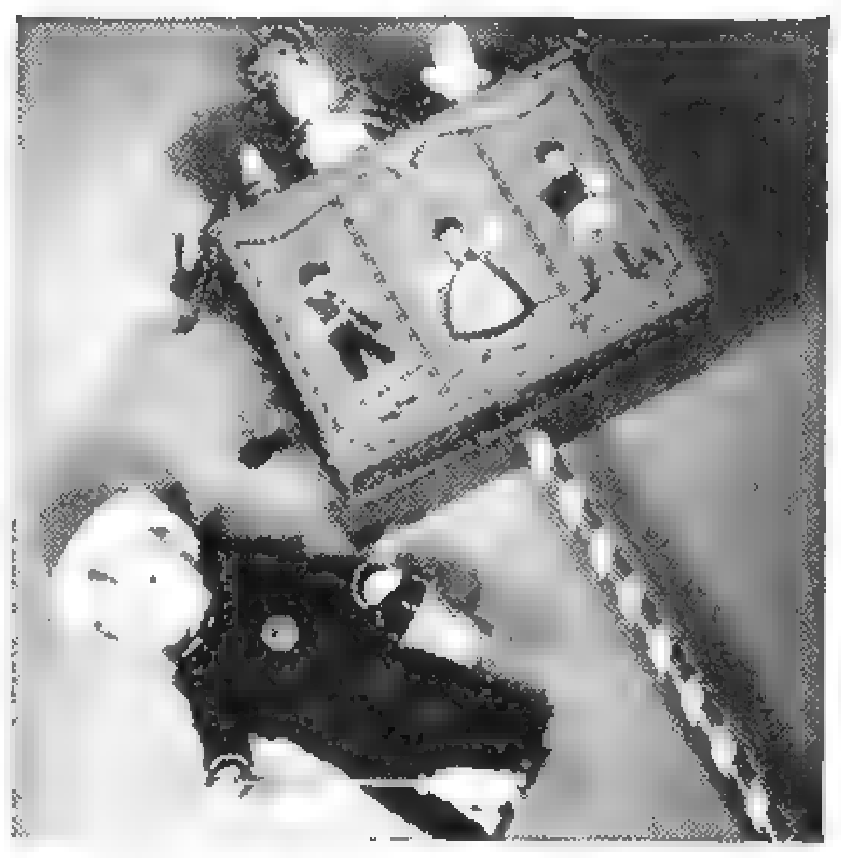
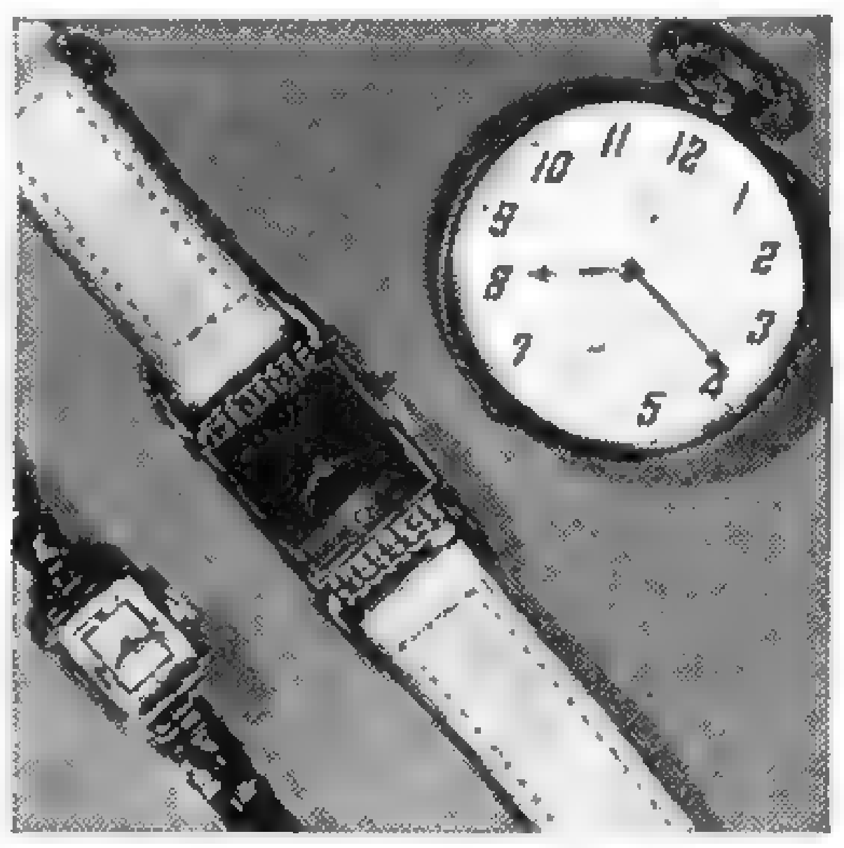


**HEADLINES FROM THE NURSERY** . . . where Christmas rings up its curtain to its most appreciative audience. New toys—the magnetic jacktar, most novel of them all. In each of this sailor's hands is concealed a magnet, enabling him to wield a great variety of doodads, to the delight of young 'uns. His hand organ could become a paying proposition—it's bright red, plays two tunes when cranked. Mr. Monkey comes along as partner.

**NURSERY BULLSEYE.** Adults, hands off! The best of the target games; an electrically blown air stream keeps the celluloid ball bobbing. Double score if it's hit. If he misses, one of the background animals will stop the bullet. Bullets are suction-tipped darts, shot from heavy spring-action pistols. It runs only on A. C.

**EVERY DOG . . .** celebrates the day too. You'll celebrate it together, in fact, if someone turns up with this, for it's a highly practical collection of canine accoutrements. In a stout buffed wicker basket come brush, comb, food cannister, dish, leash, bottle, bone, and towel. Good if you take houndo on a trip, it will perform year-round service at home.

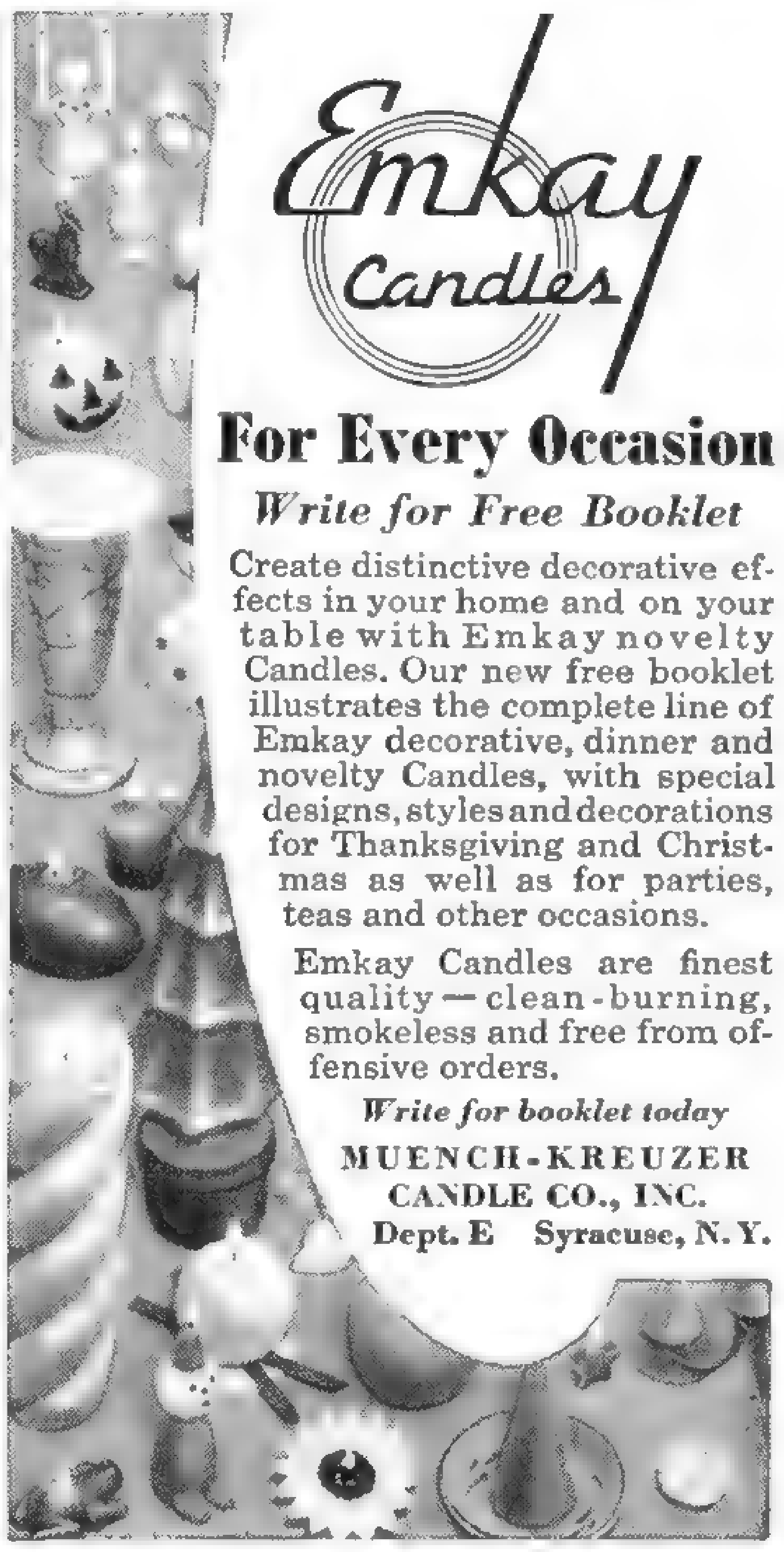


**TIME FOR ALL.** Herewith an impressive collection of timepieces, one to suit the taste of every member of the family. The pocket watch—a 21 jewel movement in a 14K natural gold case, applied figure dial. The man's strap watch—a high curved crystal over raised gold numerals, rose gold-filled case, 21 jewels. The small wrist watch—19 jewel movement in a 14K natural gold case, also with the distinctive high curved crystal.

**MARTINI, MUSIC, AND MOPEY.** One of the most distinguished designs for a Martini mixer, you'll find, rests with that pitcher on the left. It's been worked out in silver plate, has that much-needed ice-bumper. The leather drum cigarette box has a concealed Swiss music box, plays when the lid is lifted. Mopey, the strong man with personality, is a hand-painted and signed paperweight of plaster and metal.

Ranger

*For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.*



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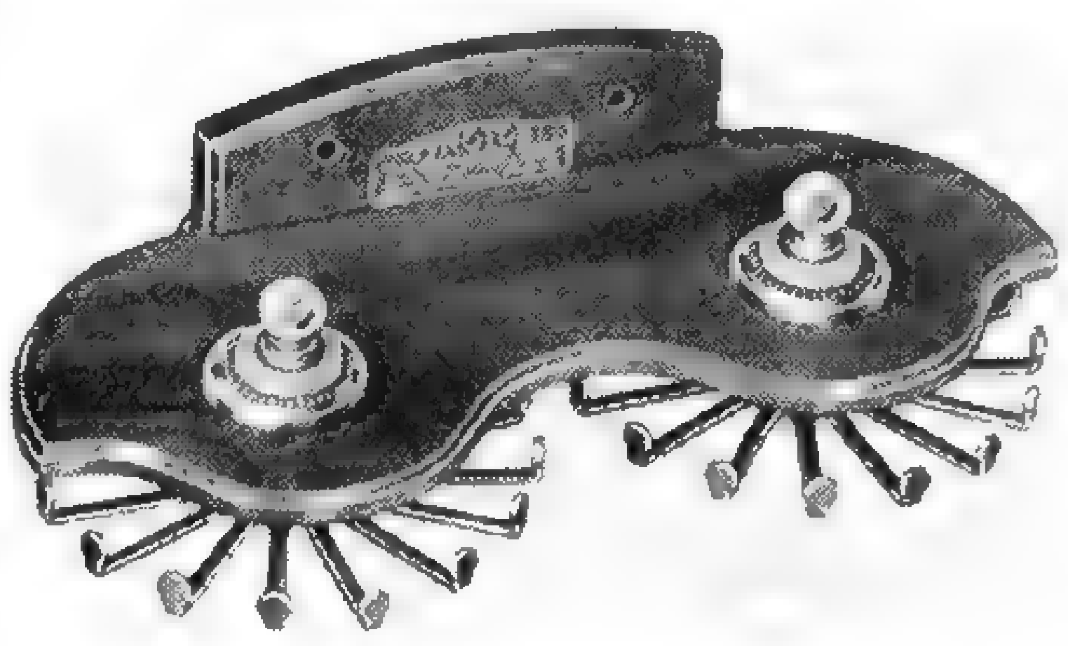

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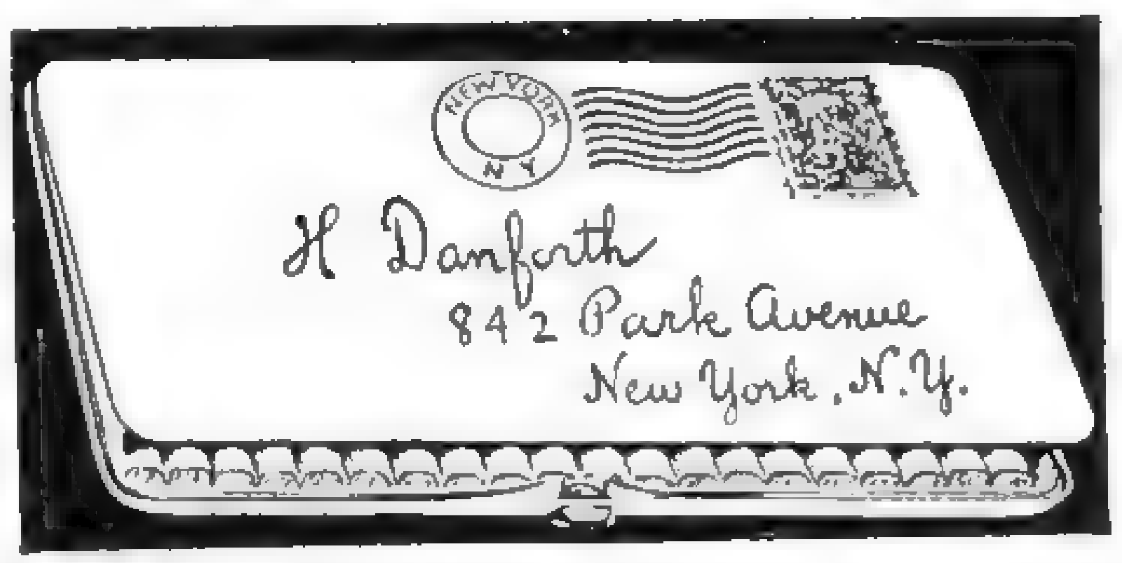
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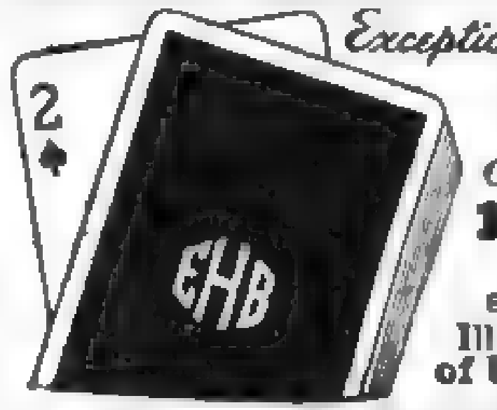

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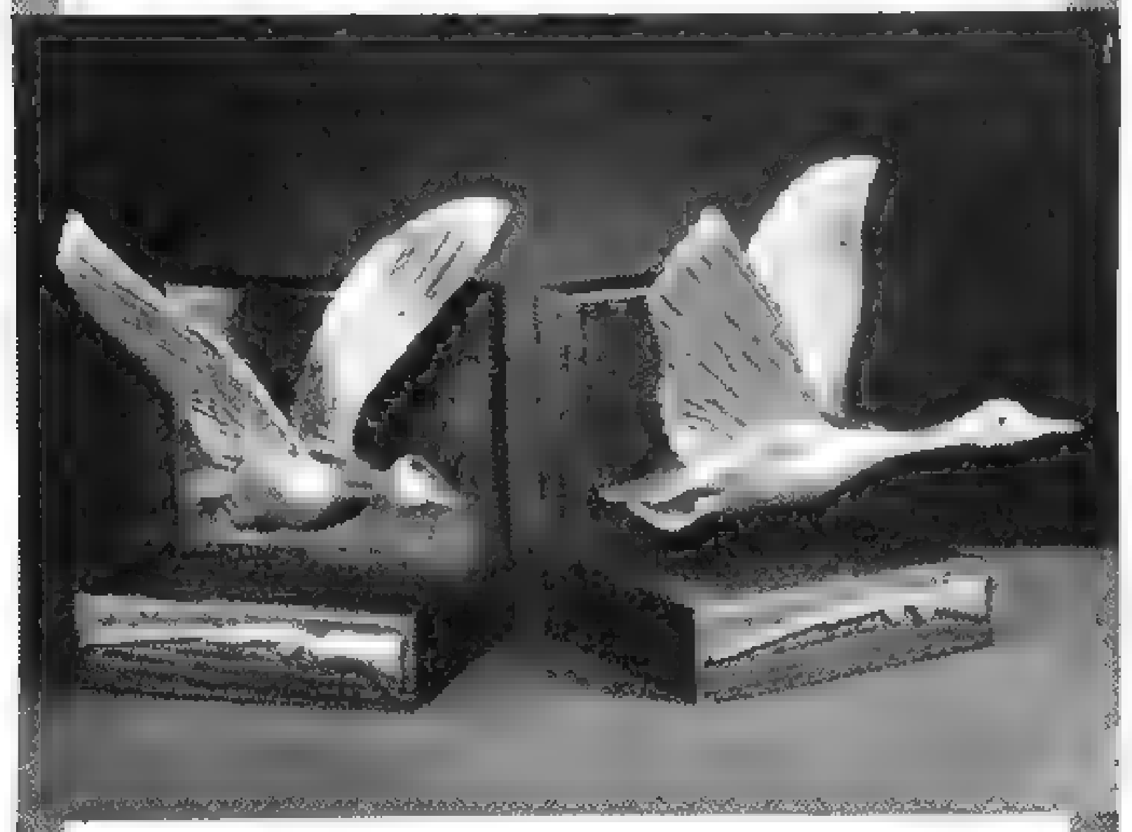
# TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

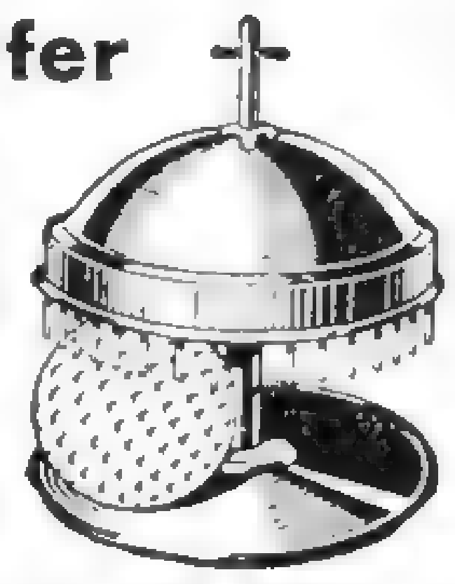
Are you a DUCK WIDOW?



Does your husband go hunting? He likely has everything from "spats to hats", but don't get high blood pressure worrying about what to give him for Xmas. If he is a lover of wild life and the great outdoors give him a thrill with a pair of these book-ends. The metal figures are actually the shape and one-third the size of wild Mallard Drakes and are hand painted and mounted on beautiful piano finished walnut bases. *Chosen by discriminating women as the ideal man's gift that adds enchantment to the home or office. The [illegible] Line is sold by leading department, jewelry and gift stores everywhere.*

[illegible] plaques. Figures also finished in 24kt gold, silver and English bronze. Priced from $5.00 to $20.00 per pair

Lake Shore
METAL STUDIOS
Suite 500—Dept. E 469 East Ohio St.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

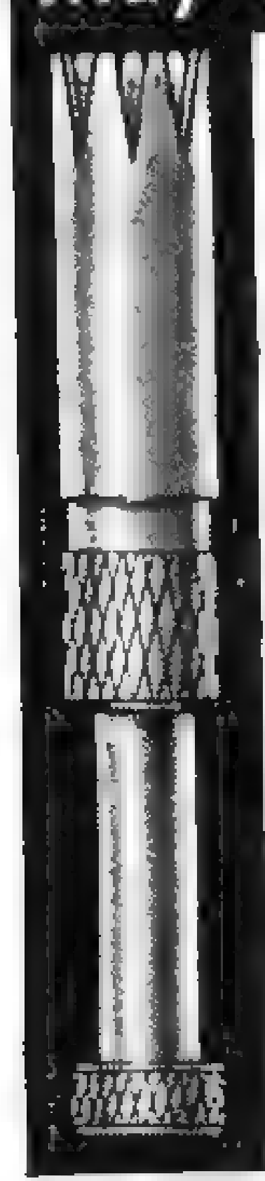


**Gift for the Golfer**

Score a hole-in-one Christmas morn with Bobby's Portable Golf Hole! Improve putting right in the living room. "Just like a cup on the Green." Each $1.00 or 3 for $2.75 postpaid.

**And Skater**

Add to skating pleasure. A few strokes with the Berghman Sharpener and skates are like new. Adjustable. $1.00 postpaid. **E. BERGHMAN CO., 1417 Washington Boulevard, Maywood, Ill.**



Don't PULL HAIR FROM NOSE!
May cause fatal infection

use KLIPETTE

NEW INVENTION

You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. Use of scissors is also impractical. No better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Rounded points cannot cut or prick the skin.

*So simple!* Just turn the end. Surplus hair comes out easily, gently. Never pulls.

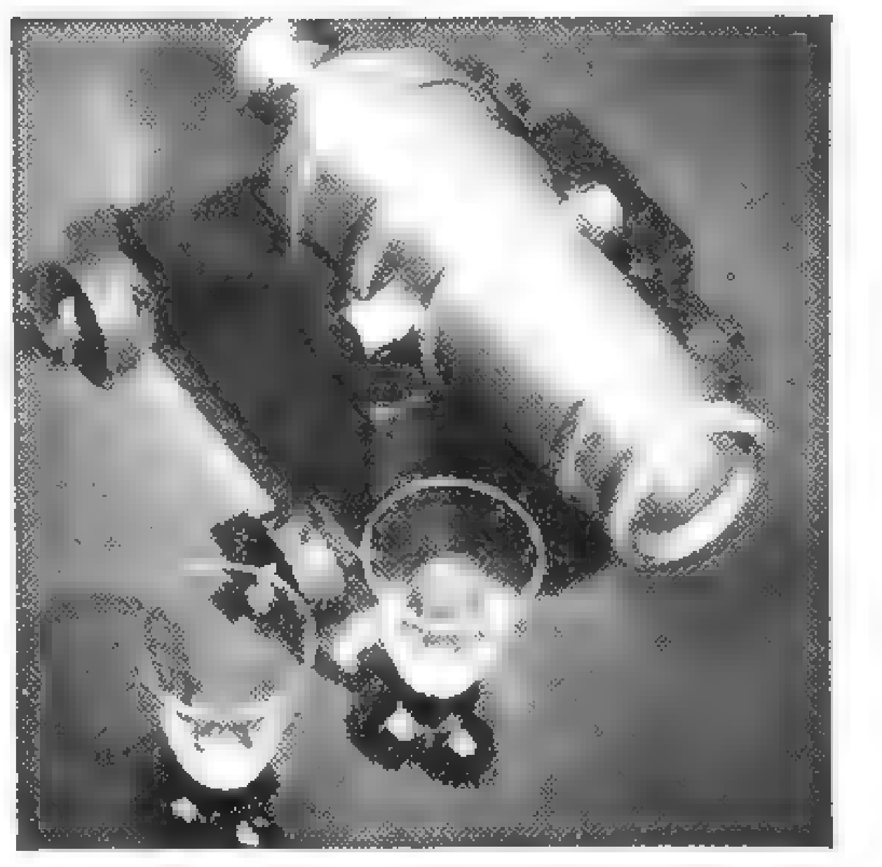
**Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back**

Actual Size
$1.00
Made from finest Surgical Steel. Chromium plated

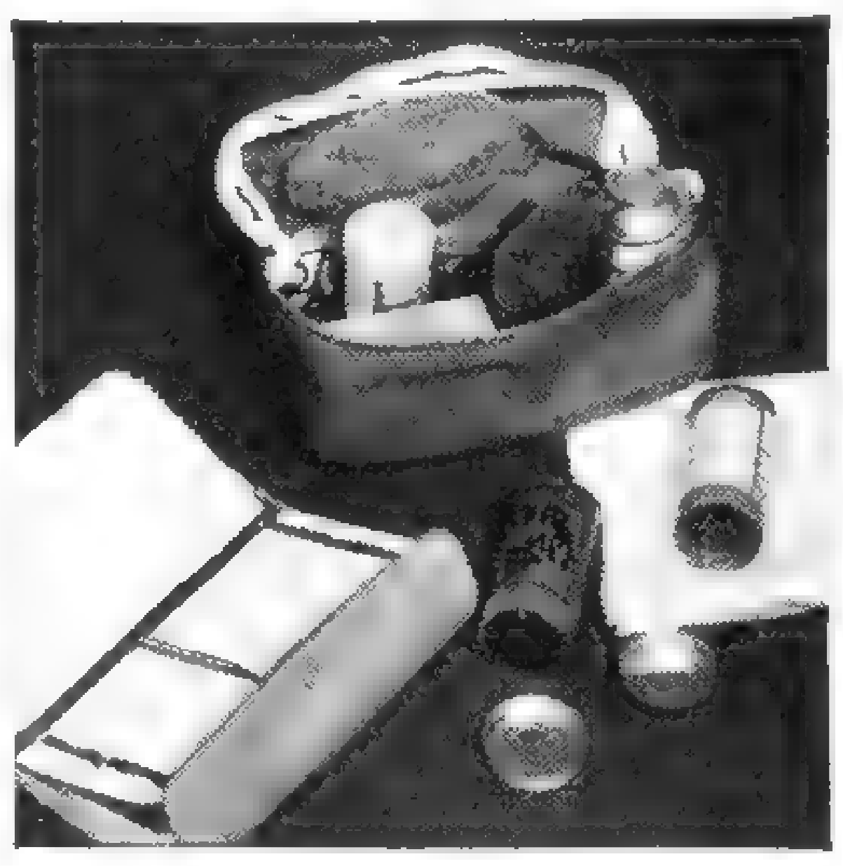
CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION
A welcome gift for any man because it is "practical"

HOLLIS CO. 207 Market St., Newark, N. J. Dept. 213
Enclosed is $1.00 for KLIPETTE. If I am not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded.

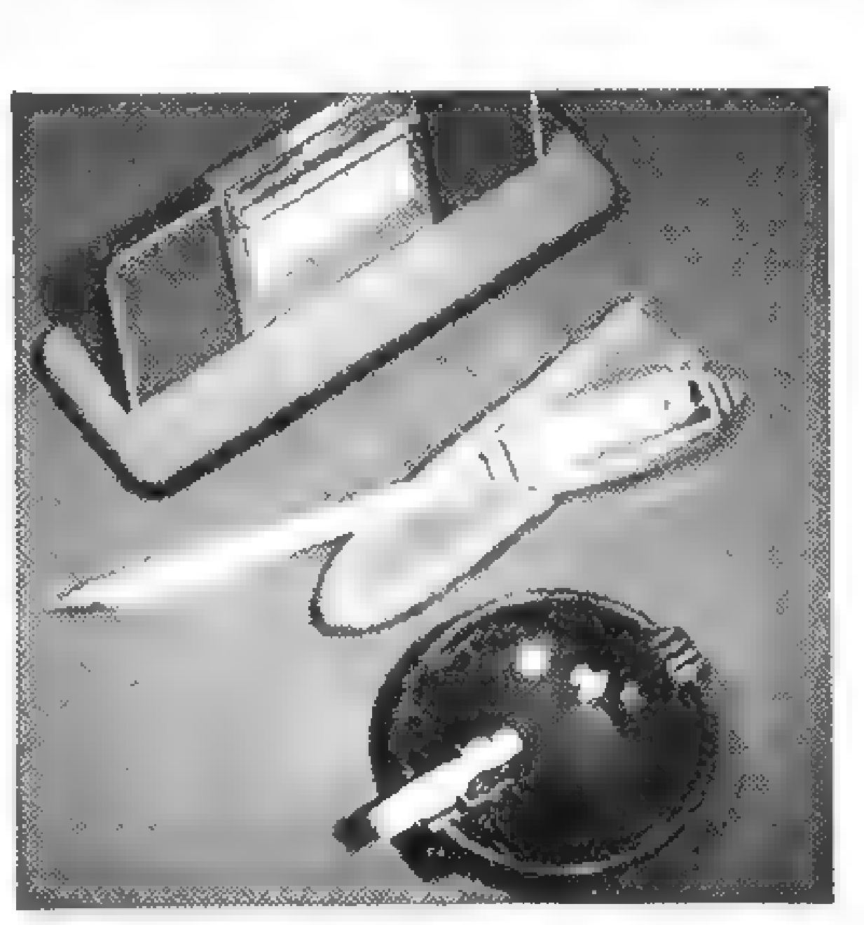
Name____________________
Address____________________



**SHAKER OF THE YEAR.** Inspired by our troubled times, perhaps, but one of the best of the 1941 cocktail shakers we've found yet. The cannon is metal, richly finished in bronze, and has a twelve-cocktail capacity. Its base, readied for action on well-oiled wheels, is dark polished oak. Ammunition for the battery is close at hand—the new cocktail glasses have bullet bases, three slugs neatly stacked to firmly anchor the glass.



**OF SNOW AND STREAMS.** Gifts for the sportsman are no problem at all when new and practical accessories for his al fresco activities turn up in pairs—presenting a ski wax set in a waterproof canvas kit that holds five types of wax, spreader, scraper, steel wool, and towel. The kit, zipper-closed, hooks into his belt. For the trout fisherman, a heavy pigskin fly-book with accomodations for eight dozen flies. It's equipped with felt drying pads, pockets for spinners, and it fits *his* pocket.

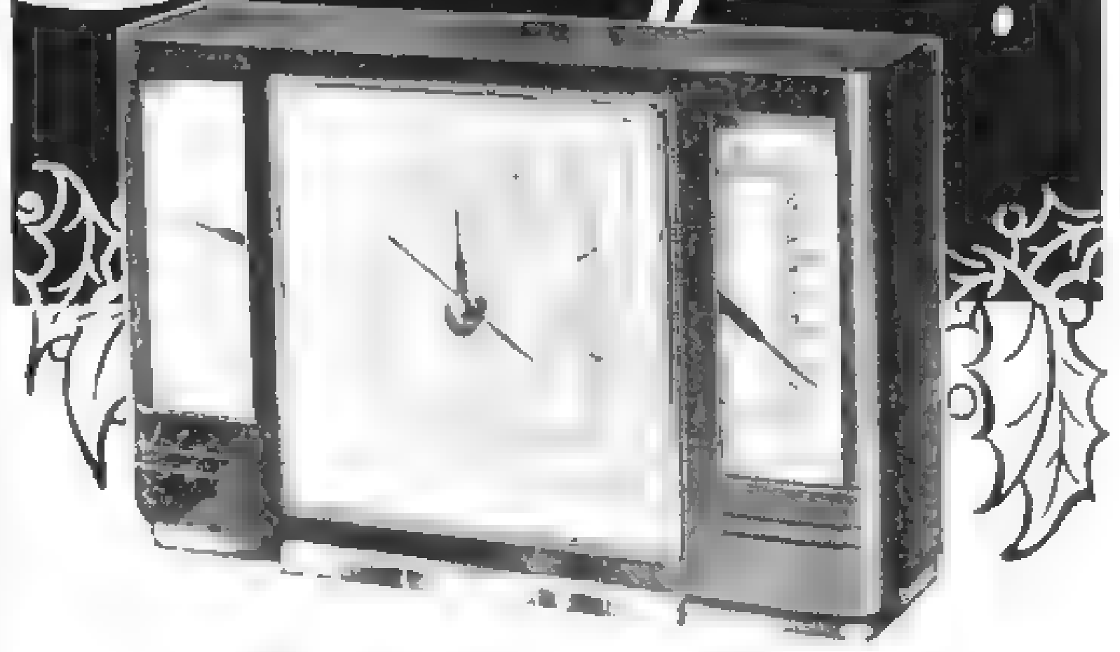


**NO BURNS FOR CHRISTMAS.** This ash tray has a highly unusual and commendable property—a thermostatically operated clip automatically puts out cigarettes left burning. No more mahogany scars. It's porcelain in a wide range of colors. His desk goes Christmas too, with a hazel pigskin perpetual calendar, saddle stitched, and a letter-opener with sheath to match. It's bronze with a magnifying-glass handle.

**TO BE USED—EVERY DAY.** A pair of notoriously utilitarian householders whose new treatment adds Christmastime pulchritude to year-around practicality. That's bath soap, not an indoor bowling outfit, laid out in its natural wood-grain box. There are ten colorfully-striped pins and two balls in the set. The scales, bathroom necessity for athletes and dieting womanhood, arrives in a handsome pin morocco leather case for traveling. It weighs only six pounds, carries a five-year guarantee.

**GIFTS OF CHANCE.** Mistress Fortune's career knows no time element. For proof, on the left—bezique, a game centuries old, riding rapidly back to popularity. This is six-pack bezique, with two scorers and a playing stand, all in a finely tooled leather case. On the right, Deadly Double, a dice game weeks old that has already arrived. Looks innocent, but keep the stakes low. Ivory-cube sportsmen will dote on it.

Ranger



THE PICK OF Santa's Pack!

Airguide
THREE IN-ONE
WEATHER INSTRUMENT

A beautiful and useful gift, smartly styled in black plastic with chromium trim and silvered dials—an accurate combination weather instrument which tells temperature, relative humidity, and forecasts the weather. Pleasingly priced at . . . . . . . . . . $10

At all better dealers. Write for folder of other Airguide Instruments.

FEE AND STEMWEDEL, INC.
4949 NORTH PULASKI ROAD, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

ORDER NOW *for* CHRISTMAS

HI-JACS

*Postpaid anywhere in U. S. GIFT BOXED*

Absorbent Terri-knit Lastex HI-JACS fit over any shape glassware. Protect clothes and furniture from drippings. Variety of colors identify each guest's glass. Choose from styles shown.

1 6 different solid colors. Set of 6, $1
2 3-letter monogram. (When ordering, print initials.) Set of 8 colors, $2
3 White with 6 different color bands. Set of 6, $1

KILLINGER CO., Dept. E, Marion, Va.

**628 Page Catalog, 9000 Novelties**

**Rush 3c for mammoth catalog** of unusual novelties, **628 pages, 4000 illustrations, 9000 novelties.** Roto section, 6-color cover. Radios, candid cameras, optical goods, novelty jewelry, unusual books & seeds, airplane & hobby kits, live animals, rifles & guns, fireworks, make-up supplies, joke goods, magic, outdoor & sport items, labor-saving devices, musical instruments, puzzles, wigs, auto & bike accessories, live ants, watches, knives, rubber stamps, smoker's novelties, European novelties, articles from the Orient and Far East, occult and fortune telling articles, money making outfits, muscle developers, religious articles, symbol jewelry, archery, fencing, stamps for collectors, projectors & films, etc., etc. (**Cloth Bound Edition, 15c**).

**JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. 521-K, DETROIT, MICH.**

**Learn to speak SPANISH, FRENCH, GERMAN or ITALIAN this easy way.**

Know a second language for better business or social position; read foreign books; really enjoy travel. Speak like a native. Now FUN to learn quickly, easily at home! Write today for free book "The Cortina Short-Cut." State language interested in.

**CORTINA ACADEMY, DEPT. 4612
105 WEST 40th STREET, NEW YORK CITY**

A HULL Streamline AUTO COMPASS JUST WHAT I WANTED

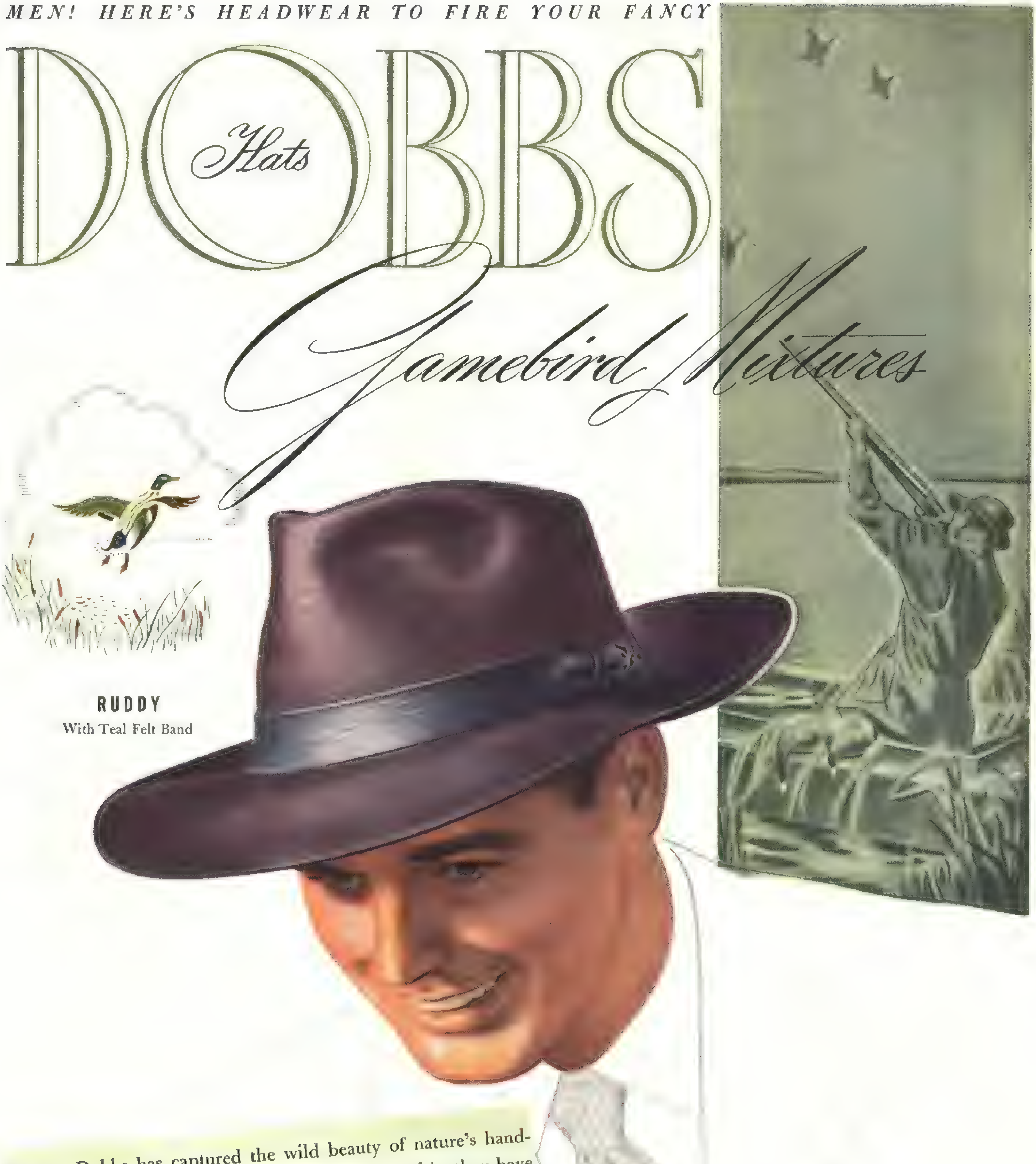
SAPPHIRE BEARING
BUILT-IN COMPENSATOR
ATTRACTIVE GIFT BOX
ONLY $2.95 AT YOUR DEALER
Write for Circular

HULL MFG. CO. P. O. Box 246-G12 WARREN, O.

MEN! HERE'S HEADWEAR TO FIRE YOUR FANCY

# DOBBS *Hats*

## *Gamebird Mixtures*



**RUDDY**
With Teal Felt Band

See how Dobbs has captured the wild beauty of nature's handsomest water-fowl! With inspired color craftsmanship they have caught the glory of the *Ruddy*—and two other richly plumed birds, *Mallard* and *Teal* . . . But Dobbs *Gamebird Mixtures* have other qualities that just can't be illustrated. Fine fur is blended to give a silky touch as soft as duck's down . . . yet the way these hats spring back under punishment is a thrill to see! Only long hours of handwork can produce a hat of such lustrous quality!

One of these smart Gamebird Mixtures will be a perfect mate for your Fall wardrobe. Which will it be? You'll find the answer at your nearest Dobbs dealer . . . **$7.50 and $10.**

DOBBS
FIFTH AVENUE • PARK AVENUE AT 53RD
*New York's Leading Hatters*

AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

# TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

Surrey's
**"AERSHANK"**
**COOLEST—DRIEST**
*metal pipe, with the exclusive*
**TRIPLE TRAVEL SMOKE CHAMBER**
*A revelation in pipe smoking*

The smoke must travel three times the length of the pipe to reach your mouth. (*See Diagram*)

Smoke the first pipe ever made in which 16 inches of smoking length has been condensed into a normal 5½ inch pipe.

You will marvel at the efficiency of this simply constructed pipe. Easy to clean and —*it works!*

**EVERY PIPE GUARANTEED**

With **FREE** Extra Briar Bowl

**$2.50 POSTPAID**

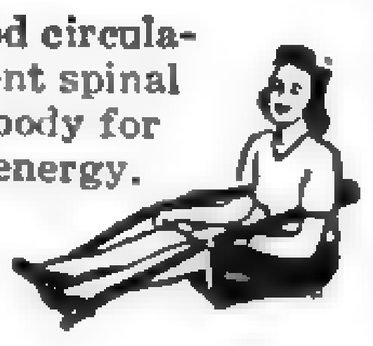
Packed in beautiful silk-lined gift boxes.

*Dealers Supplied on Request*

**John Surrey, Ltd.**
509 Fifth Avenue, New York

**Feel "Tops" This Easy Way!**

WIL Spinal Manipulator aids blood circulation in spinal tissues. Helps prevent spinal rigidity. Relaxes muscles, tones body for restful sleep. Restores "pep" and energy. Endorsed by health authorities. Simple, inexpensive, easy to operate. Special Xmas Gift Carton. Request free folder today.



**WIL Equipment Co., Dept. E, St. Paul, Minn.**

**MAN'S BEST GIFT to MAN'S BEST FRIEND**

A slick idea, endorsed by dog trainers and fanciers—an automatic rewind leash. Dog has 12-foot run, but slack is automatically rewound. It eliminates those fantastic tangles a lively dog can get into. Holds champions' heads up without discomfort to dog. Reel Leash is light enough for a Peke and strong enough for a mastiff. A flick of the thumb locks the leash at any distance you desire. Avoids embarrassment. Leash is water-proofed — snap made of rustless manganese bronze. Case finished in pigskin effect. See it at ESQUIRE's Christmas Gift Fair in New York City.

*On sale at leading stores..price $3.95*

If dealer cannot supply you, send direct. Use coupon below. Immediate delivery guaranteed.

Reel Leash Co.
500 Fifth Avenue, New York City

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman $3.95, plus few cents postage.

☐ I enclose $3.95. Send Reel Leash postage pre-paid.

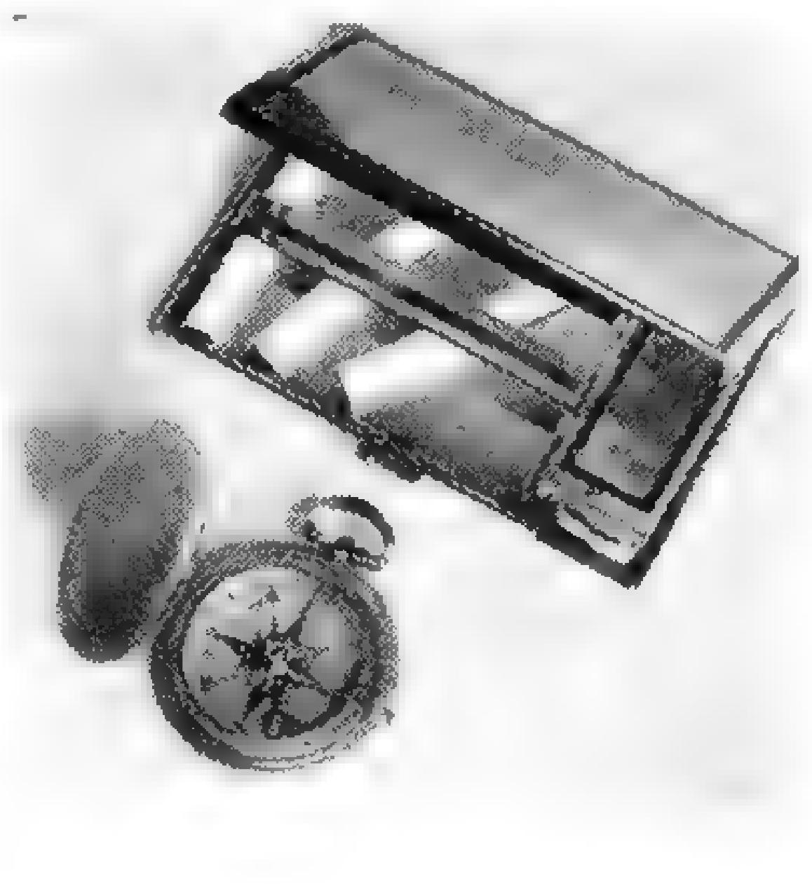
Name________________

Address________________

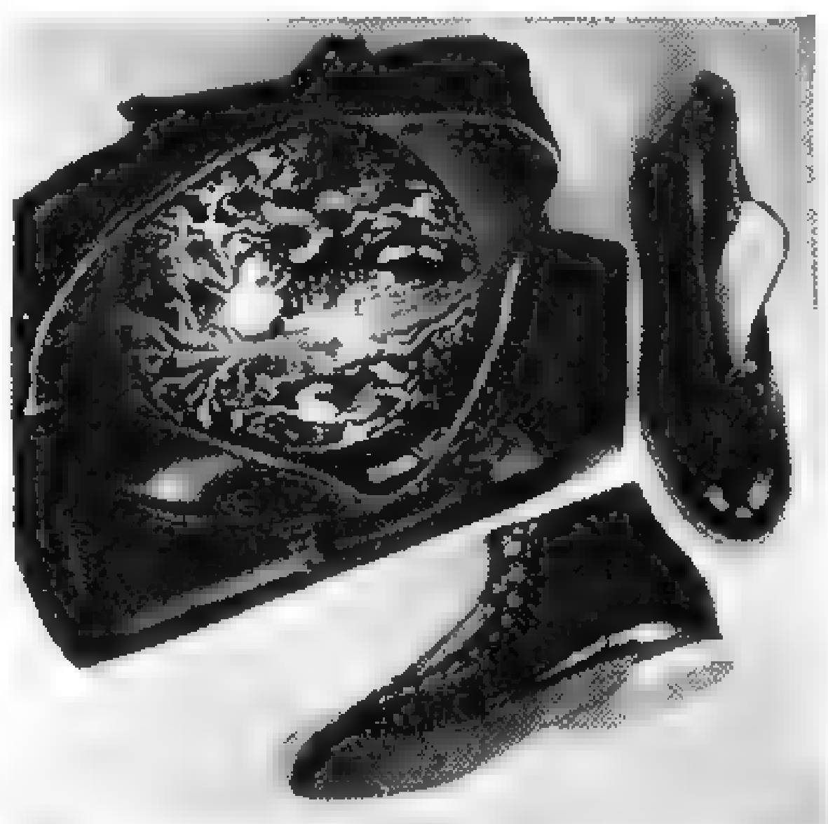
**GAMES, GAMES, AND GAMES.** It isn't often that you find equipment for chess, checkers, dominoes, dice, backgammon, Chinese checkers, cribbage, poker, et al., taking up as little room as this. A look at this small box—it has them all neatly done up in hazel pigskin. Two sliding covers supply the boards, the rest all sits inside. Fine for home, it's great for peripatetics.

**GOOD TURN FOR BOOKWORMS.** There be bookends *and* bookends. These newcomers of glass brick take a tried and true gift out of the cliché class. With their calfskin binding and simple functional lines, they form excellent props for the literary taste of practically anyone. That elegant alligator calf volume is nothing more or less than your old friend, the dictionary, in fancy dress—makes looking up that elusive word a positive pleasure.

**MAN AND MACHINE.** Certain species of masculinity are most pleased come Christmas if they're at the receiving end of automotive accessories. Here's a brand new three-horned trumpet with a keyboard-operated control, on which he can play practically any tune he likes—musical variety to command the road. Also, for man or woman, a highly practical auto kit that clips onto the car sun visor, holds all prerequisites for quick "brush-ups." In pig grain, it's great for those who do a lot of driving.



**TWO ORIGINALS.** Made in Switzerland, an attractive and durable cigarette case and lighter combination with originality to stand it out from the crowd. The lighter, which is detachable, can be lit via remote control by pressing the catch that opens the case. For navigators, skippers, woodsmen—a precision-made compass in a brass case, built to resemble a pocket watch.



**SET 'EM UP.** Many a man could ask for no better eye-opener Christmas ayem than the equipment pictured here—last word for the bowler—his own initialed bowling ball combining his favorite weight and grip in ivory and emerald mottled mineralite—a topgrain elk leather bag built specifically for carrying the ball, and shoes, shirt, etc. Shoes to guarantee bowling footwork, of soft black kid, one for the "slide" foot, other for "stop." They're the means to comfort, elimination of foot fatigue.

Ranger

*For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.*

*Sterling Silver* **SPURCLIP**

Give free rein to his "horsey" streak with this gold plated horse's head, or his own monogram, set into a sterling spur, with a revolving rowel! He'll love it for his tie and it's magnificent for her scarf, as well. $5.00 prepaid ($10.00, if hand engraved).

**WESTERN CHARM BRACELET**

Here's the newest and smartest in Charm Bracelets. It's of sterling silver, with gold-plated silver charms.. cowboy, boot, bit, sheep, covered wagon, saddle, bronco, horse's head, wigwam and others. $1.00 for bracelet plus $1.00 for each charm desired.

Send for our catalog of Texas jewelry Christmas Gifts. You'll find just the thing you want.. and all excellent values!

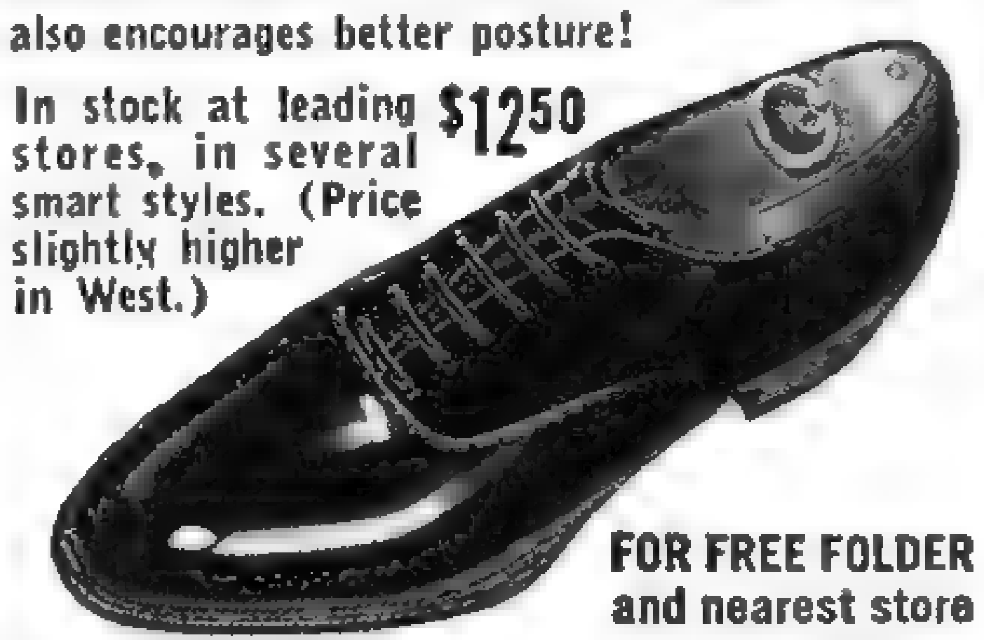
*You'll be pleased or your Money Back. Mail orders promptly filled.*

**HOLLAND JEWELRY CO.**
BOX 21, SAN ANGELO, TEXAS

**Now You Can Be TALLER Than "SHE" Is!**

Yes, you can become impressively taller by simply changing your shoes! The outward appearance of "ELEVATORS" looks no different from other smart shoes. It's the inner construction that increases your height—and also encourages better posture!

In stock at leading stores, in several smart styles. (Price slightly higher in West.) $12.50



**"ELEVATORS"**
The Shoes That Make Men Taller

FOR FREE FOLDER and nearest store name, write to—
Department E-3
Stone-Tarlow Co.,
Brockton, Mass.

**FOR A BRIGHTER MORNING AFTER**

Have a brand-new experience in "rebound!" For quick *mental* alertness comes right along with welcome physical relief when you call on

**NŌDŌZ AWAKENERS**

INVALUABLE, TOO, FOR DROWSY DRIVERS!
10c, 25c, 50c at druggists... or SEND 10 CENTS FOR TRIAL

**NODOZ AWAKENERS, Inc.**
309 RICHFIELD BUILDING • OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

*Made from caffeine, so...*
"HARMLESS AS COFFEE"

**Get this Great Catalog of MAGIC**

NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY

Amazing tricks, mystifying and spooky stage and party illusions. Easy to do—no skill—perfect instructions. Fool your friends. Loads of fun. Add "life" to any party. 228 pages. 500 illustrations. Mail 35 cents for catalog, credited on your first order for $2.00 or more.

**NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY**
119 S. State St., Chicago, Ill.

A group of three Kaywoodie Pipes: a specimen briar of unusual fineness; a Flame Grain cut from a burl over 100 years old; and a Flame Grain with imported Turkish Meerschaum inner bowl. *Set Number 3/35* **$35.00**

Two handsome specimens of natural briar grain—one with traditional broad band (which stays bright forever). *Set Number 2/15* **$15.00**

# GIVE HIM

## *the satisfaction of owning the finest of personal possessions*

These distinguished sets of Kaywoodie Pipes, each a "little pipe-collection" in itself, contain a pleasing variety of different-type briars of several shapes, in contrasting finishes of unparalleled fineness. Some are lined with Meerschaum, aristocrat of pipe-materials—others are beautiful examples of the renowned Flame Grain, and Birdseye patterns, enabling their owner to compare and relish the beauty and smoking qualities of these various rare woods. Each pipe is individually recessed in a cabinet-maker's case of traditional shape, covered with the finest calf-skin or morocco, in selected groupings of two and three pipes. A superlative possession, whether in your library, office or traveling, you will feel that you have acquired a Fellowship in the society of experienced pipe-smokers, when you own one.

A beautiful pair of pipes made of the rare Flame Grain briar, the oldest and best grained briar in the world. *Set Number 2/25* **$25.00**

## KAYWOODIE
## *Companion Sets*

**OTHER COMPANION SETS** *(not illustrated)*—No. 2/20, a pair of beauties in *contrasting* grain-pattern, $20—No. 2/30 a pair of Flame Grain pipes with Turkish Meerschaum inner bowls, $30—No. 2/35, a pair of beautiful white Meerschaum Kaywoodies, $35—No. 3/20, three selected briars, one with the patented Carburetor control, $20.

If your favorite store cannot supply you, write today to—

**KAYWOODIE COMPANY**
*Makers of Fine Pipes since 1851*
**New York and London**
*In New York,* Rockefeller Center, Fifth Avenue

A set of three surpassing examples of Kaywoodie pipe craftsmanship: two specimen Flame Grain briars with Turkish Meerschaum inner bowls, and a superb Meerschaum Kaywoodie with genuine Baltic amber stem. *Set Number 3/50* **$50.00**

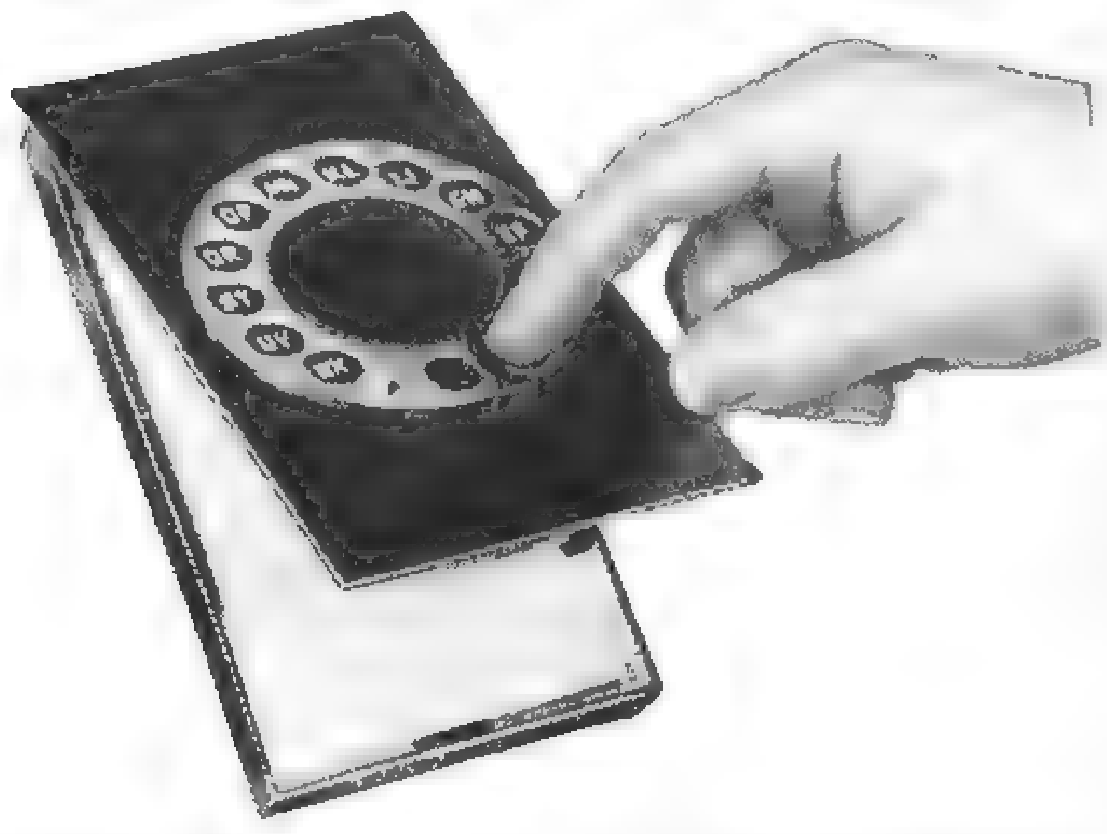
*The luxurious leathers employed are Brown Glove Calf, Wine Dull Calf, Bright Brown Genuine Morocco.*

COPR. 1940, KAYWOODIE COMPANY

# TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

DIALIST $1.50

*A new fascinating, practical indexing device—the ideal gift*



It's exciting fun to dial the information you want and see the cover pop open. You work it just like a phone dial; put your finger or pencil on the letter you want and Dialist springs open to the corresponding card. Ample room for phone numbers, addresses, recipes—any sort of alphabetical record.

Dialist is all metal, handsomely finished in rich mahogany and gold. It has rubber feet to anchor it and protect the desk or table.

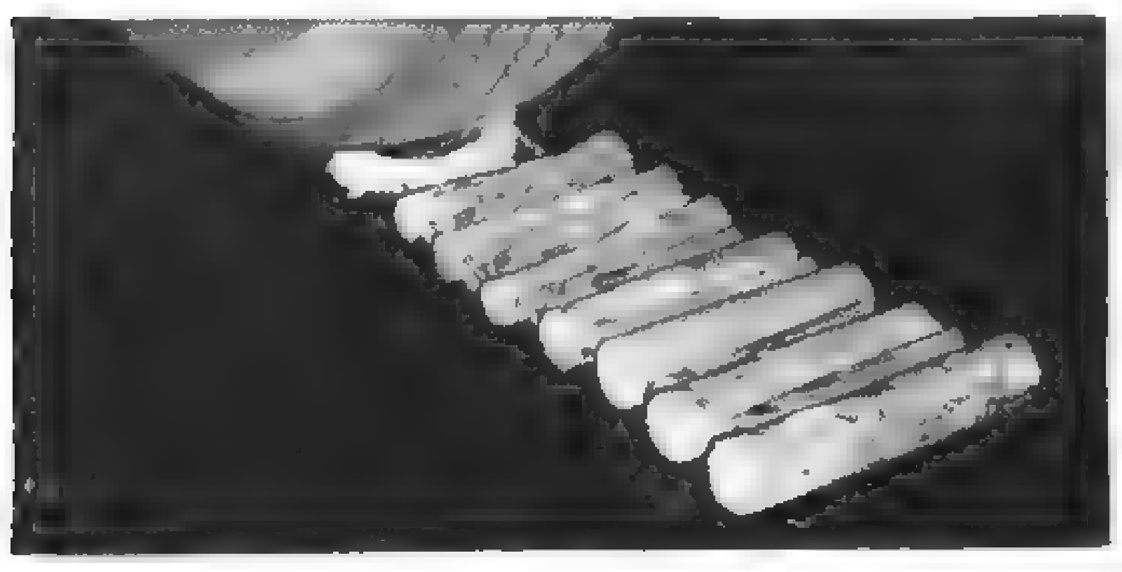
Here is a novel, handsome, useful gift for man or woman in home or office.

Dialist is sold in all good stationery stores and department stores—it is so new that your store may not yet have it—if not you can ask them to order it for you, or we will send one to you by mail. Send check or money order.

**THE BATES MFG. CO., ORANGE, N. J.**
NEW YORK OFFICE, 30 VESEY ST.

*With firm name, trade name, or slogan, Dialist is a perfect good-will gift for any business. Write our New York office for quantity prices imprinted. Advertising specialty dealers welcomed.*

UNIQUE GIFT FOR MOTORISTS

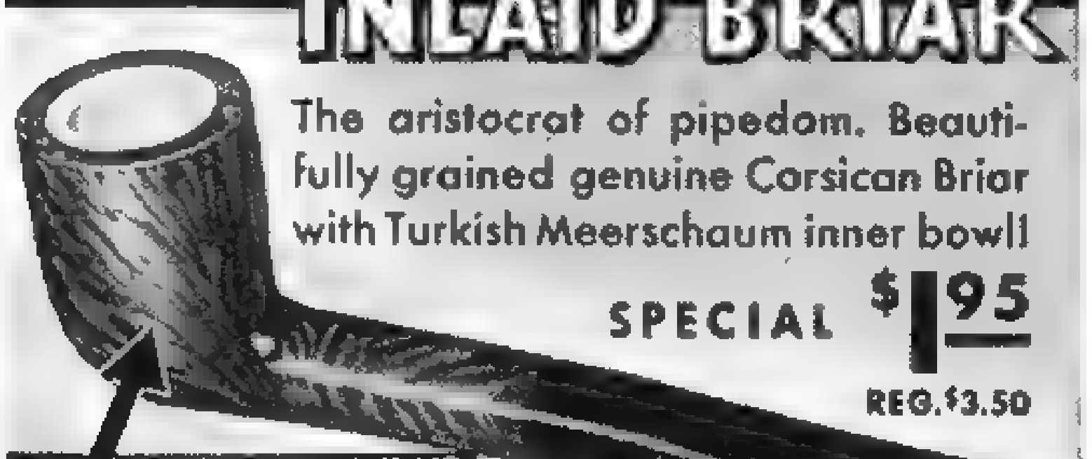


When car wheels spin in snow or mud, Auto Raft saves tow-in bills. Graduated lengths of hardwood held by chain. In water-proof bag, **$1.95.** Some give two, **$3.90.**

FREE! Exciting Book picturing 293 original gifts. For every one from glamour girls to elderly uncles. Prices for every budget. Write for book E-12.

**LEWIS & CONGER · Dept. E-12**
6th Avenue and 45th Street, New York City

GENUINE MEERSCHAUM INLAID BRIAR



The aristocrat of pipedom. Beautifully grained genuine Corsican Briar with Turkish Meerschaum inner bowl! SPECIAL $1.95 REG. $3.50

No greater smoking pleasure—no finer gift! Luxurious velveteen gift case free. Lifetime guarantee. Check Pipe shape. Send check, money order. (C. O. D. 10c additional). **SACHS PIPES,** 5435 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Free Catalog.

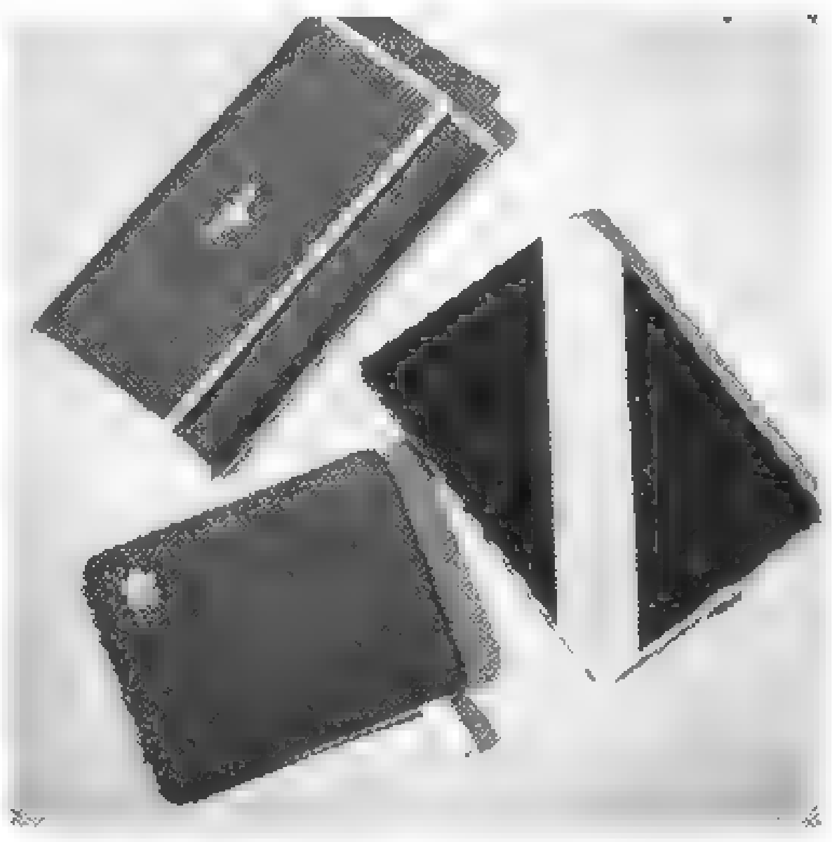
*THE CHARACTER BLEND FOR ESQUIRE MEN*
CANADIAN PLUG MIXTURE
- Cool, Fragrant
- Mild, Won't Bite

Send $1.25 for ½ lb. Vacuum packed tin

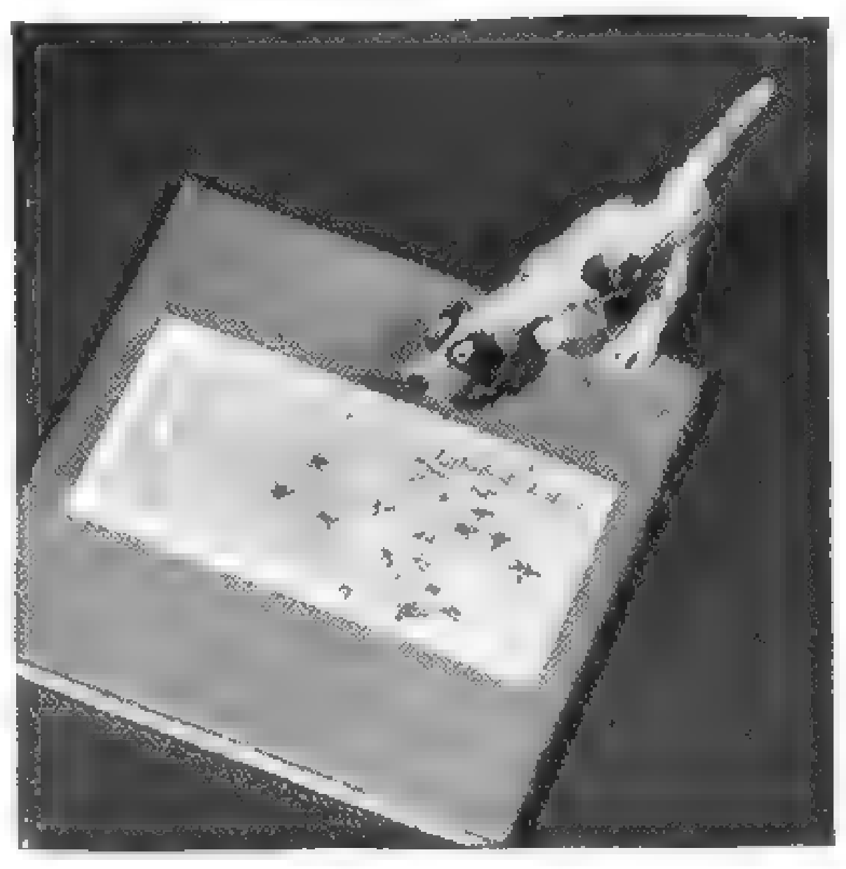
Sample! Generous trial package for 10c

CANADIAN PLUG MIXTURE

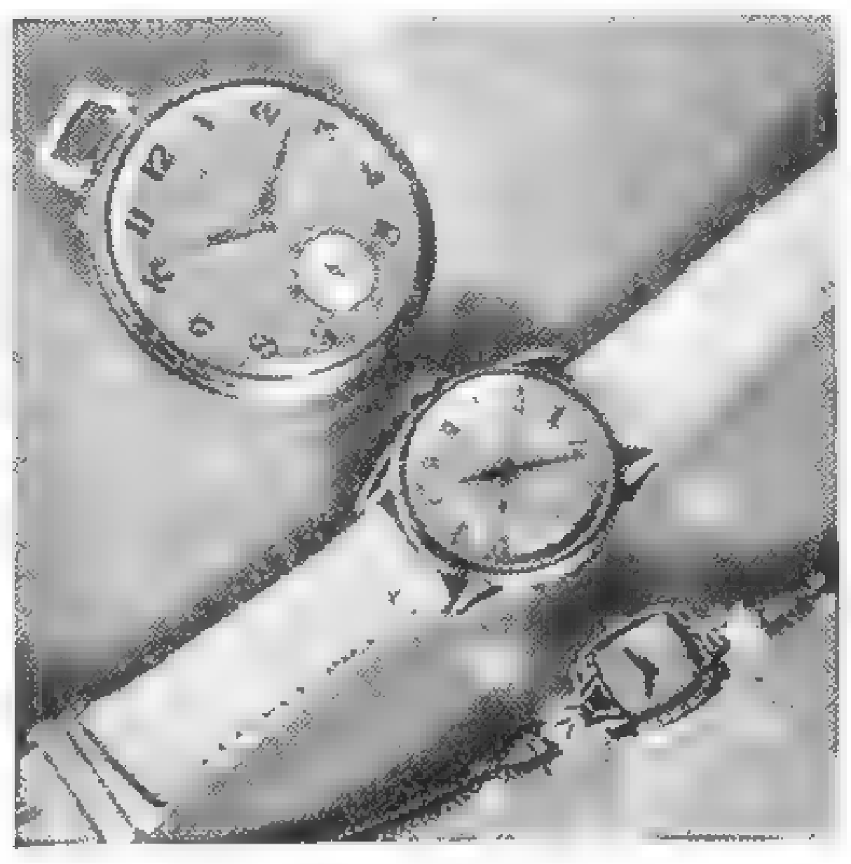
Iwan Ries & Co.
*Established 1898* • 71 W. Monroe St., Chicago



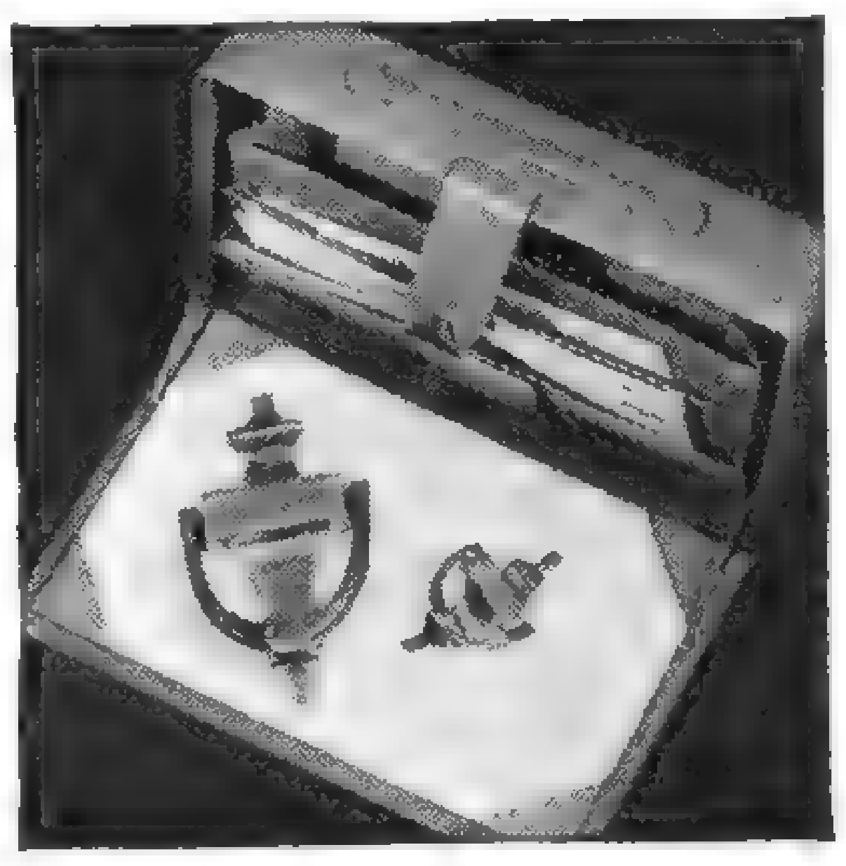
**ORDER OF THE DAY.** Into the ranks of Christmas gifts, a new classification has come this year. Across the nation, men are adapting themselves to a new way of life, that of the fighting forces of the country. Here are three gifts for them. Top, a grosgrain military fabric tobacco pouch, carrying the wings of the Navy in 14K gold. Left, a service cloth covered cigarette case with an Army, Navy, or Marine insignia. Right, a case in the twill of the U. S. Infantry's dress uniform, with diagonal Infantry braid on a gold-plated frame.



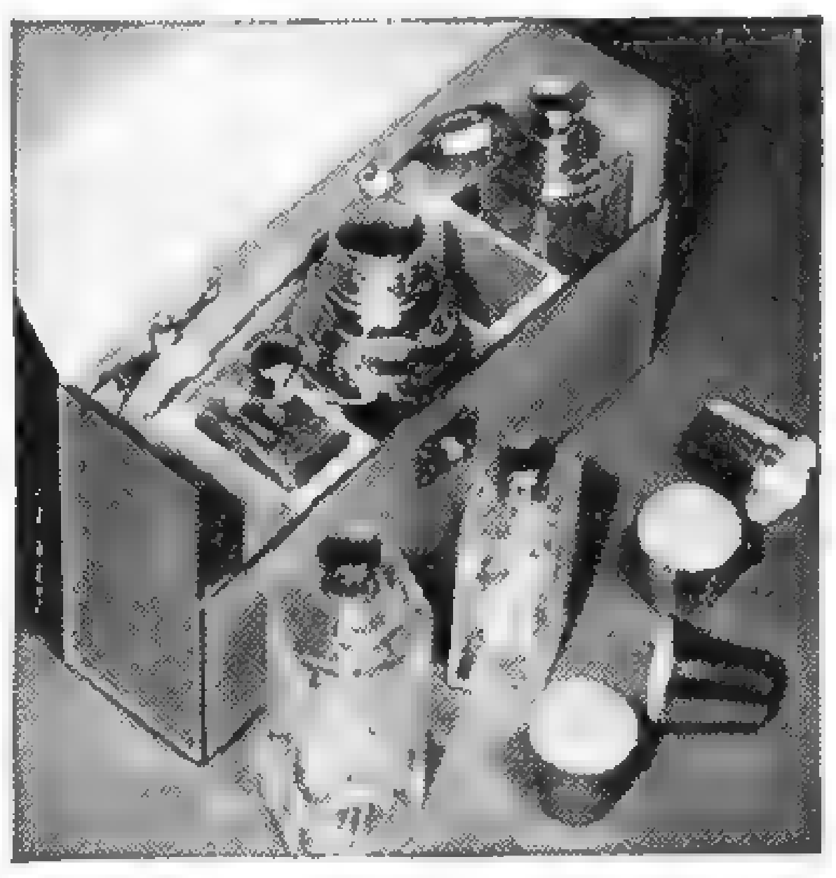
**NOTHING NEW FOR SPORTSMEN?** Wrong again, girls and boys, for here it is, straight from the workman's bench—a game record in book form of russet top-grain cowhide. The cover inset is a valuable chart containing some surprising information on the top flight speeds of our most popular game birds. That suspicious hound dog is a California product, wood and hand-carved.



**AMERICAN STANDARD TIME.** Designed and made in America, these three watches represent that combination of fine craftsmanship and reasonable price which has marked this country's watch manufacturing for so many years. Top to bottom—17 jewel man's pocket watch of 14K coral gold with gold numeral dial to match—sturdy dependable strap watch with sweep second hand that gives the split-minute time, 17 jewels, gold-filled—woman's wristwatch combining 14K coral and white gold, 17 jewels, Roman numeral dial.



**LEATHER AND BRASS.** For anyone—male or female—who must needs combine traveling with a certain amount of letter-writing—this writing case in pigskin, conveniently sized, yet holding *all* the necessities of the epistler. And, for the home, a unique gift with definite appeal—engraved brass door knockers, one large, one small for inside rooms.

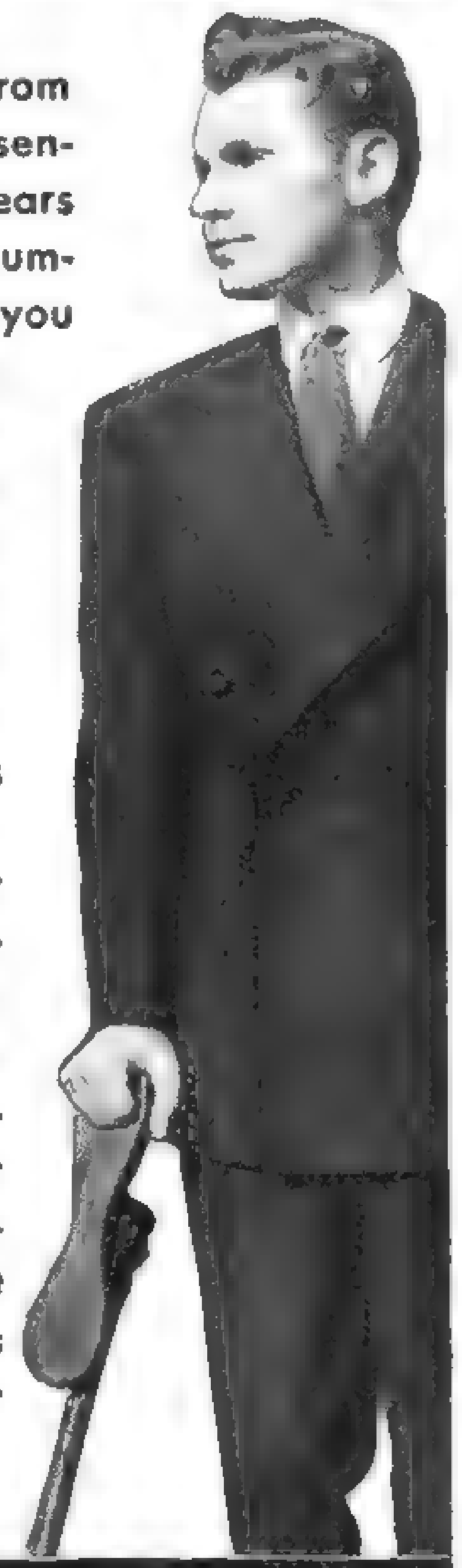


**TRAVELING TODDIES.** If you've been unfortunate enough to cross trails with one of those fabled individuals, "a man who has everything," here's a gift to belie that description. It's a traveling cocktail set, eminently usable, in a stitched cowhide case. There's a metal cocktail shaker, two large and two small crystal decanters, four metal cups, mixing spoon and bottle opener.

Ranger

*For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.*

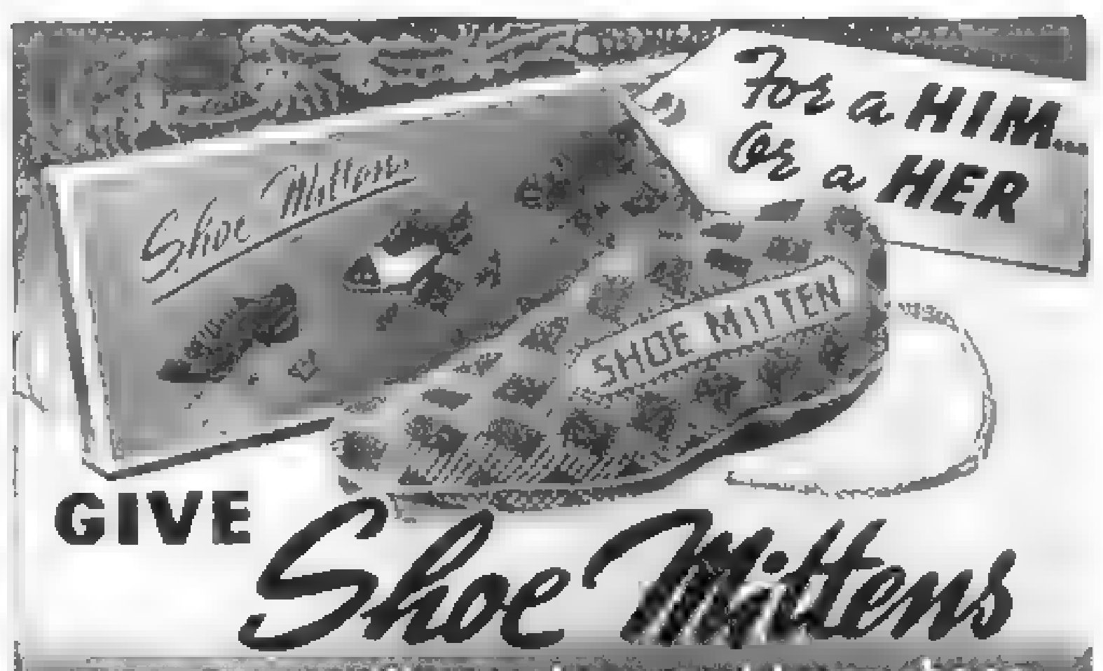
SIMPSON CLOTHES
*INDIVIDUALLY TAILORED*



*The suit you buy* from a Simpson direct representative is **your** suit. It bears **your name . . . not a number.** It was tailored for you and you alone . . . from **accurate measurements** made from **your** figure. Since no two men are built alike, it is clear why a Simpson garment fits better and therefore provides more months of graceful wearing. All over America, smart, sophisticated men and women know and respect the Simpson label. They also respect the Simpson representative who calls direct and who measures skillfully. Write for fashion brochure E.

FREE! We'll send you swatches of our outstanding Fall Fabrics. Address Dept. E-12

J. B. SIMPSON, INC. SIMPSON BLDG. CHICAGO, ILL.
DISPLAY ROOMS IN MANY CITIES



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Skiff A mild slow-burning mixture of fully matured tobaccos—rare in taste and flavor.

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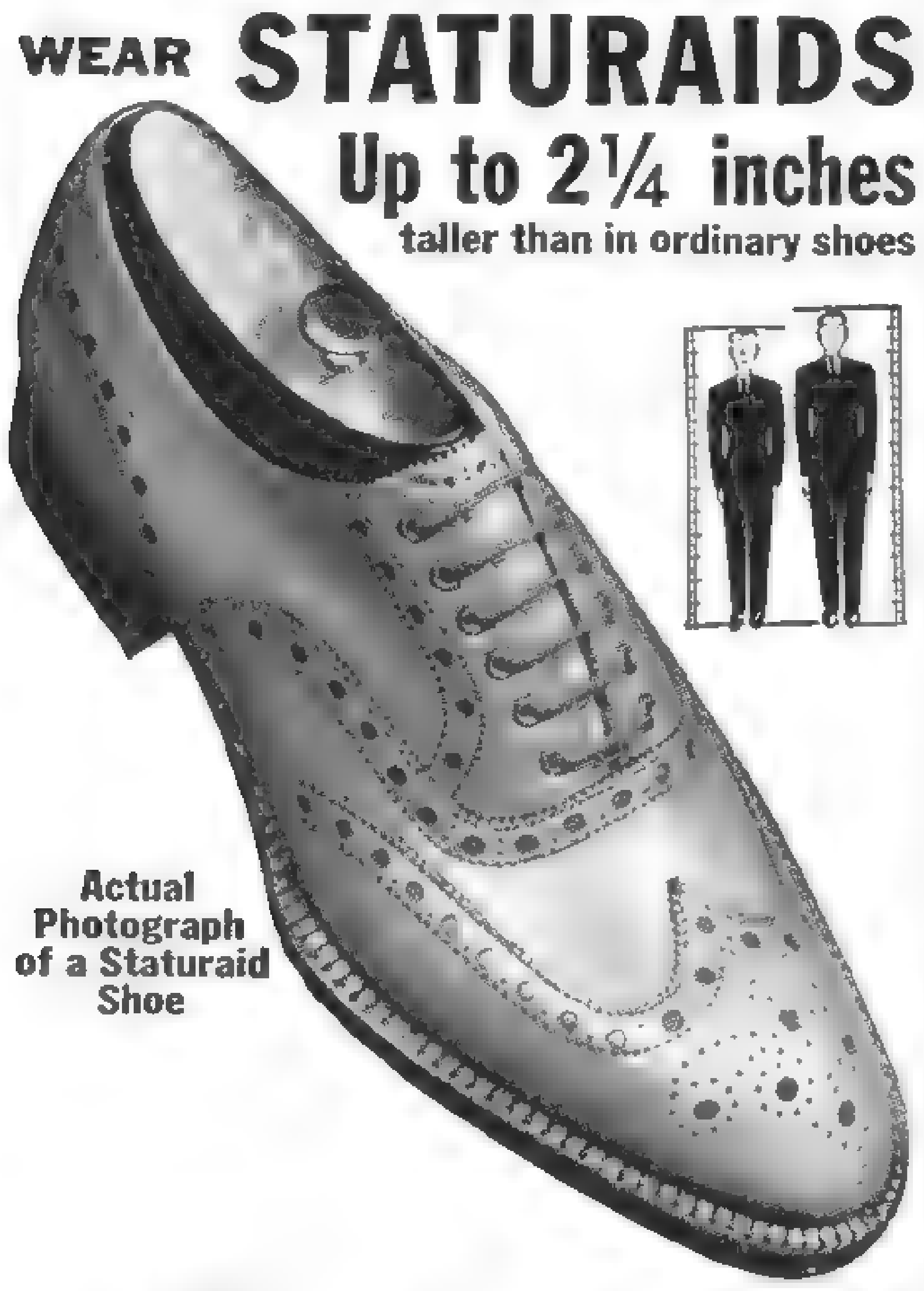
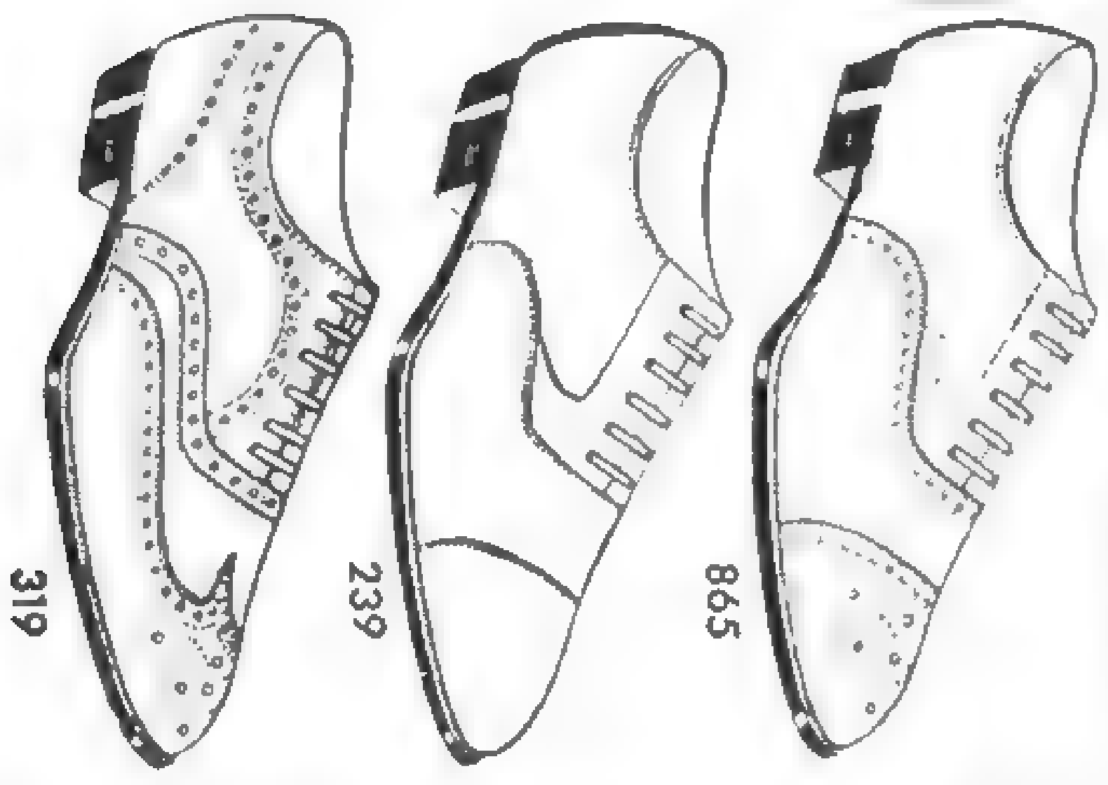
# TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

BE TALLER
WEAR STATURAIDS
Up to 2¼ inches
taller than in ordinary shoes


Actual Photograph of a Staturaid Shoe



Staturaids not only increase height but actually improve your posture. Worn by thousands of well-dressed men. More than fifty smart styles and a wide assortment of leathers to choose from. Write for illustrated catalog. (Sent *free* in plain wrapper). Write Dept. 36.
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2067 Third Ave. (nr. 113th St.) New York City
ON EXHIBIT AT ESQUIRE FAIR

AMERICANA *Glass Bottle--from early American copper powder flask*

Hanging by a leather thong from a **wooden wall bracket** that is a faithful replica of a Colonial muzzle loading pistol. Complete set—Bottle in clear or amber, 6½ inches tall. "Pistol"—16 inches long. $2.75 Post Paid
*U.S. made; send check or M.O.*
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The ideal gift. Brilliant night and day.
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REFLECTING DRIVEWAY MARKERS . . .
Metal Bird, Guide Post, or Clover. 27", Two-sided. $1.00 each

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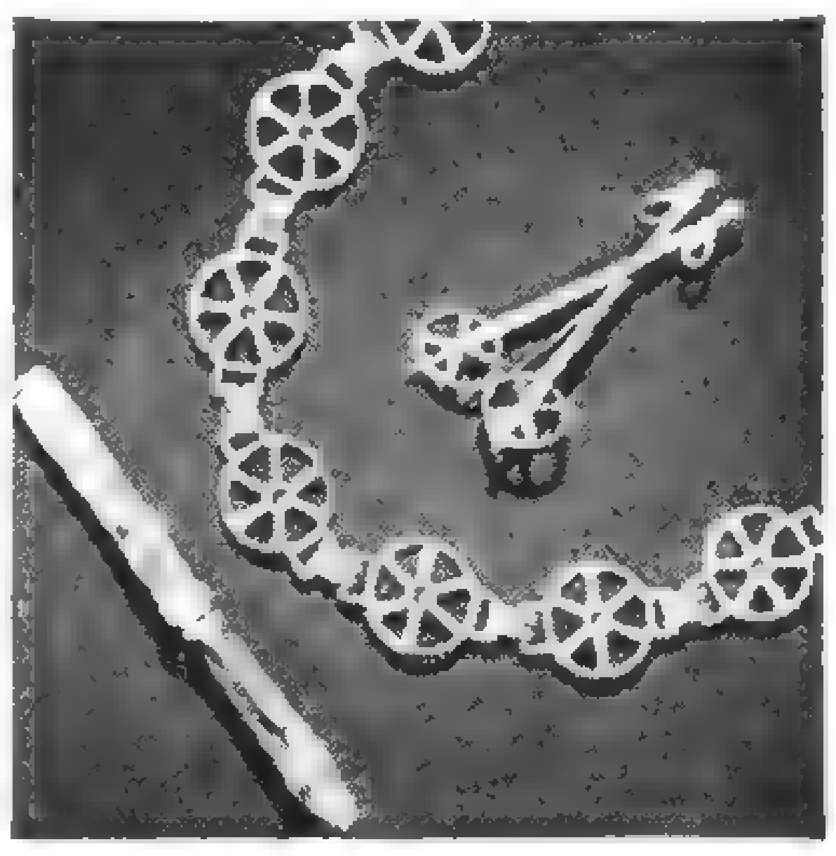
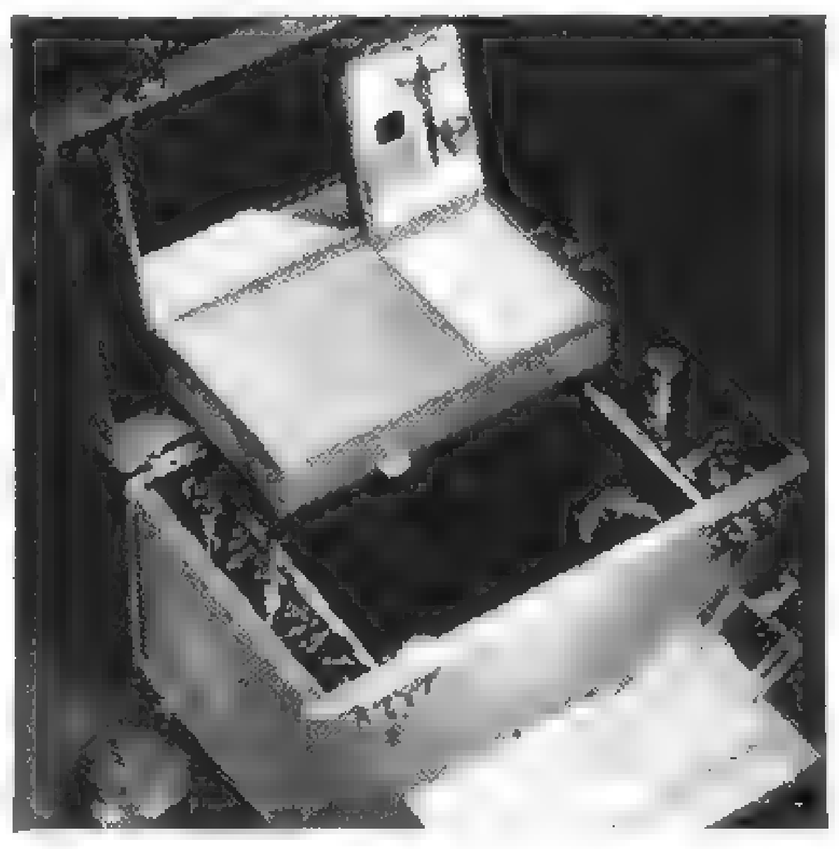
**LEATHER—THE DISTAFF SIDE.** Leather, not only a masculine province, provides an outstanding category in the gifts for women column. First, a ladies' briefcase, for the girl who believes in system. In red, blue, or black, it has four gold-marked compartments, is lined with red silk rayon. And for the girl of the great outdoors, a pigskin belt with purse attached, carries essentials while arms swing free.



**HOW'S HER CHRISTIANIA?** It had to come—jewelry for the legion of lassies who follow the ski trails. If she loves the sport, write her this ticket. They're all sterling silver, finely wrought and hand-finished—a crossed ski pole pin, bracelet of seven snow guards and a faithfully reproduced ski pin. Designed by a member of the Ski Patrol.



**TRAVELING IN CLOVER.** The Mayfair case, for the lady who peregrinates and does it in the grand fashion. This is, forgive us, *le dernier cri* in the feminine fitted toilet case department. In crocodile, morocco, or pigskin, it's available in many colors. There's a jewel compartment, fitted sewing box, mirror, six bottles, and three jars, all chrome capped, for her liquids and lotions. And space inside for overnight wearables and whatnots.

**THE LIBERAL ARTS . . .** A music and language course given in painless fashion. A gay tune, picked out with metal notes on a gold-thread staff, is the motif for this hand-made antelope belt. It fastens in front with a hand-turned, gold finished clef sign, and there's a pin to match. And a very swell gift with a difference—a dictionary set in red, green, or black pin morocco. English, French, Spanish, Italian, and German dictionaries; fine, gold-topped paper.

**LEFT TO RIGHT.** Gift prescription in triplicate. A new design for the popular photo-locket. Its easel back holds another photograph, folds in when locket snaps shut—in pigskin, morocco, or enamel. For a well-turned wrist, a deftly designed domed crystal wrist watch, pink or yellow gold filled, with a 15 jewel, faithful, accurate movement. And the latest development in costume jewelry, a three-dimensional reproduction of a street lamp that, somehow or other, definitely lights up in the dark.

*Ranger*

*For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.*

Personalized KEY HOLDER

HAND CARVED EBONY WOOD
● Any name or initials made to your individual order. Complete with Forstner Nickel Silver Key Chain. At leading stores everywhere, or order direct; sent postpaid in gift box. $1
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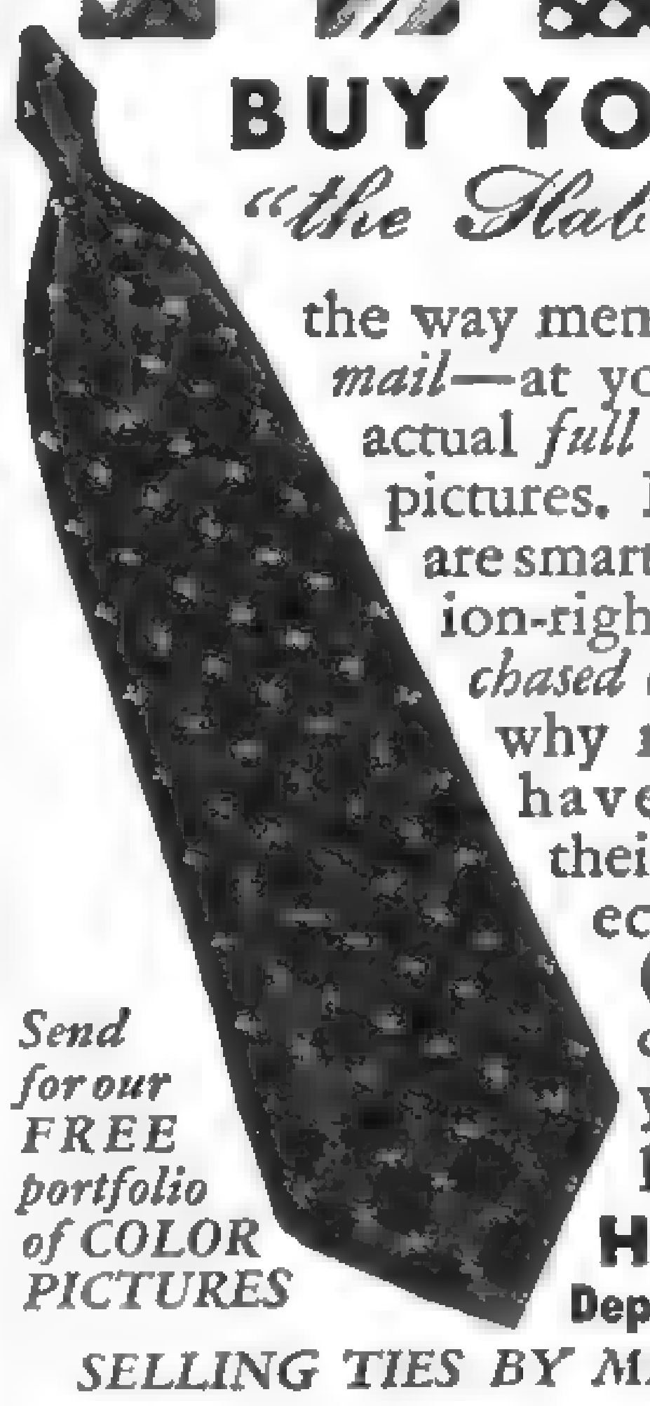
Send For FREE Folder Of Woodcraft Gifts

TIES



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NEW, SMART HEAVY SHAM BOTTOM
"YOUR NAME" GLASSES
They're new—and popular priced! A choice different gift—grand for personal use. Your name, nickname, club, ranch, yacht or address expertly deep etched on guaranteed chip-proof Libbey's Safedge glass. Any name—or pair of names—up to 7 letters in 1 or 2 lines.
6 1-2 oz.—for Old Fashioneds . . . . .
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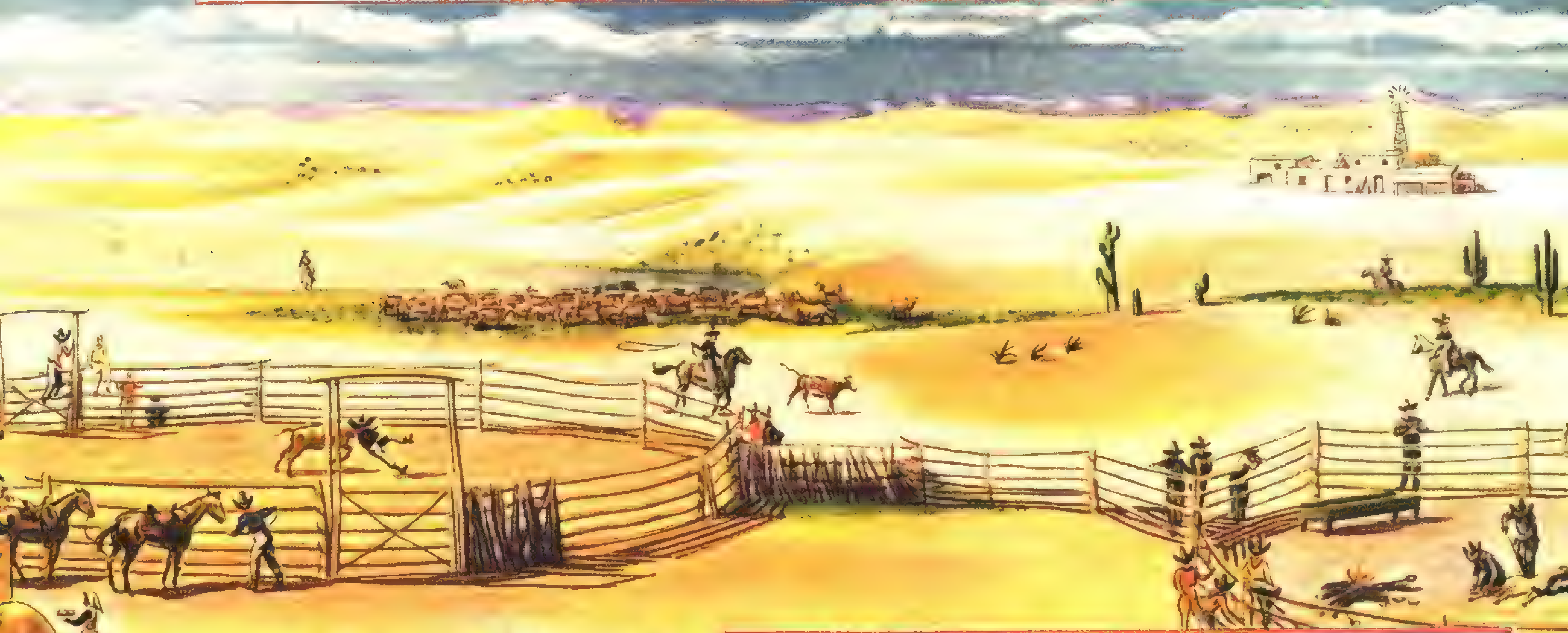

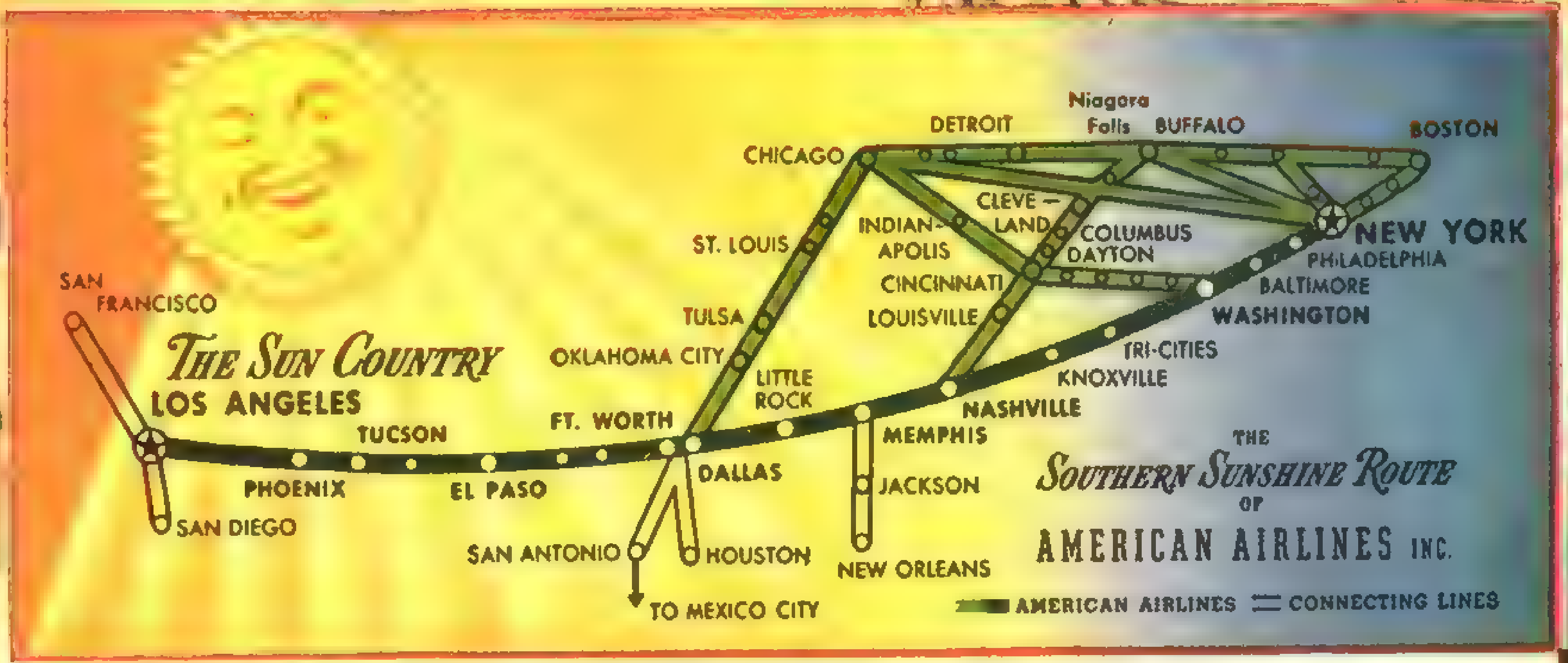
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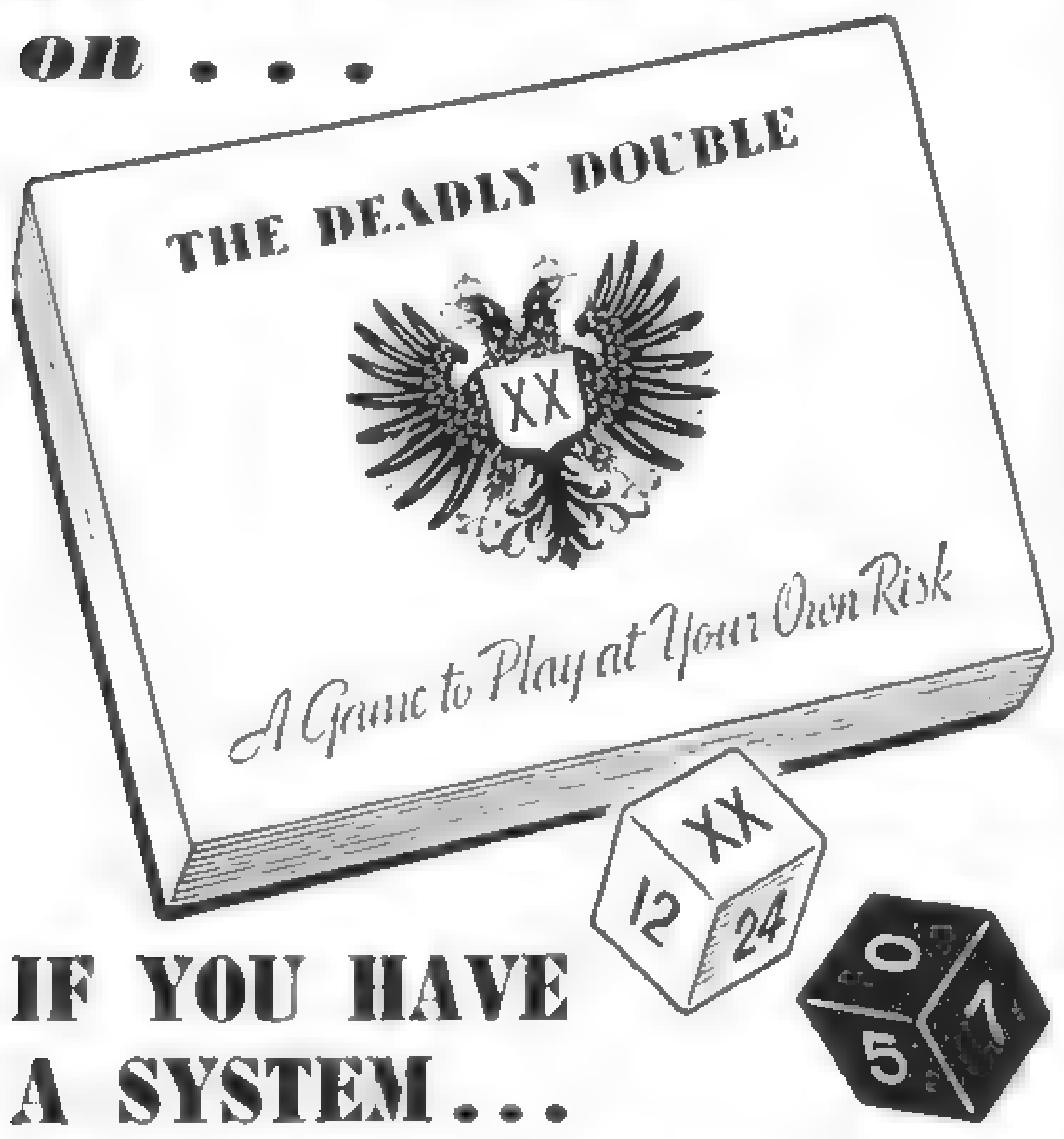

**IF YOU HAVE A SYSTEM...** *don't say we didn't warn you about* **"THE DEADLY DOUBLE"**

*On sale at Sporting Goods and Department Stores and Gift Shops Everywhere*

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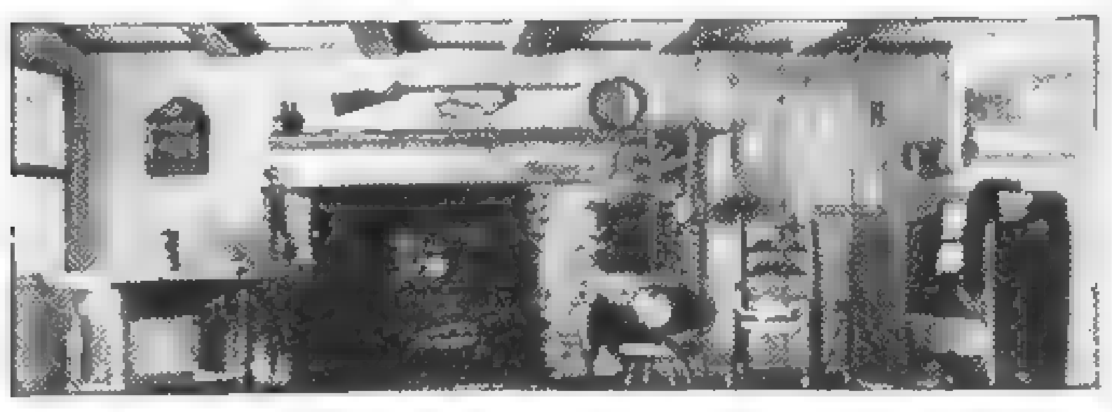

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**AMERICAN INTERIORS** Complete working kits for re-creating miniature scale models of historic Early American interiors. The KITCHEN, 21" long, $2.00, post paid. Descriptive circular on request.

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*NEW • USEFUL • SMART*

FOR OUTDOOR BARBECUES AND FIRE
COOKING PICNICS PLACES
ASBESTOS FIREPROOF GLOVES
CAMPFIRE
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$3.50 A PAIR
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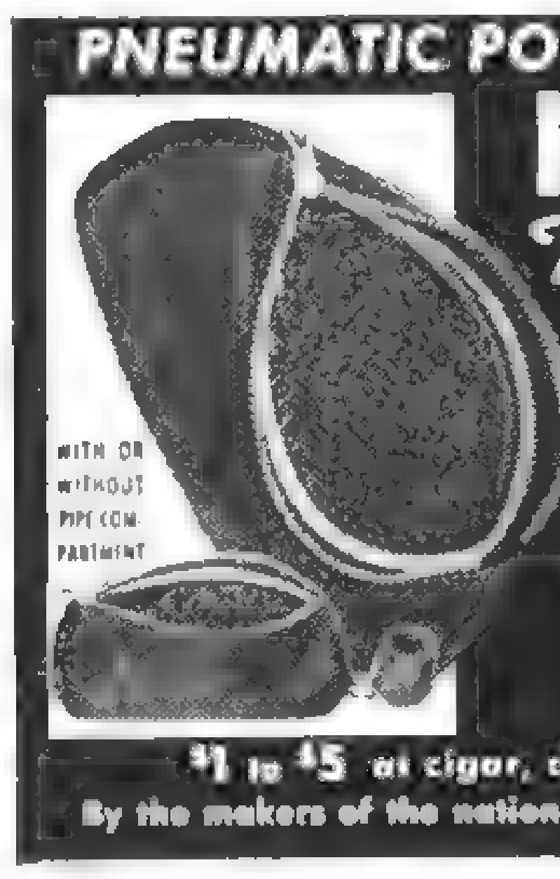
Handle red hot coals, flaming kindling, sizzling pans like magic with KOOL-GRIP fire-proof asbestos gloves. Avoid roasting hands in seasoning, basting, and turning food on the grill or barbecue. Perfect for placing and turning fireplace logs. Novel and swanky as well as 100% useful and appreciated . . . *the perfect gift*. Sold by leading department and sports stores coast to coast. Or send money direct. $3.50 per pair. Satisfaction guaranteed.

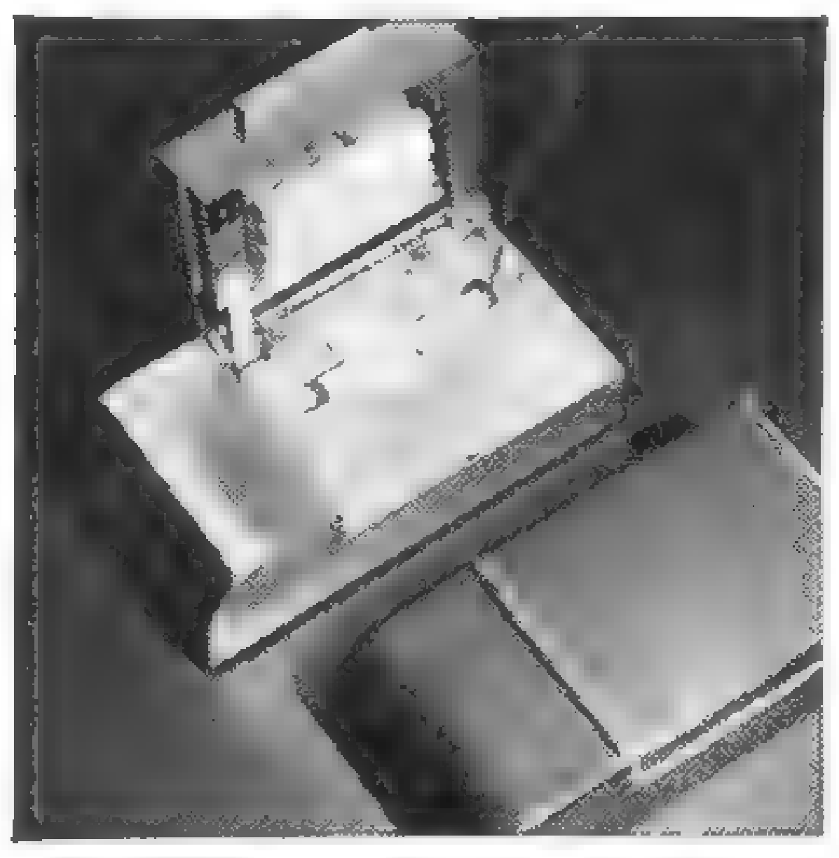
**JIM LITTLE** 652 GARFIELD BOULEVARD DANVILLE, ILLINOIS

**PNEUMATIC POCKET HUMIDOR!**
**HUMATIC**
*Tobacco Pouch*

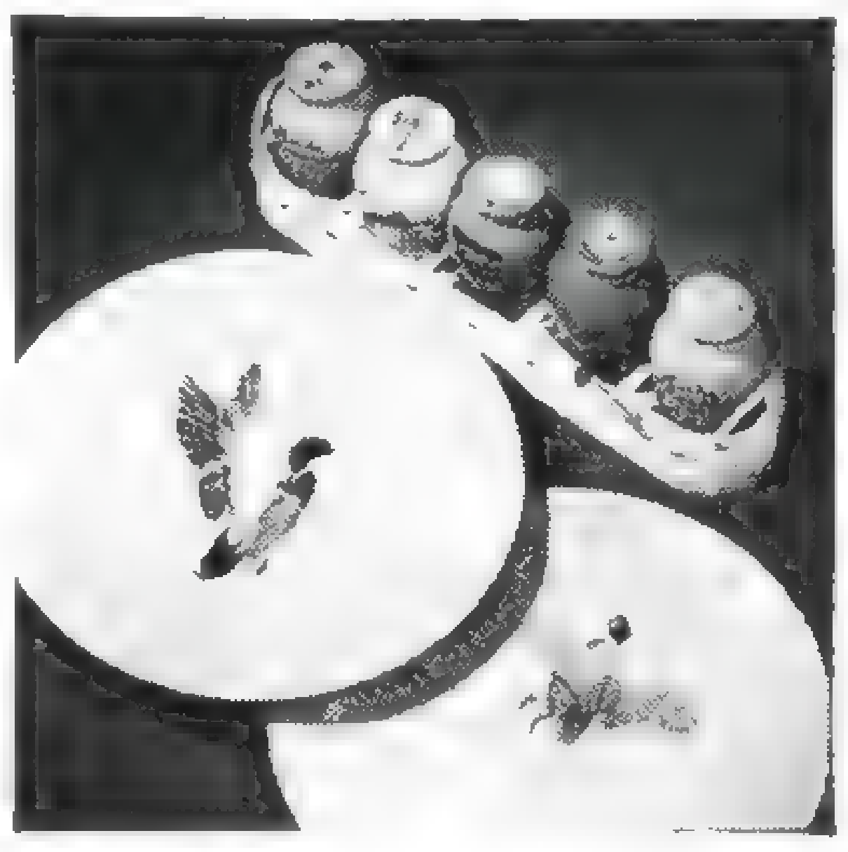


- Patented Latex tobacco container, tapered for easy pipe filling.
- Pull zipper, pouch stays wide open.
- Pouch seals as it closes.
- Air, dust, moisture-proof.
- Built like a pneumatic tire.
- Genuine top grain leather.

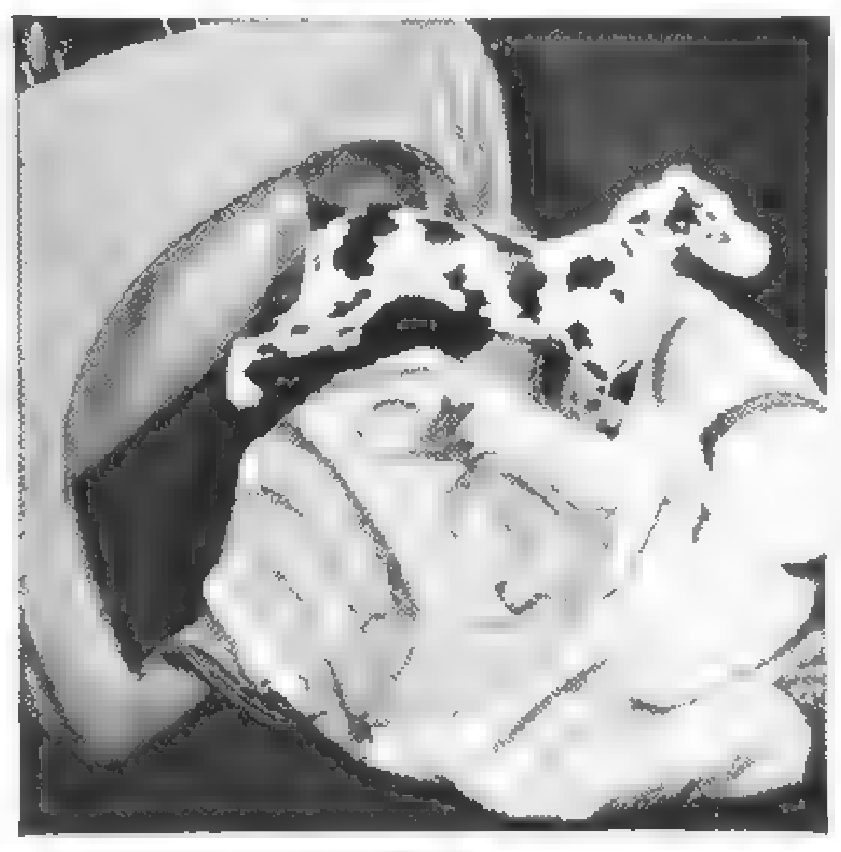
$1 to $5 at cigar, drug and department stores.
By the makers of the nationally known Executive* Billfold.
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



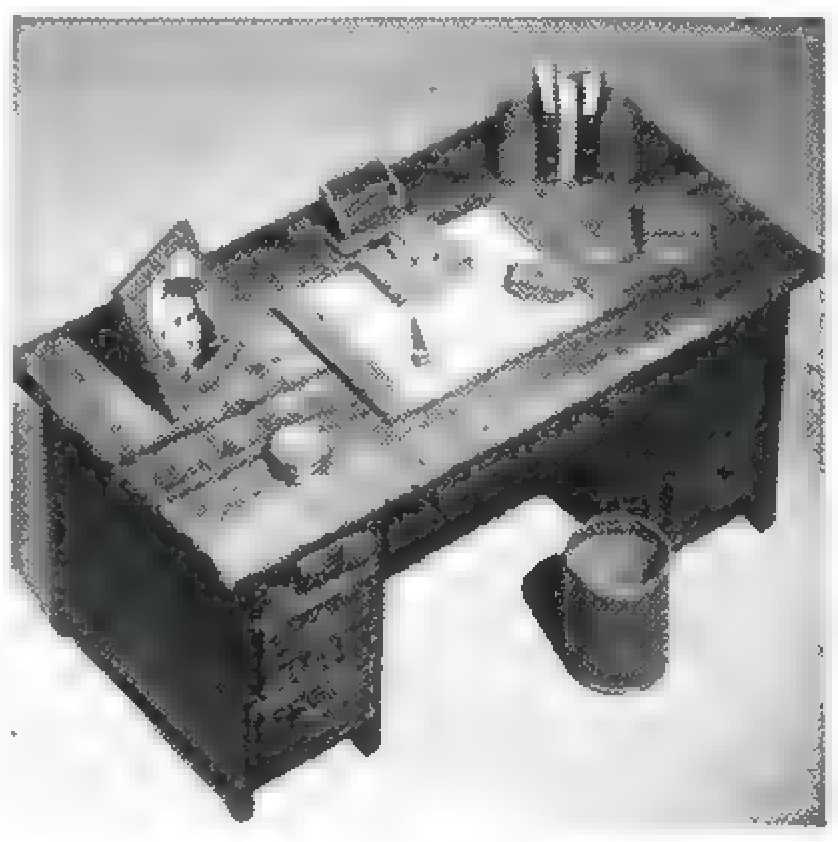
**CIGARETTE VALHALLA.** The revolution in cigarette service has come to pass. It's strawberries and cream now and hereafter for all the happy owners of luxury's latest contribution to thoughtful entertaining and smoking convenience. This is more than an attractive container; unobtrusively connected to an outlet, it produces a lighted cigarette each time the lid is opened. It's beautifully made and distinctively finished in silver, bronze, or leather. A gift and a half for a favorite host.



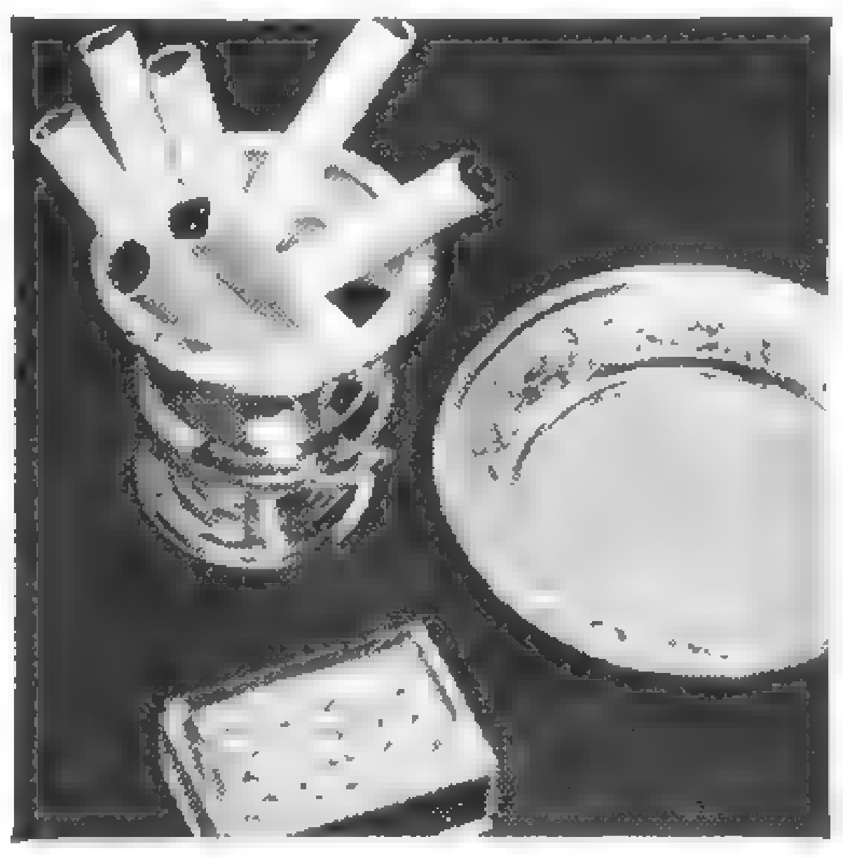
**MUSTARD AND MAPLE.** Your taste-conscious friends are going to like this imported mustard set. It has special flavors for roast beef, lamb cutlets, fish, everything in five doughty and genial little earthenware jars. Collector's items with a practical use are these natural-colored maple service plates, hand decorated with painted game and upland birds. Wonderful for a sportsman.



**CHRISTMAS IN THE DOGHOUSE.** Dog owners won't forget that St. Nick has many a doghouse visit to pay come Christmas dawning this year. And he'll probably pack in this canine carrying-case. It's sturdily made of canvas; zips open and has two screened windows. There are several sizes. A bath towel of his own should make canine washdays a pleasanter matter. It's a good size and conveniently square. The Dalmatian is purely decorative, but hook and ladder company orders are cheerfully accepted.



**SMALL TALK.** Yehudi and his grandfather, the Little Man Who Wasn't There, do some of their best work at this desk. Sufficiently imposing to handle their extensive volume of executive tasks, it's equipped to the tycoon's taste with hand-tooled leather desk essentials, including three volumes of "Gone with the Wind" written in invisible ink. It will present no moving problems to you or the recipient. It measures five inches across the top.



**MORE SMALL TALK.** The smaller, it seems, the better, for we're still moving in Lilliputian circles and with a purpose. If those cigarettes didn't give the performance away, that might be a state-occasion wine cooler, and that ash tray a treasured platter. Even in its reduced size, there's good reason for beaming broadly incorporated in this smoking set. A fine gift, it's all sterling silver, and the rose design, also carried out on the matchbox cover, is very skillfully handled.

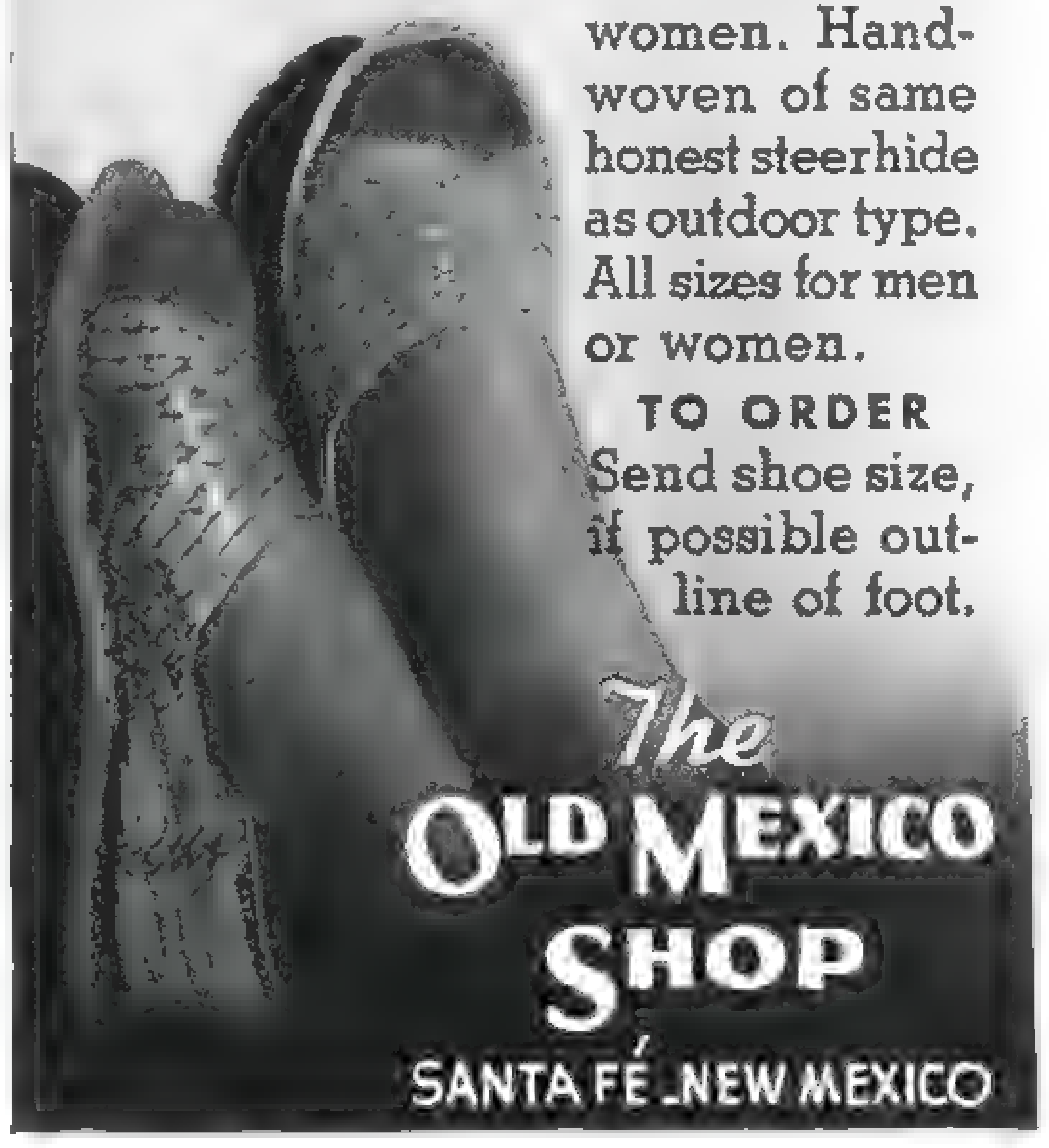
Ranger

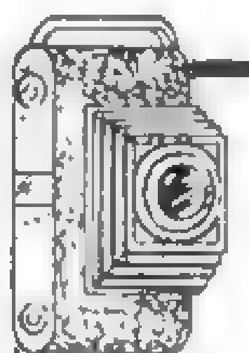
Unique for Xmas
HUARACHES FROM OLD SANTA FE
ONLY $2.25
**Attractively Boxed**
**Delivered Immediately**

Here's utter comfort for indoor loafing! These Mexican house slipper sandals make ideal gifts for men, women. Hand-woven of same honest steerhide as outdoor type. All sizes for men or women.

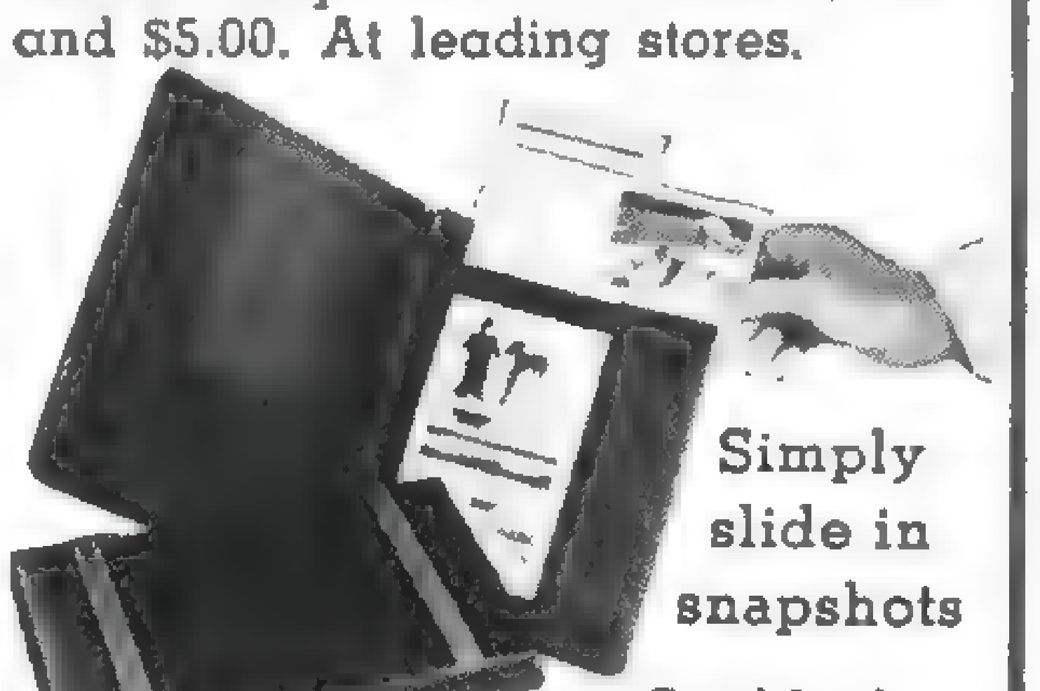
**TO ORDER**
Send shoe size, if possible outline of foot.

**The OLD MEXICO SHOP**
SANTA FÉ, NEW MEXICO





FOTOFOLIO—for those who keep snapshots in the "desk drawer" manner. Fotofolio holds quantities of snaps in systematic order. Transparent pockets in new models attached to pages by strong cloth hinges eliminate mounting—simply slide snaps into place. Perfect gift. Handsomely bound models $3.50 and $5.00. At leading stores.



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*Packed in Select Liqueurs*

Something Different To Give Friends and Business Acquaintances, or To Serve At Your Formal Dinners.

Attractively packaged in valuable genuine California Redwood "Treasure Chest".

**Chest of 6 ten oz. jars $4.00**
Brandied Dates stuffed with walnuts, Brandied Cherries, baked Oranges in Grenadine, Brandied Dates, Santa Clara Prunes in Rum and Brandied Whole Apricots.

**Chest of 3 ten oz. jars $2.50**
Baked Oranges in Grenadine, Brandied Dates, and Prunes in Rum.

Express prepaid. If a gift, send us your greeting card or cards to enclose. Mail check or money order. Money refunded if not pleased. Booklet on request.

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*The Match Book With Your Favorite Photo*
Just supply print or negative and in 8 days you have them:
**50 books, $7; 100, $12.**
At gift and department stores
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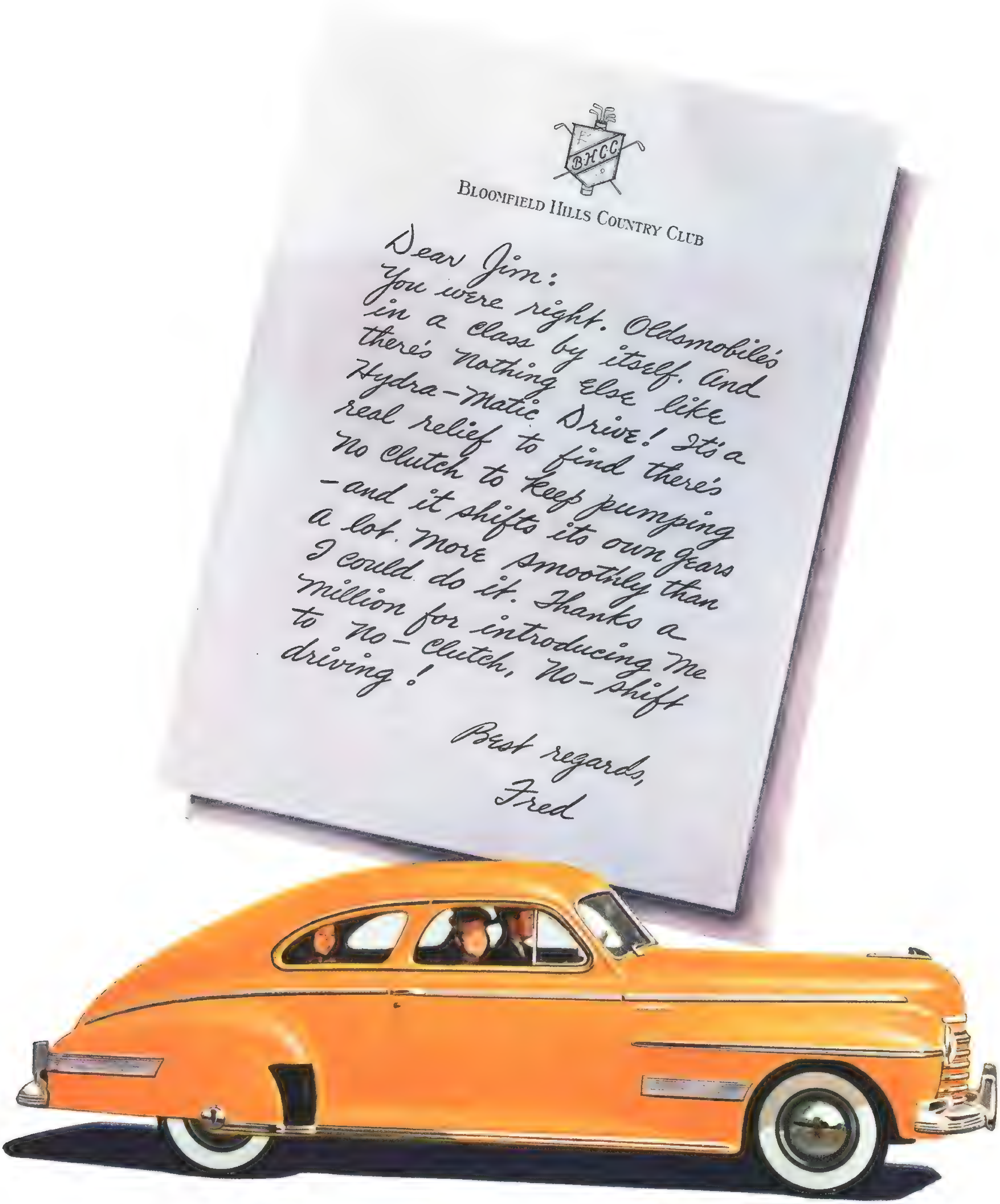

Bloomfield Hills Country Club

Dear Jim:

You were right. Oldsmobile's in a class by itself. And there's nothing else like Hydra-Matic Drive! It's a real relief to find there's No Clutch to keep pumping —and it shifts its own gears a lot more smoothly than I could do it. Thanks a million for introducing me to No-Clutch, No-Shift driving!

Best regards,

Fred

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## —*in any company*

*The World's 3-Cushion Billiards Trophy.* In billiards, skillful and precise execution determine the champion. Similarly, the special skill of Jarman stylists and craftsmen brings Jarman Shoes the acclaim of millions of men. Jarman takes first prize in any company!

$5.00 to $6.85 MOST STYLES

**Jarman**
SHOES FOR MEN

1 AMERICAN TAN . . . For winter wear in town see this super-smart Jarman full brogue. It's the business man's favorite . . . a straight tip . . . in a rich new Jarman tan. No. 4181, Belvedere last.

2 ALAMO TAN . . . This sturdy British blucher, with the Jarman "MILLIONAIRE" cushion inner-sole, makes every step like walking on air! Just try it on . . . you'll be a Jarman fan! No. 2130, Commodore last.

3 DIXIE TAN . . . With semi-sport, or strictly business outfits this new Jarman wing tip goes equally well. You'll like its lines and the warm "Dixie Tan" of its leather. No. 1186, Piccadilly last.

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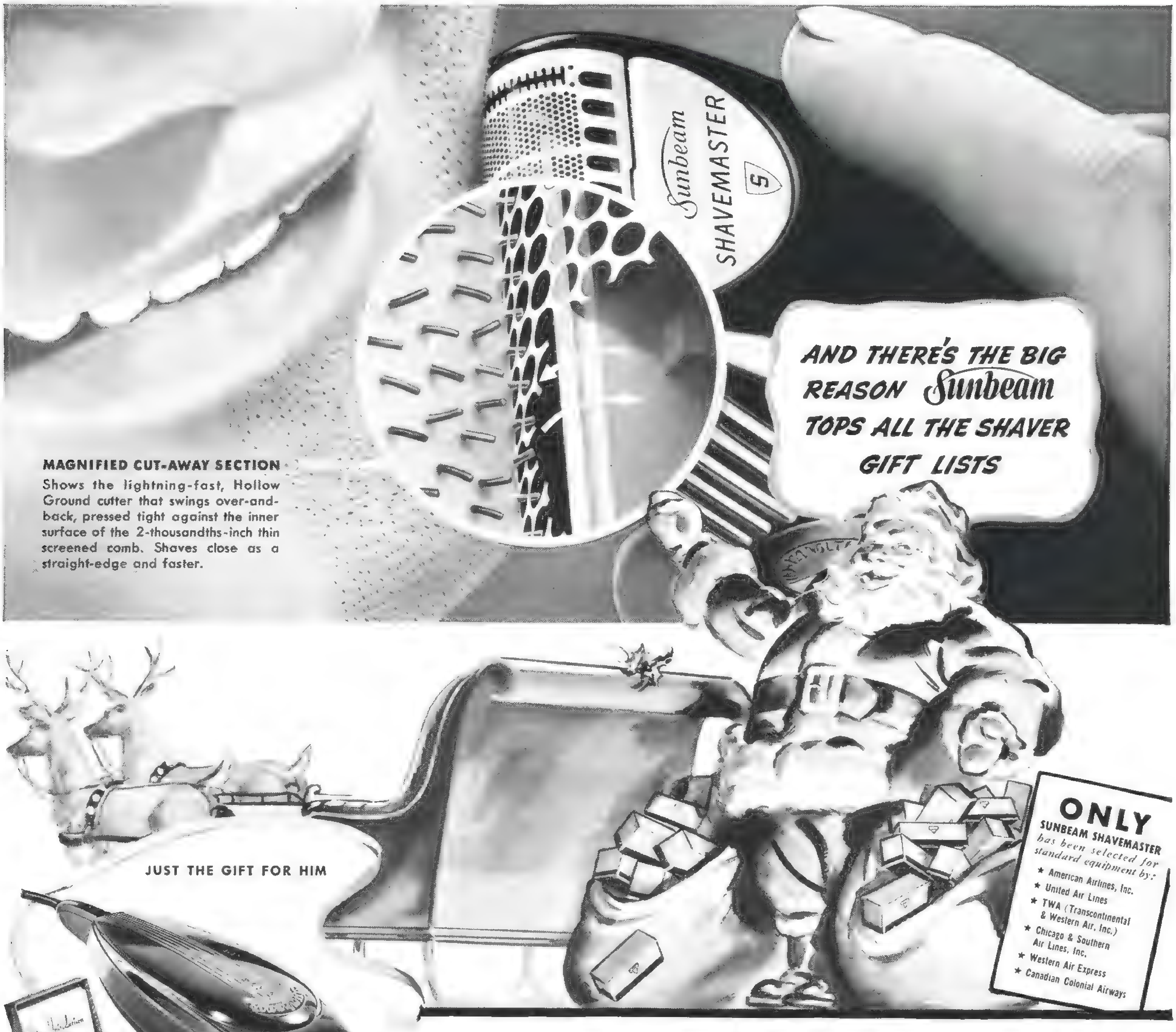
# ONLY *Sunbeam* SHAVEMASTER

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

# HAS THIS *EXCLUSIVE* HEAD!


Sunbeam
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AND THERE'S THE BIG REASON Sunbeam TOPS ALL THE SHAVER GIFT LISTS
ONLY
SUNBEAM SHAVEMASTER
has been selected for standard equipment by:
★ American Air Lines, Inc.
★ United Air Lines
★ TWA (Transcontinental & Western Air, Inc.)
★ Chicago & Southern Air Lines, Inc.
★ Western Air Express
★ Canadian Colonial Airways

**MAGNIFIED CUT-AWAY SECTION**
Shows the lightning-fast, Hollow Ground cutter that swings over-and-back, pressed tight against the inner surface of the 2-thousandths-inch thin screened comb. Shaves close as a straight-edge and faster.

JUST THE GIFT FOR HIM

**Model "M"** has the new Sunbeam magnetic type motor that operates on AC only. Exclusive Sunbeam Head. Attractive leatherette box container. $7.50

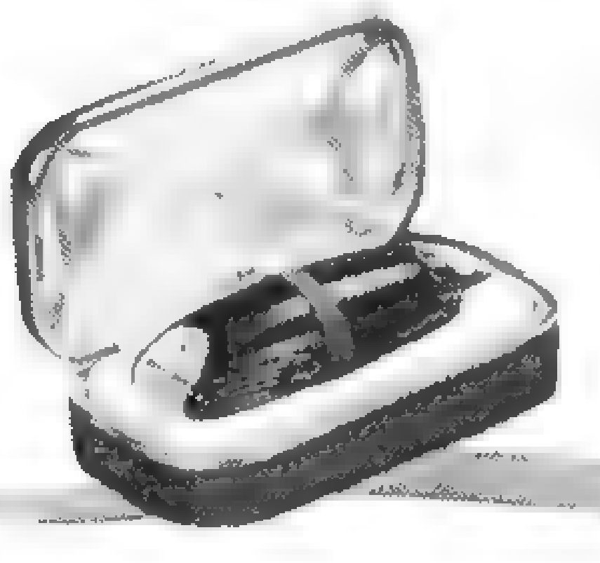
**All 3 models have the same exclusive head**

**Model "R"** has the famous series-wound, brush-type Universal motor that operates on either AC or DC. Complete with leather zipper type carrying case. $15.00

## It's this patented Sunbeam Comb-and-Cutter that's *WINNING AMERICA TO DRY-SHAVING*

It's all in the *head*—those quick, comfortable shaves of straight-edge closeness you want and deserve from the electric shaver you buy. So be sure that the shaver you give (or the one you receive) at Christmas *HAS* the patented Sunbeam Head. There's none other like it. You can't miss it when you look 'em over—or when you try 'em.

The close network of 18-thousandths inch holes that screen the comb allows the beard to enter freely and instantly, no matter how tough the whiskers, or how they grow. (The diameter of the average whisker is only 6-thousandths inch.) The tremendous speed of the single double-edge cutter over all the holes of the comb, making more than 14 thousand lightning-fast wiping strokes per minute, keeps the holes *clear and open* at all times—gets the whiskers CLOSE and FAST without skin irritation. That's why men who know their electric shavers call Shavemaster "TOPS"! See it! Try it! Be sure the shaver you buy has the exclusive Sunbeam Head. On sale wherever good electric appliances are sold.



**Model "RG,"** same as the Model "R," but with new de luxe case bound in rich, japonica leatherette. Removable spool cradle can be used in any one of three convenient ways: left in the case, placed on the bathroom shelf or hung on the wall. $15.75.

**Made and guaranteed by CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY, 5697 Roosevelt Rd., Chicago. Canada factory: 321 Weston Rd., So., Toronto. 52 Years Making Quality Products. Famous for Sunbeam Toaster, Mixmaster, Ironmaster, Coffeemaster.**

# TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

Intra-Fone
for 2 way conversation for Home, Office or Factory...
MR. JAMES CALLING
SEND HIM IN!
SEND HIM IN!
MR JAMES CALLING
BOTH UNITS Complete
WITH WIRE
$12.50
DELIVERED..

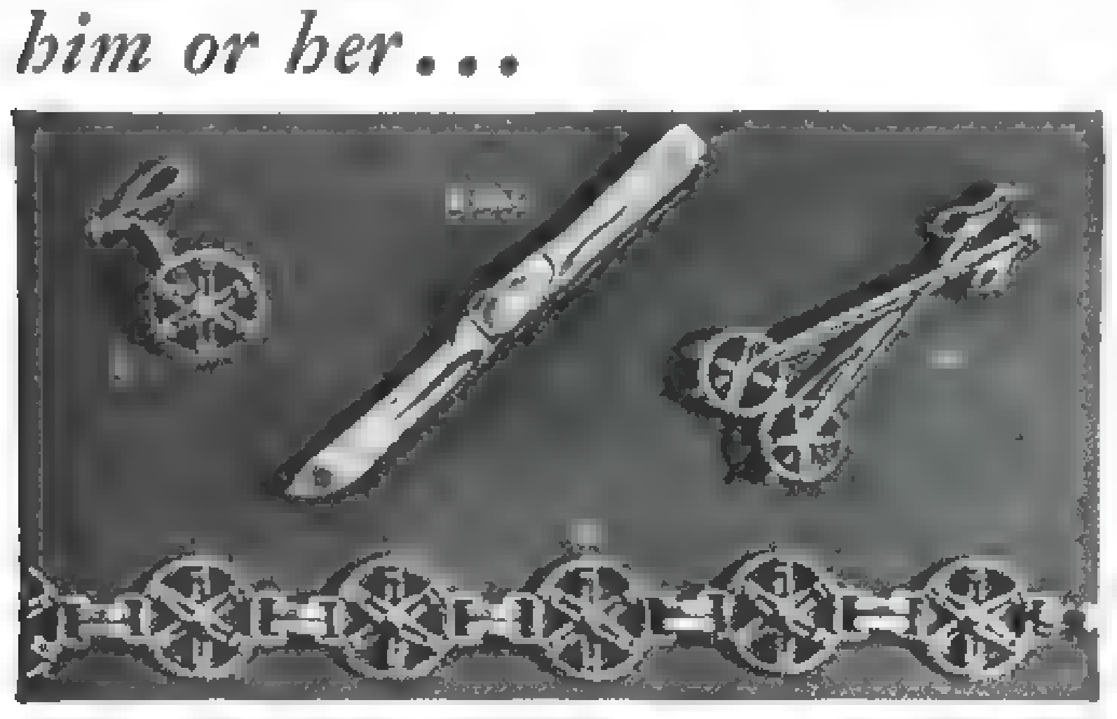
**The Ideal GIFT!**

Efficient 2-way communication system ready for instant use. Talk or hear from either unit, office to office, house to garage, nursery to living room. Plug in to AC or DC socket. Bakelite case, 5½x6¼x5"; comes with 50 feet of wire (500 feet of wire can be added for distance). Picks up sound 10 ft. away.

**ELKAY MANUFACTURING CORP.**
**200 Fith Avenue, Dept. "E," New York City**
*Two-way Loud Speaker Inter-Communication*
*Licensed under BANK Patent No. 1,922,415*

**SKI MOTIF JEWELRY**

*a sporting Christmas gift for him or her . . .*

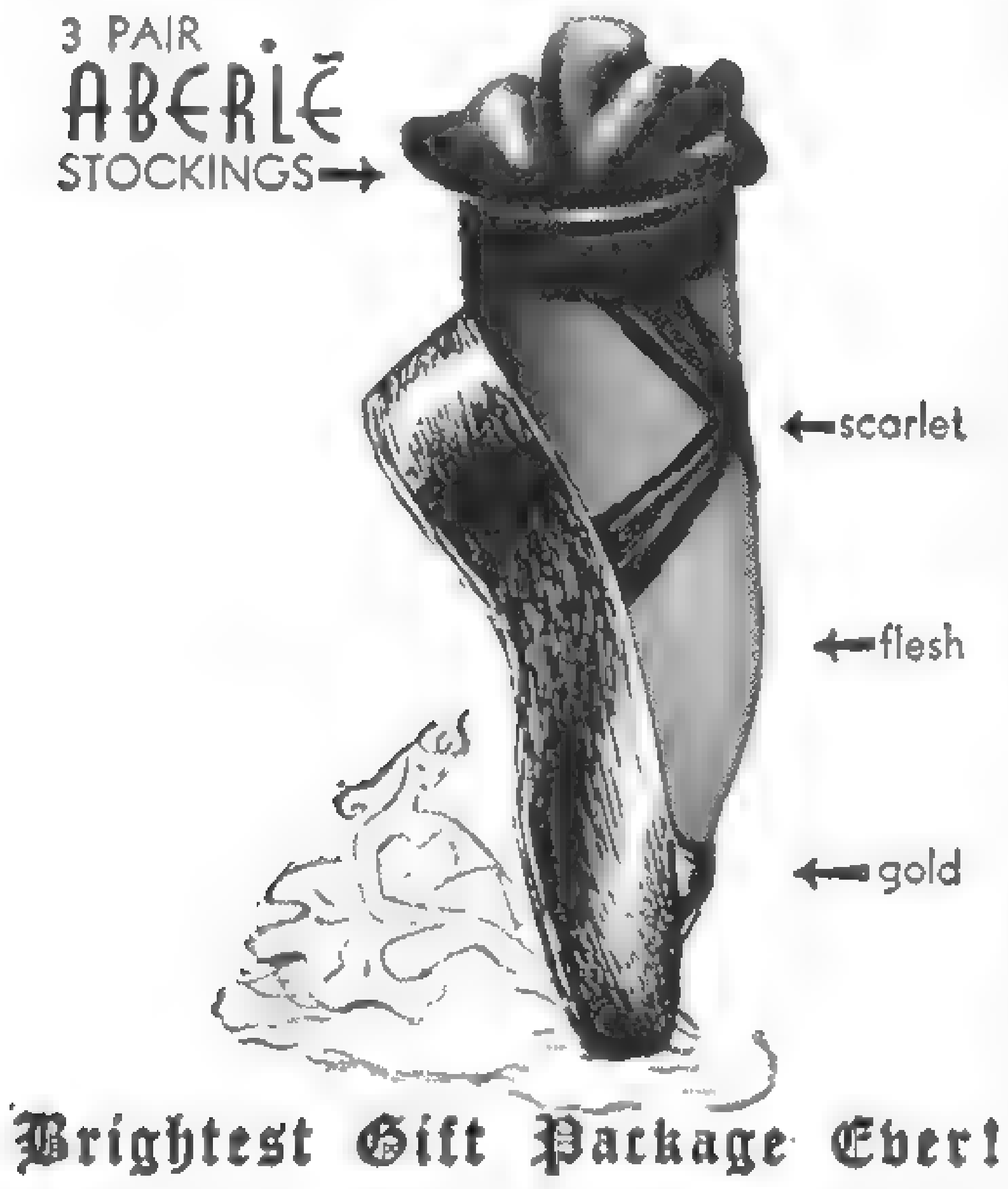


STERLING SILVER—HAND FINISHED

| | |
|---|---|
| A—PAIR OF CUFF LINKS | $5.00 |
| B—SKI TIE CLIP | 3.25 |
| C—SKI PIN | 3.25 |
| D—CROSSED POLES | 3.50 |
| E—BRACELET 7 SNOW GUARDS | 6.00 |

*Postpaid in U. S. A. or Your Dealer*

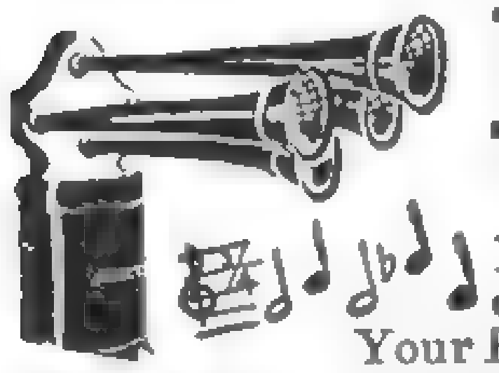
**CHARLES ARCULARIUS**
DEPT. E NEW CANAAN, CONN.



**Brightest Gift Package Ever!**

*A "Midas" gift . . . to go to her head as well as to her toes . . . a* GOLDEN BALLET SLIPPER* *with scarlet bands holding 3 pairs of* ABERLÉ'S *exquisite nylon or silk stockings. She'll keep this shining ornament for ever and ever . . . complete* $5.00 *at finest stores or write* ABERLÉ, INC., *385 Fifth Ave., New York.*

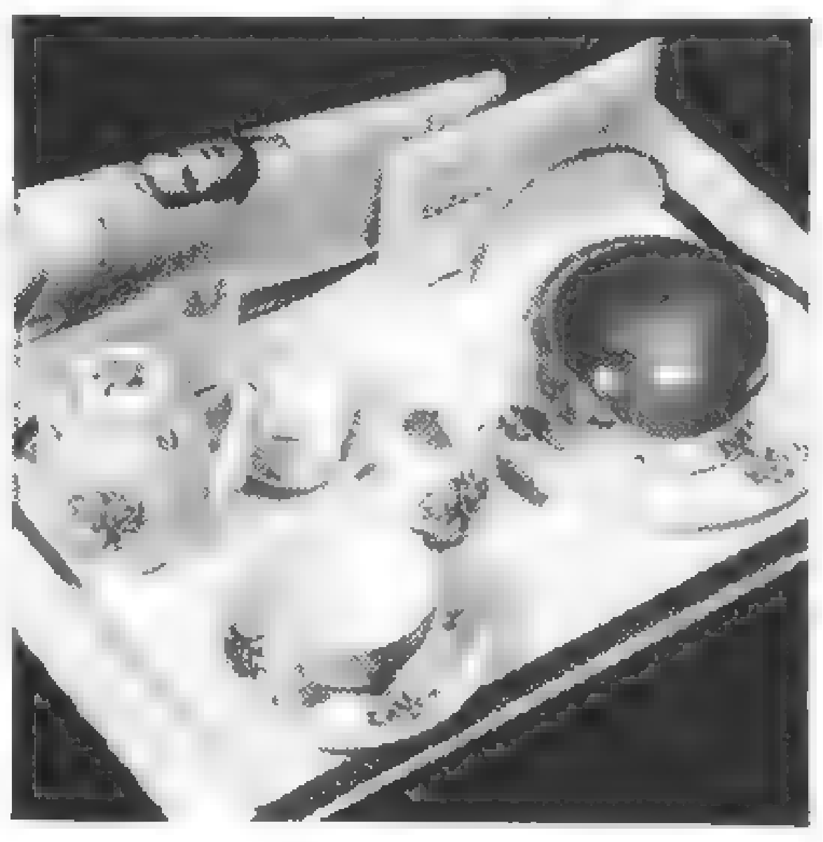
*patent pending



**THE ACE OF TRUMPETS**

Keyboard Finger-Tip Operated Control . . . Plays Your Favorite Melody. Lighting Equipment . . . Instruments . . . Gifts & Gadgets For Those Who Take Their Motoring Seriously.

**NIL MELIOR** WALDORF ASTORIA, NEW YORK
BOOKLET ON REQUEST

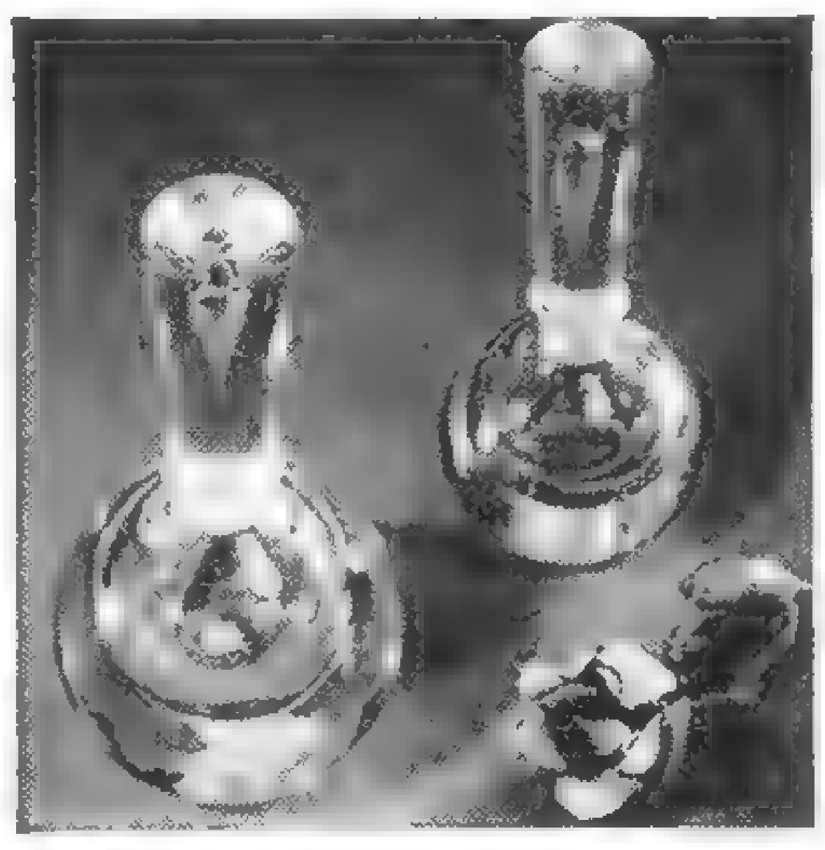


**SHE LOVES . . .** breakfast in bed; your present problems vanish. Here's the answer—a breakfast tray and the set that goes with it show that fine amount of thoughtfulness which so many gifts lack. This one has a sturdy, pastel-colored tray and the china is English, rose-patterned, attractive as any we've seen. The tray has niches for the morning paper and mail, completing a gift she'll use gratefully around the calendar.

**EMBLEM OF ENGLAND.** Already popular with many a lassie for their looks alone, these compacts, pins, and cigarette cases bearing the emblem of England offer unique gift potentialities. Sponsored by the British War Relief Society and Bundles for Britain, Inc., the proceeds of their sale cross the Atlantic to help England in a hundred important ways. Compact and case are enameled in white, the very handsome red, white, and blue emblem set in the cover's center.

**TRIMMINGS.** This we offer as a gift for donors who not only want to give a fine present, but want that present bedecked in the best possible Christmas manner. Behind that comely spray of red holly berries and green leaves reposes a bedroom mirror, framed with beveled glass strips, on which some very frilly posies have been hand-painted. Its companion piece, a makeup box, has been similarly decorated.

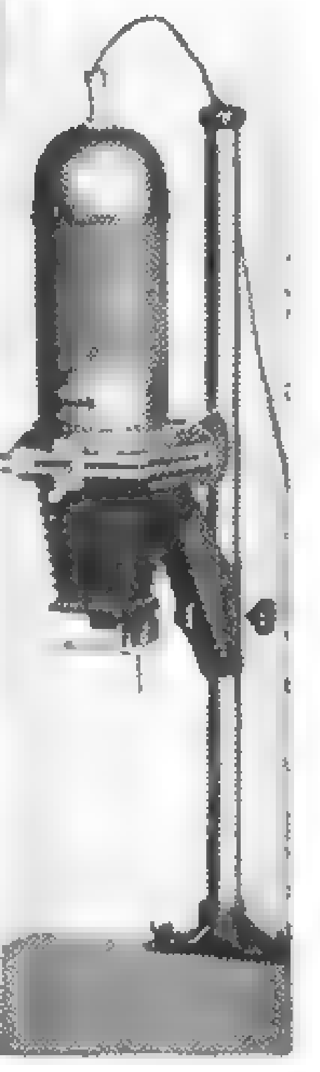
**SPORTING.** Handbags should cause benefactors no trouble. There are many new shapes and sizes—a case in point, this smart, dark brown suede bag, fastened by an oversized gold-plated safety pin. Its novel appeal is matched by its efficiency. Opens wide, has plenty of space. Novel also, this carved collar and bracelet set of South American tulip wood. Its flat wood sections alternate with gold metal strips; a delicate gold metal leaf is overlaid on each section.



**AMERICAN CRYSTAL.** American glassware designers and manufacturers have worked hard to supply this country with the fine type of glass we were wont to import from overseas. Success has been theirs—two lovely perfume bottles, hand-fashioned of resplendent lead crystal, with teardrops encased in their stoppers. The pin, new and three-dimensional, is delicately enameled in pastel colors over a hand-shaped copper frame.

Ranger

*For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.*



**ONLY $1 DOWN**
**DELIVERS THIS PHOTO ENLARGER**

Get the thrill of making your own photo enlargements with this

**NEW FEDERAL NO. 219 ENLARGER**

Handles 35 mm to 2¼x3¼ negatives—micrometer focusing—anastigmat F6.3 lens in iris diaphragm. Enlarges to seven times on baseboard. Complete with lamp, red filter and instructions. Pay only the advertised cash price of $21.90. Buy it on our easy terms of $2.00 a month—no interest or carrying charges! Money back in ten days if not delighted. Just mail your name and address, pay the $1.00 deposit on delivery. Act now—write us today!

**UNEEDA**
(Dept. 7) 225 West 34th Street
New York City

**ONE FOR THE MONEY!**

**Fifty Wallet WITH CHANGE-HOLDER**

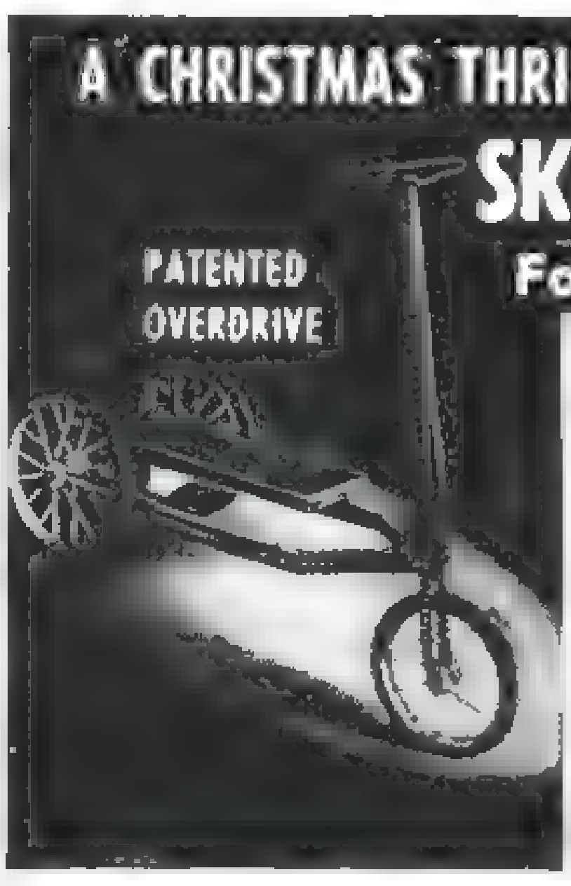
**SUPERB GIFT!**

$2

Incredibly smart new way to carry money. Makes change quick as a wink—bills handy—all in one! Handsomely crafted of rich, supple leathers and lustrous plastic. Your choice: Genuine English Morocco in Black or Brown, or finest Calfskin in Black or Military Tan. Boxed for gift, postpaid in U. S. A. **$2.00.**

**FREE MONOGRAM**
In gold if you send your dealer's name!

SWANSON MFG. CO., 562 WASHINGTON BOULEVARD, CHICAGO, ILL.



**A CHRISTMAS THRILL FOR ANY CHILD**
**SKUDDER CAR**
**For Boys and Girls**

No other toy can give the same thrilling, safe, speedy ride. Self-propelled with exclusive patented features. 1 YEAR GUARANTEE. Develops children physically. Age sizes 3-5, $7.95; 6-9, $8.95; 10-14, $9.95. At your dealer, or order direct.

**JANESVILLE MFG. CO.**
**Dept. E-1, 2334 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

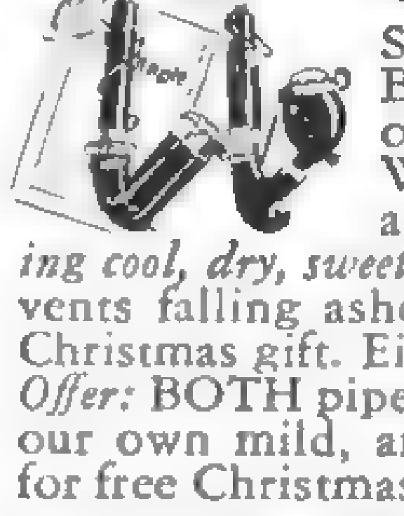
only $5.95
DELIVERED

**THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT**

*New . . . Modern*
**FOLDING BAR**

Very smart for modern home entertaining. Finished in a rich mahogany with tray-base of cork. Sturdy, yet easily folded for compact storing. Sold **DIRECT from Factory** at **Factory PRICES.** Order early for Christmas Delivery.

Send check or money order to **C. J. Lundstrom Mfg. Co.** (Manufacturer of Bookcases since 1899). Little Falls, N.Y.



**UNUSUAL PIPES**

Smoke an Imported Tyrolean Briar (shown at right in picture), or Hungarian Schemnitz (left); Weichsel stems; horn bits; well at bottom traps moisture, *insuring cool, dry, sweet smoke.* Ornamental cover prevents falling ashes. Unique for collectors. Ideal Christmas gift. Either pipe, $1, postpaid. *Special Offer:* BOTH pipes, plus 25c pkg. Mellow Maple, our own mild, aromatic tobacco, for $2. Send for free Christmas catalog.

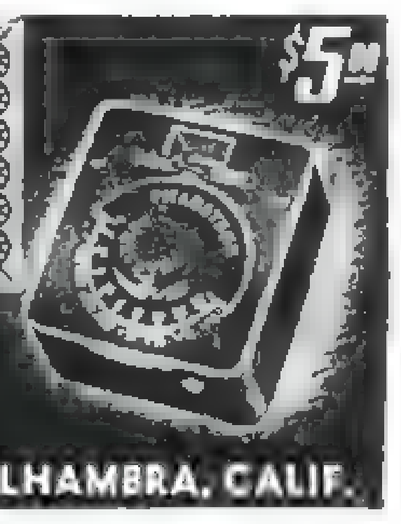
**GEORGE YALE, 1083 6th Av., N. Y. (nr 42 St.)**

**SHAVER EXCHANGE**

**Trade in for New Models**

*All makes:* Remington, Shavemaster, Schick, etc. Send us data on your present shaver for trade-in offer, also name of make wanted. Savings up to 60 per cent on guaranteed reconditioned models. *Ask for Bargain Listing of new and used shavers.* No charge or obligation.

**ELECTRIC APPLIANCES** 324 W. 42nd St., N. Y.

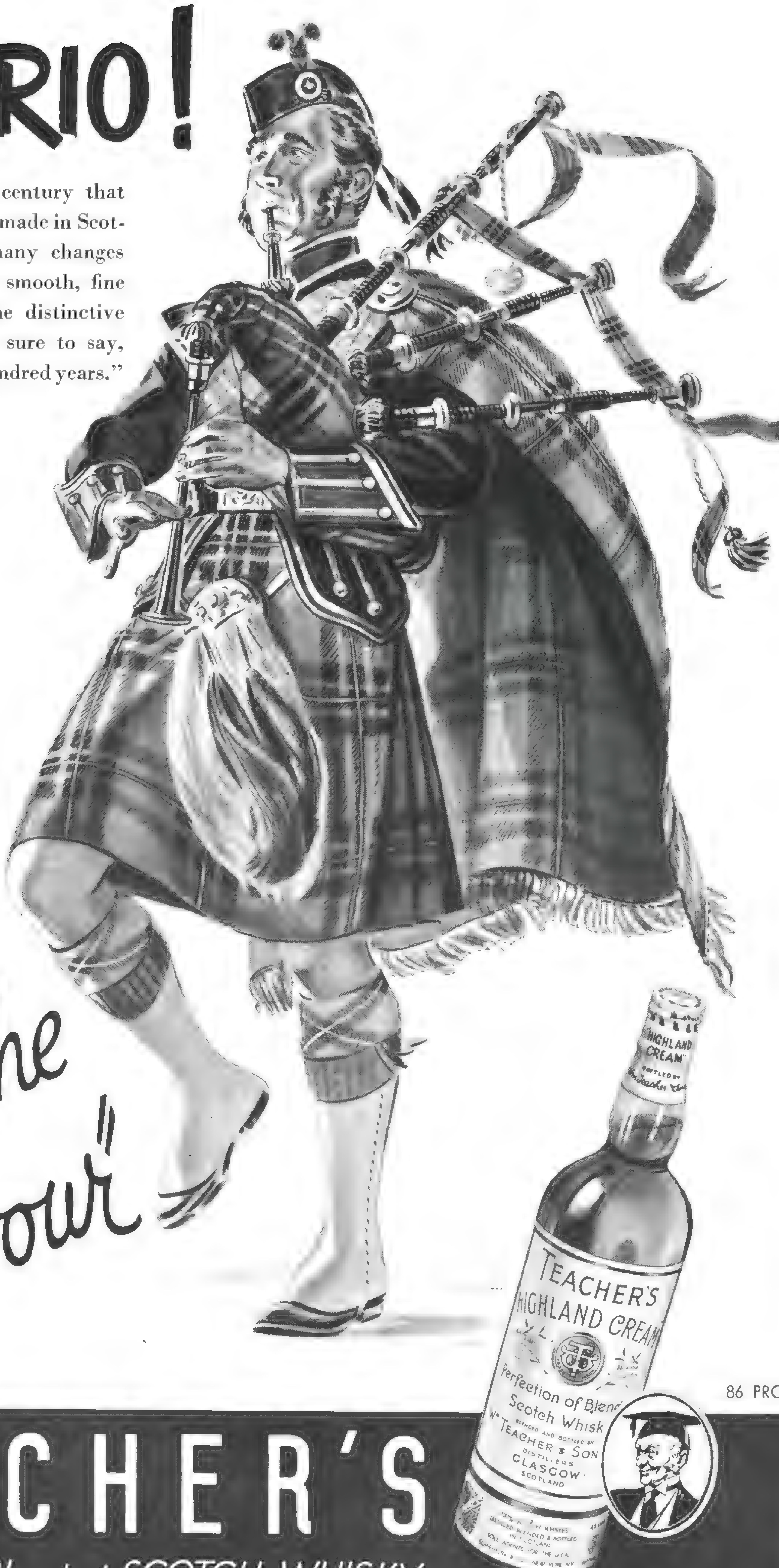


GUARANTEED—To get you better pictures or your money back. *Phaostron* gives you *correct* camera settings.

**PHAOSTRON**
ELECTRIC EXPOSURE METER
For Stills or Movies
*Send for free literature.*
PHAOSTRON, 3 SO. GRANADA, ALHAMBRA, CALIF.

# CHEERIO!

In the more than a century that Teacher's Scotch has been made in Scotland, there have been many changes . . . but not in Teacher's smooth, fine flavour. Once you try the distinctive taste of Teacher's you're sure to say, "Hold it . . . for another hundred years."


HIGHLAND CREAM
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended
Scotch Whisky
Wm Teacher & Sons
Distillers
Glasgow
Scotland

"It's the flavour"

86 PROOF

**TEACHER'S**

*Perfection of Blended SCOTCH WHISKY*

Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow . . . SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY · IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

# TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

**No IFs in your gifts!**

No mis-givings in your Christmas-givings—not when you give your lucky friends monogrammed DURA-LITE Cigarette Cases, made of exciting new plastic.

DURA-LITES, filled with twenty cigarettes, weigh but two ounces. They snap open and closed, and are thinner than you'd expect. Your choice of five colors (shell, mother of pearl, ruby, royal blue and translucent formal stripes), with monograms in silver or gold.

Best news of all — the price is only one dollar. Which means you can do the honors for your entire gift list, and still leave a surplus in your budget.

If your dealer can't supply you, send check or money order to

**dura-plastics, inc.**
100 west 42d street, new york city

*The Perfect Gift!*

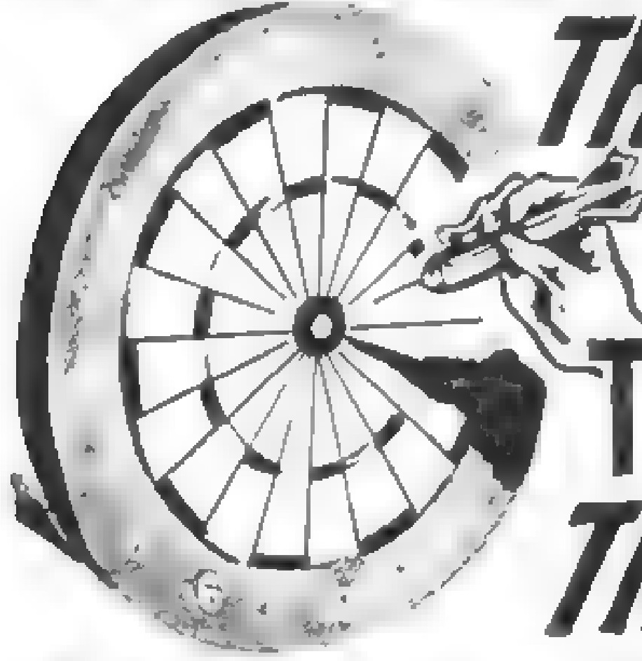
**THE BEATTIE JET LIGHTER . . . $3.85**

This sensational Lighter projects a pencil-like flame into the bowl of your pipe when tilted to one side. Then use it upright for cigarettes. Comes in nickel or black enamel. DE LUXE MODELS IN PIG OR SATIN CHROME, $5. Table Model in pig, also red, green, blue calf, $6.50.

*At your dealer or sent postpaid on receipt of check or money order.*

**DISTINCTIVE CREATIONS**
10 West 47th Street, New York

**WHEN YOU TAKE OUT THE DART.. YOU TAKE OUT THE HOLE**



**The New MUNRO "CHIP-PROOF" DART BOARD**

**HAS THREE TIMES NORMAL PLAYING LIFE**

It automatically pinches out the dart-holes the moment you remove the darts. That's because it's made of heavy, super-strong, tightly spiral-wound Sulphite Pulp. Always stays fresh and clean . . . smooth and springy . . . beautifully vivid and brilliant in color. Gives you a superior playing surface for years. Prevents darts from becoming dull or broken. The biggest value on the dart board market today. An ideal Xmas Gift for every age. You will want one for your Game Room!

**IT'S DOUBLE-FACED!**

The NEW "Chip-Proof" Dart Board has two playing Faces: ENGLISH 20-POINT, (reverse side) BASEBALL. 18" diameter, 1½" thick with chain and hanger, and 6 darts. $5 complete. Extra darts $1 per doz. Sold at all leading sporting goods and department stores. If your dealer does not carry Munro "Chip Proof" Dart Boards mail this coupon now!

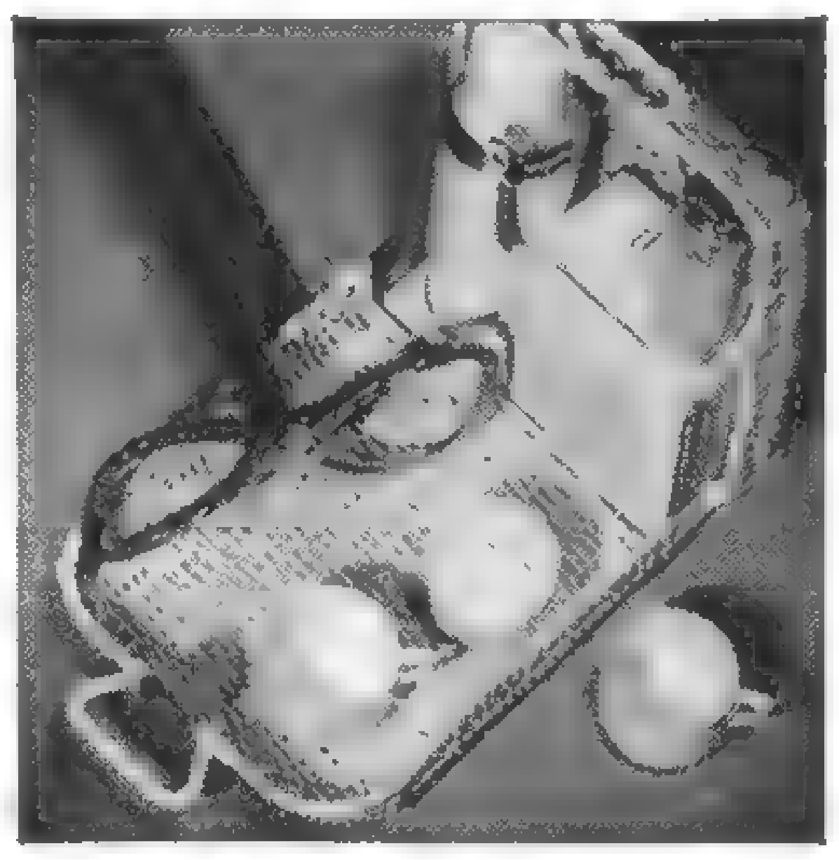
COMPLETE SET $5.00 WITH 6 DARTS Postage Paid

Athletic Products Co., Inc.
Paterson, New Jersey

Enclosed is check or money order ( ) or Cash ( ) for ____Z-D18EB Dart Board Sets, complete with 6 darts, at $5.00 each, prepaid. (NOTE: If you wish Dart Boards sent C.O.D., shipping and C.O.D. charges are extra. Shipping weight 10 lbs.

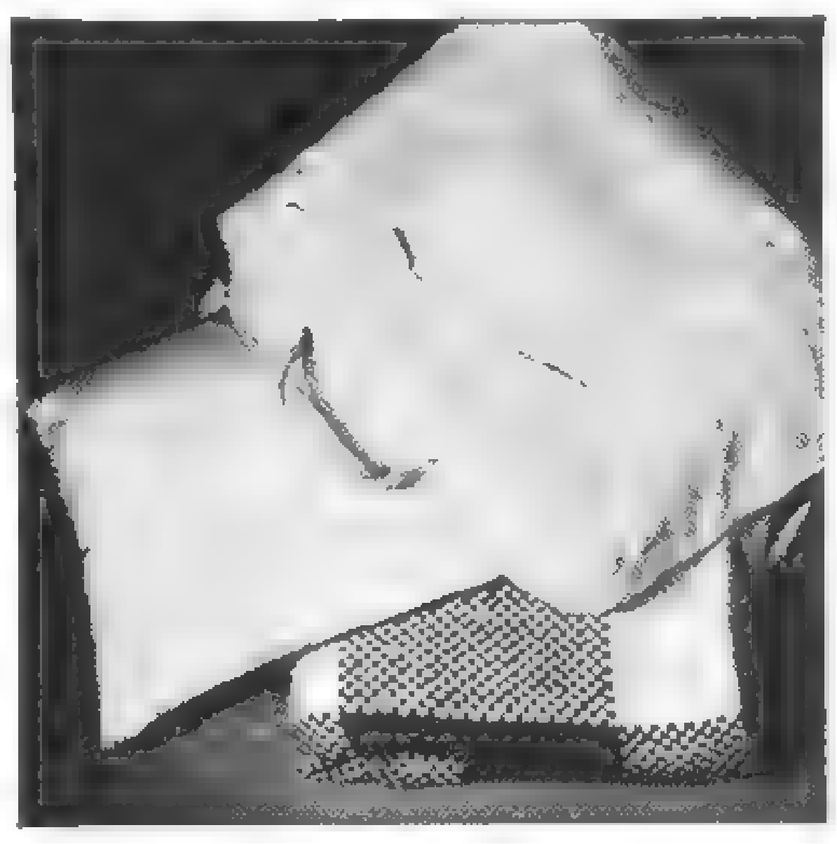
NAME____________________
ADDRESS____________________
CITY____________STATE________

**GIVE HER THE SACK.** But her feelings won't be hurt if it's a ribbon-edged gunny sack and contains a new kind of Christmas cheer—a cigarette package holder and one for safety matches, white lacquered paper over spring metal, scripted in red and blue with season's greetings and signed with your name. Three cents will mail it anywhere in the country—a grand solution to the "give or not to give" problem.



**FAIR WEATHER PRESENTS . . .** for the gal who thinks of a nice day in terms of hikes and picnics. A shooting stick that looks very gentry, though most democratically priced; maroon, black, or electric blue. Insure your place in her affections with the wicker picnic basket for two, containing, in a choice of colors, a vacuum bottle, sandwich box, flask, covered jar, and a duet of cups and spoons.

**GOLDEN AND GAY.** Fantasy in packaging comes near its peak in—of all things—a ballet slipper, holding three pairs of silk or nylon stockings. It's eight inches high, made of plastic. The gilded slipper ties with scarlet bands and stands on its graceful toe with no assistance from anybody. Later, it can be used to hold stockings or handkerchiefs—or champagne, maybe.



**LUXURY ON THE ROAD.** If pampering is in order, you might do it with this elegant motoring robe and pillow. The robe is soft homespun, blanket size, warm but light in weight, and there's a little pillow to match, covered, like the lining of the suede bag and its zippered pocket, with taffeta. Both can be comfortably stowed away in the roomy bag; the pocket's a handy afterthought for feminine gadgets.

**HEADS SHE WINS.** Even a headache has its advantages, when the wherewithal to cure it is kept in a pillbox like one of these. They measure only $1\frac{1}{8}$ inches across; are copied from the pillboxes that used to be standard equipment in milady's reticule decades ago. Some of them are gold metal, set with brilliant stones; some are black enamel, gold-metal bordered and decorated with colorful designs. Inexpensive, pretty, practical. For saccharine, too.

Ranger

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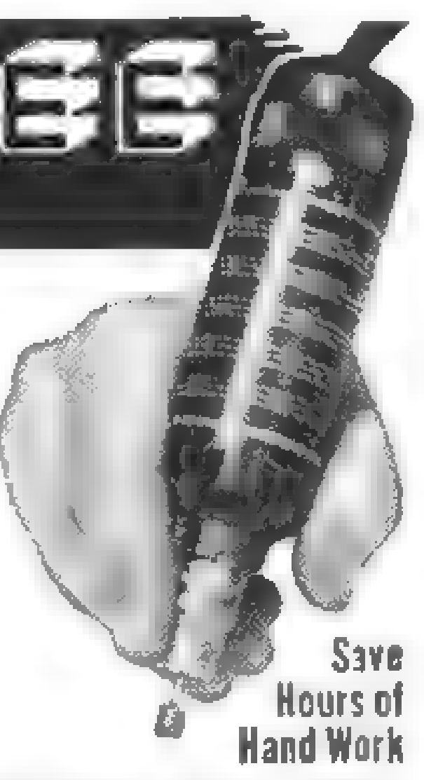
**HANDEE**
*Tool of 1001 Uses*



**A Prize Gift** For Junior Dad & Grandpa

Does just about everything on metal, wood, alloys, plastics, horn, bone, glass, etc. A whole shop full of tools in one. Uses 300 accessories to grind, drill, polish, rout, cut, carve, sand, saw, sharpen, engrave. Plugs in AC or DC socket.

Save Hours of Hand Work

FREE 64-page CATALOG Describes all Handee Products and their wide application in crafts and industry all over the world.

**10 DAYS MONEY-BACK TRIAL**
Order either model: De Luxe (illustrated), 25,000 r.p.m. Wt. 12 oz. **$18.50** with 7 Accessories. Standard, 18,000 r.p.m. 16 oz. **$10.75** with 3 Accessories.

**CHICAGO WHEEL & MFG. CO.** 113 S. Aberdeen St. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

*A Gift for Epicures!*

**FANCY CHEESES**

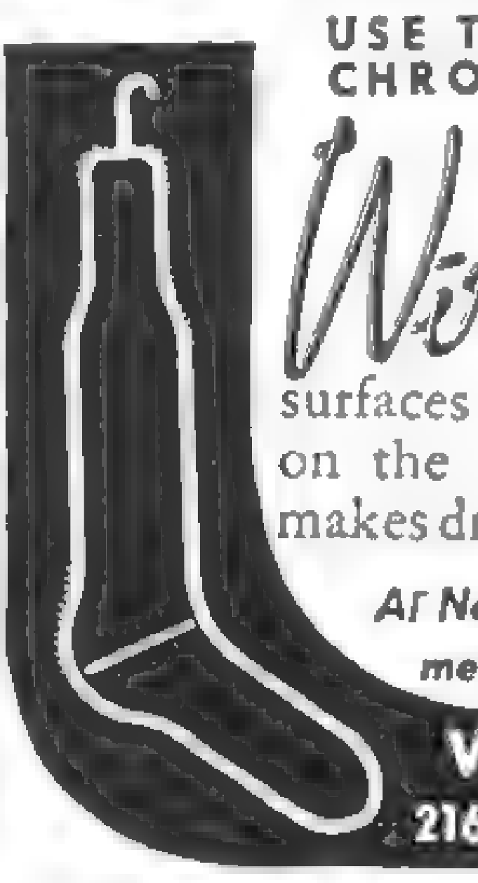
● A tempting assortment of unusual fine cheeses—attractively priced for Christmas giving. Includes foil-wrapped Gruyeres from Argentina ● 2 Norwegian Primulas with ham, caraway or celery—rare cheese delicacies now being made in England ● Nippy, hickory-smoked Kaukauna Klub ● Mellow, full cream Wisconsin Cheddar ● Choice domestic Bel Paese ● Baby Gouda ● Mel-o-pure, a delightfully mild and creamy dessert type. Shipped anywhere east of Denver for $3.50; west of Denver, $3.75. Send check or money order to

8 Varieties
15 INDIVIDUAL PACKAGES
$3.50 Postpaid East of Denver
$3.75 West of Denver

**JOHN WEIGEL & CO.**
79 E. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

**DON'T LET YOUR WOOL HOSE SHRINK!**

USE THE NEW CHROME *Wir-Drir*



Notched friction surfaces keep hose from creeping on the form. Free air circulation makes drying quicker. Sizes 10 to 13.

*At Notion or Hosiery Departments . . . or Send $1.15 to:* $1. PAIR

**WIR-DRIR, Inc.**
216 N. Clinton St., Chicago, Ill.

**SUPER TROUSER HANGER**

3 FOR $1

Patented mechanical Trouser hanger. Expands to hold each cuff separately . . .

No slip . never fails . . . helps hold press. Handsomely finished in satin black Jetal.

3 hangers sent postpaid anywhere in U. S. $1.00. It's different . . . makes the perfect gift.

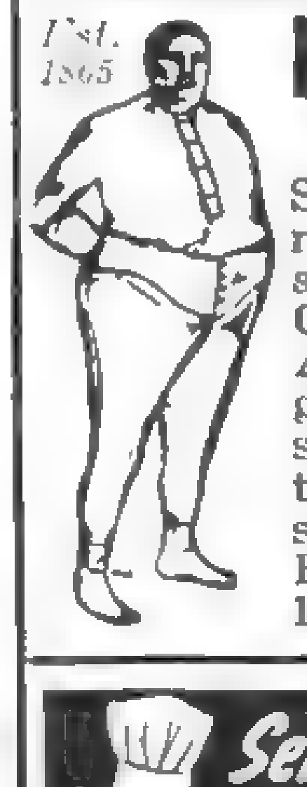
**REMARK MFG. CO., 111 Broadway, Butler, Ind.**

MONOGRAMMED **Poker Chips** (UNBREAKABLE)

ANY THREE INITIALS
*(specify order of initials)*

**AN IDEAL *Personal* GIFT**
25 Reds, 25 Blues, 50 Whites in a gift package, *only* **$5.00** (Postage prepaid).

**MINNESOTA PLASTICS CORP.**
411 BROADWAY
SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA



*Est. 1865*

**FAT MEN'S SHOP, INC.**

***"WE FIT ANY SIZE MAN!"***

SHIRTS (Business, sports, dress & formal) to size 21; UNDERWEAR—*all styles*—to 66; PAJAMAS, to 70; Sport Outfits for Southern and Cruise wear. Also BEACH WEAR (Robes, swim suits, gabardine trunks). SWEATERS (all styles) & WINDBREAKERS to 66. Hose to 16. XLONG neckwear "BY MAIL" service to all points. Request booklet E-4. FAT MEN'S SHOP, Inc., (Sig. Klein Est. 1865) 52 3rd Avenue, New York, N. Y

***Serve Dinner à la New Orleans***

**4 DELICIOUS CREOLE SPECIALTIES**

Surprise your family and friends with these ready-to-serve "Chef d'Orleans" Delicacies: Creole Gumbo, Turtle Soup (Southern Style), Oyster Soup, Shrimp Bisque. This special offer includes one tin of each. Money refunded, if not delighted. FREE folder—Xmas Suggestions.

$1.00 POSTPAID IN CONTINENTAL U.S.

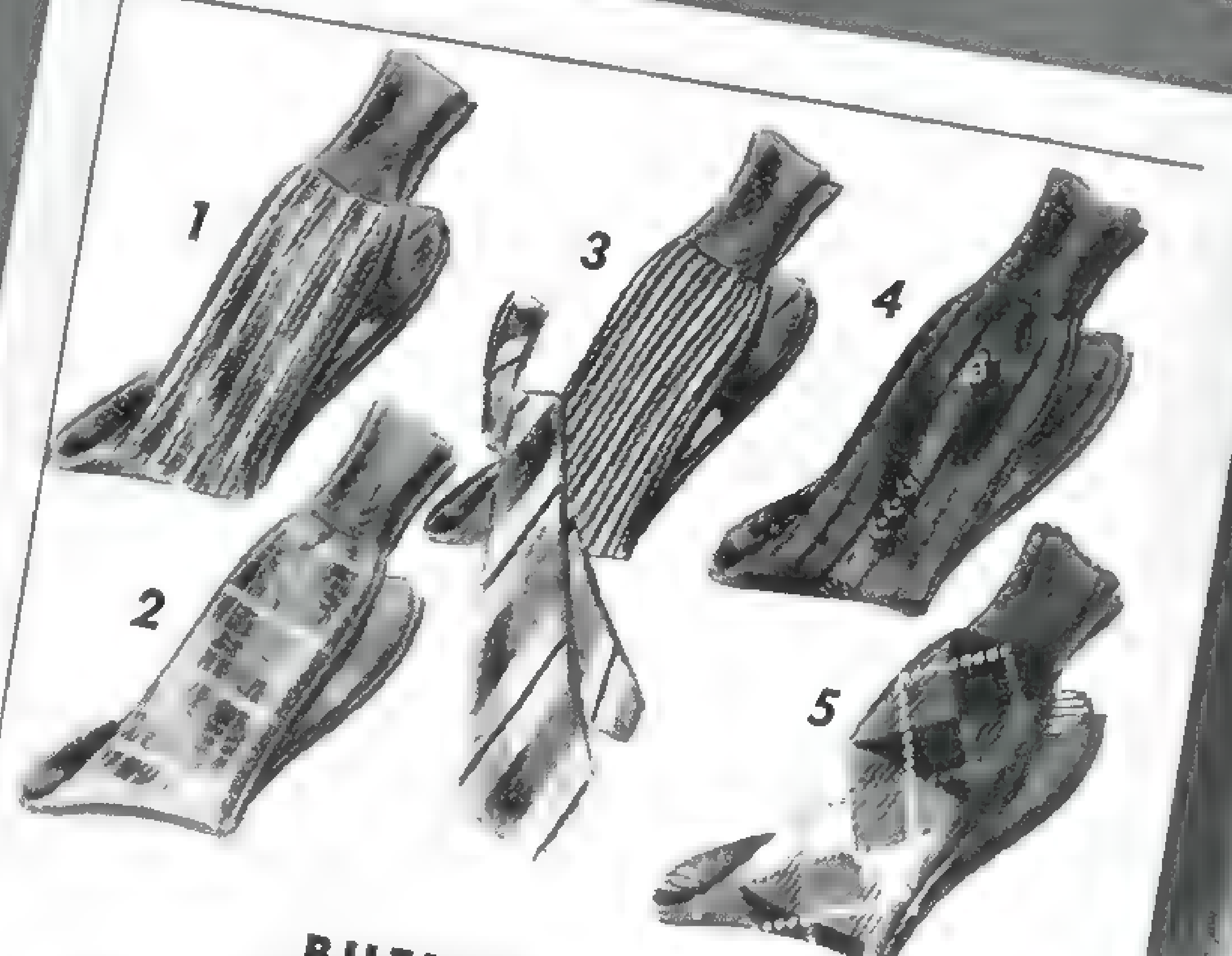
**N.O. Delicacy Co., 1406 Seventh St., New Orleans, La.**

# Gifts MEN APPRECIATE

☆ GIFTS TO WEAR by Wilson Brothers have been traditionally popular on gift lists for seventy-six years. Three generations of men have known and welcomed the gifts which bear these famous labels, Wedglocke Neckwear, Buffer Hose, Skipper Sportwear, Faultless Nobelt Pajamas and Wilson Exclusive Shirts. Admired for their timely, authentic styling, famed for their superior quality and craftsmanship, these furnishings are gifts that men sincerely appreciate. See them and other gifts by Wilson Brothers at your favorite store.

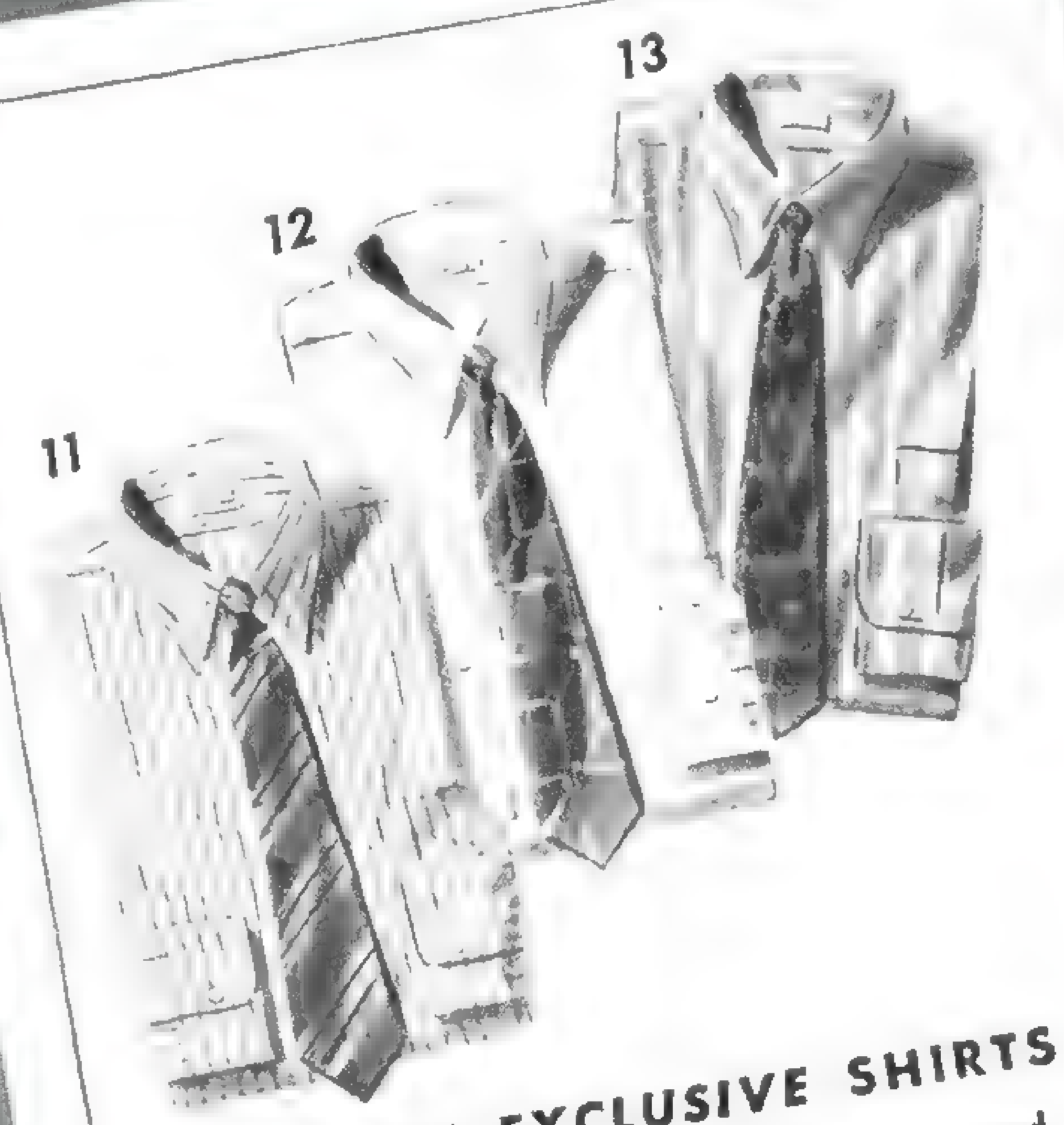
**WILSON BROTHERS**

CHICAGO ★ SAN FRANCISCO ★ NEW YORK



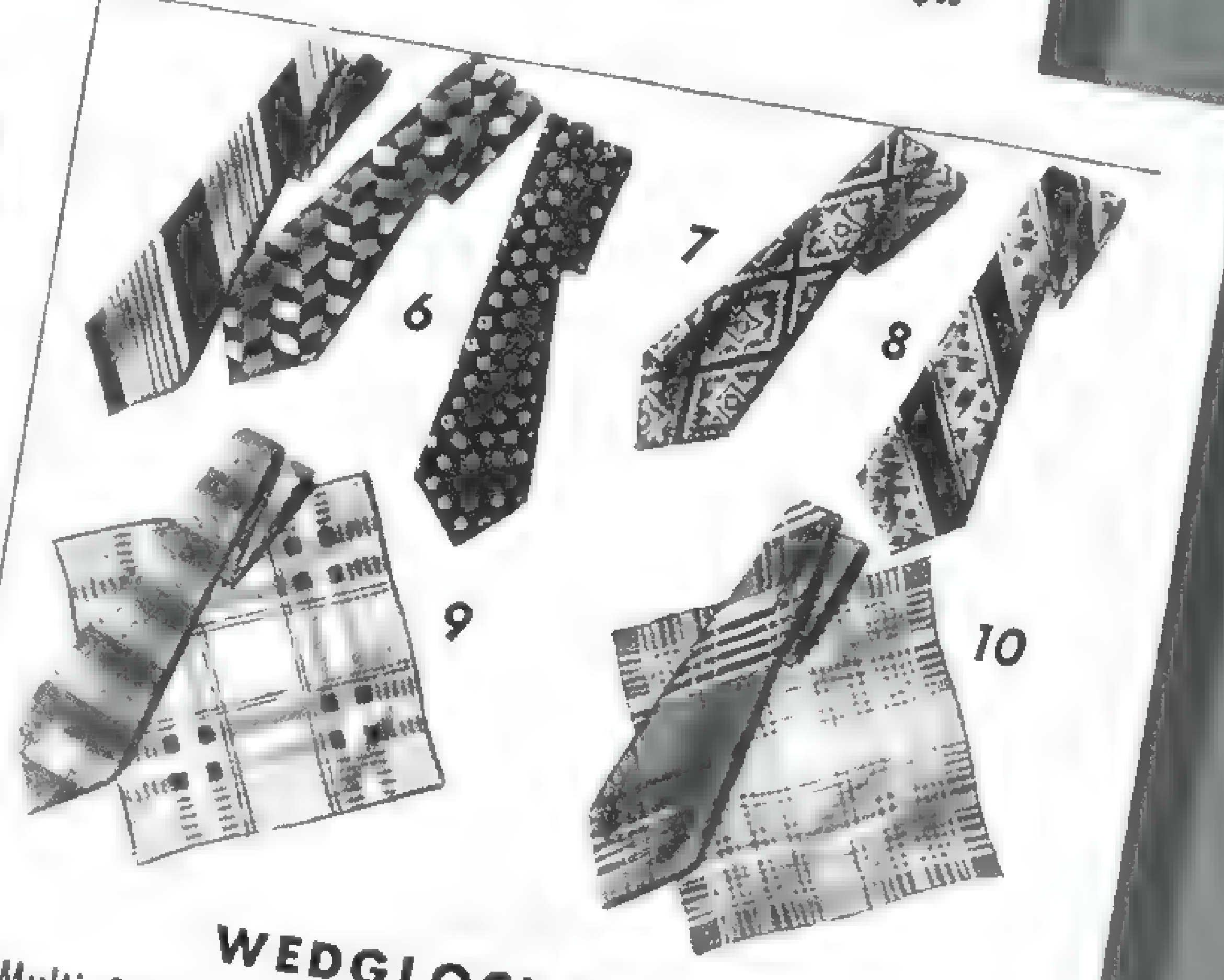
## BUFFER HOSE

1. Distinctive double-tone stripe effects..............50c
2. Smart new plaid designs.......................50c
3. Buffer Hose, related Wedglocke stripe tie. Set....$1.50
4. Cambridge Rib, pure wool lined with soft cotton.....$1.
5. Pure wool Argyle plaid in Scottish colorings.......$1.



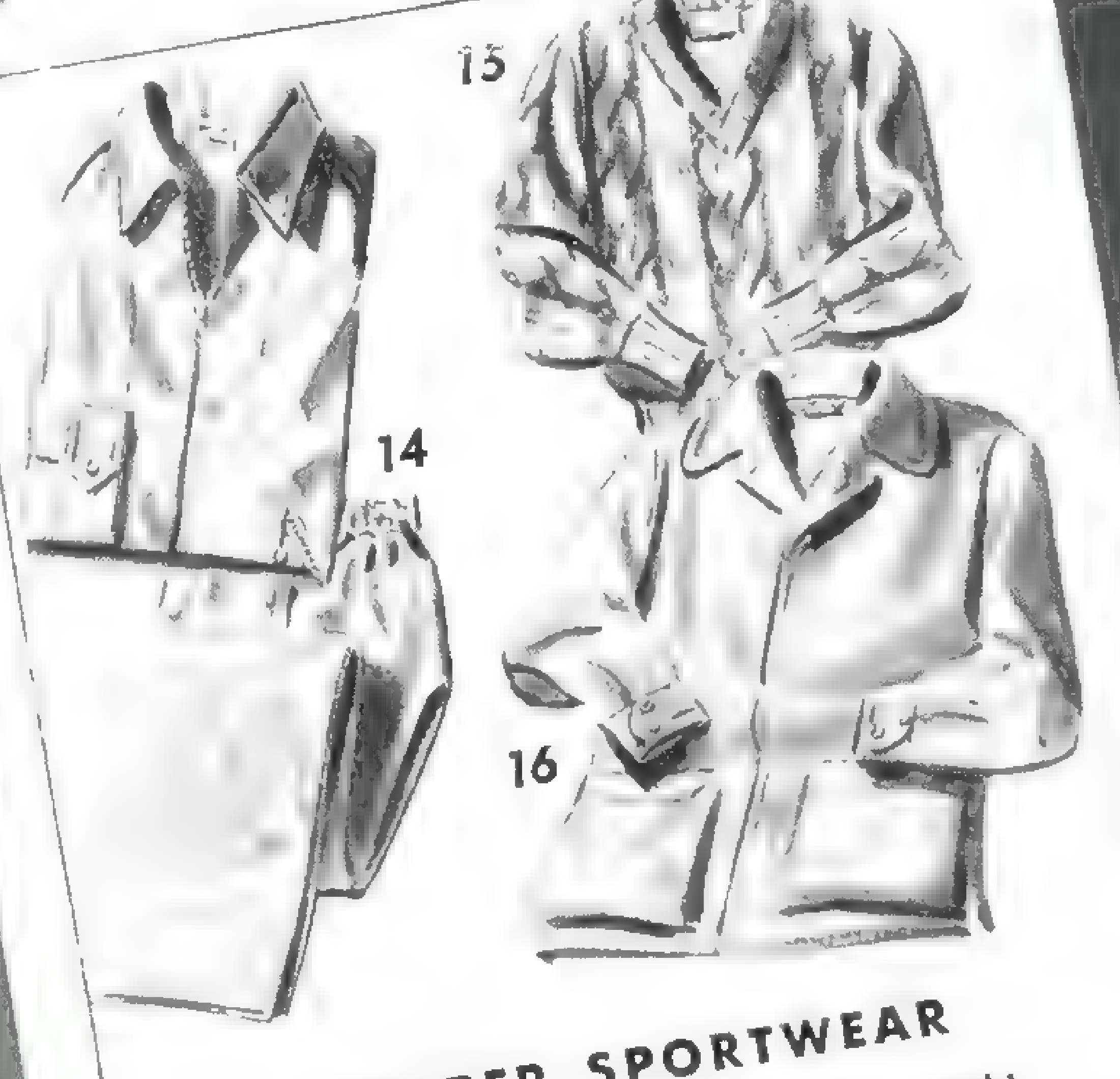
## WILSON-EXCLUSIVE SHIRTS

11. Fine stripes of restrained dignity, white ground...$2.
12. Lustrous white broadcloth with V-shaped waist....$2.
13. New double stripe on solid color background.....$2.
Related Wedglocke Ties, $1.



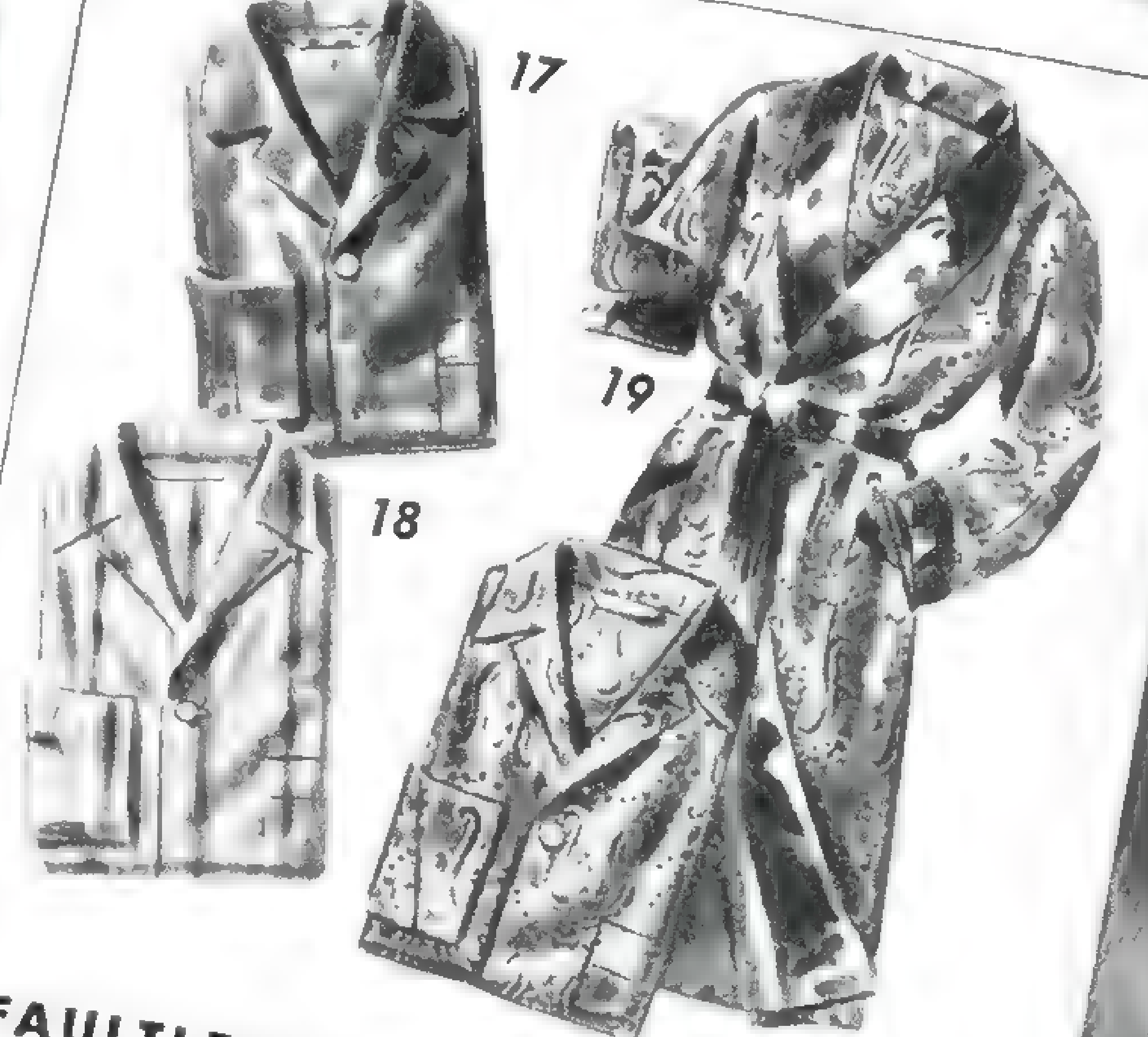
## WEDGLOCKE TIES

6. Multi-Stripes, all-over Cable design and neat, regular pattern in rich satins.................$1.
7. Luxurious block-tapestry satin, smart colorings..$1.50
8. New panel stripe Lariat satin...................$1.
9. Horizontal stripe tie, matched handkerchief. Set..$1.50
10. Plaid tie, Knox shape, with harmonizing h'chief...$1.



## SKIPPER SPORTWEAR

14. Weather Warden jacket, slacks to match, light weight, wind resistant, water repellent. Set..$8.50.
15. Pure wool, cable stitch Skipper pull-over......$3.95.
16. Loafer Coat of luxurious pure wool, smartly tailored with new fly front, full lined.........$10.



## FAULTLESS NOBELT PAJAMAS

17. Luxury pajama of silk and Bemberg, piped in contrasting color, with Nobelt waistband.......$5.
18. Smart new blazer stripes, uncommon colorings..$3.50.
19. Set—Faultless Nobelt Pajama and robe, rich all-over paisley design in blue, green, maroon..$7.50.

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# TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

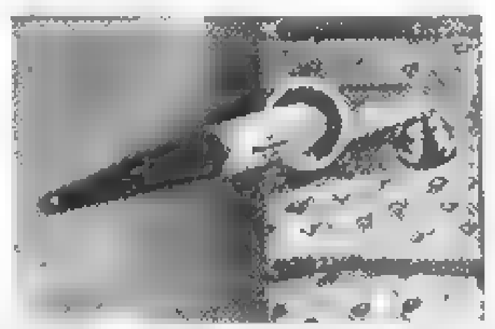
**EXECUTIVE GIFT**

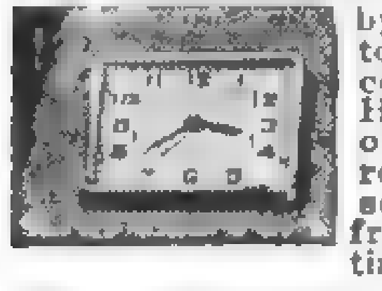
**De Luxe Desk Set**
**With Pen and Clock**
(size greatly reduced)
Actual size 34 inches wide by 20 inches high. Weight 10¾ lbs.
*illustration shows tan ostrich leather*

**De Luxe Desk Set** for executives and professional men at the top of your gift list. Gives a lifetime of service and pleasure to user. Side panels on hinges lift up to hold and cover papers, documents. Custom hand-crafted in fine leathers. Solid Masonite base, writing surface of desk top linoleum. *Send for discriptive brochure.*

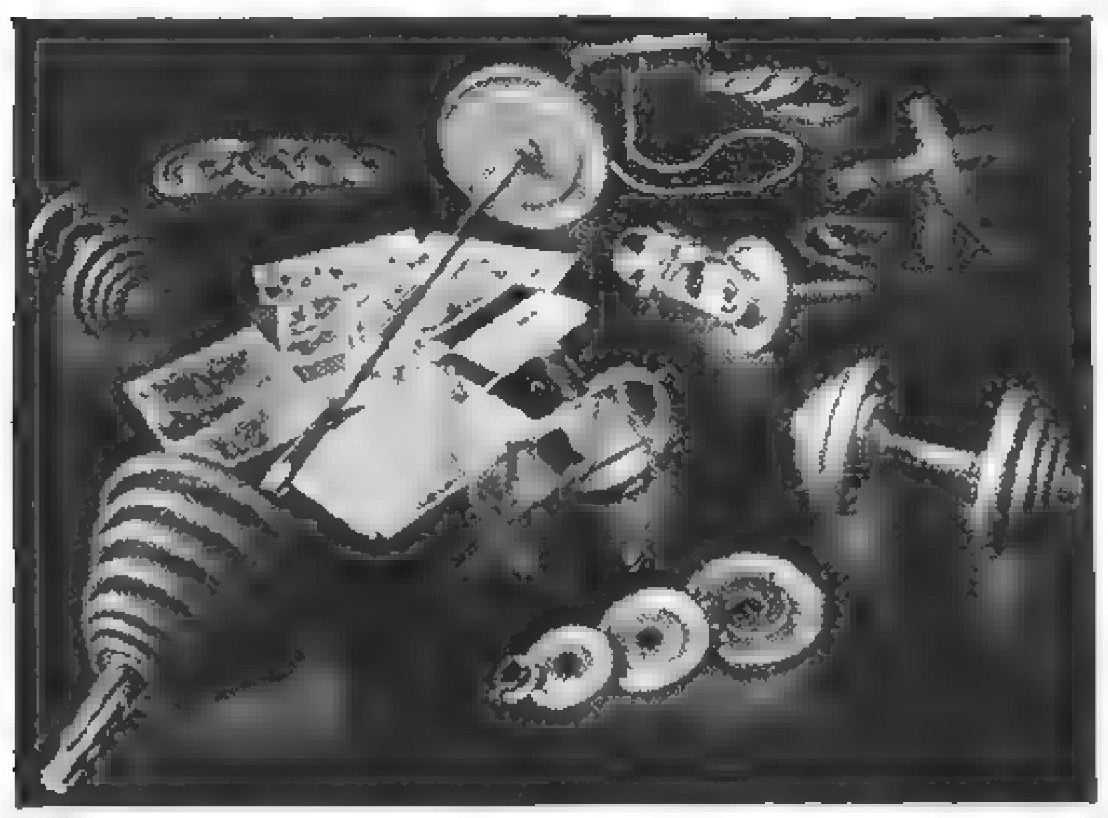
**Eversharp Wahl Pen** made and guaranteed by the famous Eversharp company is part of the De Luxe Desk Set. In attractive harmonizing colors, with swivel base to afford easy access and utility. **NewHaven Clock** is built into the De Luxe Desk Set, on the left hinged panel as shown in illustration. A convenience appreciated by executives whose time is precious. Easy to wind and set. The De Luxe Desk Set complete with Eversharp Pen and New Haven Clock is priced at $19.95 in choice of tan ostrich, hazel pigskin, green or maroon morocco. *Money-back* guarantee. Descriptive folder sent free on request. Order from your dealer or direct. "A Gift of Distinction" from

**The LEATHERCRAFTERS** 49 West 27th St. NEW YORK CITY





**IF YOU ARE STRONG—**



as you wish to be, then you won't be interested in BOB HOFFMAN'S "COMPLETE HOME GYMNASIUM".

But if you desire to improve your appearance, to be healthier, to have more energy, more endurance and greater vital power you need this finest of hometraining outfits. Scores of thousands are in use today. Over 10,000 testimonials have been received from satisfied users.

**IT'S NEW—IT'S DIFFERENT!**

It will help you become the man you want to be. Bob Hoffman's "COMPLETE HOME GYMNASIUM" consists of a 210 pound barbell outfit, dumbells, neck, grip and forearm developer, Iron Boots for building stronger legs and 11 complete bodybuilding courses with free personal instruction all for $22.00.

If more information is desired send for my illustrated booklet, "THE ROAD TO SUPER STRENGTH" enclosing a .03c stamp for mailing.

**BOB HOFFMAN, YORK BARBELL COMPANY**
York, Pennsylvania

*Bankers' Checking Pencil*

COLLAPSIBLE PENCILS
$6.00
$6.00

**BANKERS, EDITORS, BROKERS, ARTISTS,**, find a constant use for this companion. Wonderfully balanced, exquisitely engine turned, this 14 kt. gold filled streamlined beauty makes a unique and welcome gift.

With the return of watch chains, these pencils, modernized and smartly decorated are again in fashion. Ladies like them also for they fit so snugly in a purse and the lead does not mar its contents. 14 kt. gold filled, fitted with standard size leads, they make a very desireable present.

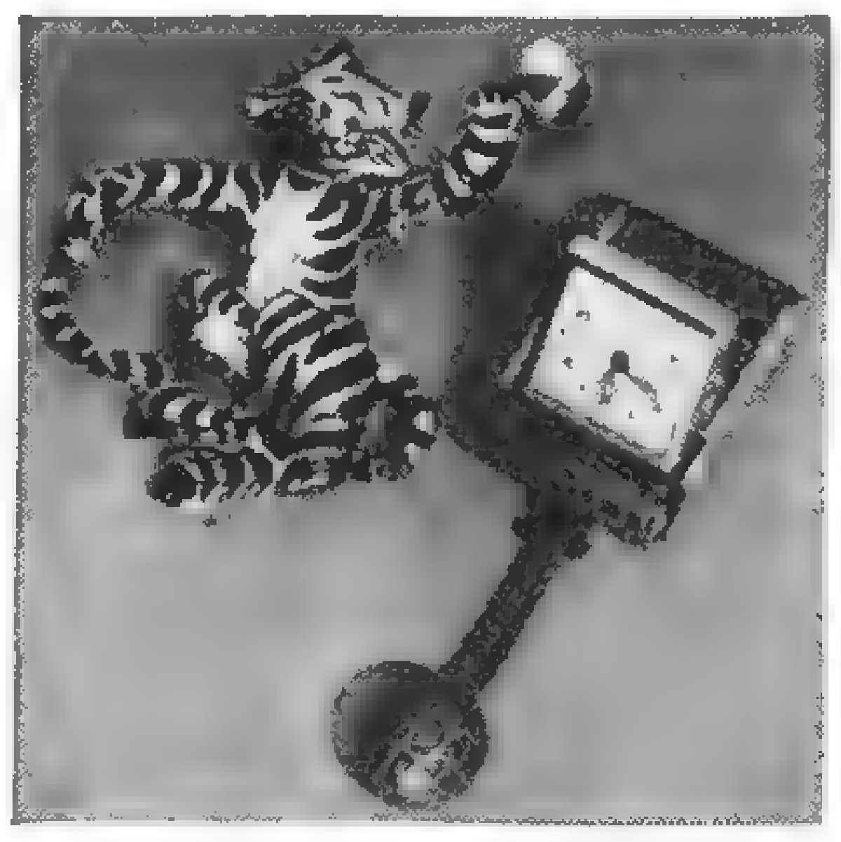
FROM ALL GOOD JEWELERS AND STORES OR
**MABIE TODD & CO.** (MFGRS.) **ARLINGTON, N. J.**

**??? MUSIC QUIZ RECORDS ???**

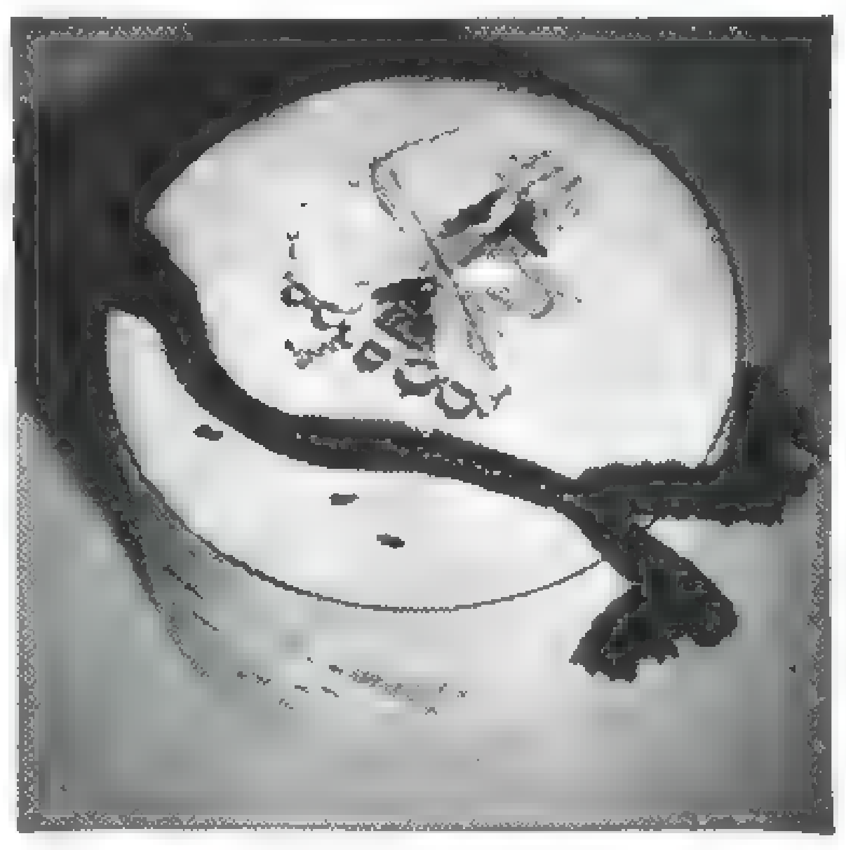
**New Swell Party Fun.** Ted Cott originator of "So You Think, You Know Music", famous radio quiz, has made amusing records of 51 musical questions. You play the records and your musically literate friends write their answers on scoring sheets. To get a perfect score they'll have to be composites of Toscanini, Oscar Levant, Deems Taylor and the Four Marx brothers. A witty, humorous, musical inquisition. Any number may participate. Guaranteed to keep any party out of the doldrums. Special Musicraft Album R1 contains 3-10" records, pad of 50 scoring sheets, and list of correct answers. $2.75. Add 25c; for packing and postage in U. S. A.

*Free—Write for Party Record List!*

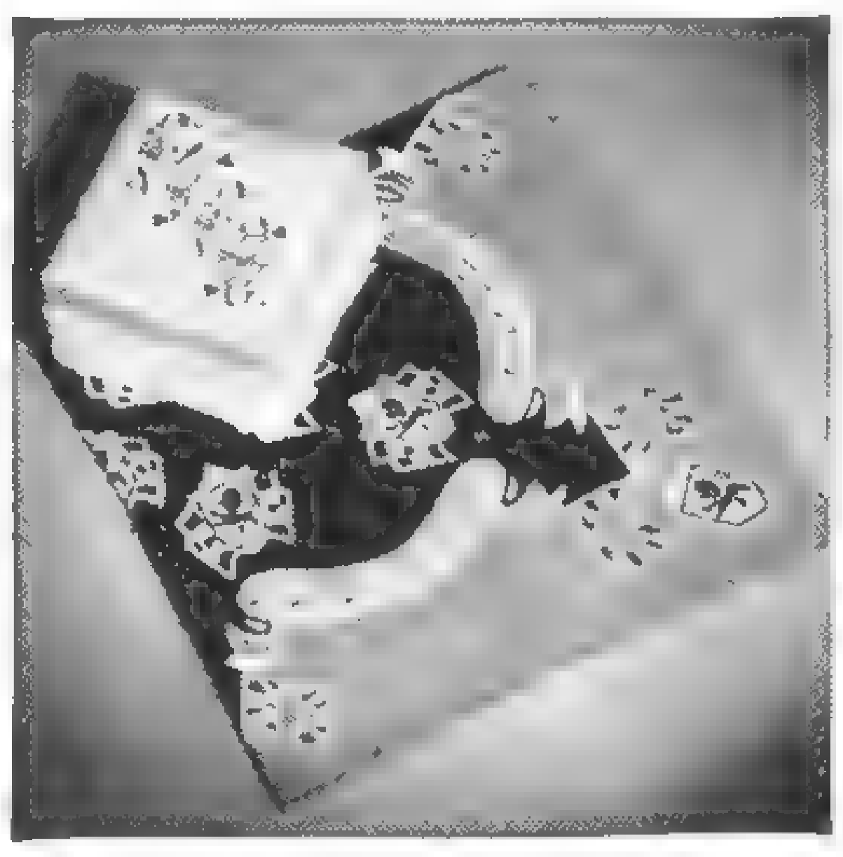
**RABSONS MUSIC SHOP**
111 West 52nd St. Circle 7-0070 New York



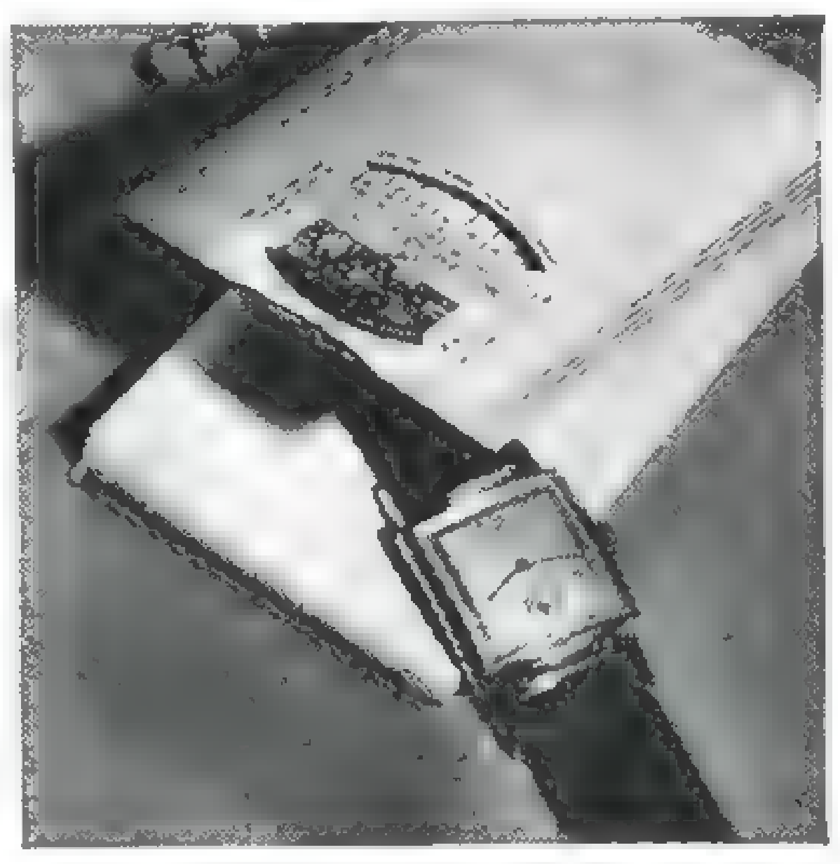
**TRINKETS.** The tiger lapel pin has as much *joie de vivre* as sophistication. Black and gold enamel, with a rhinestone-studded *embonpoint* and face, it flourishes a cocktail glass containing perfume-saturated cotton — very swell perfume, too. She can tell time without gymnastics when she opens the lid of the fine-grain alligator lapel watch—even in the dark, for it has a radium dial. 15 jewel movement.



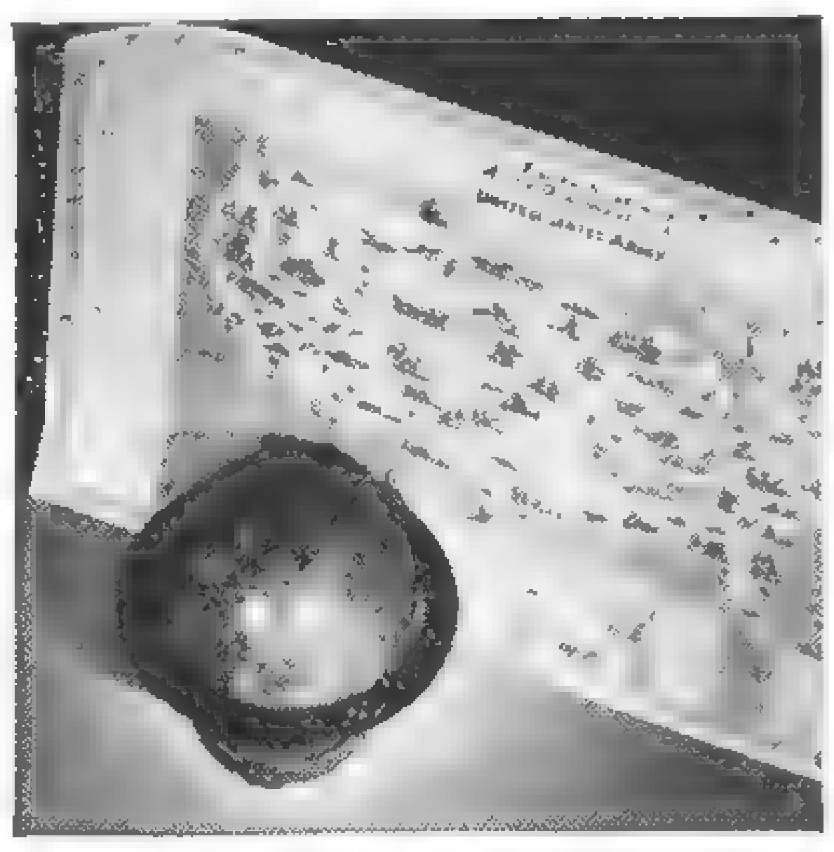
**IF SHE KNITS . . .** and even if she doesn't, she'll find a use for a knitting box as lovely as this one. It's hand-made, hand-decorated, and antique-finished; has been painstakingly varnished and rubbed down; handle is braided wool. This is one of a variety of designs; a flossy warrior on an equally flossy charger, skilfully painted on a chartreuse background. Yarn comes through an infinitesimal hole in the cover.



**FOR LONDON AND BRIDGE.** The British emblem motif has been adapted to the print of this silk handkerchief scarf. Red, white, and blue coloring. Proceeds go to the British War Relief Society. The top of the hand-made playing card box is covered with heavy cloth and adorned with four lacquered miniature playing cards; cord wound around the bottom makes an attractive, durable base. Holds four packs of cards, a score pad.



**SECONDS AND YEARS.** The masculine wrist will be properly bedecked with this rugged but smartly designed watch. Yellow or pink gold filled, it paces accurately along with time, even to the second. Another gift possibility that's good-looking and useful is the satin finished sterling silver memo pad with a twenty-two year calendar set in the cover. Dates and data stay together; a touch of the finger keeps the days moving.



**CELESTIAL AND TERRESTRIAL.** Two kinds of maps — one for stars, the other for stars and stripes. A globe with which to study the heavens; has a bakelite base; stars and constellations are clearly indicated, understandable to neophyte astronomers. A map of army posts and stations whereby the recipient will know where that wandering boy is tonight. Humorously illustrated; key numbers lead to pertinent information on the margins.

Ranger

*For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.*

**THE BOOKS THAT LIVE; THEY TALK, THEY SING!**

A new series of children's books for radio conscious youngsters. Written by the "Lady Next Door" (Madge Tucker) and set to easily memorized music by Molly Donaldson.

Each book contains, in addition to the text, illustrations, stage directions, production notes, glossary of radio terms, piano score.

AND A TEN INCH RECORD MADE BY THE TALENTED CHILDREN OF N.B.C. WITH A NARRATION BY MILTON J. CROSS.

Gingerbread Boy . . Cinderella . . Sleeping Beauty . . Little Red Riding Hood . . Molly Pitcher. $1.39 ea.

*At your dealer or direct*

**MUSETTE PUBLISHERS**
30 Rockefeller Plaza New York

CINDERELLA
MUSICAL RADIO STAR

*GIRL GIVE BOY...*
*...BOY GIVE GIRL*
**MEXICAN HUARACHES**
**2.75** POSTPAID
SEND SHOE SIZE
**FRED LEIGHTON**
15 EAST 8th ST., N. Y. C.
SEND FOR CATALOG

*THROW BOOMERANGS*
**IT'S FUN** We have the largest assortment of them. They make ideal gifts, too. Ask for FREE Folder.

**PAUL METRO CO.** 1240 Chrysler Building New York, N. Y.

52
12
14
42
6
46

**BRAE BURN** GENUINE IMPORTED BRIAR

THE FINEST ACHIEVEMENT IN PIPECRAFT

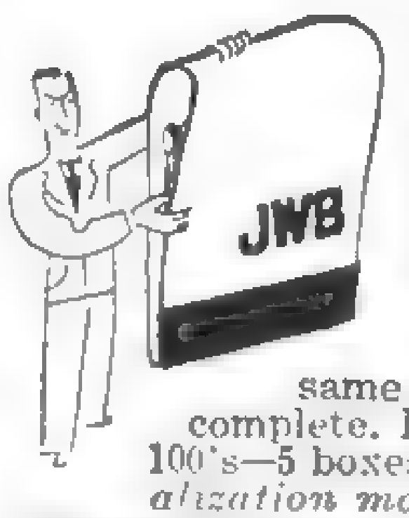
True English Push Bit Style. No Gadgets. Sterling Silver Banded. Hand Burnished.

Selected Grain. No Lacquer Used. Fashioned For The Seasoned Smoker— Not For Beginners. Positive Money Back Guarantee. You Be The Judge. $5.00 Postpaid Anywhere. Ideal Xmas Gift.

DEEP MAHOGANY OR NATURAL FINISH

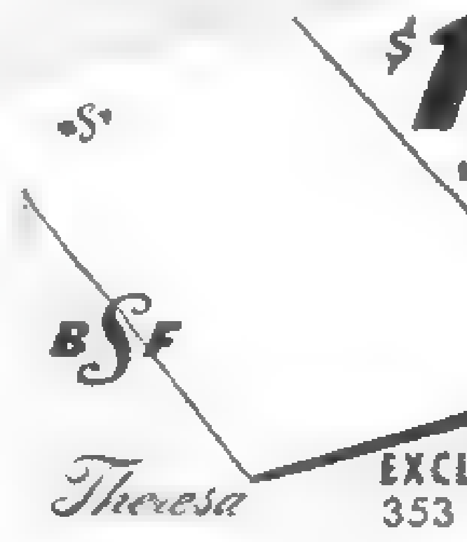
**JAMES & CO.**
P O BOX 86 SCRANTON PA

SEND FOR BEAUTIFUL COLOR CATALOGUE



***these*** top quality book matches, handsomely imprinted with any monogram or name you specify, make a swell gift for anyone. Colors: crimson, ebony, white, blue, with imprinting in gold or silver. Packed in gift boxes of 50's and 100's. Orders mailed anywhere, postpaid, the same day. Your satisfaction must be complete. Boxes of 50—5 for $5, 1 box, $1.25, 100's—5 boxes $8, 1 box, $2. *A different personalization may be on each 50 matches.*

**Giftcraft Printers, 333 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago**

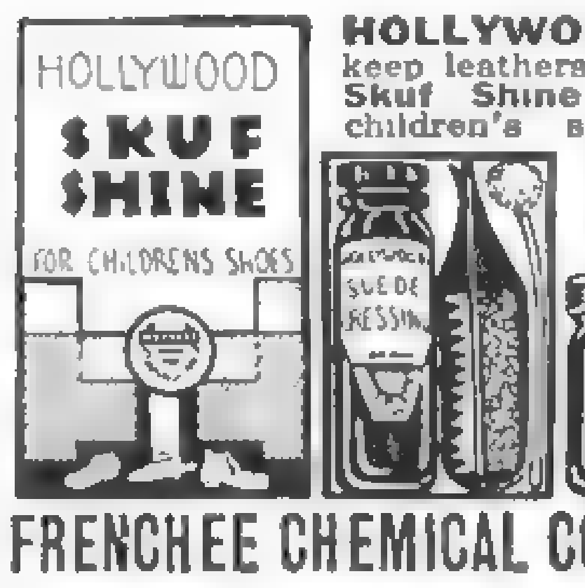


*Genuine Engraved* **STATIONERY**

$1.25 SHEETS AND ENVELOPES POST PAID

An incomparable personal Christmas gift Steel die embossed 2 and 3 initial monograms or any first name on white paper with blue border and ink or blue paper with white border and ink. Size 5 x 8 when folded. Packed in lovely cellophane wrapped gift box. 7-day delivery. Give 1st, 2nd, 3rd initials in order for monograms. Cash with order

EXCLUSIVE ENGRAVING COMPANY
353 W. Grand Ave. • Chicago, Illinois



**HOLLYWOOD SHOE POLISHES** keep leathers at their best. **Hollywood Skuf Shine** restores original finish to children's scuffed shoes. **Hollywood Suede Dressing** cleans and refreshens suede and gabardine shoes. **Hollywood Bootmakers Antique** gives shoes that "old violin" $22.50 look. On sale at leading shoe stores.

**FRENCHEE CHEMICAL CO.** 107-32 Van Wyck Blvd. Richmond Hill, N. Y.

**Use LEXOL to Preserve Leather**

Tune up your winter leather sports gear with LEXOL. Genuine leather will last longer, look better, and keeping it in good shape will save you money. LEXOL is a self-penetrating leather conditioner which will keep leather jackets, gloves, etc., soft and water repellent. Good for saddlery, boots and shoes. At dealers or send $1 for pint size, $1.75 quart and $4 gallon.

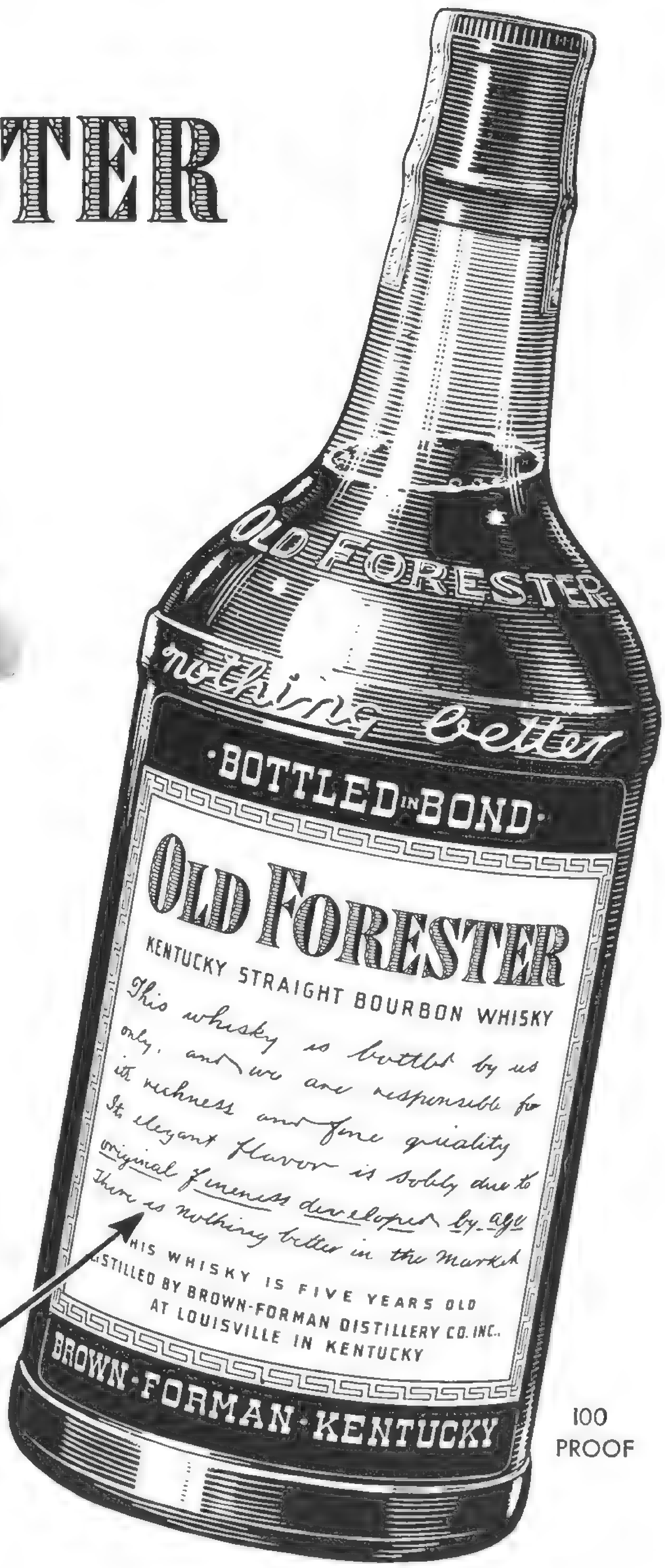
**THE MARTIN DENNIS CO.**
**855 Summer Avenue, Newark, N. J.**

# To Honor the Guest Whose Friendship You Cherish

*Famous*

# OLD FORESTER

Through generation after generation, the man who takes pride in his hospitality has served Old Forester. Its richness and nobility of flavor make it, truly, the whisky to render proper honor to your friends, your distinguished guests—and yourself.


OLD FORESTER
nothing better
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is bottled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed by age. There is nothing better in the market.
THIS WHISKY IS FIVE YEARS OLD
DISTILLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO. INC.
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
BROWN-FORMAN-KENTUCKY

*There is nothing better in the market*

100 PROOF

*Famous*

# OLD FORESTER

KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT
BOURBON
WHISKY

*America's Guest Whisky*

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY • *At Louisville . . . In Kentucky*

Beautiful lynx-dyed wolf jacket . . . so new and important in fashion. Smooth, collarless neckline. Silky, soft peltry. Beautiful lining . . . guaranteed for 2 years. Approximately 25 inches long. *Sizes* 12 to 20. **$99.50**

# *I love you* says this Christmas booty for a lady . . . from the world's largest collection of gift furs

You name it, if there's any Christmas gift that wings itself into the heart of any lady with a marksmanship so devastating. Or trumps an idea as inspired as the gift of flattering, fervent, and festive *furs.*

Taking a leaf from the book of suitors, sweethearts and husbands since the world began . . . you may this year plumb the depths of her delight . . . as you revel in the fondest "Ohs" and "Ahs" you've ever won from her.

And take still another tip from her own fur knowledge. Choose from the great facilities of America's Largest Furrier . . . from the stupendously complete stocks of I. J. Fox.

At I. J. Fox, there is unvarying value and high quality, at and for the price, whether this label of prestige graces a skunk dyed Opossum jacket at $49.50 or a Russian Sable masterpiece at $30,000.

At I. J. Fox . . . you get the nation's finest furs, fashions and craftsmanship . . . and she knows it.

Illustrated here are specially selected furs, at extremely modest prices and otherwise, that are especially suitable as Christmas gifts.

Say "I love you" this year the I. J. Fox way.

ENTIRE CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED 1940, BY I. J. FOX, INC

This utterly exquisite Norse blue-dyed red fox jacket will top everything with distinction. The glorious gradations of blue-gray tones divinely duplicate the color of the fabulous Norwegian blue fox that is famous throughout the world for its color richness. Fine, deep-furred pelts, masterfully fashioned with the new tuxedo effect. Sumptuous lining . . . guaranteed for 2 years. Approximately 24 inches long. *Sizes* 12 to 20. **$89**

For her untrimmed coat or suit, give Her a wonderful pair of frosty silver foxes. These are mammoth size skins of magnificent quality . . . vibrant, fresh and showered with silver. They are beautifully mounted on satin ribbon tapes that serve as arm bands. They may be purchased singly or in perfectly matched pairs. **$69.50** PER SKIN

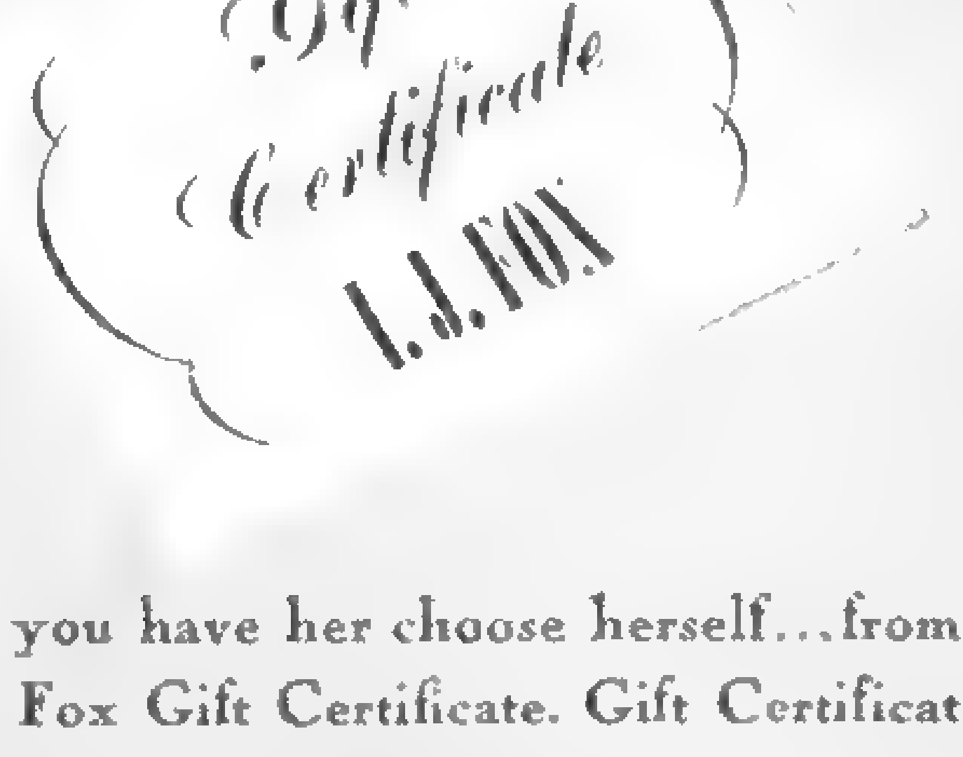
Wonderful fur accessory to perk up every costume . . . the fur handbag. This one was designed and fashioned with great skill and beauty . . . in leopard-dyed lamb . . . with dramatic leopard fur head. Completely fitted with change purse, comb, mirror and large compartments to carry feminine indispensables. Richly lined. **$29.50**

# I. J. FOX inc.

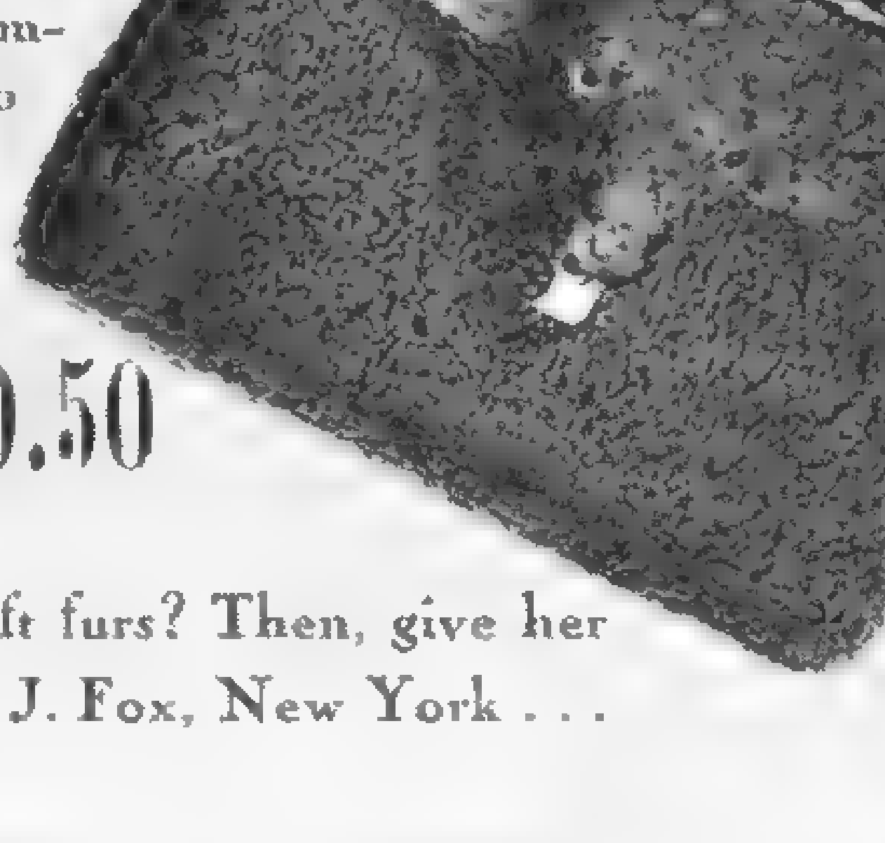
**America's Largest Furrier**

**Fifth Ave. between 36th & 37th Sts., New York**

Boston Cleveland Philadelphia

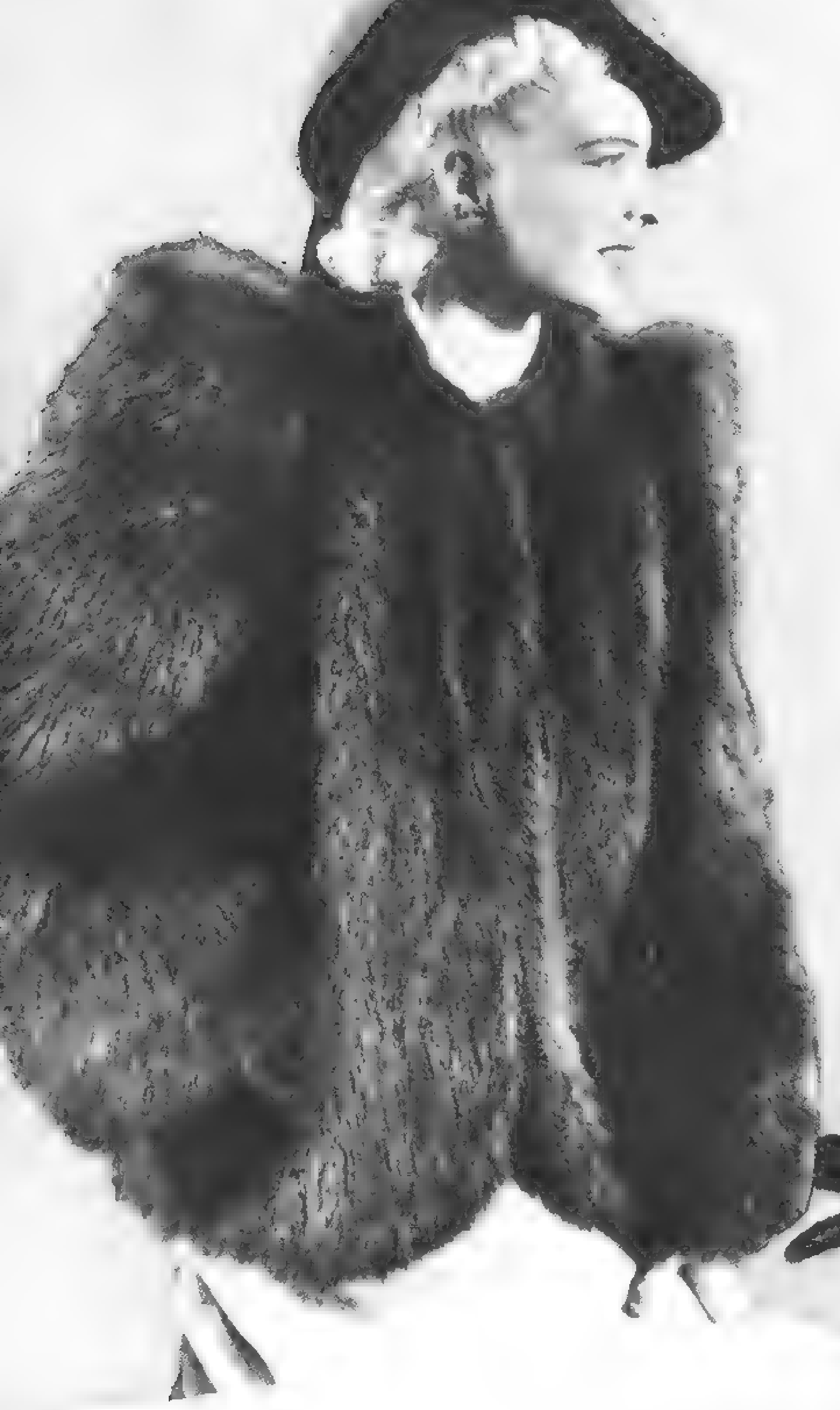


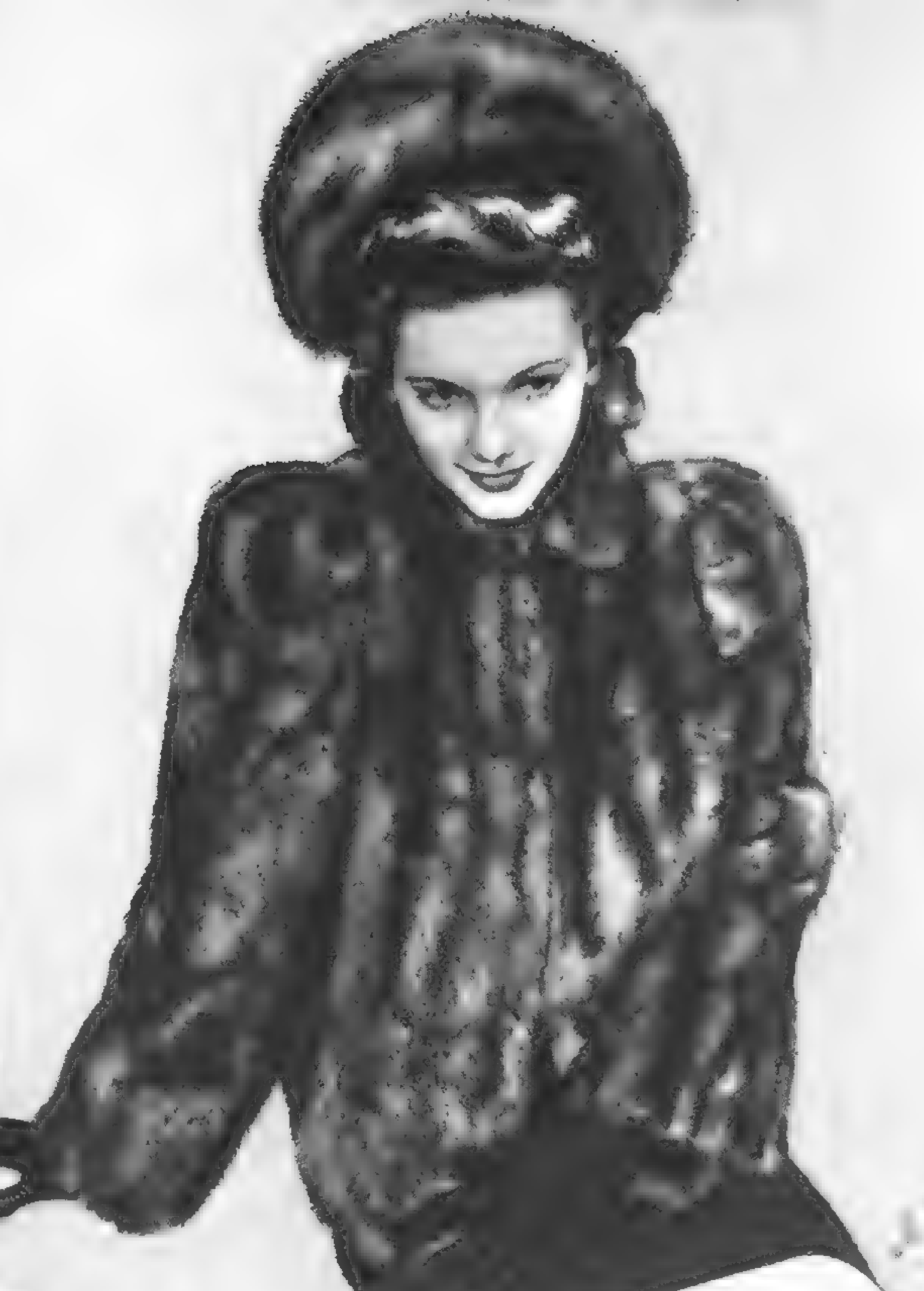
The fur handbag is the pet fur accessory of the season . . . and this is one of the most unusual designs to be found. Superb quality black Persian lamb . . . glamorously topped with Persian lamb head. Very new. Very exciting. Beautifully lined. Completely fitted. Extra zippered compartment for important papers. **$39.50**

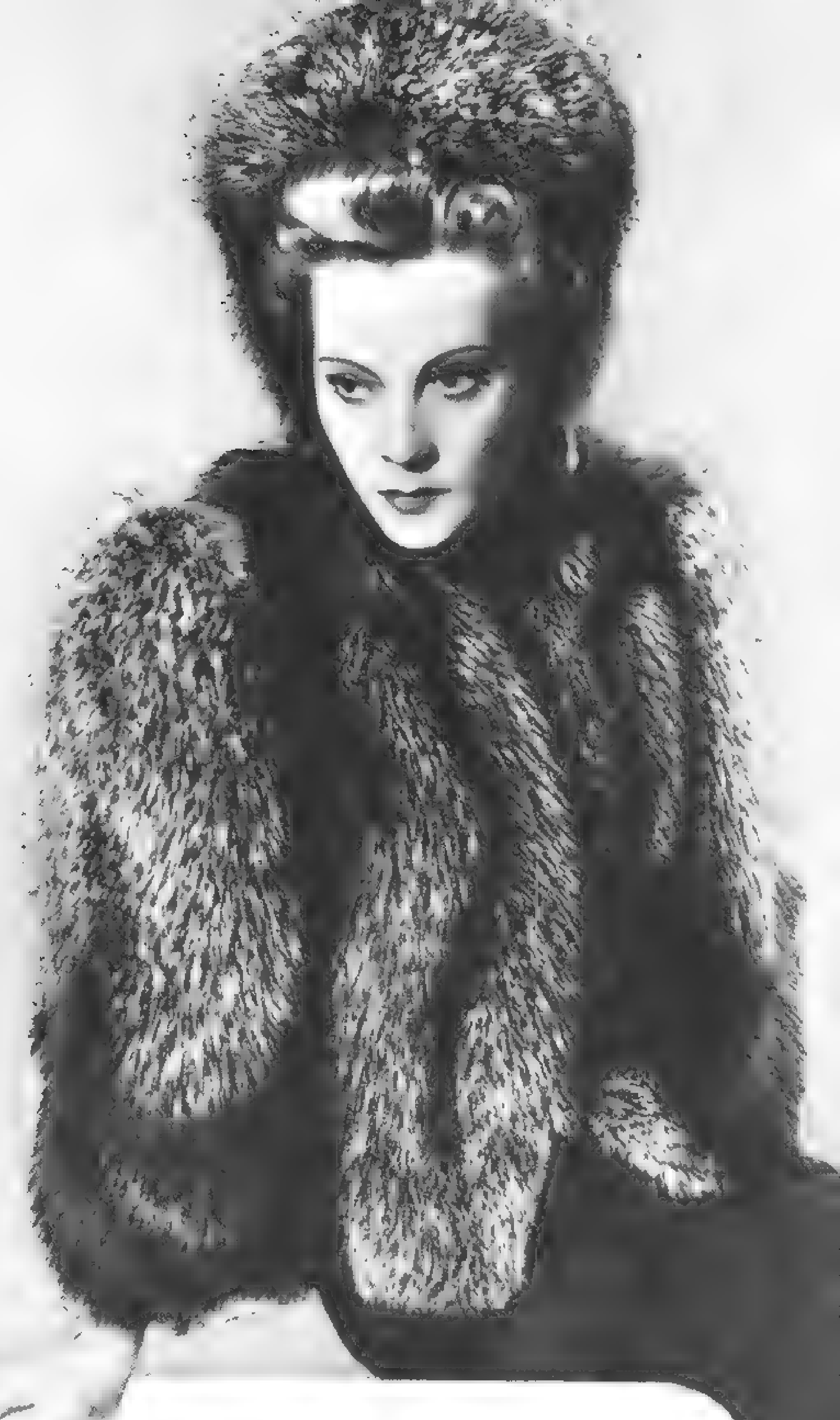


Would you have her choose herself . . . from the world's largest collection of gift furs? Then, give her an I. J. Fox Gift Certificate. Gift Certificates may be secured by writing to I. J. Fox, New York . . . enclosing check or money order for any amount, from $29.50 to $30,000.

- **Mail Orders filled at our New York headquarters only. All gifts exchangeable after Christmas or money refunded within 10 days from date of purchase. . . .**







The new longer length skunk-dyed opossum jacket is the perfect choice for daytime and evening wear. Glorious quality is its keynote. The superb swirl sleeves and chic tuxedo effect heighten its glamour. Wind protectors in the sleeves keep out wintry blasts. Lustrous lining... guaranteed for 2 years. Approximately 30 inches long. Sizes 12 to 20. $49.50

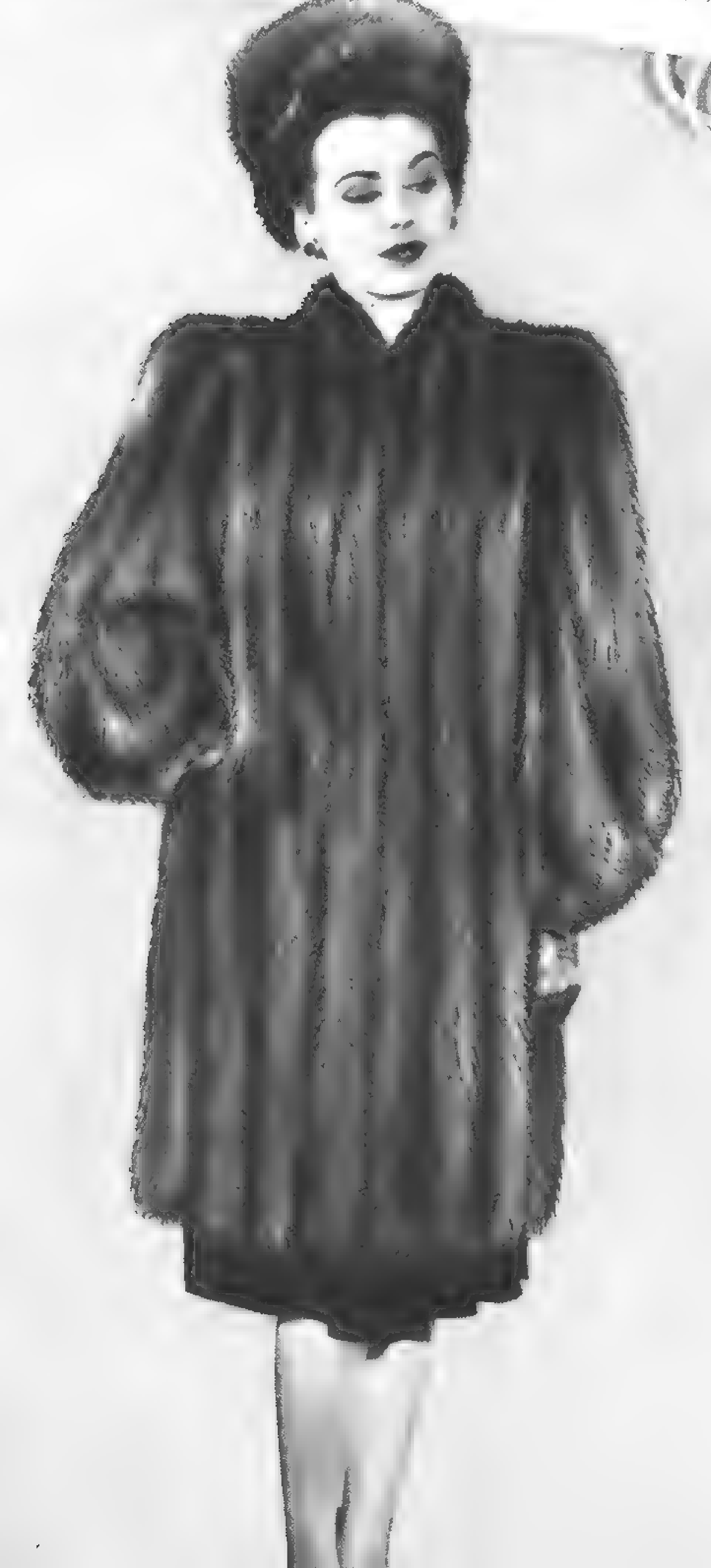
Dashing new sable-dyed squirrel jacket of outstanding beauty and quality. Brilliantly styled with a pert, turnover collar, splendid smooth shoulders, flattering bell sleeves and young tuxedo effect. Made with wind protectors to keep out the winter cold. To be worn with everything ...everywhere...every season of the year. Beautiful lining...guaranteed for 2 years. Approximately 23 inches long. Sizes 12 to 20. $125

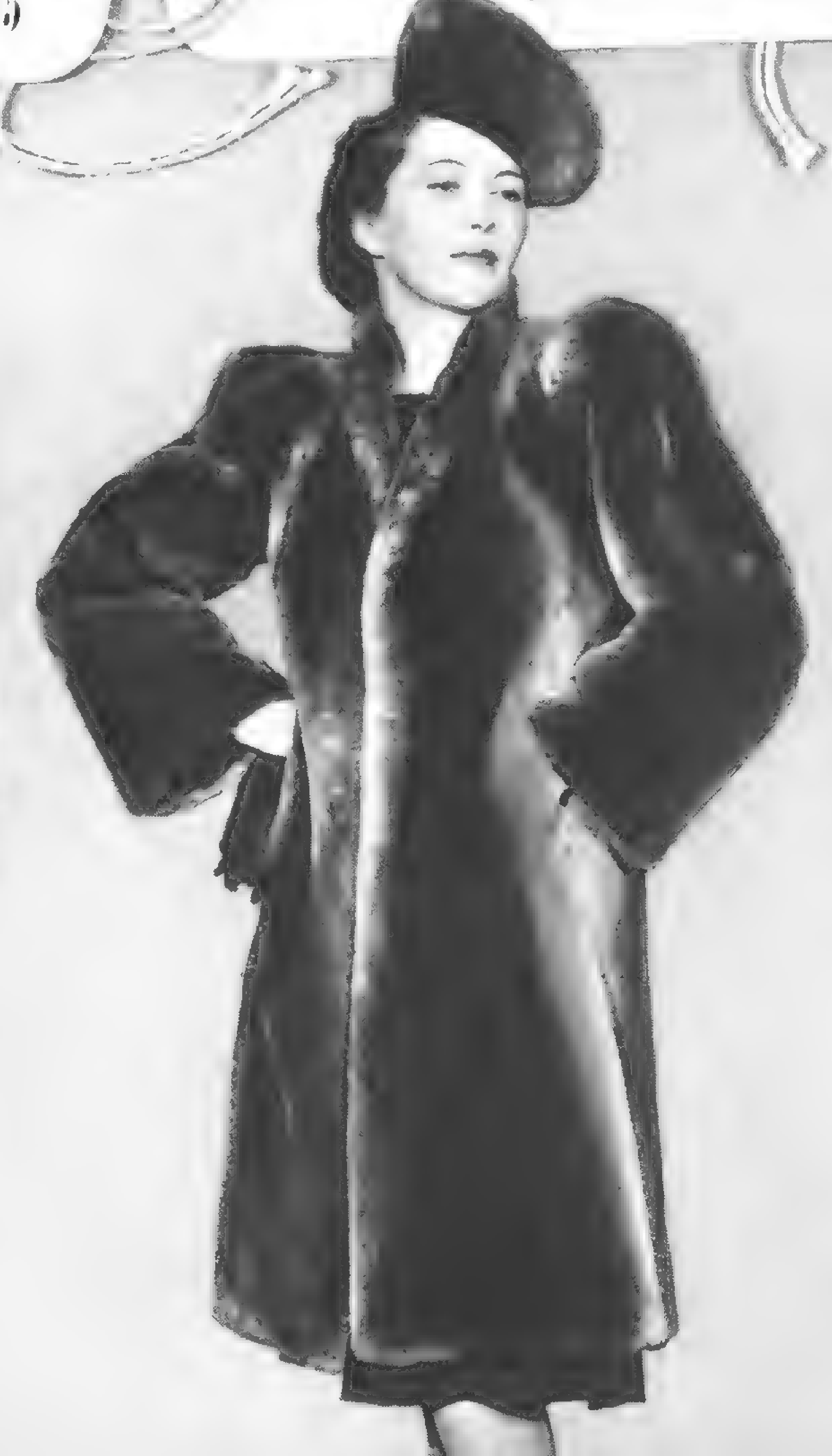
This is our very newest silver fox jacket. Exquisitely fashioned from specially selected silver fox skins of exceptional brilliance and beauty. The full-furred pelts are worked so that the flattering tuxedo effect in front continues to form a charming "little girl" collar in the back. Magnificent lining . . . guaranteed for 2 years. Approximately 23 inches long. Sizes 12 to 20. $395

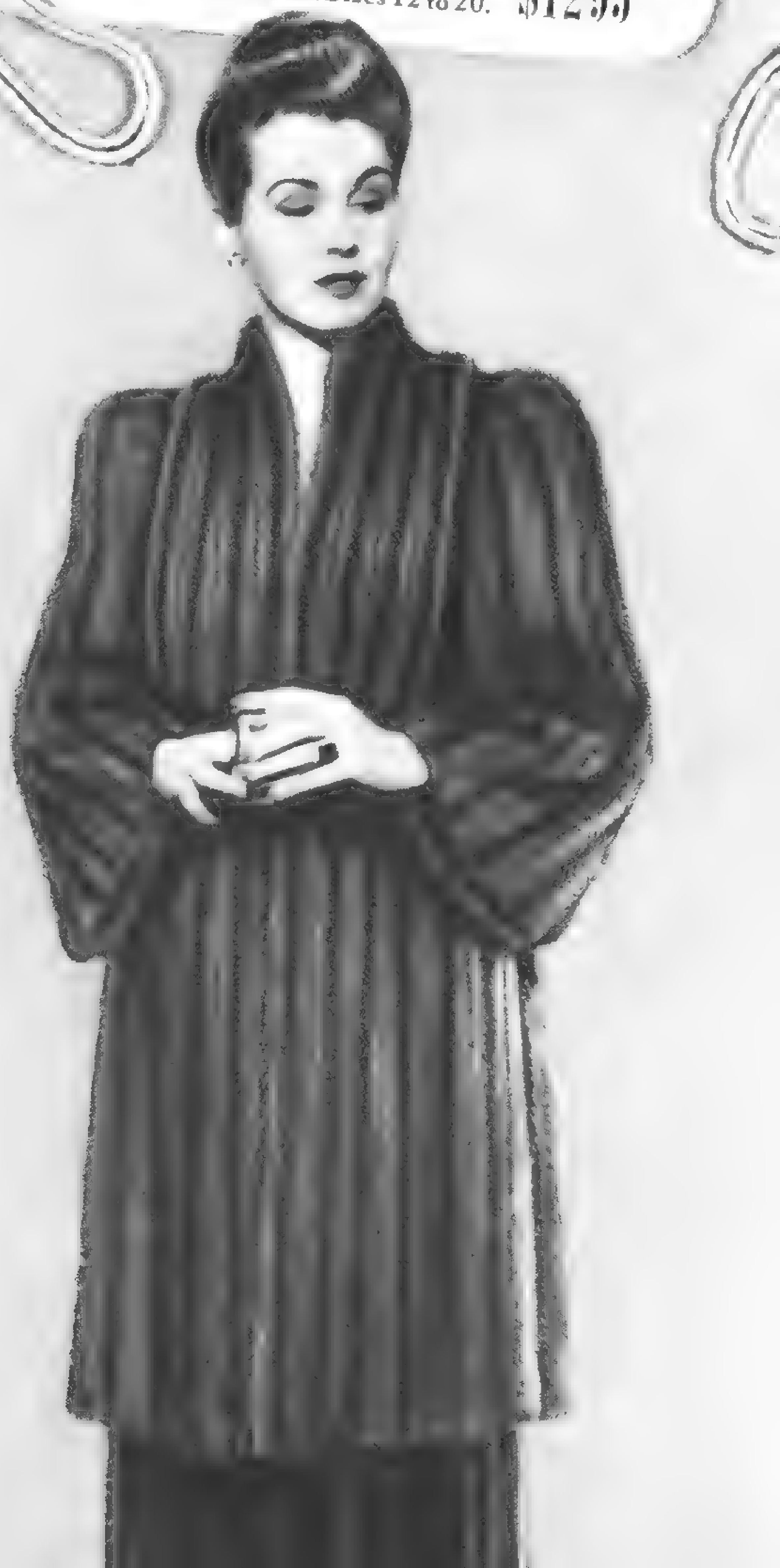
One of the fashion favorites of the season . . . natural skunk greatcoat. The radiant, glistening peltry was selected for its fur beauty. Skillfully designed with voluminous barrel sleeves that taper at the wrists. Superbly fashioned by master fur craftsmen to show the full beauty of the shimmering peltry. Wind protectors in the sleeves. Lustrous lining guaranteed for 2 years.
Sizes 12 to 20. $245

A sheared beaver greatcoat of arresting magnificence. The highly skilled art of shearing gives these luscious, supple Canadian skins a gorgeous two-tone effect. An individual creation of outstanding quality and craftsmanship with beautifully shaped convertible shawl collar, sleek slit pockets and dramatic flared sleeves. Sumptuous lining guaranteed for 2 years.
Sizes 12 to 20. $395

Mink masterpiece reflecting the elegance and quality for which I. J. Fox mink is famous. The soft, luxurious peltry is rich and dark in color. Supple, swagger folds fall from a beautiful back yoke. The clever front tuxedo effect ends in two pockets at the waist. Fashioned by one of the world's finest fur craftsmen. A fur gem lavished with painstaking, skillful detail. Exquisite lining . . . guaranteed for 2 years. Natural or beautifully tipped mink. Sizes 12 to 20. $1295







# TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

The GIFT that does the trick!

Atomette

PERFUME DISPENSER FOR HER PURSE

A gay glamour-aid—a winning gift! *Spill-proof, leak-proof* purse perfume container; "just press the top to release one drop!" Now she can keep her favorite fragrance always at hand, thanks to Atomette—*and many thanks to you!*

With nickel-plated cap, *$1.00.* Gold-plated cap; black enamel rings, *$1.50.* All gold-plated; beautifully tooled, *$2.50.* Sterling silver cap, *$7.50.* All sterling silver, *$12.50.* 14K solid gold cap, *$30.* All 14K solid gold, *$50.* *All in gift packages.*

*At fine stores. Or send money order or check to—*

ATOMETTE 40 E. 21 ST., NEW YORK

**personal**

*These* *Quality Personal Correspondence Cards,* printed with any name and address, or monogram, make a grand gift. One cent postage is all they require. Color choice: white, gray, blue and fawn. Orders mailed the same day and complete satisfaction guaranteed. You may have a different name or monogram on each 100 cards. Add 15c for postage west of Rockies; prepaid elsewhere.

**100—$1.75 200—$2.75 500—$4.35**

Giftcraft Printers, 333 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago

To Check Dates for the Coming Score-and-Two Years

22-YEAR-CALENDAR MEMORANDUM BOOK

Created by Lampl

2¼"x4"
STERLING SILVER
with removable note pad
PAT. PEND

$5 • *at better Jewelry stores everywhere*

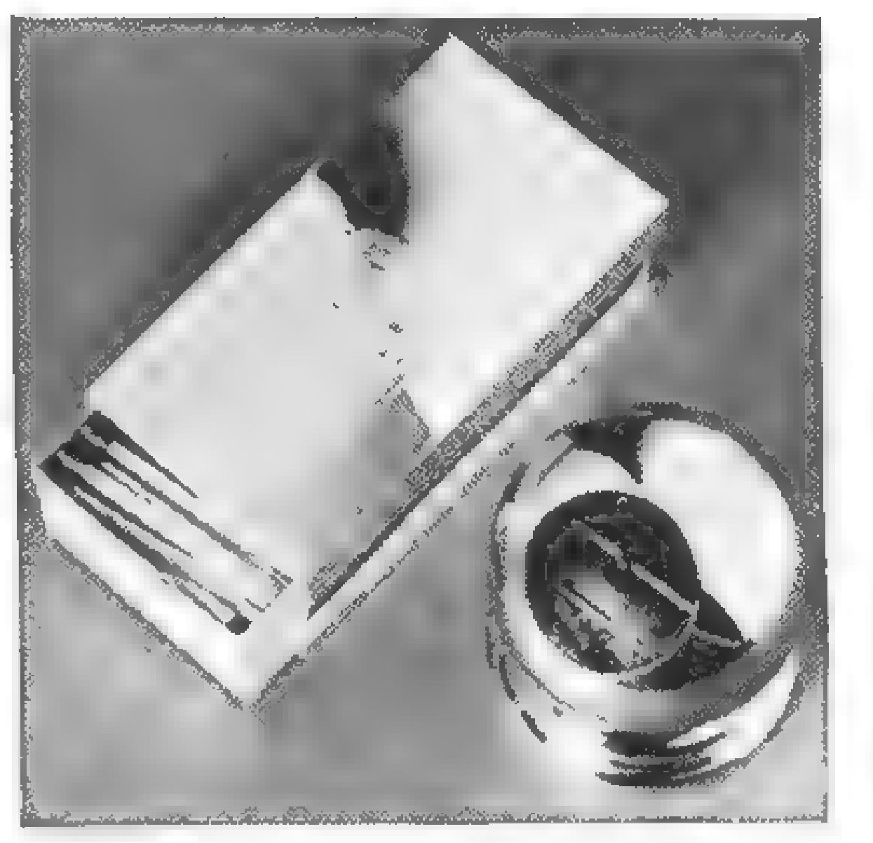
An indispensable possession for the man or woman whose occupation demands constant use of the calendar. Particularly those engaged in insurance, banking, merchandising, the professions. Makes an ideal gift for a son or daughter off to school . . .

*Reg. No. 13280

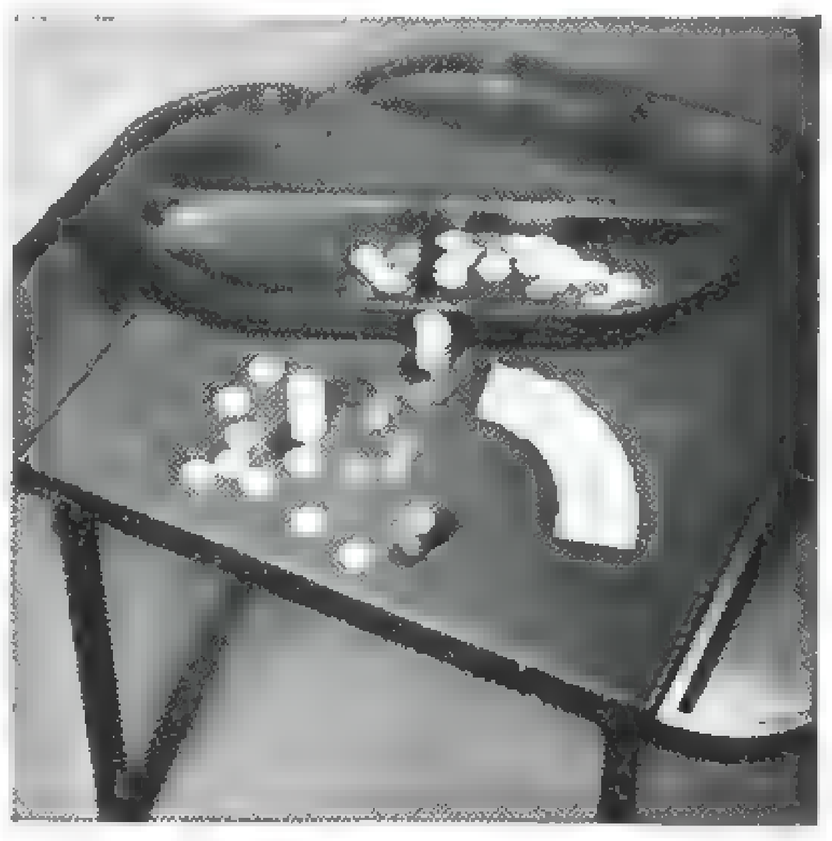
Walter Lampl

*Creators of the Unusual—AS USUAL

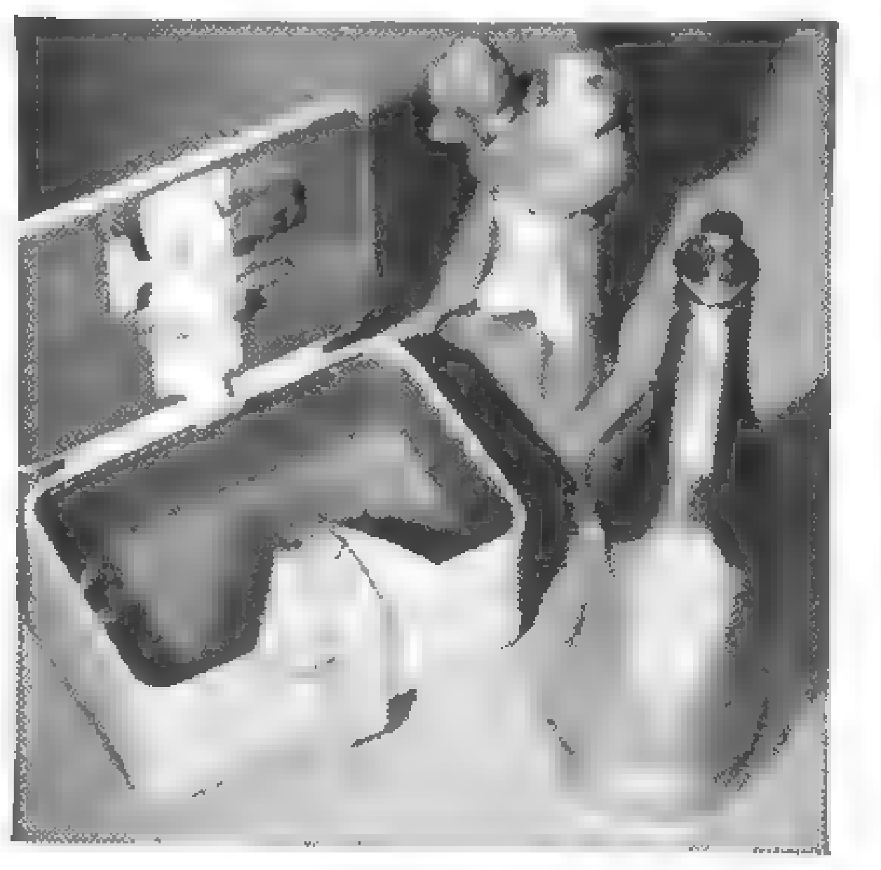
608 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



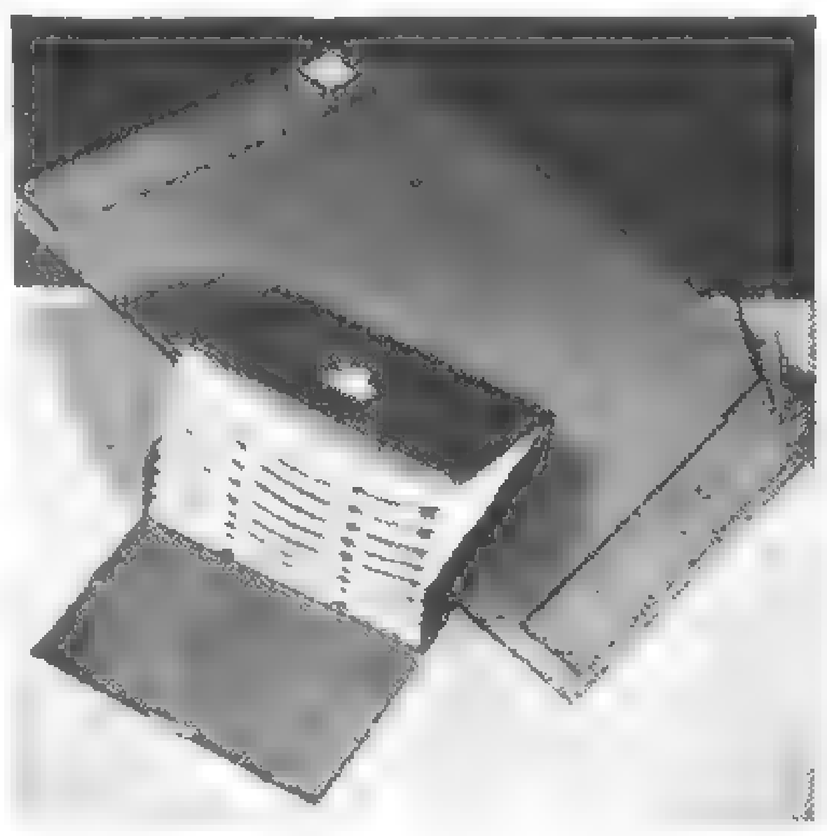
**ELEMENTAL BUT ELEGANT.** Kitchen matches get a chance at high life when they graduate to the parlor in this silver plated holder with its ornamental crest—and your pipe-smoking friends will be pleased with the attractive camouflage. The ash receiver design had its origin in Calcutta's Bengal Club, where high winds play hob with cigarette ashes. Chromium, with a brass base, it's heavy enough to keep newspapers anchored wherever breezes blow.



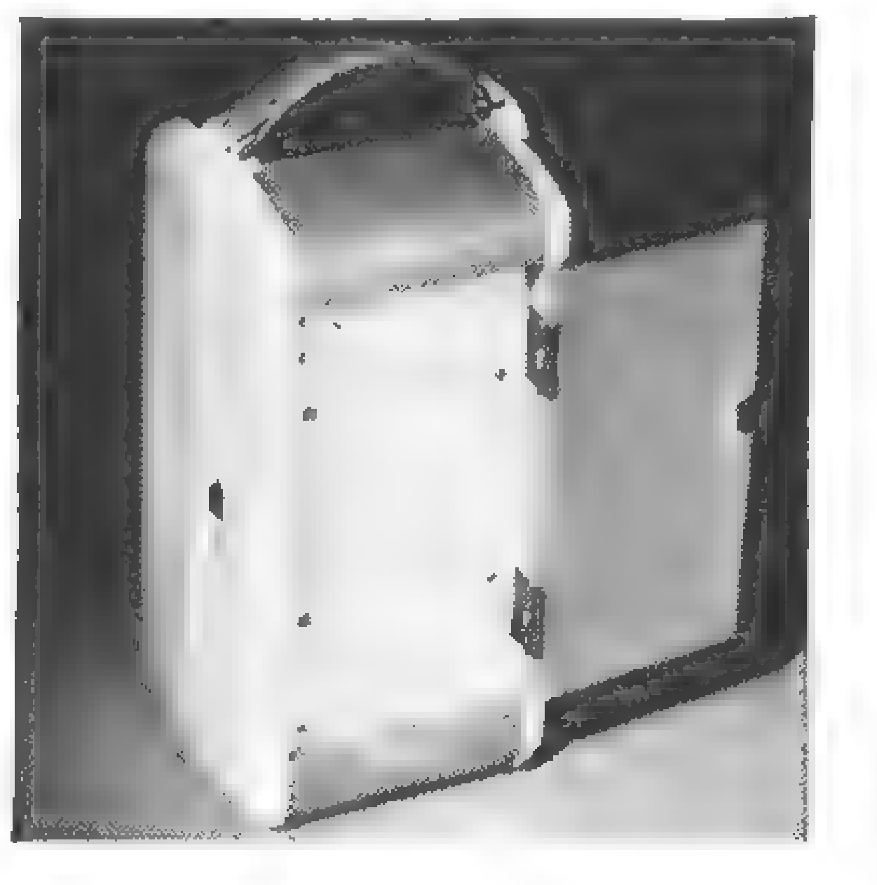
**ROYAL FLUSH IN CARD TABLES** . . . is this versatile combination—and a grand gift for a card-player. It leads a double life; first as a sturdy bridge table, green-baize-topped and walnut-finished; then, with a minimum of legerdemain, as a poker table with no nonsense about it. The double-sectioned wings, also walnut-finished, hook into grooves at the sides, giving each player an ample cranny for his chips.



**AT HOME AND ABROAD.** In spite of his shiner, our plaster slugger can see well enough to applaud the saddle leather travel kit with razor and blades fitted into the cover. The kit, in natural color, is lined with hunting red, has ample room for all toilet accessories. For playing host at home, there's been an end put to unsightly ginger ale or soda bottles with this alumalite cover in soft gold or soft silver.



**THE WELL-TEMPERED EXECUTIVE** . . . often acquires his equable disposition through such desk equipment as this newest of desk blotters, with sides cut slightly on the bias for eye-interest, clock and pen helpfully built into the ostrich-skin trim at either side. The sides lift up, perform double duty as paperweights. Important papers deserve to be filed in the Florentine leather desk file, a handsome piece in red, dark or light brown. Indexed from A to Z.



**CARRY A TUNE . . .** to someone who likes music wherever he, or she, goes. A combination of plastic and simulated leather contributes to the attractive appearance of this midget radio, which can be carried about with the greatest of ease. The hinged lid opens and closes when "On" or "Off" are switched; it contains a built-in loop aerial. This youngster has a remarkably adult voice, but that's the way they do things nowadays.

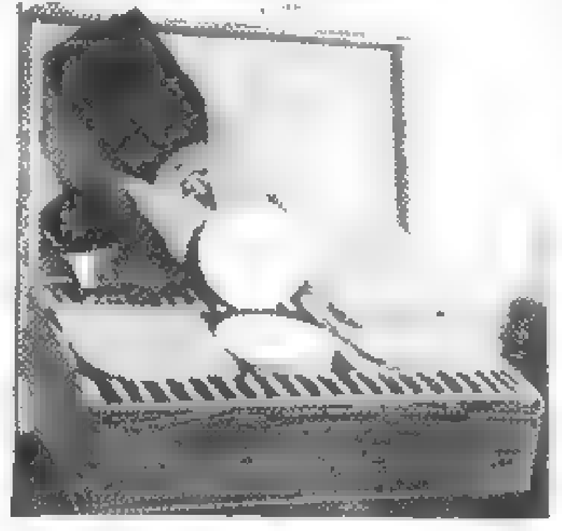
Ranger

*For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.*

PERSONALIZED GIFT CHESTS

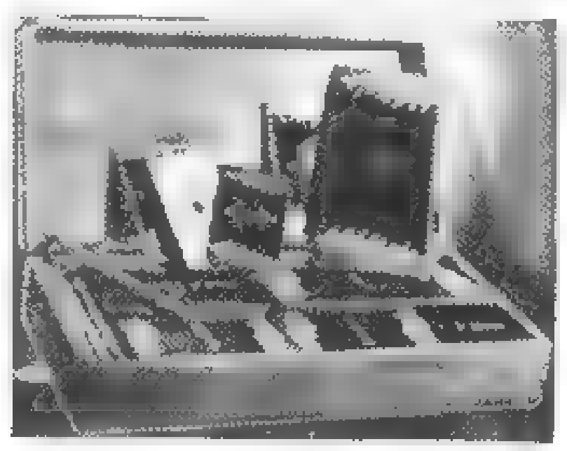
Sparklingly new are these Gift Chests for smart hospitality. Everything is monogrammed to your order in rich gold. The Chests themselves . . . . grand as jewel or handkerchief boxes later . . . are of matched hardwood, hand-rubbed and monogrammed with gold-finished metal letters. Here is the superbly *thoughtful* gift!

PARTY CHEST $5.95



Includes these personalized contents, which may be ordered separately at listed prices:

100 COCKTAIL NAPKINS $1.75
In coral, blue, yellow, emerald
50 COASTERS $1.00
Apple green, white, canary
100 BOOK MATCHES $2.00
Black, pearl, blue
BARTENDER'S BROCHURE $0.50
101 recipes, gaily presented
MONOGRAMMED CHEST $1.75
a $7.00 value for $5.95



BRIDGE CHEST $6.95

All these monogrammed contents included. (Also available separately).

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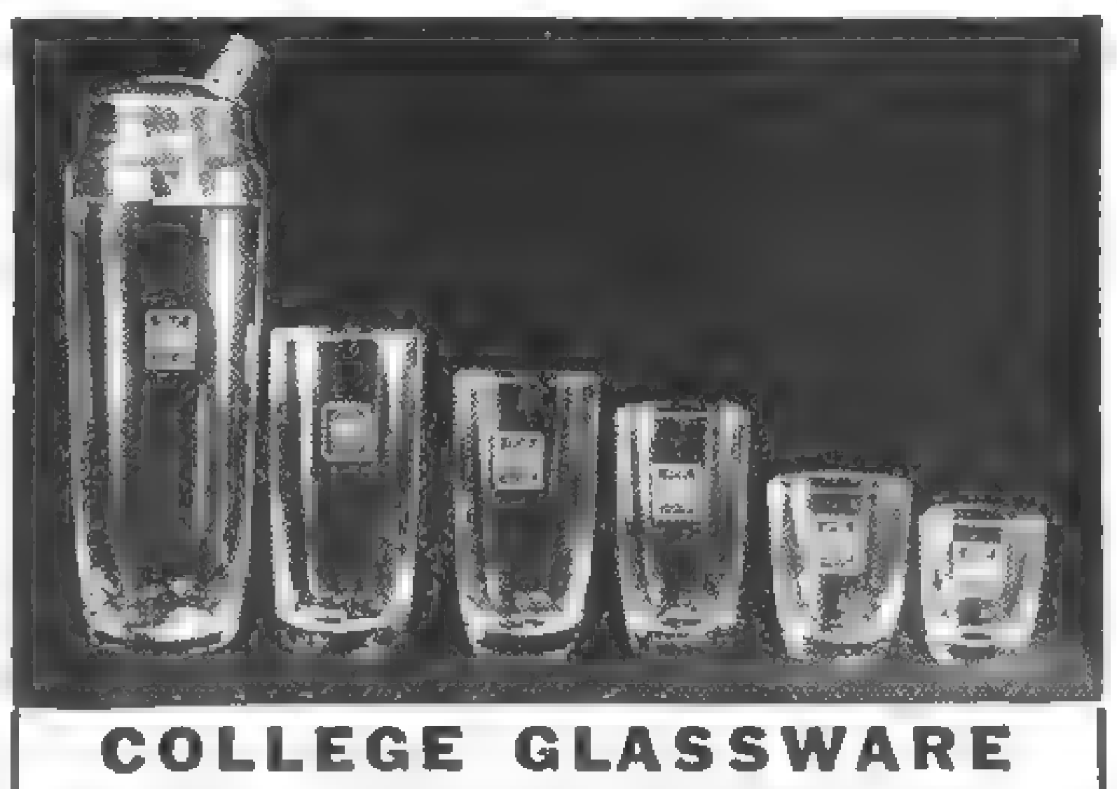

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**16 oz. Mint Julep-Tom Collins $4.50 dozen**
**12 oz. Highball or Ice Tea . . $3.35 dozen**
**9 oz. Scotch or Table Use . $2.95 dozen**
**7½ oz. Old Fashion . . . . . $2.95 dozen**
**3½ oz. Cocktail Glasses . . . $2.95 dozen**

Add 25c per doz. west of Miss. River. 8 each of above 5 sizes of glasses $10.55. Packed in sturdy gift carton with Christmas wrapping. Satisfaction guaranteed. Safe delivery assured. At your College Store or order direct from us. We pay express charges in U. S. A.

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SHE WOULD LIKE . . . This Train Case for cosmetic bottles and jars . . . and o'nities. $15.00 to $145.00

EITHER WOULD LIKE . . . A Tourobe —the "Wardrobe-trunk-in-miniature" . . . . . . . . $15.00 to $90.00

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Maybe we did splurge a bit—but we know you've always wished for some really good luggage . . . and because you've always been so thoughtful of us we wanted to be real proud of the way we said "Merry Christmas"

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FOR that grand person whose happiness you would assure . . . be it a HIM or a HER . . . choose a gift of fine luggage bearing the name HARTMANN. Here is the perfect solution to your gift problem . . . for there is nothing smarter, more enduring, more efficient in traveling equipment. Available in a wide selection of models and coverings—canvas Ducord, leather and rawhide—priced for almost every purse. At most good luggage retailers.

In circle above—2-Suit Knocabout, a soft-side wardrobe case, carries 2 suits wrinkle-free on hangers. Other apparel on opposite side. $23.50 to $225.00

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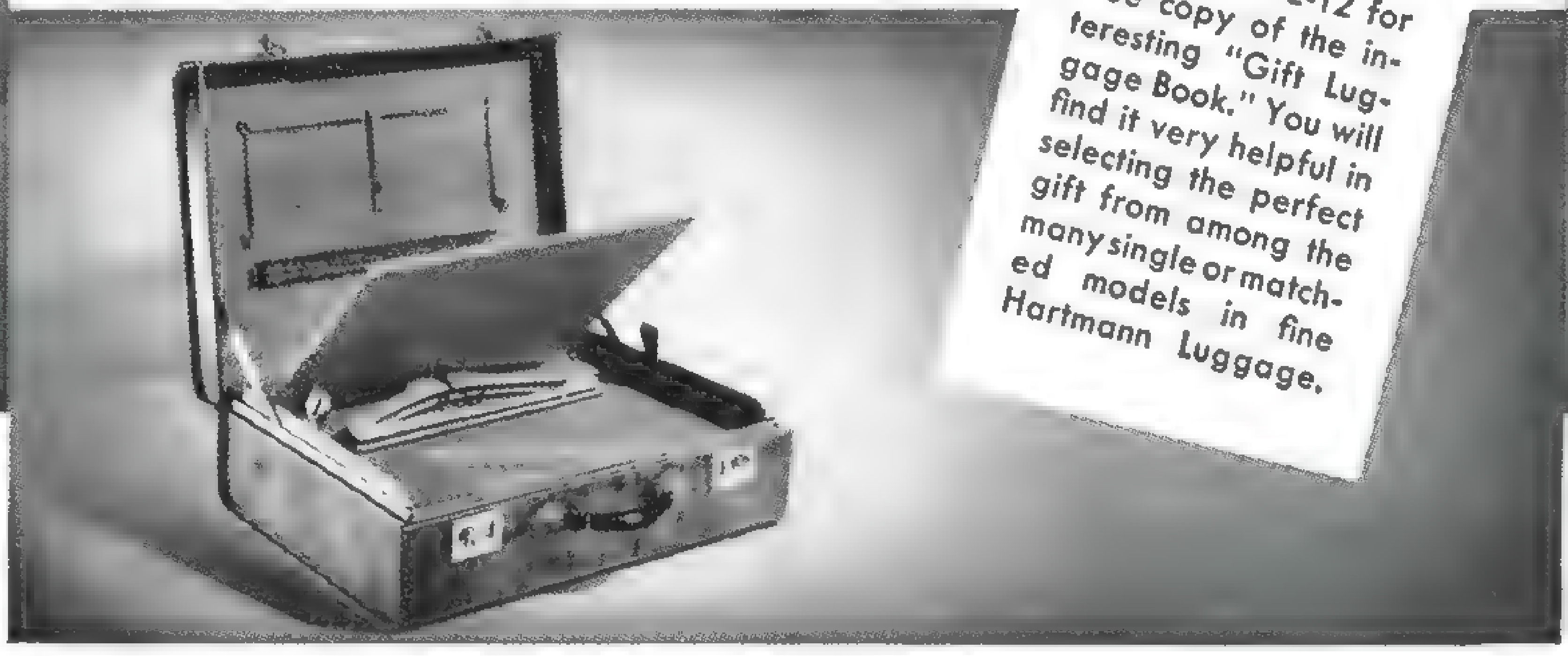

Write Dept. E-12 for free copy of the interesting "Gift Luggage Book." You will find it very helpful in selecting the perfect gift from among the many single or matched models in fine Hartmann Luggage.

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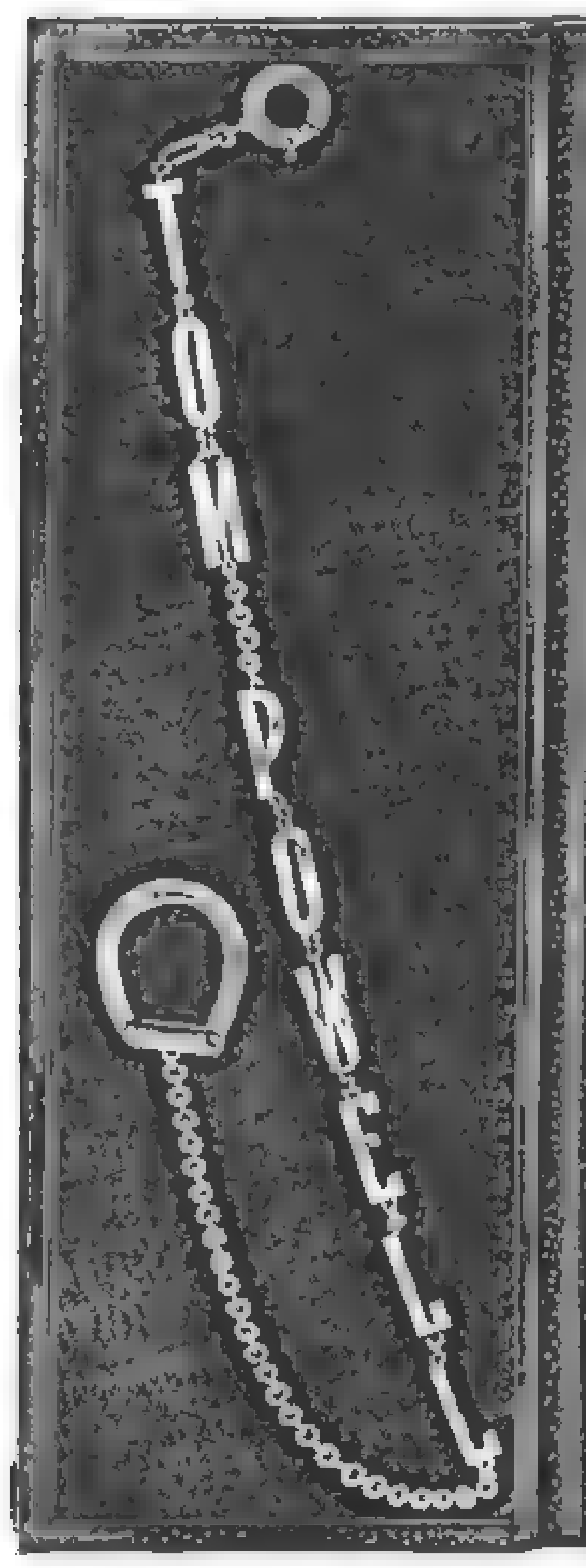

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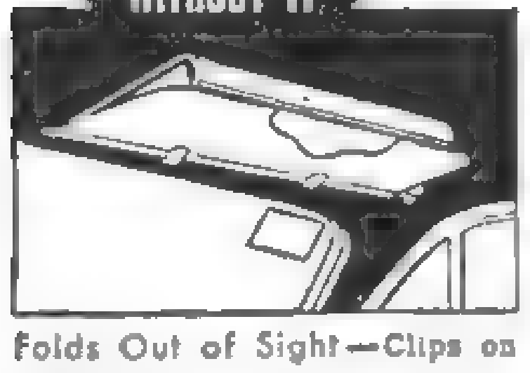
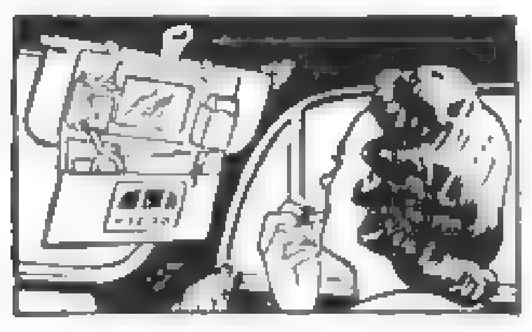

Folds Out of Sight—Clips on quickly. Folds away when not in use. Stays firmly in any position you want.

Use Two in Your Car—If you have twin visors, equip one for him and one for her—Wonderful Xmas gift.
It Snaps Easily, Quickly Over Any Sun Visor
The things you need while motoring can now be neatly kept in this sensational, new auto accessory. Equipped with Mirror, Comb and Nail File, you add cigarettes, driver's license, maps, cleansing tissue, memo books, gloves, glasses, etc. . . . Always out of your way. *The Model illustrated will be sold to Esquire readers only.*
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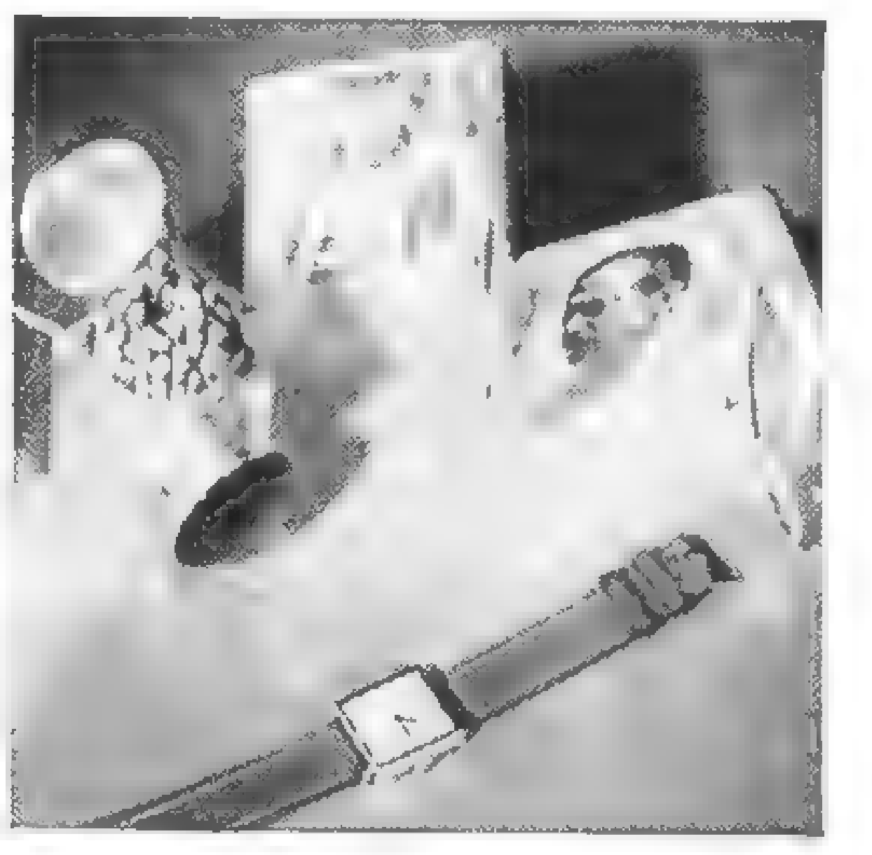
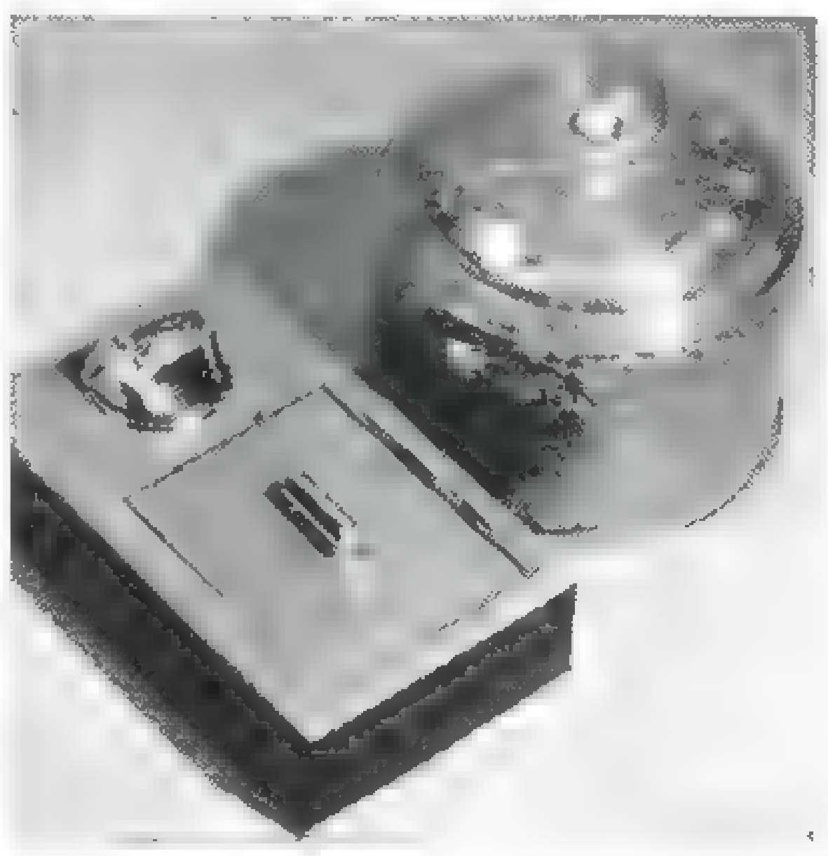
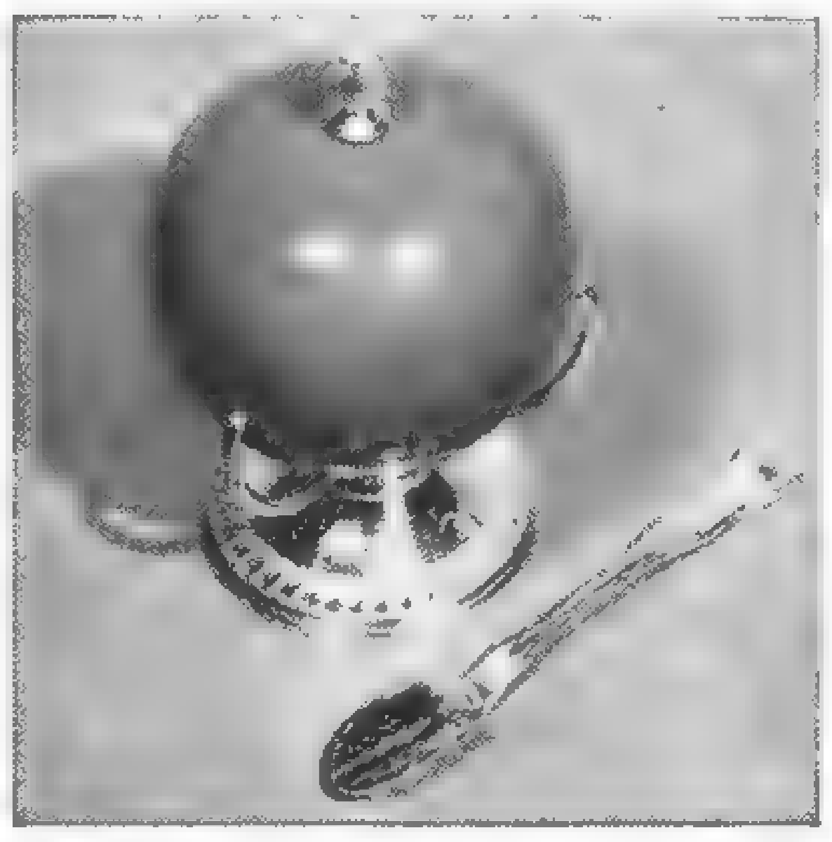
Send me (1) (2) Auto Visor Kits $2.00 each postpaid
Name____
Address____
*Specify Color, London Tan ☐ or Taupe Grey ☐*



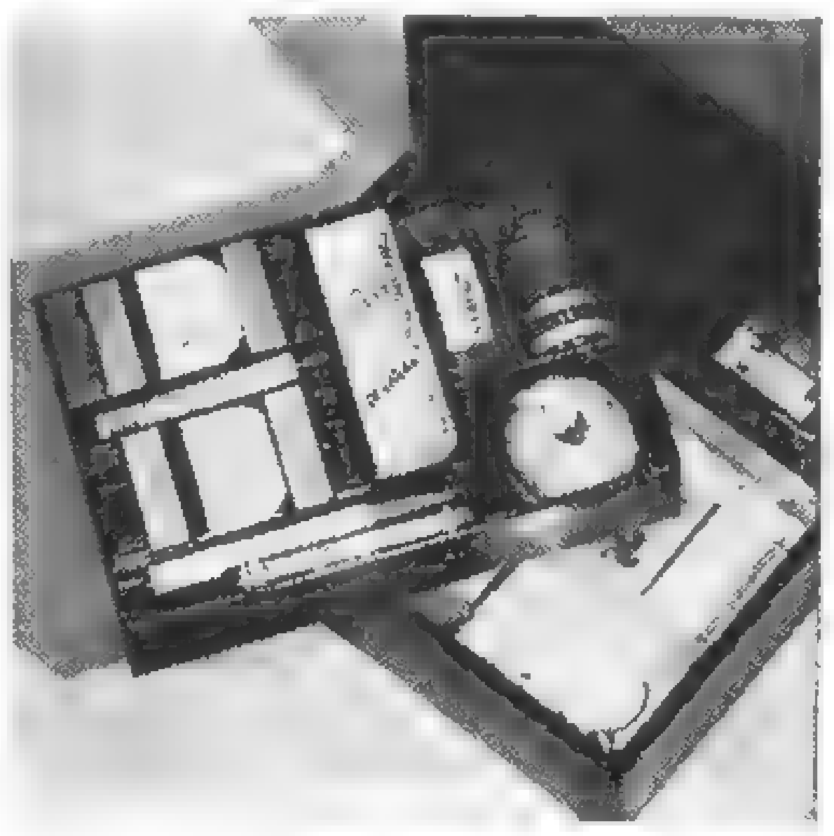
**FOR SMOKERS, SWIMMERS, SENTIMENT.** Underneath the lid of the undersized carriage lamp is room for kitchen matches or cigarettes—can be used as an ashtray, too. New in the realm of snapshot sentiment is the four-paneled folding picture frame in sterling silver. Absent-minded swimmers might be presented with the 17 jewel waterproof watch made of stainless steel; it's as dunk-proof as it's reliable.



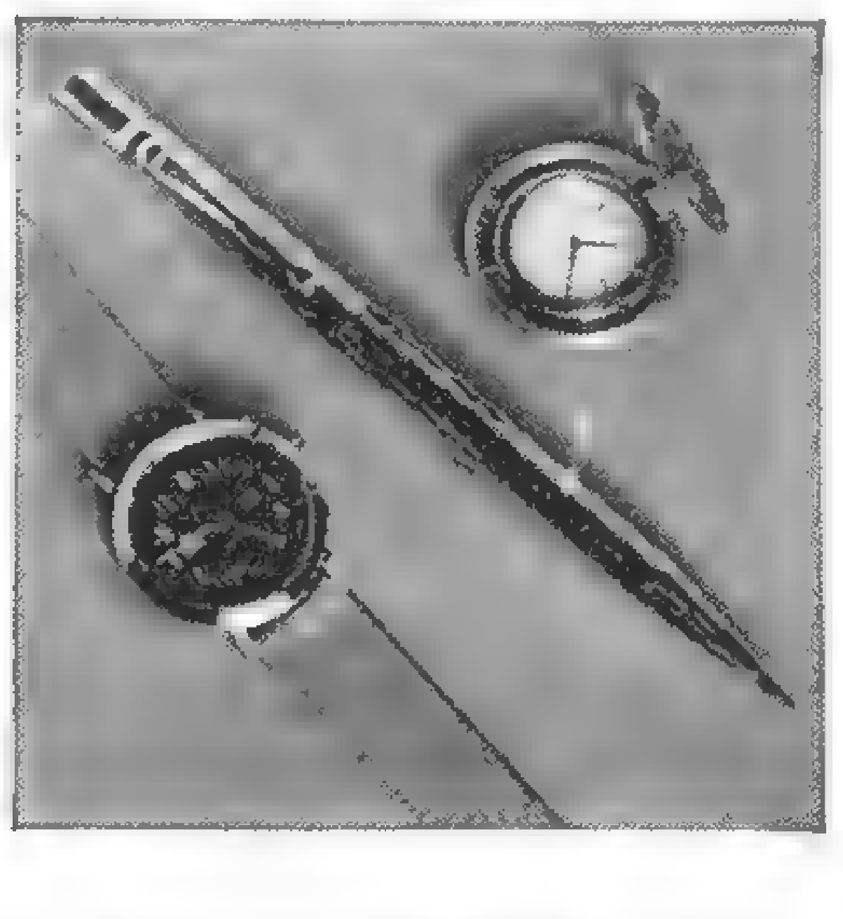
**NOT FOR SWEARER-OFFERS.** Don't give the red leather smoking set to anyone who's planning to stop smoking with the New Year. It's not meant to be hidden, with its black enamel border and brush gold trim. The lighter has a clipper top to hide unsightly mechanism; the cigarette compartment is roomy. Serious pipe smokers will like the tobacco-filled plastic humidor. A little water in the top will keep tobacco moist and flavorsome.



**GOURMET'S GIFT.** Those erudite people who know their fine food and good living usually frighten Christmas well-wishers—but not if a connoisseur's taste in cheeses is catered to with this cheese holder and its matching scoop. Made of fine silver plate, the holder has adjustable prongs to hold an Edam or pineapple cheese in place, a knob to decorate its crest. The scoop is strongly constructed.



**FRANKLY PRACTICAL.** This is the kind of gift that should be wrapped up first of all, or you'll be using it yourself for your other packages. Stored away in its two levels are, to name just a few of them, mailing labels, mending tape, gummed reinforcements, key tags, glue—and all those small and usually elusive stationery items, concentrated at last in their own walnut-finished box. Good for students, householders.



**RIGHT TIME, WRITE COLOR.** The facility of this handsome pencil—new in yellow rolled gold plate—to scribble in four separate colors, makes it a good choice for businessmen and students. Something new for travelers; a watch that, snapped shut, is a St. Christopher medal—14K gold or sterling silver. The strap watch, like the Mad Hatter's, tells you the date in weeks and months and is waterproof, as well as performing the more usual functions of a fine timepiece.

Ranger

*For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.*

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A "TISH-U-KNIT" Designed by LÉON
SHE will adore this figure-flattering Zephyr Cardigan for skating and dating! The cascading fluff-puff stitch, colorful yoke and hand-painted metallic buttons combine to produce a dashing effect! . . . "Tish-U-Knit" Sweaters are obtainable at all smart Shops at $2 to $6 . . . Write for Style Booklet "E."
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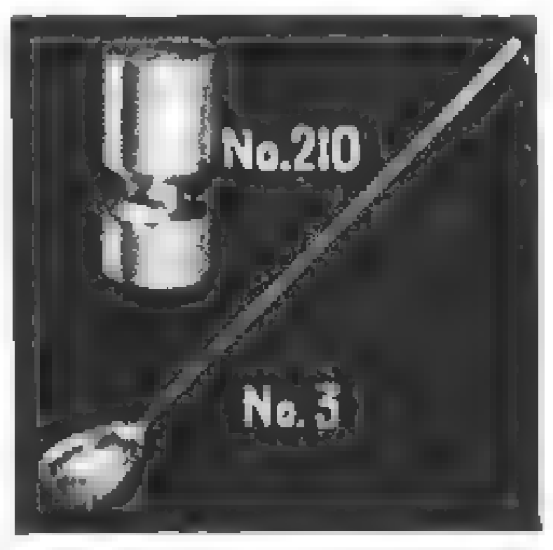

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Again, as in many past seasons, Ronrico Rum will compliment the good taste of host and hostess. Distilled and bottled in Puerto Rico, we believe Ronrico to be the choicest of all rums regardless of price or origin. To help you plan a memorable open house in the American tradition, we offer a collection of superb holiday recipes of drinks and flavorful dishes. Write for your copy or ask for one at your favorite store.

**RONRICO DATE AND NUT PUDDING**
*(for 6 people)*

3 eggs ¾ cups sugar
1 cup bread crumbs
1 cup chopped dates (seeded)
1 cup nut meats (pieces) walnuts or pecans
1 wineglass RONRICO RUM

Mix egg yolks with sugar, bread crumbs, dates, and nut meats, adding pinch of salt. Stir in egg whites, beaten stiff, add Ronrico Rum. Bake in slow oven 25 minutes. Cut in squares; serve with whipped cream as cake, or cover with rum and ignite and serve as pudding with hard sauce or Ronrico sauce.

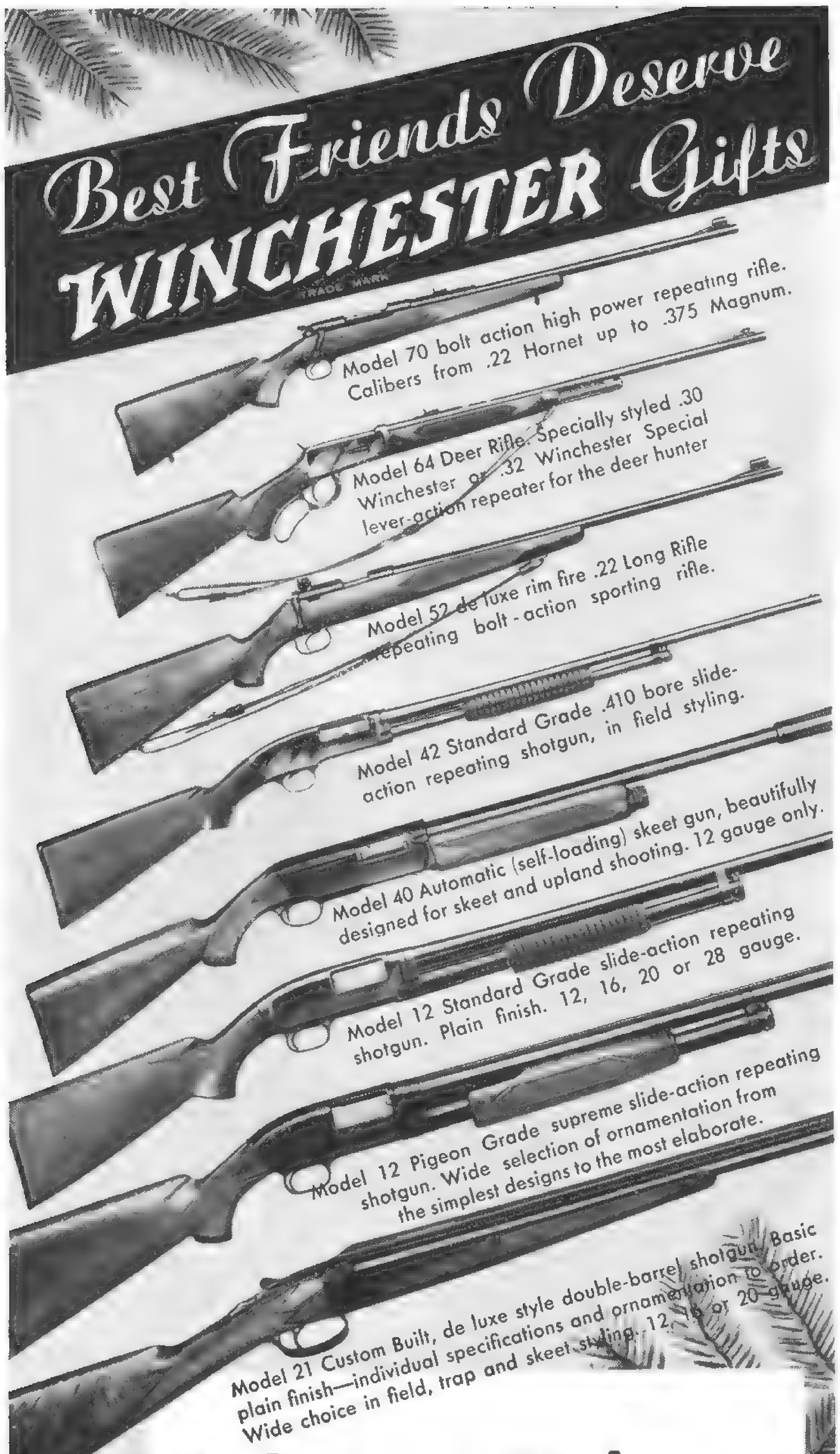
**RONRICO CHRISTMAS EGGNOG**
*(for 10 people)*

6 eggs
1½ cups bar sugar
1½ pints heavy cream
1 pint RONRICO RUM

Beat yolks and whites of eggs separately. Add 1 cup sugar to yolks, beat well. Add ½ cup sugar to the stiffly beaten whites. Mix whites and yolks together. Stir in cream, well whipped. Stir in Ronrico Rum thoroughly and place mixture in punch bowl. Place in ice box to chill. Serve in punch cups. Sprinkle with nutmeg.

*Remember*
**RONRICO**
*Best Rum Bar None*

Ronrico Corporation, Miami, Fla. Gold & White labels 86 proof, Red label 90 proof, Special label 151 proof. Distilled and bottled by Puerto Rico Dist. Co., Arecibo, P. R. U. S. Rep. Import Div. McKesson & Robbins, Inc., N. Y.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Model 42 Standard Grade .410 bore slide-action repeating shotgun, in field styling.
Model 40 Automatic (self-loading) skeet gun, beautifully designed for skeet and upland shooting. 12 gauge only.
Model 12 Standard Grade slide-action repeating shotgun. Plain finish. 12, 16, 20 or 28 gauge.
Model 12 Pigeon Grade supreme slide-action repeating shotgun. Wide selection of ornamentation from the simplest designs to the most elaborate.
Model 21 Custom Built, de luxe style double-barrel shotgun. Basic plain finish—individual specifications and ornamentation to order. Wide choice in field, trap and skeet styling. 12, 16 or 20 gauge.

Make It a Winchester

FOR the shooting man—or woman—or outdoors-loving boy or girl—a supreme Christmas gift is a fine Winchester shotgun or rifle. Shown above are a few suggestions from the great Winchester line. Arms of exquisite finish and ornamentation to meet the most exacting requirements are furnished in several of these models. All have the prime essentials of beauty combined with safety, dependability and superb present-day shooting performance. Of that you are assured by the name Winchester.

In shotguns, besides those suggested, the Winchester line offers you many other equally attractive selections. Each specially adapted to shooters' individual preferences and shooting opportunities. Likewise, the price range provides for easily fitting the purchase to the budget.

In rifles, the selection is even more extensive. Everything from the finest big-game hunting rifle or big-bore long-range target rifle down to the beginner's modestly priced single shot. All the latest Winchester-developed modern high-power and medium-power high-velocity calibers . . . several providing year-'round outdoor sport. A dozen different up-to-the-minute .22 rim fire rifles, including every popular style.

See the Winchesters at your favorite sporting goods or hardware store. Full information will be gladly given, without obligation. For a 56-page catalog — FREE — please address Dept. 53.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY
Division of Western Cartridge Company
NEW HAVEN, CONN., U. S. A.

# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

## WHY IS A SUPPER CLUB

Those exclusive hours between midnight and a hangover have been taken over of late by a new nocturnal cult whose devotees meet in smoke-laden, oddly designed *boîtes du nuit,* where two-by-four tables hold parties of six and eight, where one's elbow is bound to do strange things to a neighbor's scotch and soda, where everyone is mighty uncomfortable. These strange folk have been labeled Supper Club Society, a bit of bourgeois and bohemian commingled into a new social stratum.

People you have never seen before, strange people who whistle and shout encore and bravo instead of applauding, who exoticize a simple drink by calling it an aperitif, who order in French and leave the waiter a quarter tip, are flooding the town, from the upholstered cellar of the Brevoort Supper Club on lower Fifth Avenue to Shivy's penthouse stand on East 57th Street.

The present supper club boom was started quietly enough four years ago by one Herbert Jacoby, who had been doing the same thing for many years in Paris, ever since he forsook politics, or vice versa. Secretary to Leon Blum, he was constrained to find a new profession when the Blum government went into coventry. The nearest thing to his Ruban Bleu, which he opened in 1936, were various bars like Tony's and the Elysee's Monkey Bar, where the proprietor threw in an entertainer or two to give the customers a chance to catch up on their drinking. Jacoby changed that order by transferring the Gallic version of his Boeuf Sur Le Toit to a small room above Theodore's Restaurant. Emphasis was placed on sophisticated *diseuses, chanteuses,* and *euse* in general.

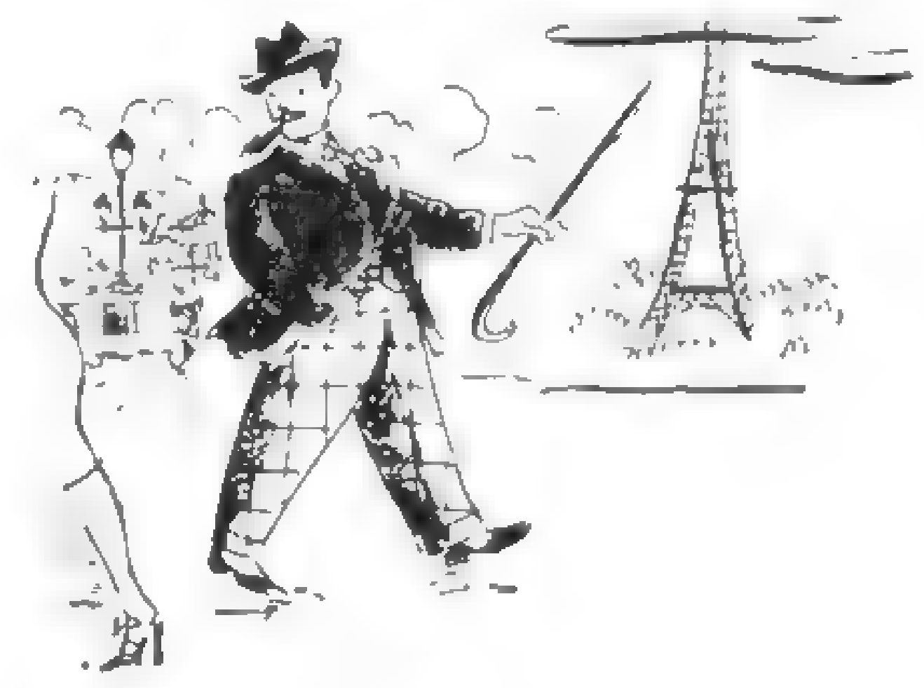
Spurred on by the success of last season's Algonquin Supper Club and the potential cash value of the many European refugees, eager to recapture the continental atmosphere they left behind, every unused storeroom, telephone booth, or corridor, is being minutely examined for its supper club potentialities.

The present movement must not, if the subject be scientifically examined, be confused with its distant cousin that sprang up not so many years ago on 52nd Street, where jive addicts sat by the hour listening to Louis Prima at the old Famous Door or Maxine Sullivan at the Onyx Club. This is purely an intellectual by-product of our sophisticated brethren. There is no dancing, no orchestra. One or two pianos accompany the artists. The entertainment is intermittent and usually of a high standard. In between, the patrons are allowed to indulge in loud talk, badinage, curious table antics, and alcohol.

Actually, all of this began in Paris in 1890, when some unremembered entrepreneur hired a loft near the Rue Rivoli and christened it Le Chat Noir. Here, to the accompaniment of a flourishing business in spirits, the Mauve Decade rode high. For entertainment, Le Chat Noir offered a unique form of community singing, or chansoniers, which were an earlier French version of the calypso. The audience composed songs line by line while a songleader spurred them on. The clientele enjoyed their own compositions, usually based on some quietly bawdy theme, so much that the impresario was presently able to afford a stage and several entertainers to go with it—but no orchestra.

This was the Paris of Toulouse-Lautrec, whose hundreds of oils illustrate profusely the habitues of Le Chat Noir. Oddly enough, they wear pretty much the same expression of "Whoops, am *I* enjoying myself?" prevalent in the supper club socialite today. These curious bistros were in vogue several years, eventually becoming passé when confronted by the pre-war, world-wide dancing craze.

In 1923, however, a Frenchman named Fyscher, one of Paris' best-known songwriters, picked up whatever short change he had and landed in America with blueprints for this country's first bona fide supper club. In that Charleston and Black Bottom era, he had the effrontery and shrewdness to open a "no dancing" club. So successful was this club that Fyscher decided to perform a similar feat in Paris. When he left, his Chez Fyscher in New York capsized and no one bothered to open a similar establishment.



But Parisian avarice heard of the money that could be made in such strange rooms and present-

*Continued on page NY-4*

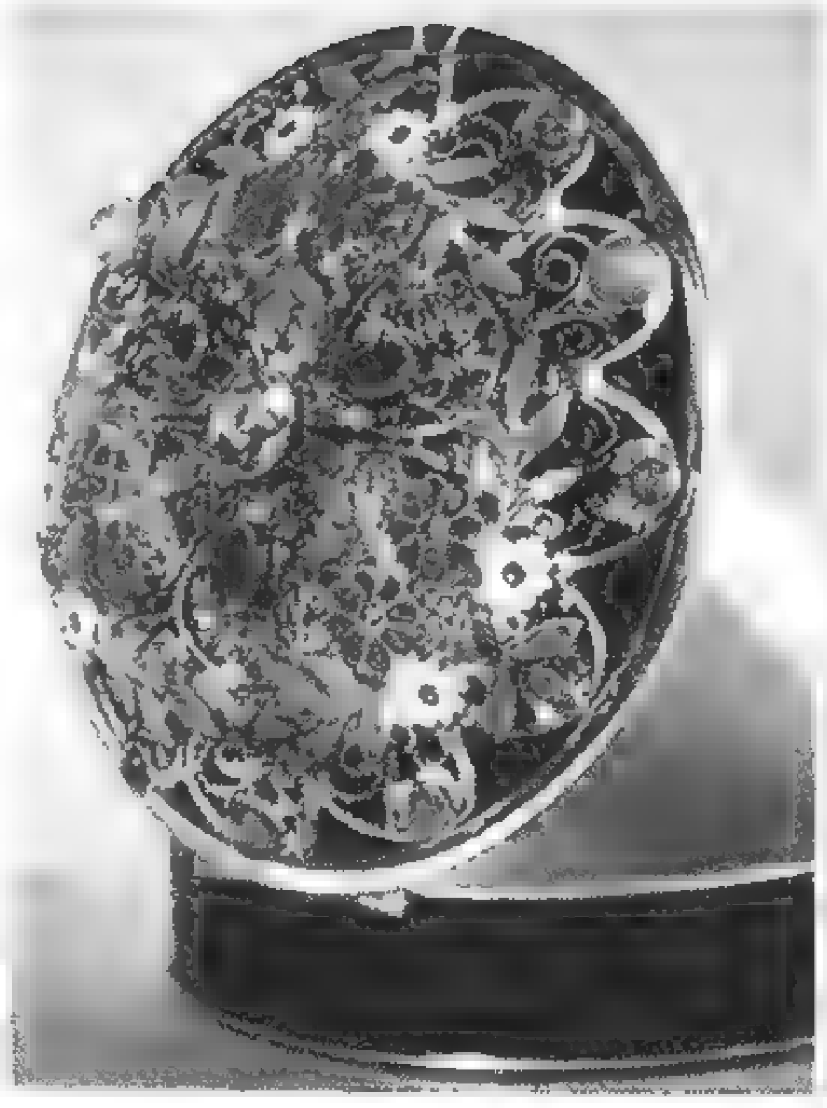
1 Evening bag of tucked navy satin, $18.75 Shown on bag, sea-blue glitter clip, $10

2 Rich and radiant vanity in enamel and gilt, flowering with fake jewels, $8

3 To pin against her furs—this fashion flower of faceted glass and gilt, $7.50

4 Tigress, sultry perfume by Fabergé. 1 oz., $10. Cologne, 8 oz., $5. Sachet, $2.50

5 Necklace of fake pearls, $20; bracelet, $15. Gilt shell earrings, $10. (Clips, $6 each)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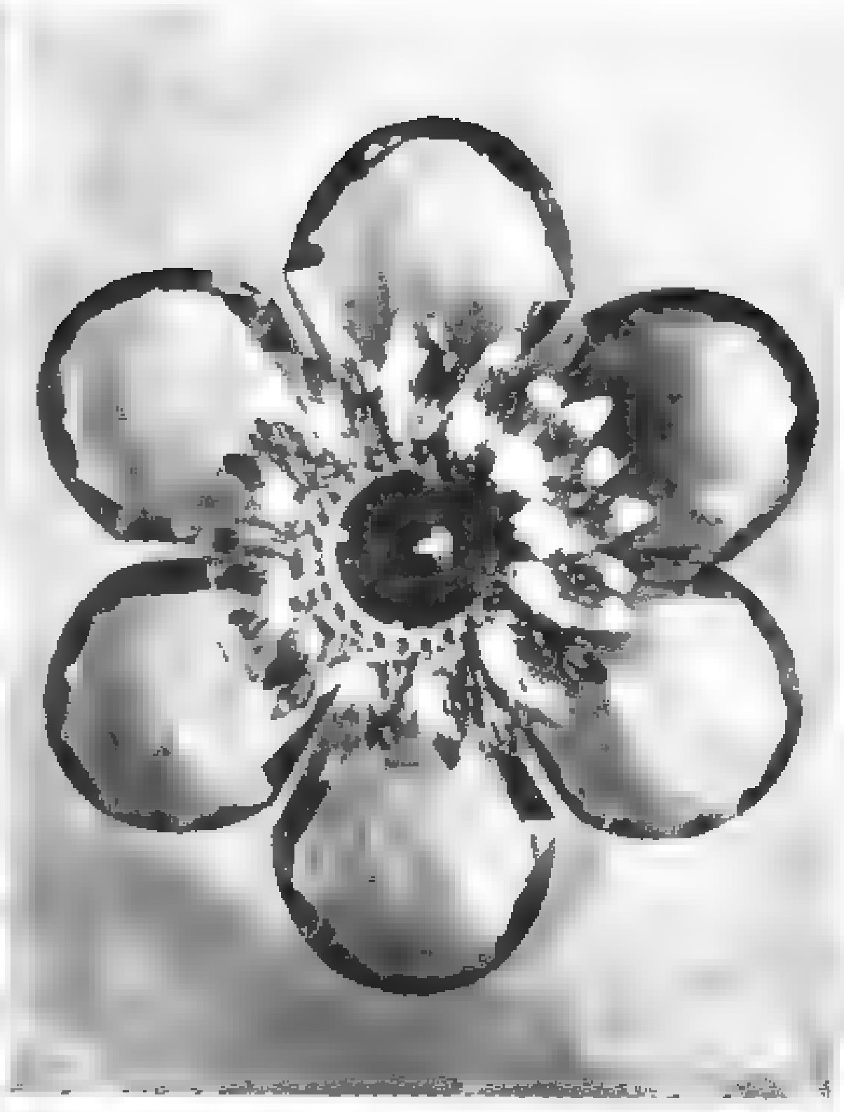
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TIGRESS
FABERGÉ
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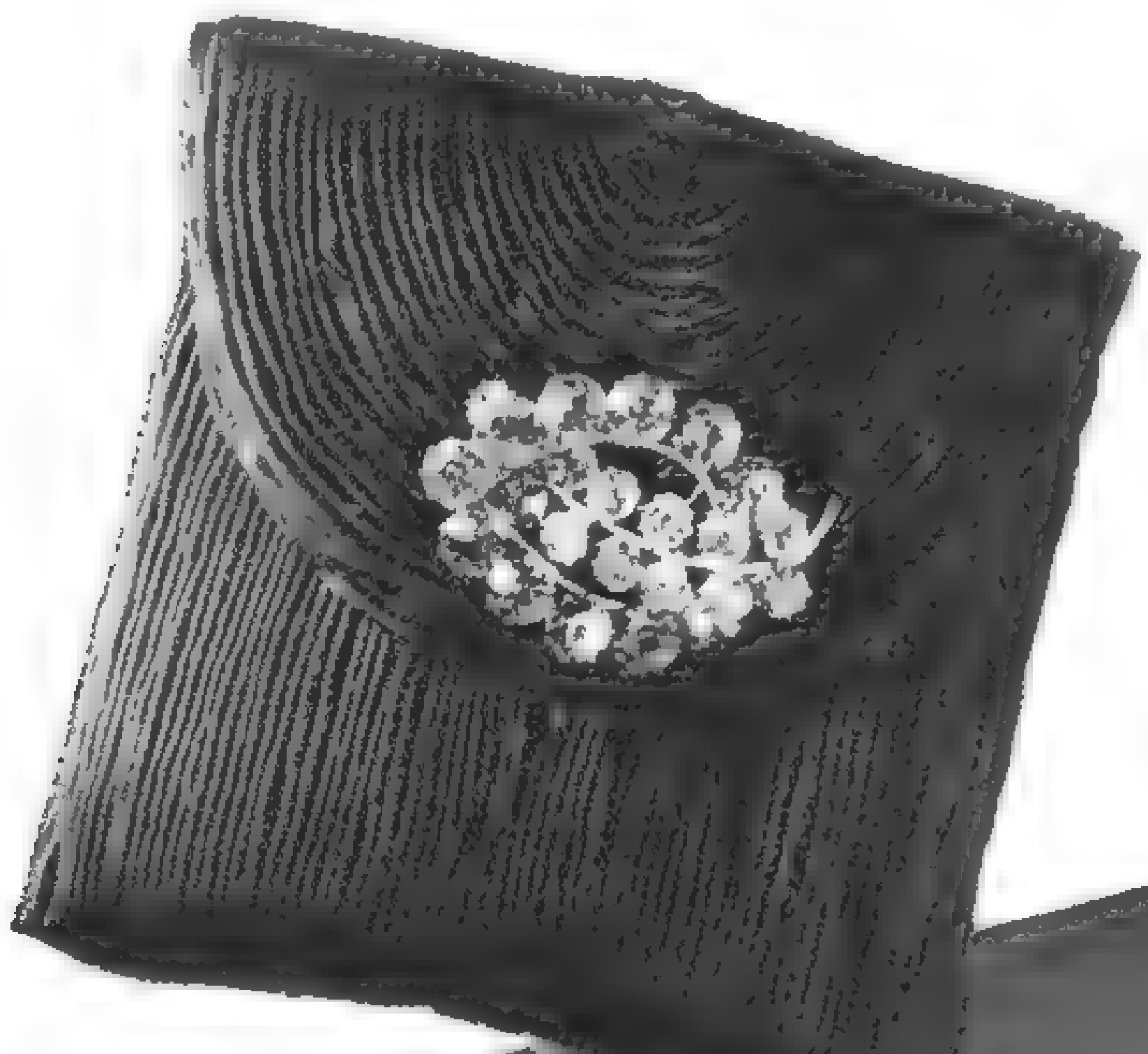
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ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK

BERGDORF GOODMAN

5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

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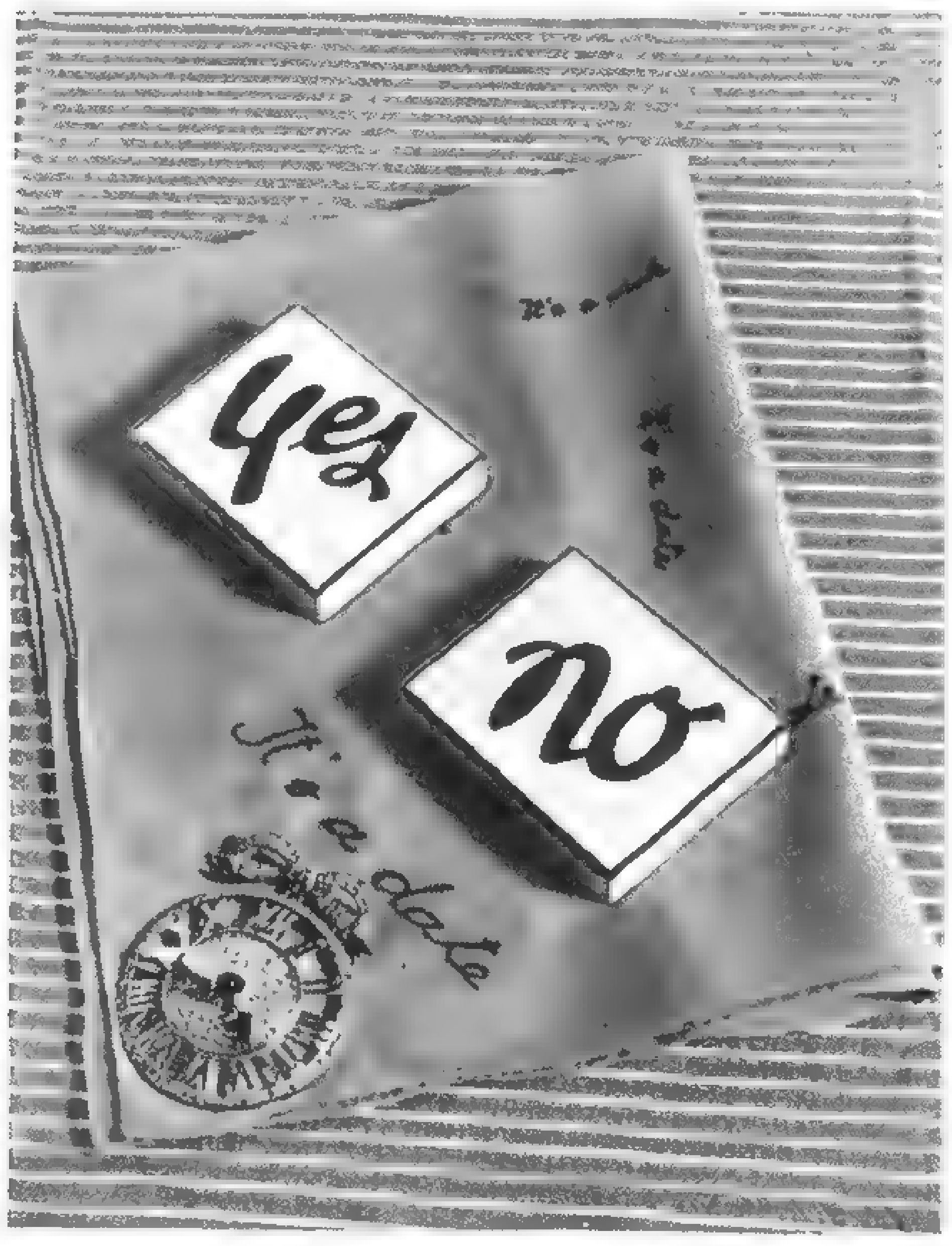


6 Pink-orchid sheer nightgown with black lace. Or in white, pale blue, black. $14.75

7 Set a watch on her ring-finger—10k rolled gold plate, 7 jewels, $23.50

8 Give her time—link-bracelet watch, 10k rolled gold plate, 7 jewels, $22

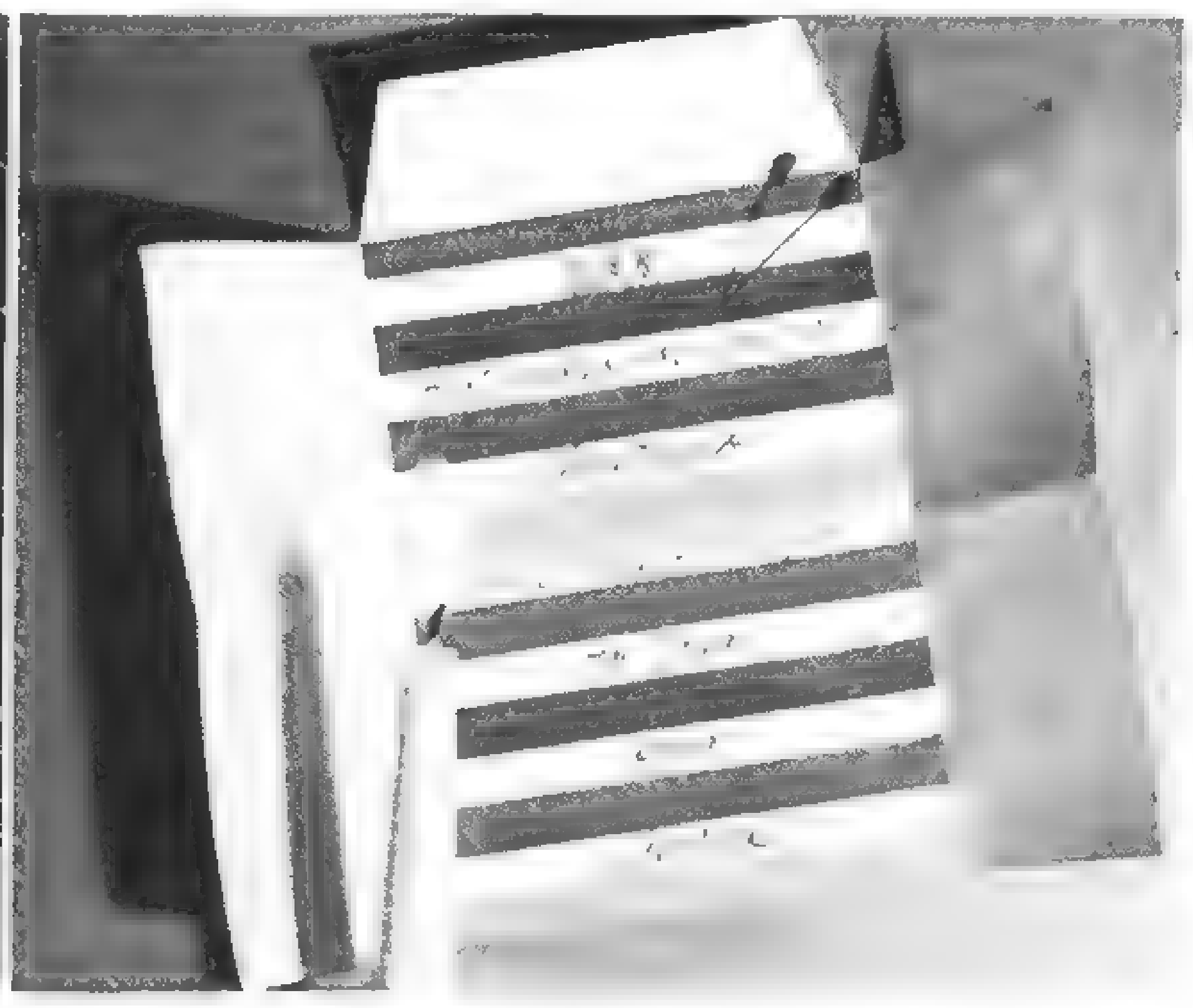
9 Vari-color striped notepaper, folds to make envelope. 50 for $6. Engraving extra.

10 Yes-No vanity, $3.25. "Datekeeper" pin, $10. It's-a-date chiffon handkerchief, $3

7

8

9



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# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

Continued from page NY-2

ly a wave of airless, smoky clubs mushroomed all over Paris, their purpose being to attract the American Millionaire. Their siren call was the atmosphere of Paris, or approximately what the American believed the atmosphere of Paris should be. Paradoxically, they became more popular with the Parisian himself, who was enchanted with the new idea.

Herbert Jacoby happened into the picture with the demise of the Blum government by becoming the press agent for Le Boeuf Sur Le Toit, which was one of the better-known Parisian supper clubs (called such not because they are famed for suppertime food, but because they rarely open until ten P. M.). Upon becoming manager, he hit upon the psychological basis for the club's unpopularity with Americans—it was too continental. Americans, he found, are peculiar people. They like new things, when they are neither too new or too strange.

Finding innumerable American artists sitting about Paris' sidewalk cafés, at liberty and eager to work, Jacoby engaged several. He scrambled his American entertainers and "atmospheric" performers. By subtly reminding his American patrons of home, but emphasizing the fact that they were in gay Paris, Jacoby did very nicely. Among the Americans abroad who worked at Le Boeuf were Hildegarde, Jimmy Daniels, Johnny Payne, Spivy, Hope Emerson, Adelaide Hall, Larry Adler, and many another American artist who made the crossing back in the days before there were crises.

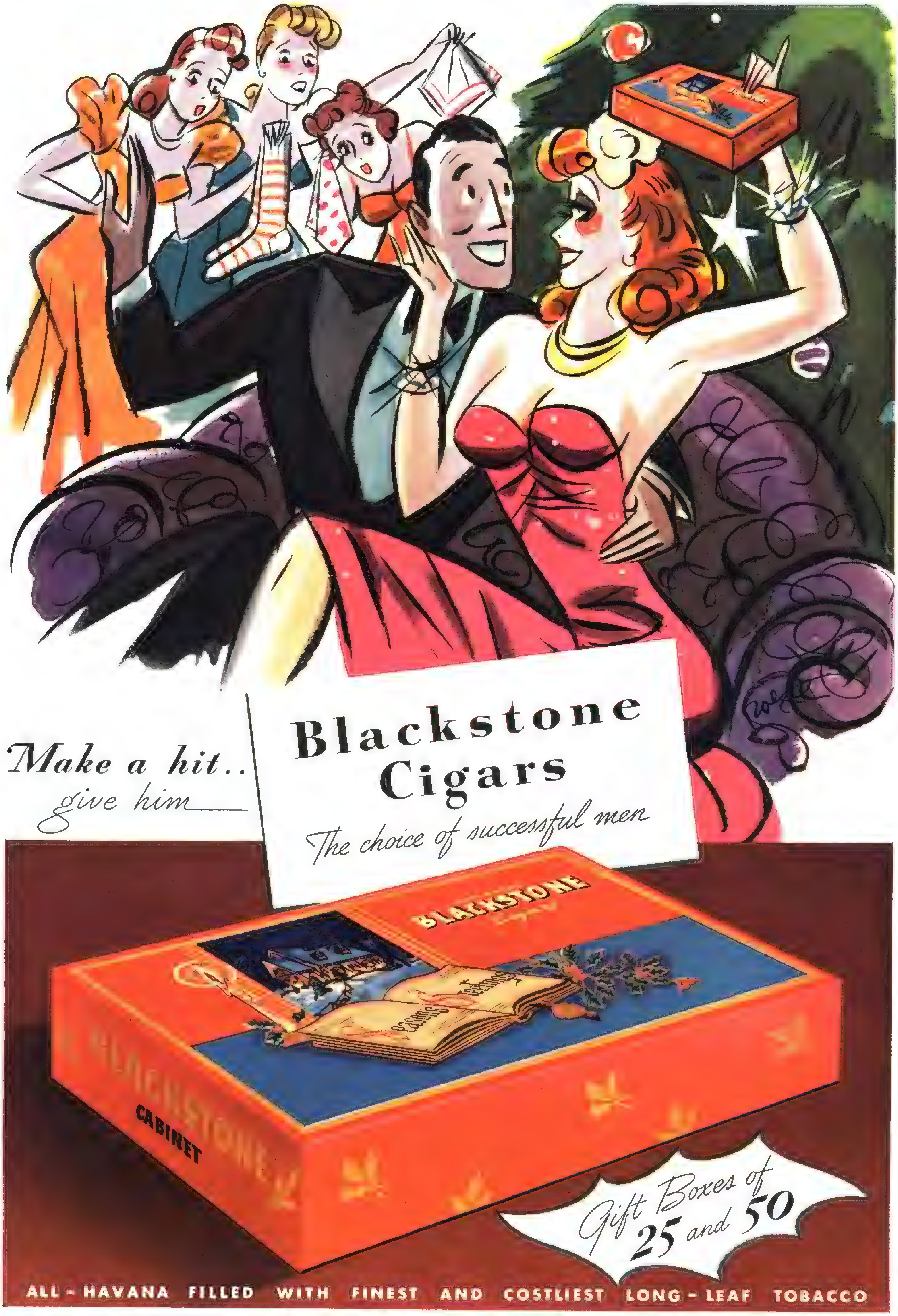
Some of them remained and opened their own clubs, the most notable example being a red-haired expatriate from Harlem, one Ada DeConge, known to the international set as "Bricktop." Mlle. DeConge is back in New York, operating Manhattan's newest supper club, known simply as "Bricktop's," inhabiting what was once the "Tropical Room" of the Coq Rouge.

The supper clubs themselves have their own differences. The Algonquin Supper Club in what is Frank Case's masculine and celebrity-conscious Oak Room at lunchtime, is presided over by Greta Keller, whose metier is sentiment, nostalgia, and *weltzschmerz.* Spivy's Roof is presided over by Spivy, long a connoisseur on what the boys in the back room will have, whose forte is songs which hang between the risque and the ridiculous. The Penthouse on Central Park South is chiefly noted for its magnificent view and bona fide fireplace.

The Brevoort Supper Club caters to the better class Greenwich Village bohemian and adventurous uptowners who come to hear attractive June Sillman's songs and the handsome twin piano team of Virginia Morley and Livingston Gearhart. Le Ruban Bleu, the town's pioneer, is still the birthplace of such unique talent as Caspar Reardon of the swing harp, of Paula Laurence who swathes her satirical jabs in sex and nonsense, and of Vera Sanoff of the soulful eyes and throbbing voice.

The customers are garnered from a widely divergent group. There are some who feel uncomfortable in the big, brassy Broadway barns and plush East Side boites. They like the informal, intimate, and parlor-like atmosphere of the supper clubs. There are those who are tired of the prosaic torch singer, ballroom team, and night club comic, and are looking for original entertainment. But perhaps the largest number of them all are members of that distrait group of wanderers, the nocturnals who have lost the ability to stay at home and like it.

Ranger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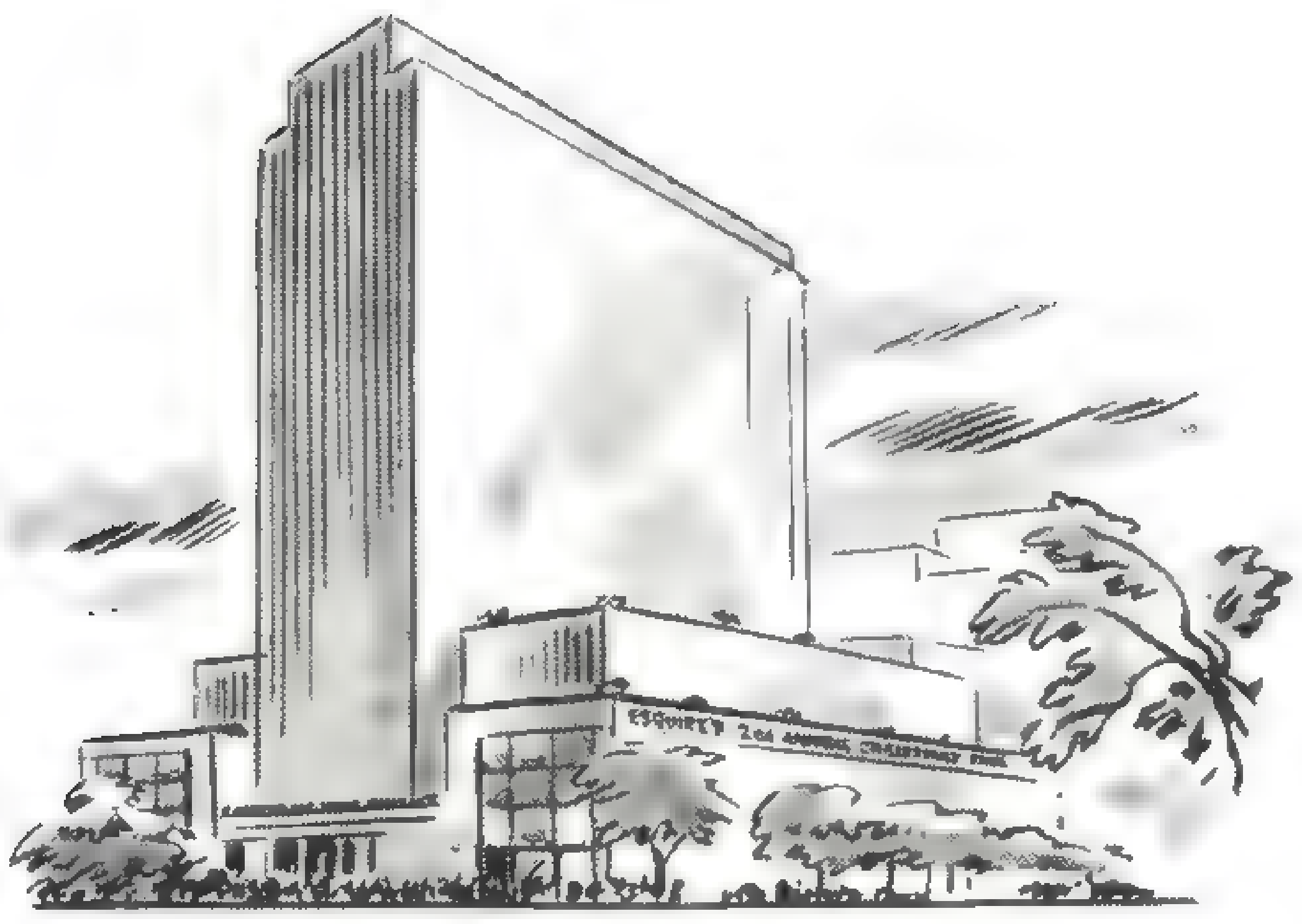
# *Preview*
# OF THIS WINTER'S VACATIONS-BY-AIR



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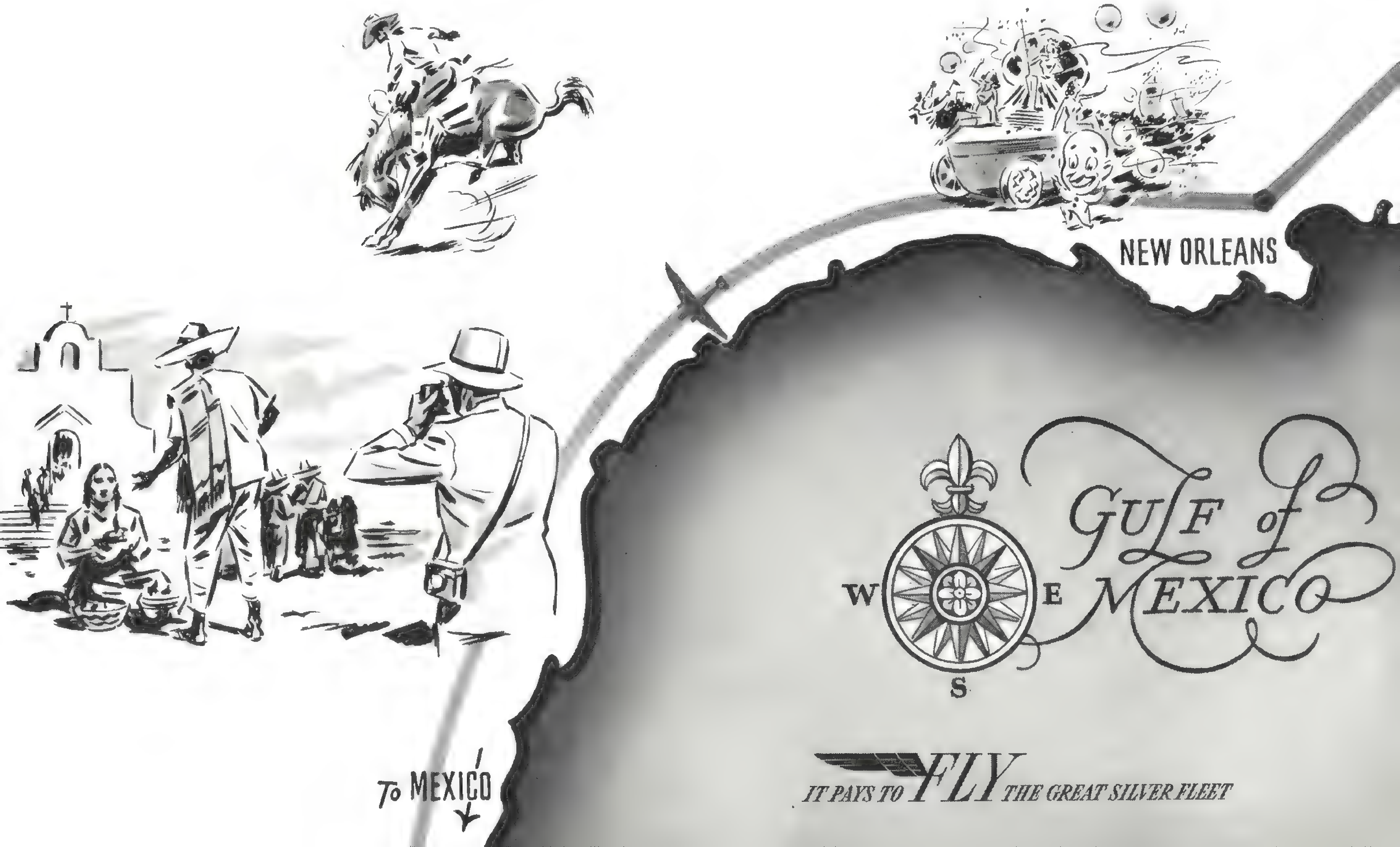

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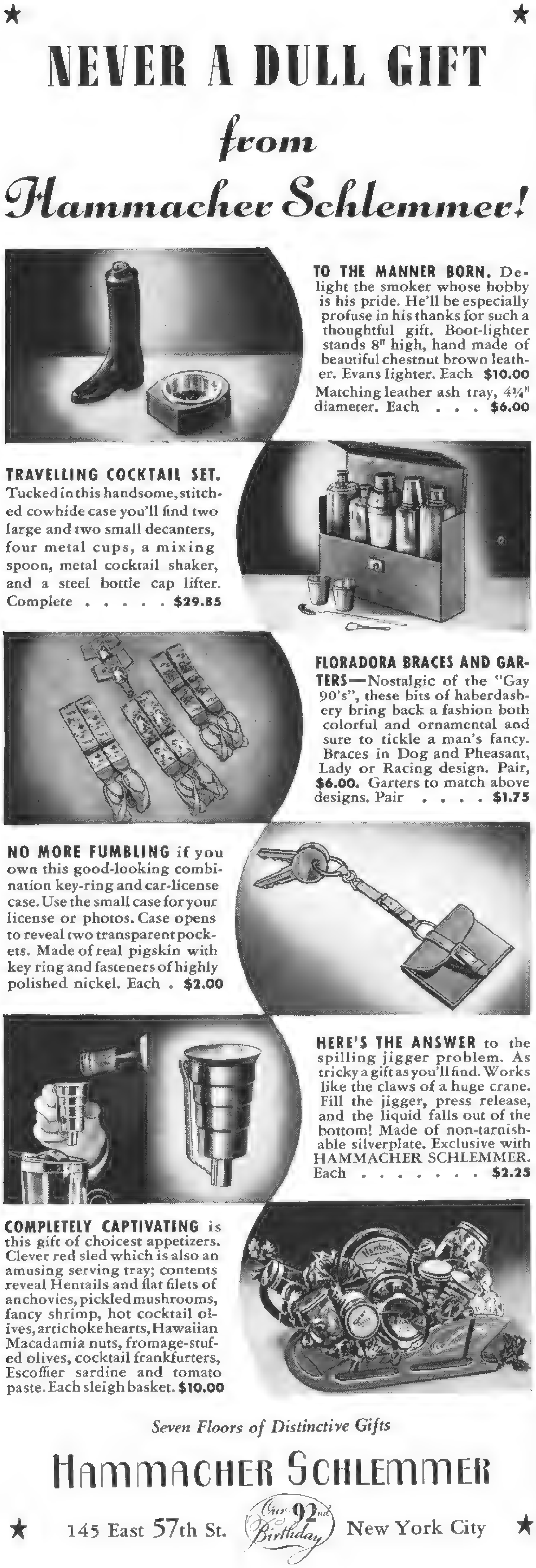

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# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

### PREVIEW ROUND-UP
### NORTH WEST MOUNTED POLICE

Cecil B. DeMille has been making motion pictures for so many years with a fine record of success, both box office and artistic, that to call his new release, "North West Mounted Police," the best of them all, is a hazardous undertaking. However, with one qualification, we'll stick by just that statement—it's the best DeMille this department has ever looked at.

"North West Mounted Police" has an overflow of male-loved qualities to recommend it to any masculine audience. Although it may go down in cinematic history as the one film in which Gary Cooper doesn't get the girl, other facets of the picture are responsible for this column's liking it. The color is excellent. The Mounted's red coats are unusually effective, color-wise, against the film's handsome backdrop, the Canadian Rockies. Its action is of the variety that male moviegoers would seem to prefer—direct, plausibly introduced, not completely one-sided in result. Performances, Mr. Cooper's notably, are above average. Madeleine Carroll, sufficiently pulchritudinous in black and white, gives good reason for the future use of technicolor. And the direction, to return to Mr. DeMille, is unusually careful for a large, scenic opus.

But Director DeMille has good reason to know his business. He started 'way back when. The man who made breeches and boots the sartorial symbol of the directorial station is not only the father of the spectacle in motion pictures, but was making his "super supers" when most of Hollywood's present leaders were in short pants watching Charlie Chaplin hurl pies.

DeMille was one of the first men to realize and cash in on the boxoffice appeal of attractive young womanhood. Give him, they once said, comely young lassies dallying pleasantly with sin, and he is ready to shoot. He invented the sunken bath—filled with milk on occasion—the pagan orgies, the satin-pillowed couch, all of which brought delightful, yet censorproof, sin to the picture world. He believes, notwithstanding the bathtub legend, that the two great elements of life and drama are passion and religion, and in utilizing the Bible as the basis of his most remunerative photoplays, aimed to present the contrast of good and evil so it could be understood, with, of course, profit.

Broadway doesn't always hearken to DeMille's cinematic lectures on the Bible, but he continues, after nearly thirty years, to make the type of pictures he likes.

CB, as he is known in Hollywood, was born in Ashfield Massachusetts, in 1881, while his parents were touring the country in one of his father's plays. The elder DeMille, Henry C., was author of "The Charity Ball," "The Wife," and "Lord Chumley," and partner of David Belasco for many years in the writing and producing of plays.

After running away from school and trying to enlist in the Spanish-American War, for which he was refused for being under age, he secured a job at the home of a New Jersey broker washing carriages and teaching the broker's children to ride. He saved enough money to become a pupil in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and made his stage debut as the young barrister in "Hearts Are Trumps," produced by Charles Frohman. For the next seven years he played juvenile parts all over the country and during that time formed a habit which rules one meal every time he comes to New York—he goes to Child's and orders baked beans, apple pie, and coffee. The reason? During his seven years' acting, Child's offered the combination as a thirty-cent dinner, which kept the youth going numerous times when work was slow and pay was small.

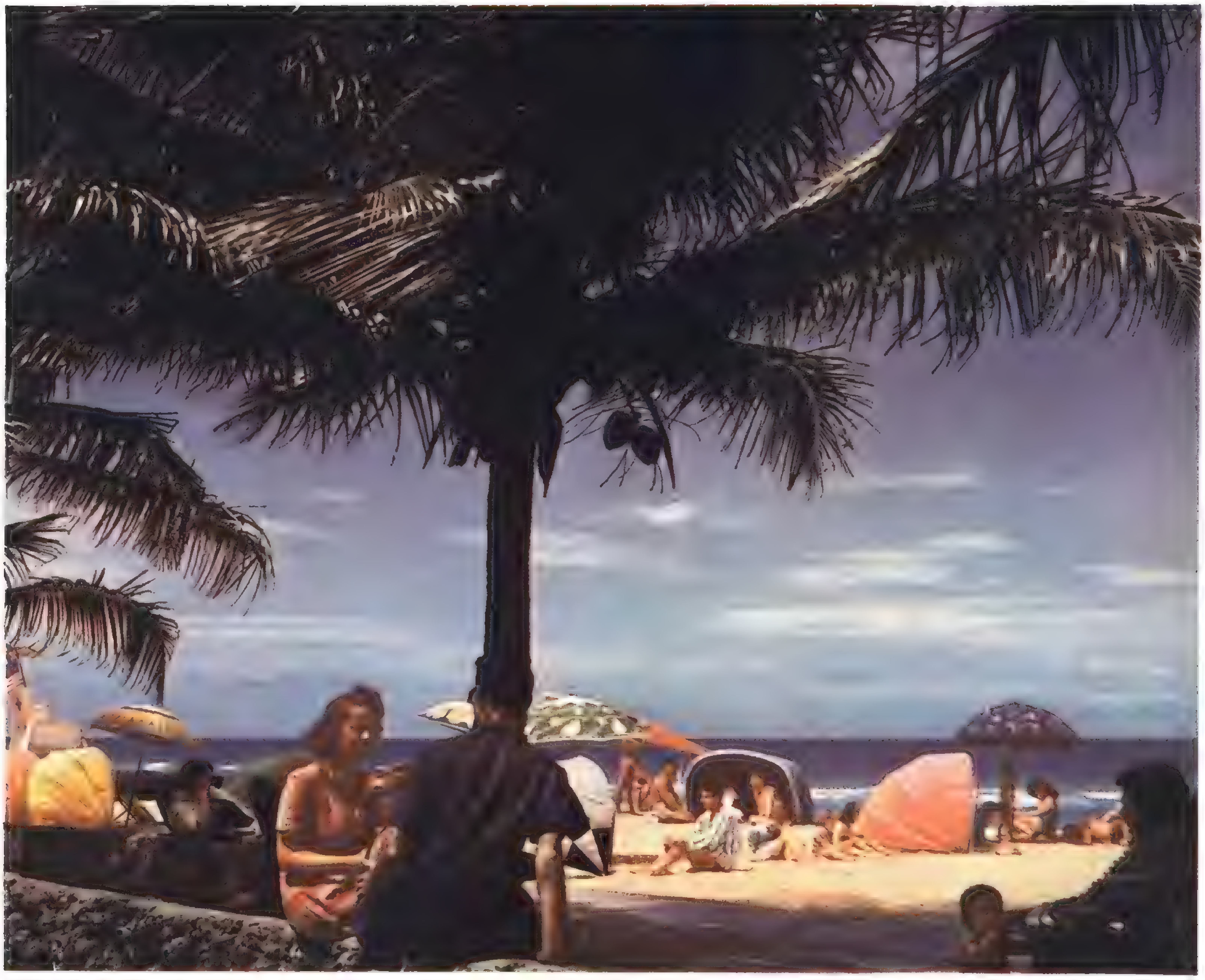
At the end of the seven years, DeMille turned to writing, but not entirely by his own choice. His acting career came to a sudden halt during a performance as Henry of Navarre while touring in Shakespearean routine. Loathing whiskers on his face, he quietly decided one night to dispense with the adornment worn by King Henry, and appeared on the stage without it. He was fired.

One day—it was midsummer, 1913—he lunched with Jesse Lasky at New York's Claridge Hotel.

*Continued on page NY-10*

CHRISTMAS IN THE TROPICS

" - - LIKE A DIFFERENT WORLD"



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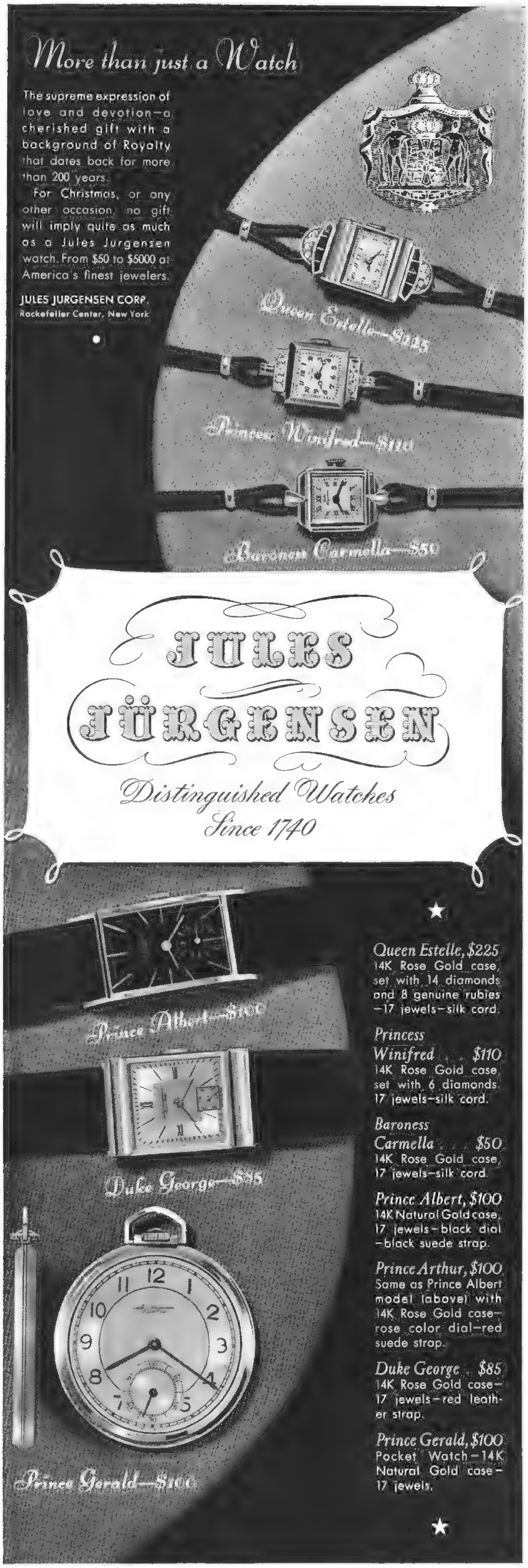

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*Duke George . $85* 14K Rose Gold case—17 jewels—red leather strap.

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# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

*Continued from page N Y-8*

Lasky had just lost his shirt trying to reproduce the Folies Bergère in New York. They were a sorry pair. After talking over their bad fortunes, the pair decided to risk what few dollars they could scrape together on the strange new form of entertainment known as motion pictures, flourishing in peculiar little theatres at a nickel a throw. During dessert, they were joined by a friend, Samuel Goldwyn, a glove merchant, who was depressed at the moment over the tariff on gloves. Goldwyn showed interest in the plan. On the back of a Claridge menu was formed the Jesse Lasky Feature Play Company.

The choice of Hollywood as a locality for their first attempt, "The Squaw Man," was an accident. DeMille picked the West, having traveled in that part of the country while on the stage. The troupe bought train tickets for Flagstaff, Arizona, but when they got off the train "on one of the coldest nights I have ever experienced," they piled right back on "with the decision to go to California—anywhere in California."

In those days Hollywood was an expanse of orange and lemon groves. DeMille rented half a barn in a lemon orchard for $25 per month. In the other half of the barn the owner kept a horse, a cow, and a battered car. Two years later the little company, with another independent producer, Adolph Zukor, was organized into the Famous Players Lasky Corporation—one of the most powerful enterprises devoted to the new type of entertainment—with Zukor as president, Lasky as vice president, and DeMille as director general. Among DeMille's early spectacles were "Carmen," "Joan, the Woman," "The Ten Commandments," "King of Kings," and "Sign of the Cross." Since those days he has continued, for the most part, making his photoplays on the lavish and grandiose scale he loves so well.

For DeMille, "North West Mounted Police" is Production No. 64, reaching the screen as he enters his twenty-eighth year as a producer-director of motion pictures. It is his first all-Technicolor production; most important of all, it is very good DeMille.

## THE SHEEP ARE STILL PERPLEXED

One wintry day in 1935, there arrived in New York a well-known Austrian sportsman, Count Felix Schaffgotsch, who knew only slightly less about skiing than Sinclair Lewis does about Main Streets. The Count hadn't been here long when he began to get restive for a spell of skiing. His friends gave him several assorted addresses, and off he went. Within ten days he was back, dissatisfied.

"Is that the best skiing America has to offer?" affably asked Schaffgotsch, a veteran of St. Moritz, St. Anton, and other world-famous winter sports resorts. No one present volunteered an answer.

But one of our citizens had been thinking about this same thing for some time—W. Averill Harriman, chairman of the board of the Union Pacific Railroad. An ardent skier himself, he was well aware that America was becoming inoculated with ski and winter sports fever. He was sure, too, that somewhere in the vast West there was a natural skiing ground that would be every bit as good as the famous European resorts, if not, he hoped, better. Finding it was, of course, a different matter.

A man of action, Mr. Harriman. He commissioned Count Schaffgotsch to go prospecting for the kind of place he had in mind. Count Schaffgotsch presently started west on his skier's Odyssey. He looked at some fifty sites before he stumbled on the one he knew was right.

Several weeks after Schaffgotsch set out, Harriman received a letter, postmarked Idaho, from the Count that today reads suspiciously like a travel bureau advertisement for the place.

"Here is an ideal situation in a small basin, surrounded by perfect mountains, hills, and slopes largely free from timber. The base of the valley is 6,000 feet above sea level. The heights are from 8,500 feet to 12,000 feet above sea level. It is far away from any large town.

"Brilliant sunshine with frequent snowfalls provide constant powder snow during a long season . . . Heavy snows arrive in December and remain into April.

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*Continued on page N Y-12*

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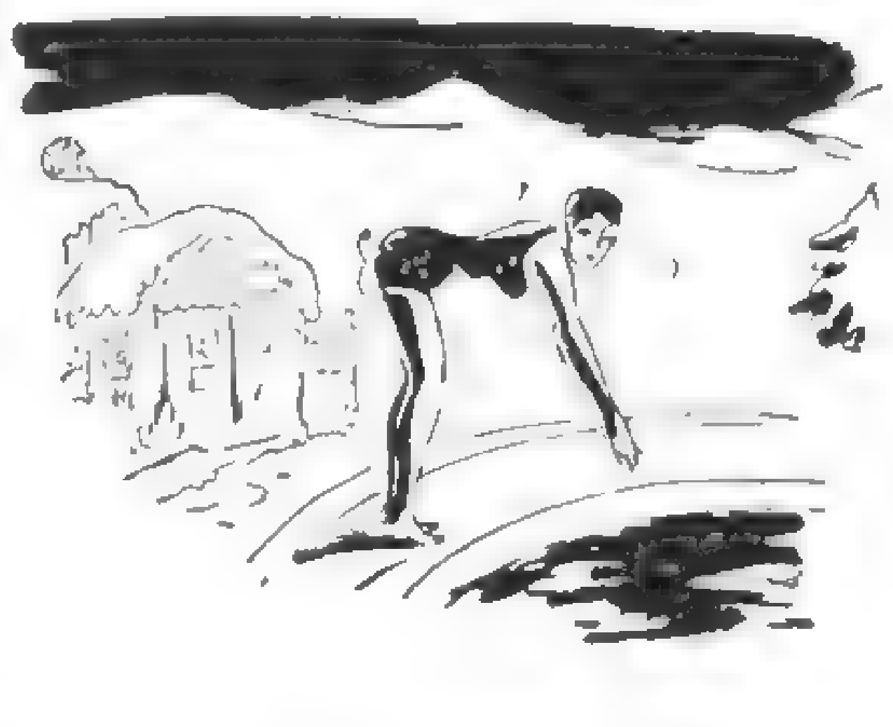
# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

*Continued from page N Y-10*

derful runs and excursions, long and short. The Sawtooth Mountain Range, running east and west, protects the valley from cold northern gales. Natural hot springs provide outdoor bathing the year round."

Harriman was quite properly excited over this beautiful discovery. He and Mrs. Harriman invited the William Paleys and the Raimond Von Hoffmannstahls on a tour of inspection of this potential snowy bonzana. Out they went to the latitude Schaffgotsch recommended. They stayed about a week and came back with suntans and much enthusiasm.



Harriman set the ball a-rolling. His railroad purchased the 3,300-acre tract, the property of rancher Ernie Brass. Plans were drawn up and construction of ski-lifts, toboggan slide, outdoor swimming pool and an Alpine hotel was begun. Sun Valley's career was launched.

Schaffgotsch had chosen a location in south central Idaho, between Pocatello and Boise. It was and is very close to Ketcham, Idaho, a typical mining community that struggled into existence more than a half century ago when gold fever was sweeping the country. In the '90s, when mineral prices dropped, the valley turned from mining to stock-raising to supplement its income. Cattle gradually gave way to sheep, and the railroad, which had extended a branch line from Shoshone to Ketchum, turned from shipment of ores and metal to toting perambulating mutton chops.

It is still great grazing country, but the element that makes Ketchum bustle today is, of course, ski fever.

Sun Valley sponsored a new departure in ski lifts. Instead of the old-fashioned line tow, a comfortable chair system was installed, the brain-child of railroad engineers and Charles N. Proctor, noted New England ski expert. The skier, without removing the slats, sits in the chair suspended from a moving cable, his legs on a padded rest, and goes to the top of any one of a number of skiing hills.

There's Proctor Mountain, rising 2,000 feet from the floor of Sun Valley, with a great variety of ski runs. The practice slope is Dollar Mountain, situated almost directly in front of Sun Valley Lodge. The slopes here are completely free and clear and well suited in grade for trial slides.

Dollar Mountain came by its name when a Ketchum villager with an abiding faith in Schaffgotsch's skiing ability said he'd bet that the Count could ski down the difficult "off-side" of the mountain. He made twenty one-dollar bets. Schaffgotsch executed the run without any broken bones, of which there is usually a mild winter epidemic, and the villager collected his bets and the mountain had a name.

The greatest of the neighborhood ski mountains, however, is Baldy. For too long a time, skiers could only reach the top by climbing for two and a half hours. A ski lift has now been installed to the summit of this 9,200-foot mountain. This lift, completed last year, is the longest in the world. Composed of three units, the lift has a combined length of 11,499 feet. It is a twenty-minute ride to the top, but you can get off at any one of the three elevations — whichever your sense of discretion dictates.

Because of its location in a natural bowl of mountains, Sun Valley is not susceptable to sharp winter winds. The sun habitually beams down with an equable smile, and it's often warm enough to ski stripped to the waist. The search for a good tan, and time, have brought many a non-skier to the Valley.

From skiing stemmed other winter sports. There is ice skating on any one of three outdoor rinks. Tobogganing, sledding, sleighing, and ski-joring are thrown in for good measure. Sun Valley's unusual attraction, swimming in an outdoor pool with snow heaped high on the ground outside, possible because of the combination of warm sun and heated water, has received considerable publicity.

Sun Valley has grown apace. It caters to movie stars, to the socially prominent, and occasionally to a citizen named just plain Henry. It is a complete village, sufficient unto itself; something of a far cry indeed from the time five years ago when solemn-faced cattle grazed on the lonely acres of Ernie Brass. The sheep still look perplexed about the whole thing.

*Ranger*

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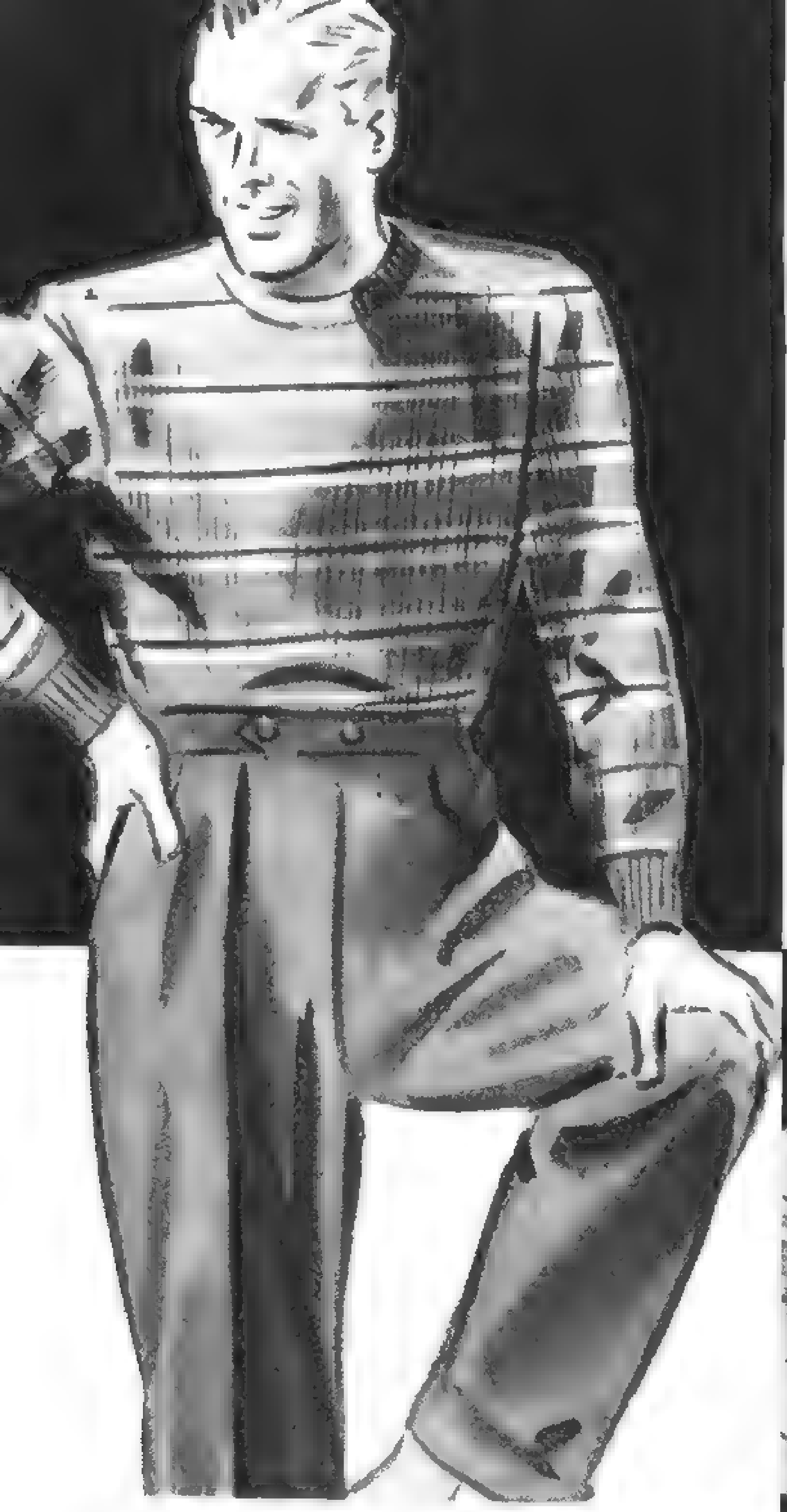
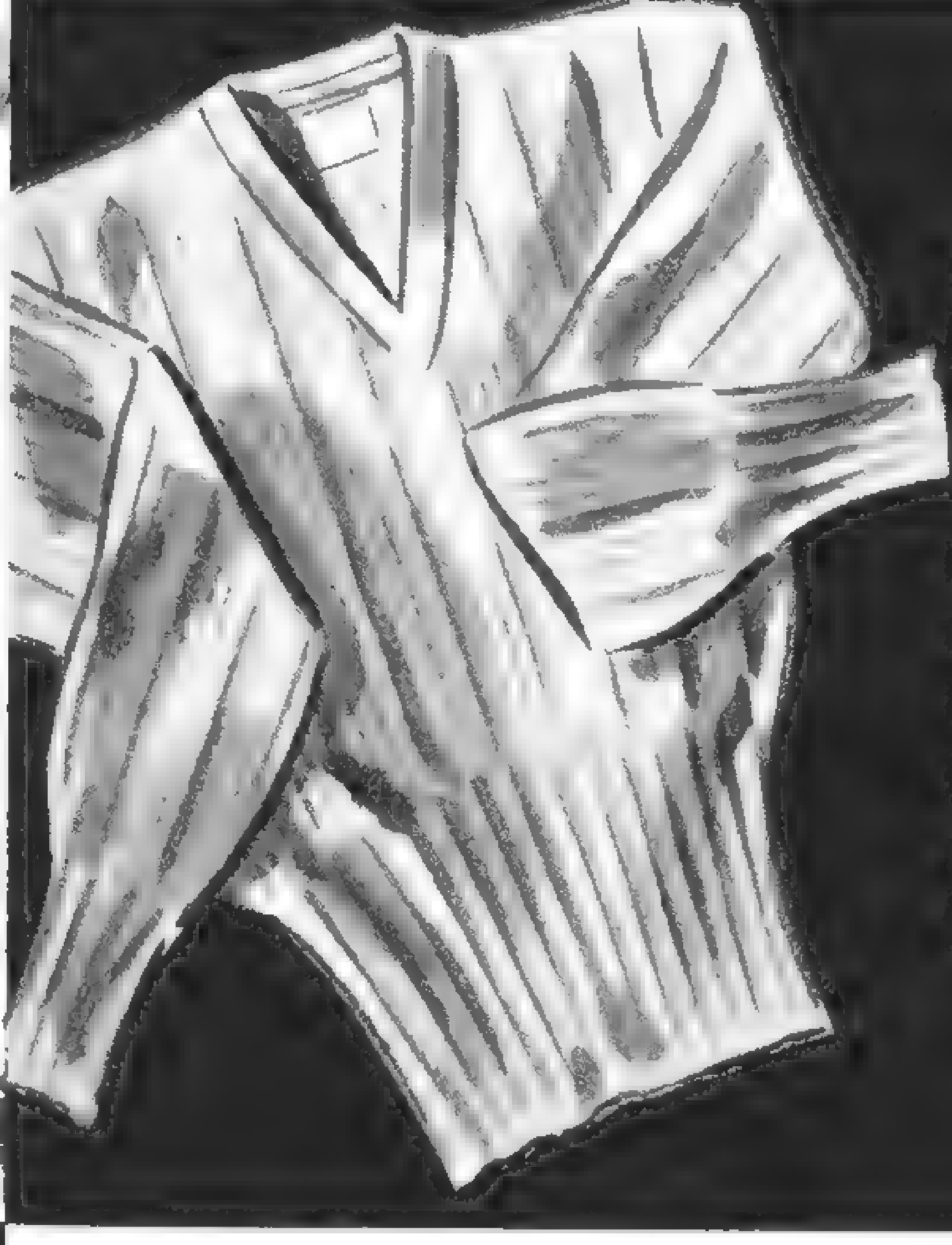
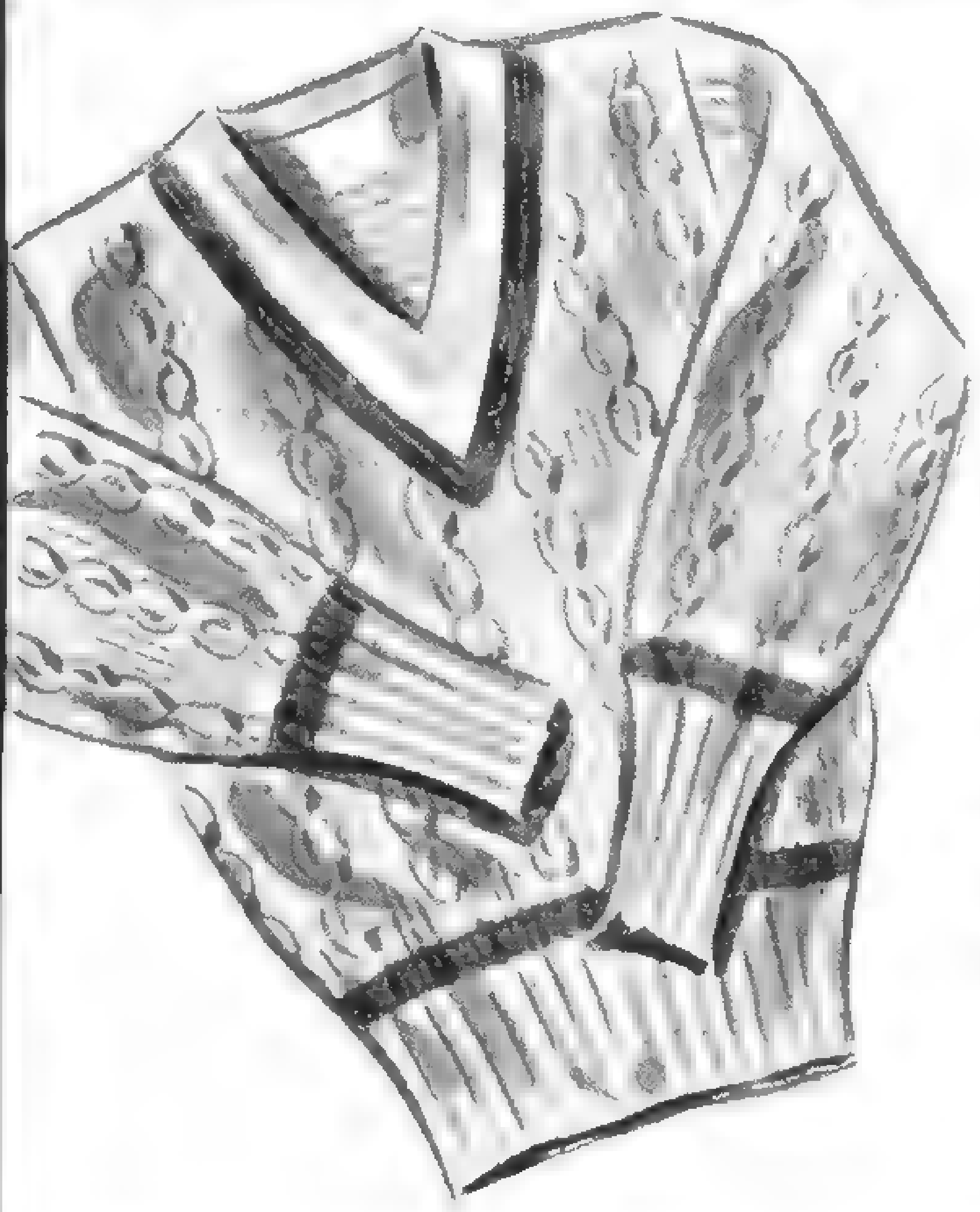


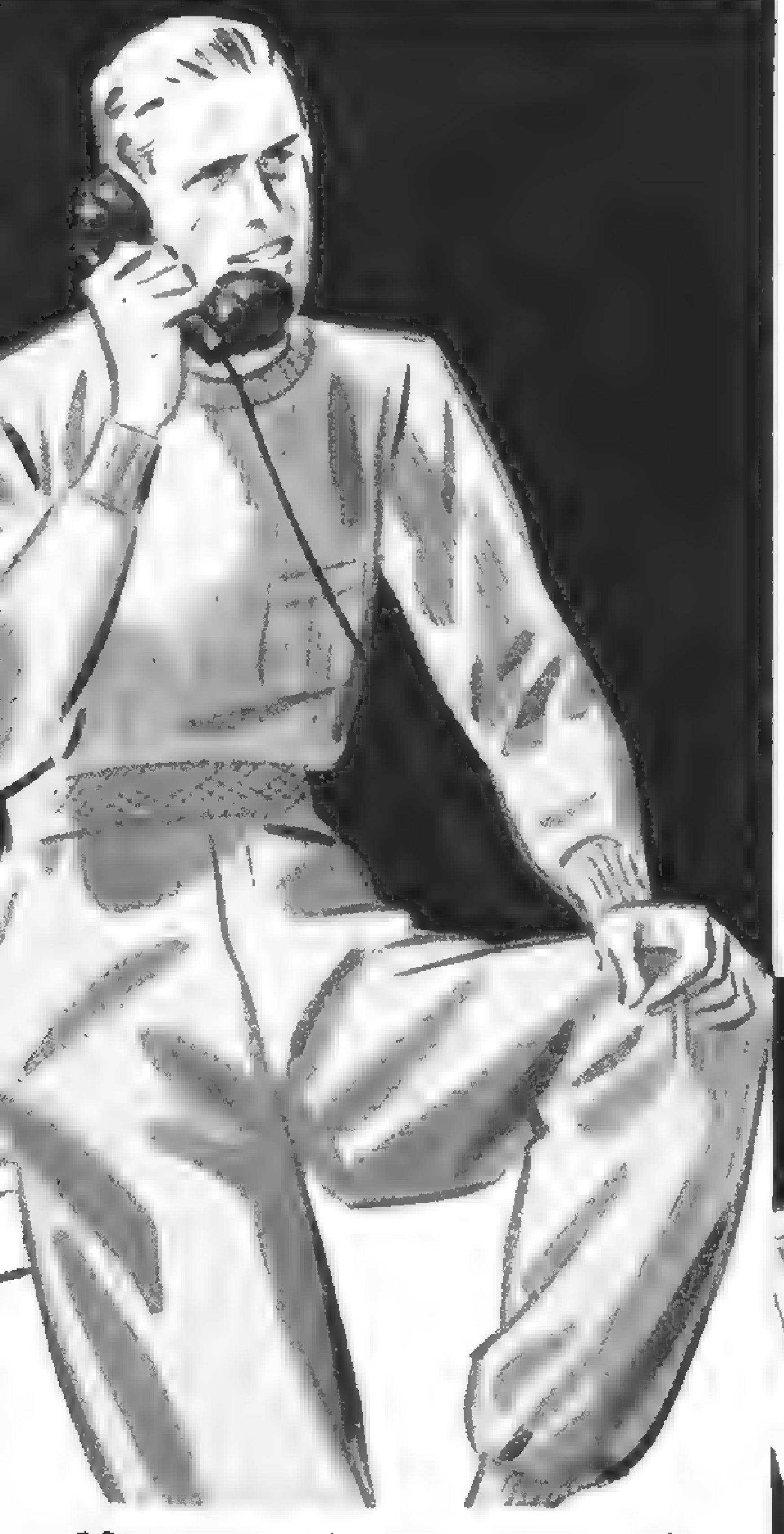
**(17)** MANLOUNGE by Manhattan — sleeping or lounging suit. Knitted striped top with trimmed neck and cuffs. Broadcloth trousers with cuffs, 2 side pockets, flexible band. Blue, green, brown and maroon trousers with striped shirts. A, B, C, D . **$2.50**



(1) VILLA by Mansco—a long-sleeve slip-over sweater in an all-wool Shetland blend. The popular wide-wale rib. V-neck; wide-rib bottom. In Camel shade only. Four sizes, small, medium, large and extra large . . . . . . **$2.95**

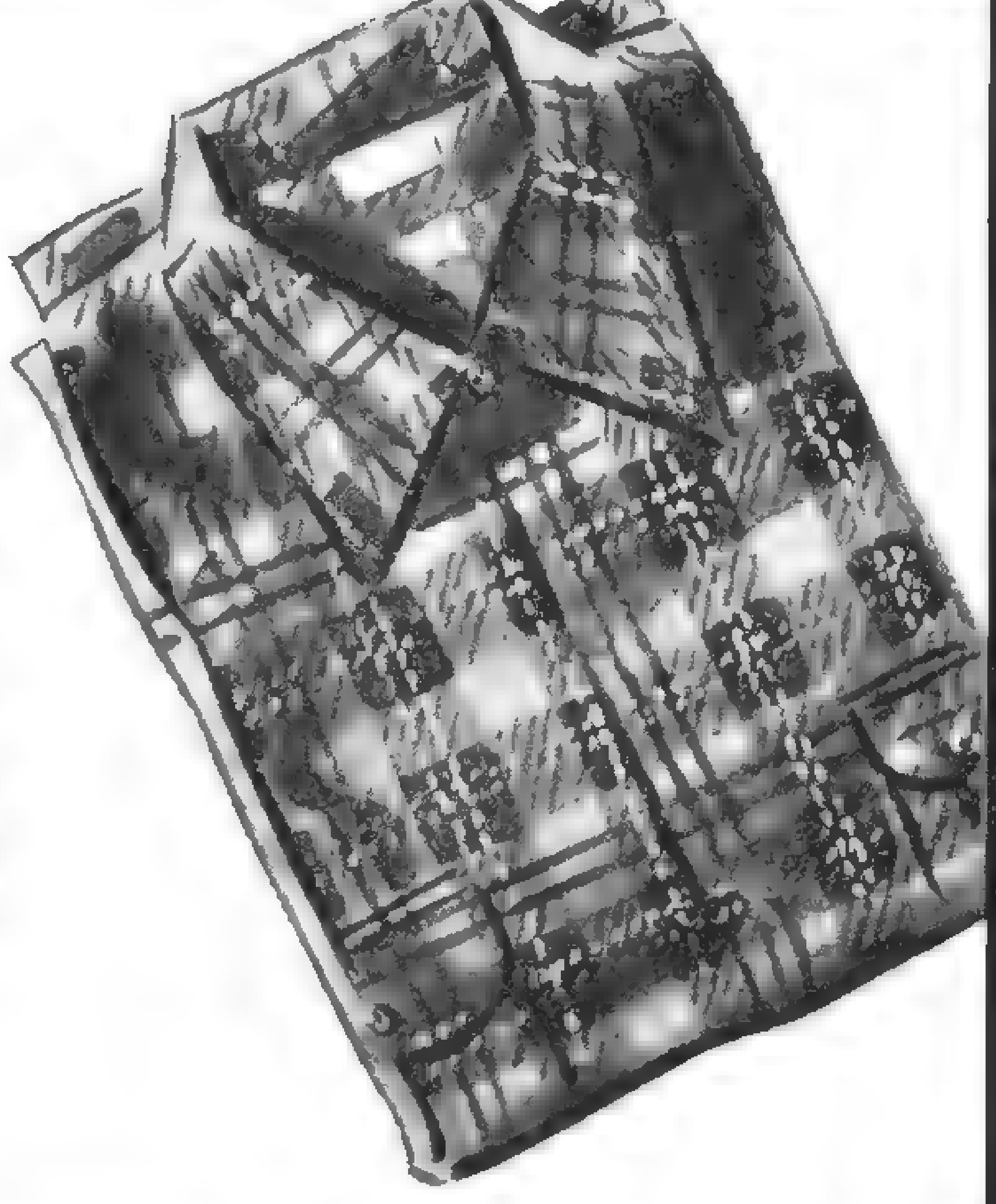


(2) FOREST HILLS by Mansco — a long-sleeve slip-over sweater in 100% French-spun zephyr wool. The preferred cable-stitch in V-neck style. White, tan and wine; contrasting stripes at cuffs, waist and neck. S, M, L, XL . . **$5**

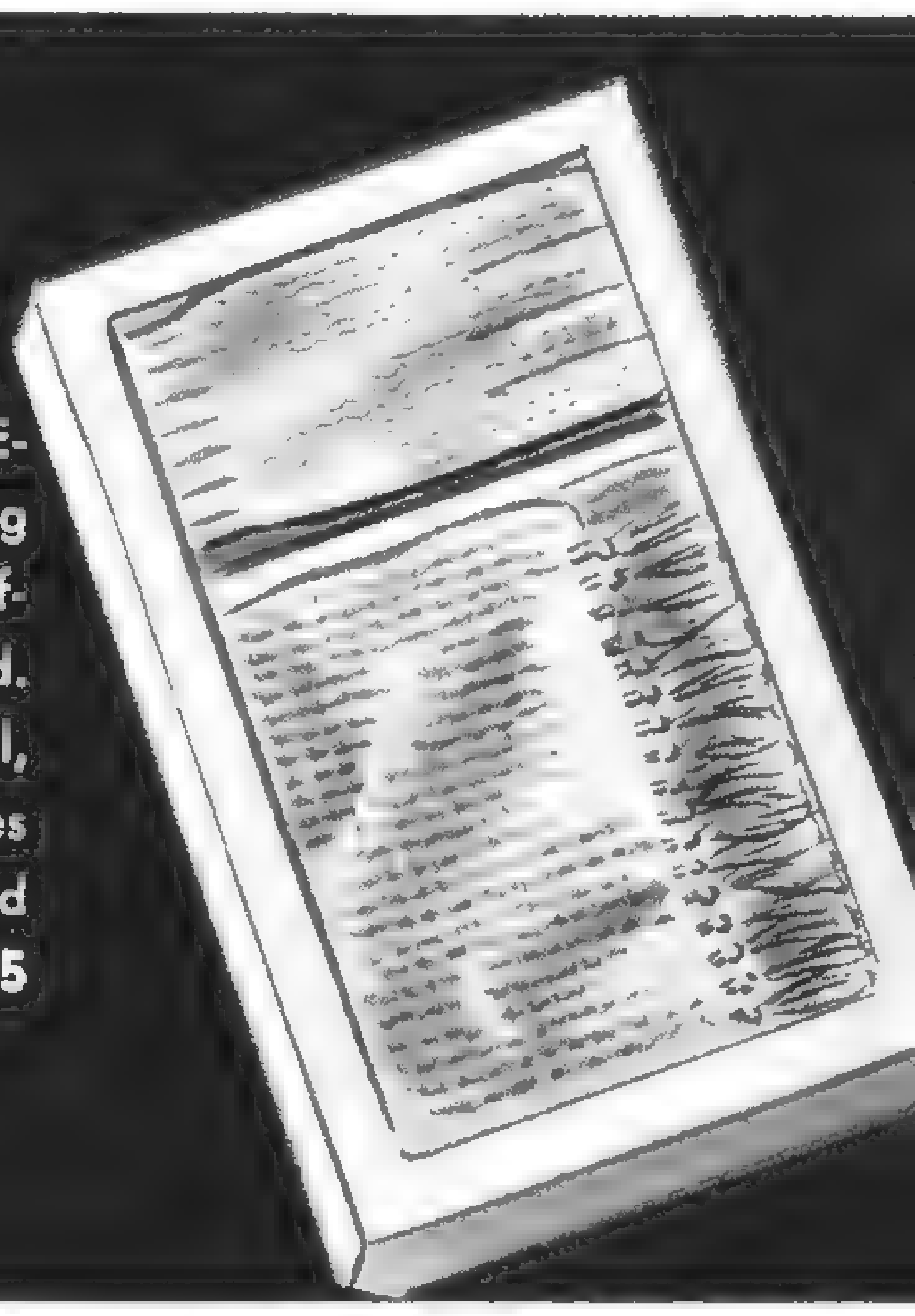


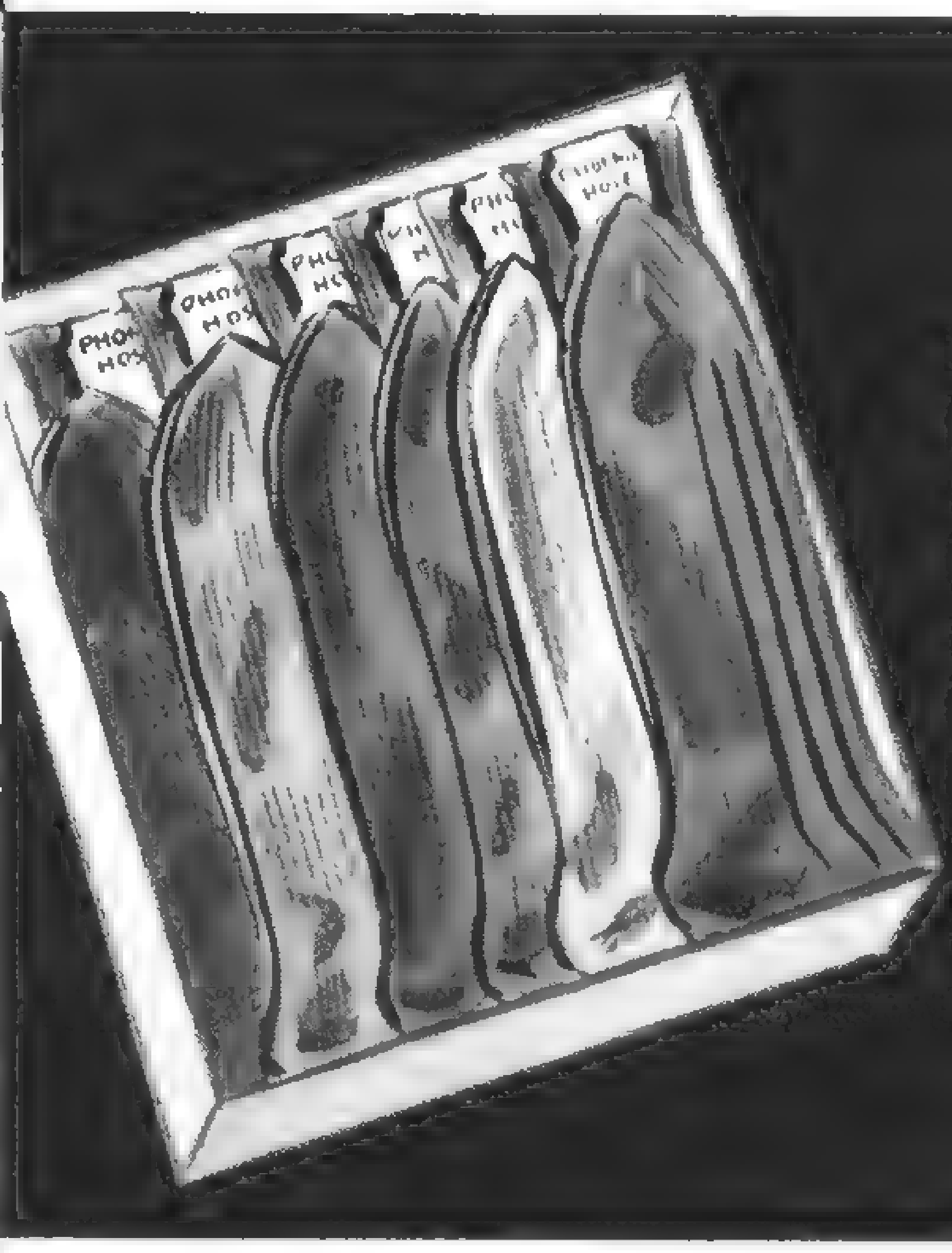
**(18)** ALPINER by Manhattan — the popular ski-type pajama. Ideal for sleeping and for lounging around the house. Fleeced. Knitted sleeve-cuffs and trouser bottoms. Crew-neck; man-ease band. Blue, tan, green. Available in sizes A, B, C, D . . . **$2**

(5) FORESTER by Manhattan — a rayon-and-wool plaid sport shirt. 2 flapped breast pockets. Bold, rugged plaids in blue-and-black, red-and-black or green-and-black. Available in three sizes M, L, XL . . . **$5**

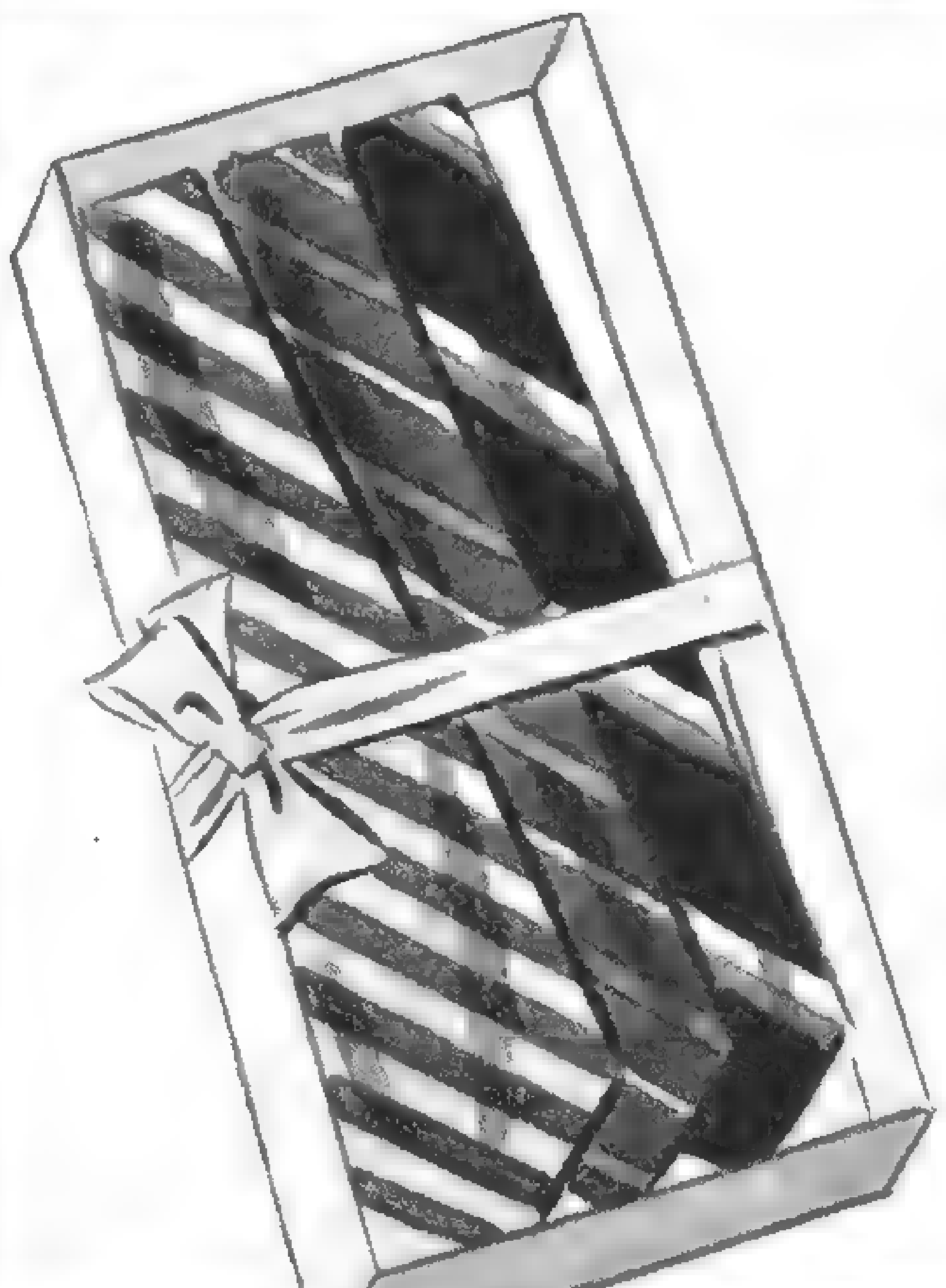


(6) A STRING GLOVE-MUFFLER SET—matching gloves and fringed muffler, attractively boxed. White, canary, camel, maroon, green. Gloves in small, medium and large sizes . . Set **$2.95**





(9) PHOENIX FINE 6x3 RIB HOSE—re-inforced with durable nylon at heel and toe for longer wear. Gray, navy, black, brown, maroon, green. Box of assorted colors, or pick your own. Sizes are 10 to 13. 6 pairs **$3**



**(10)** SUPERBA REGIMENTAL TIES—authentic English regimentals in 24 famous, historic patterns. Fine quality Repps that knot perfectly. Handsome, masculine colors. Packed in smart gift box . . 3 for **$4.50**

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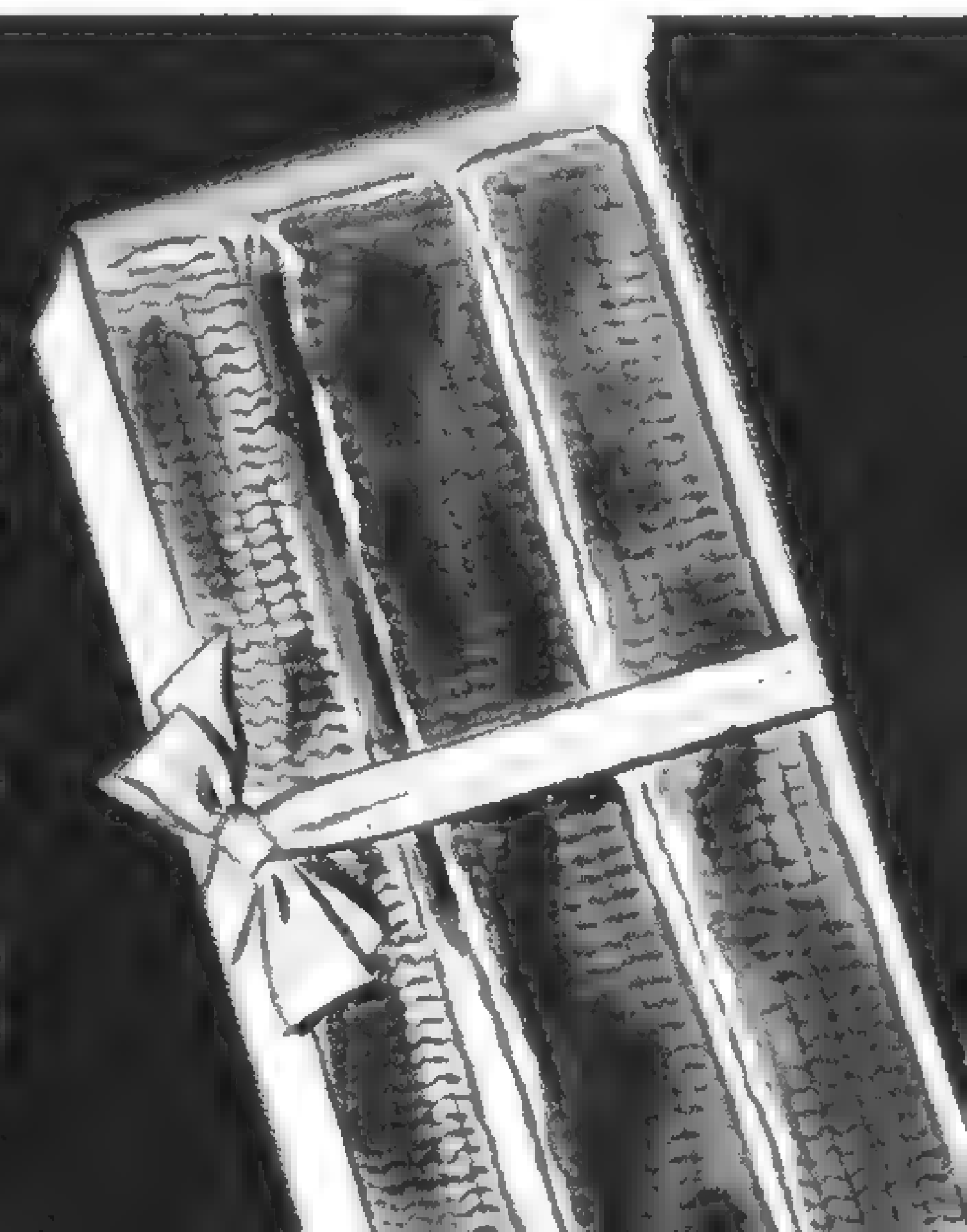

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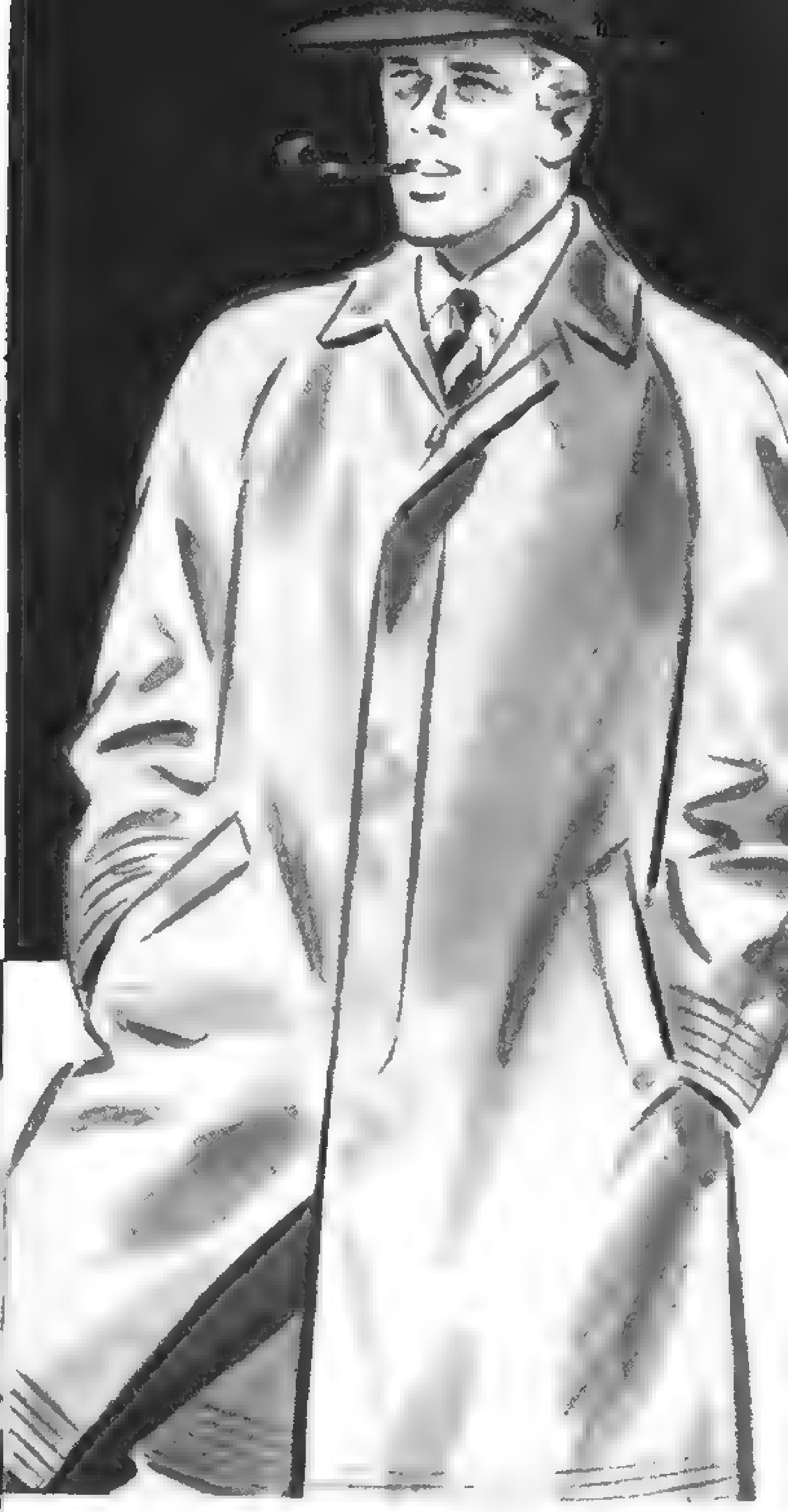
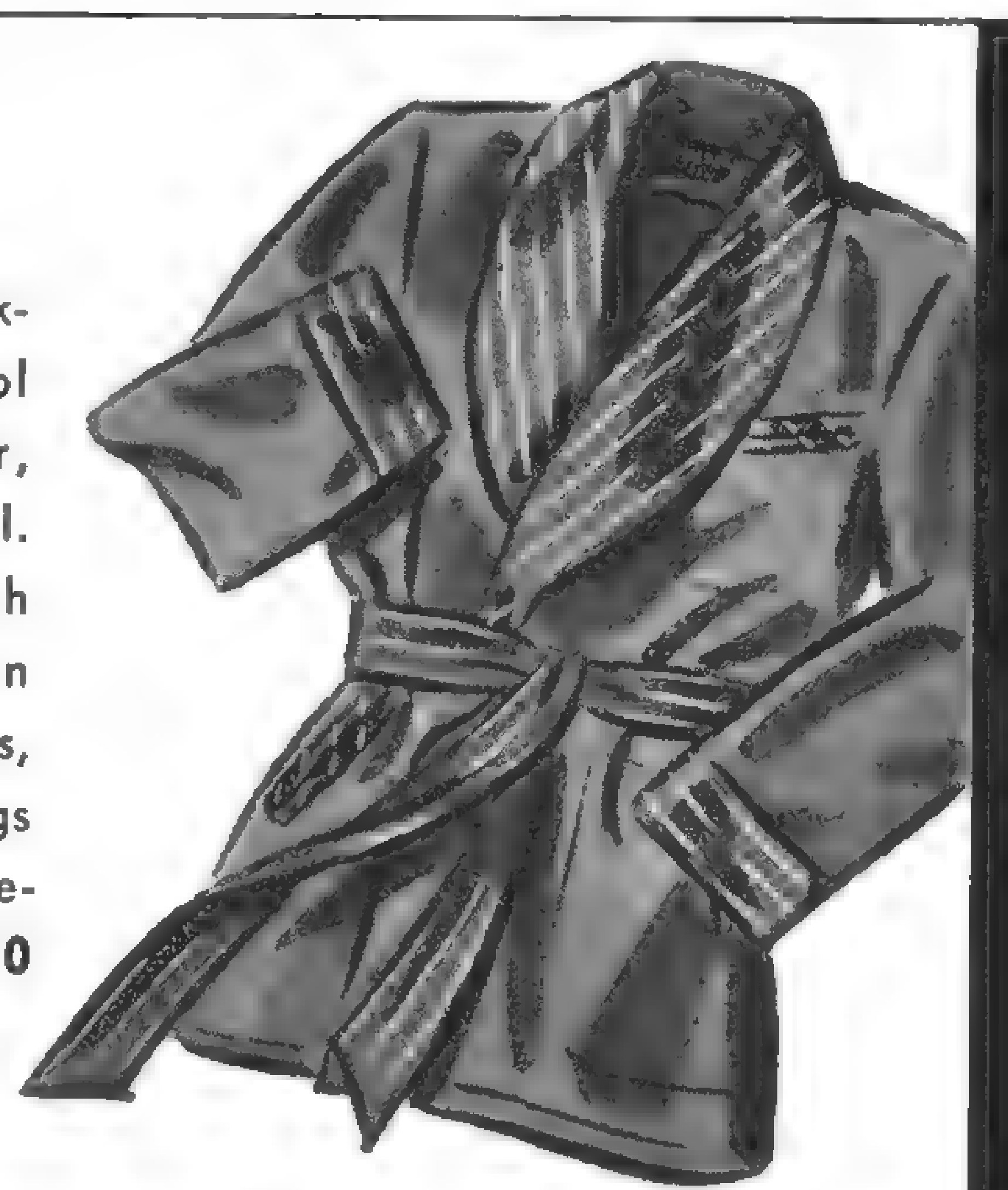
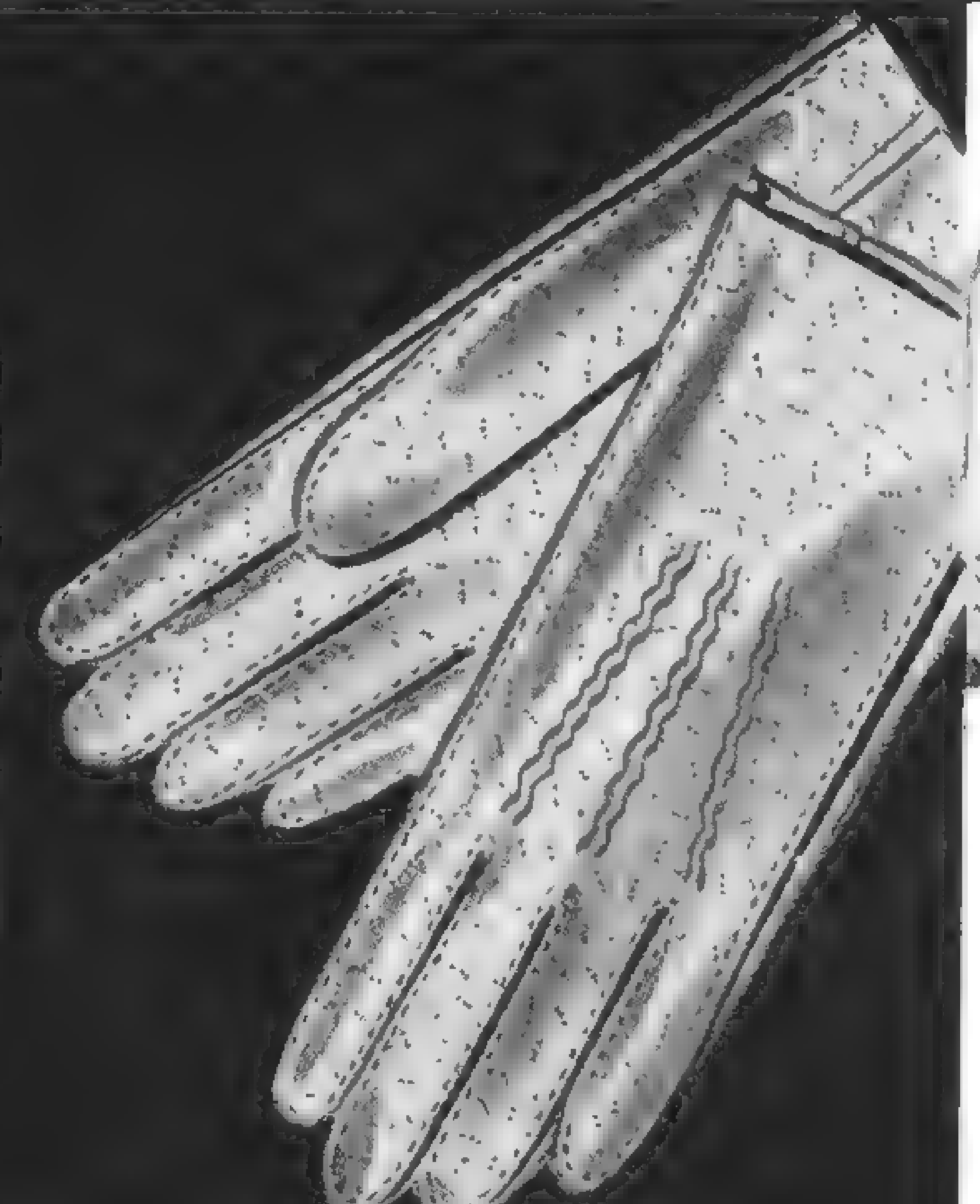


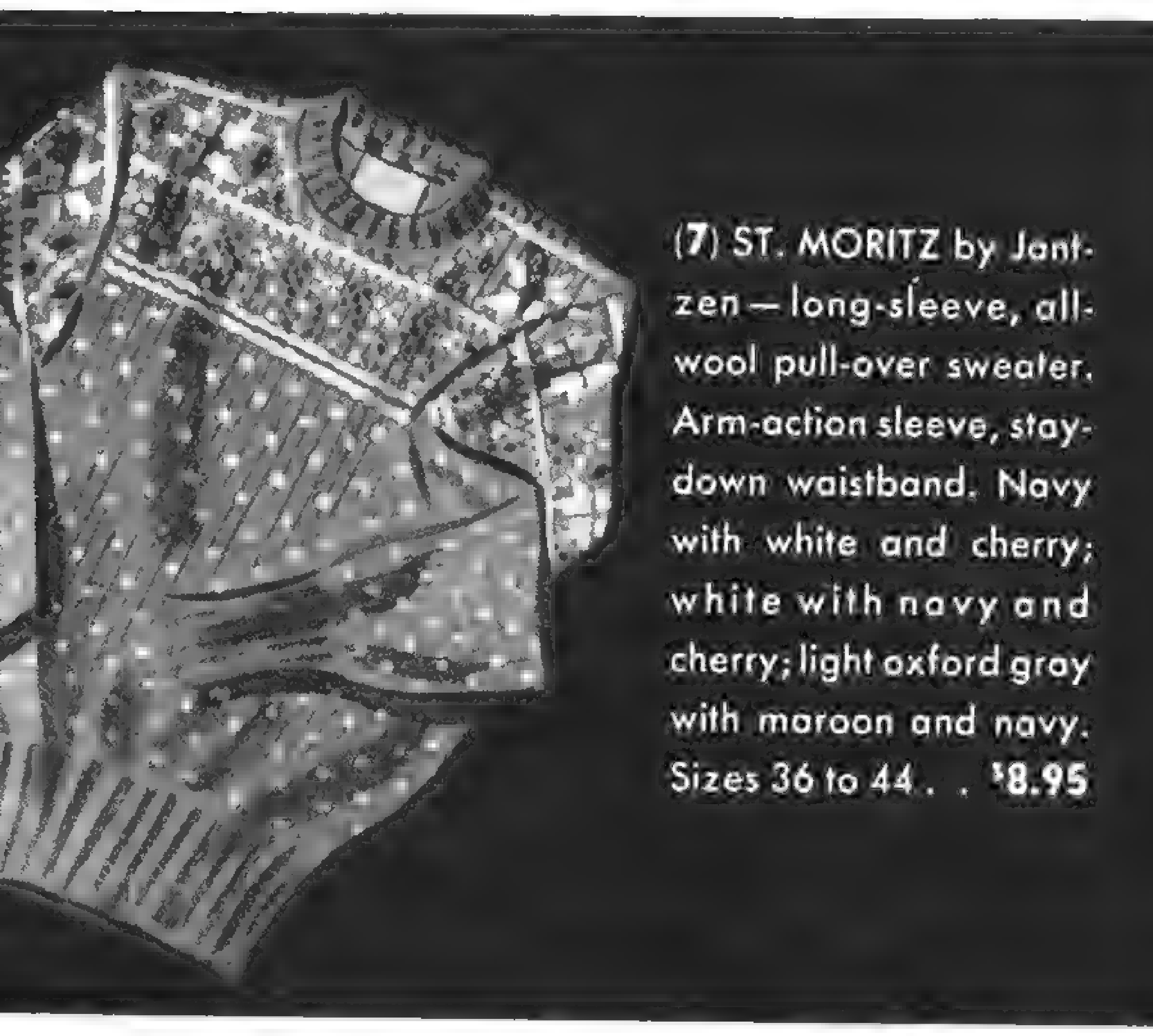


**(3)** BENEDICTINE Cocktail Jacket—all-wool flannel; shawl-collar, wrap-around model. In wine or navy with white-striped rayon neckwear fabric facings, cuffs, pocket openings and sash. Small, medium, large . . . . $10

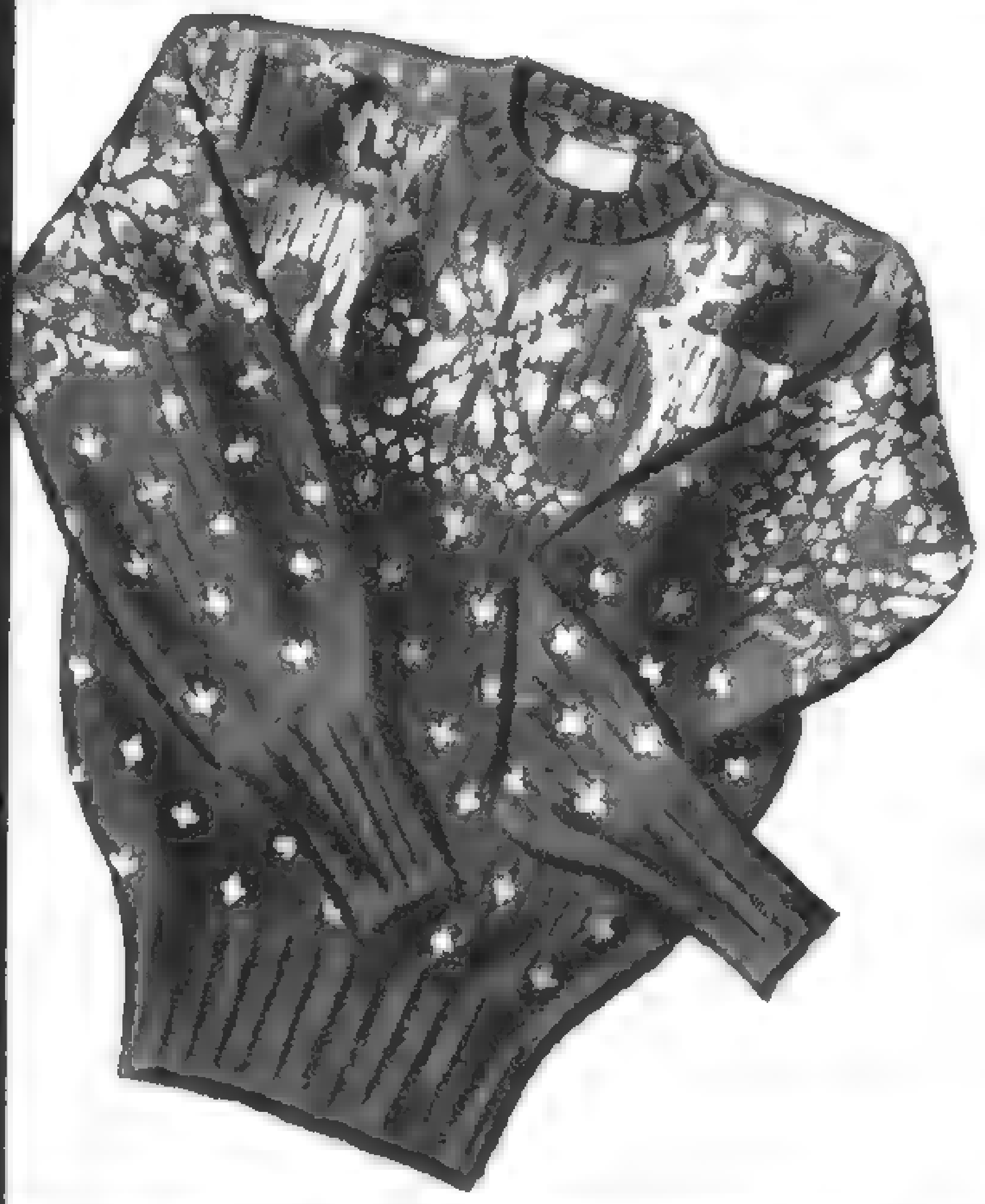
**(4)** "SUPERB" PIGSKIN GLOVES — imported Peccary pigskin, known for its attractive markings, in the new side-wall construction that insures comfortable fit. Also Mocha or Capeskin. $5



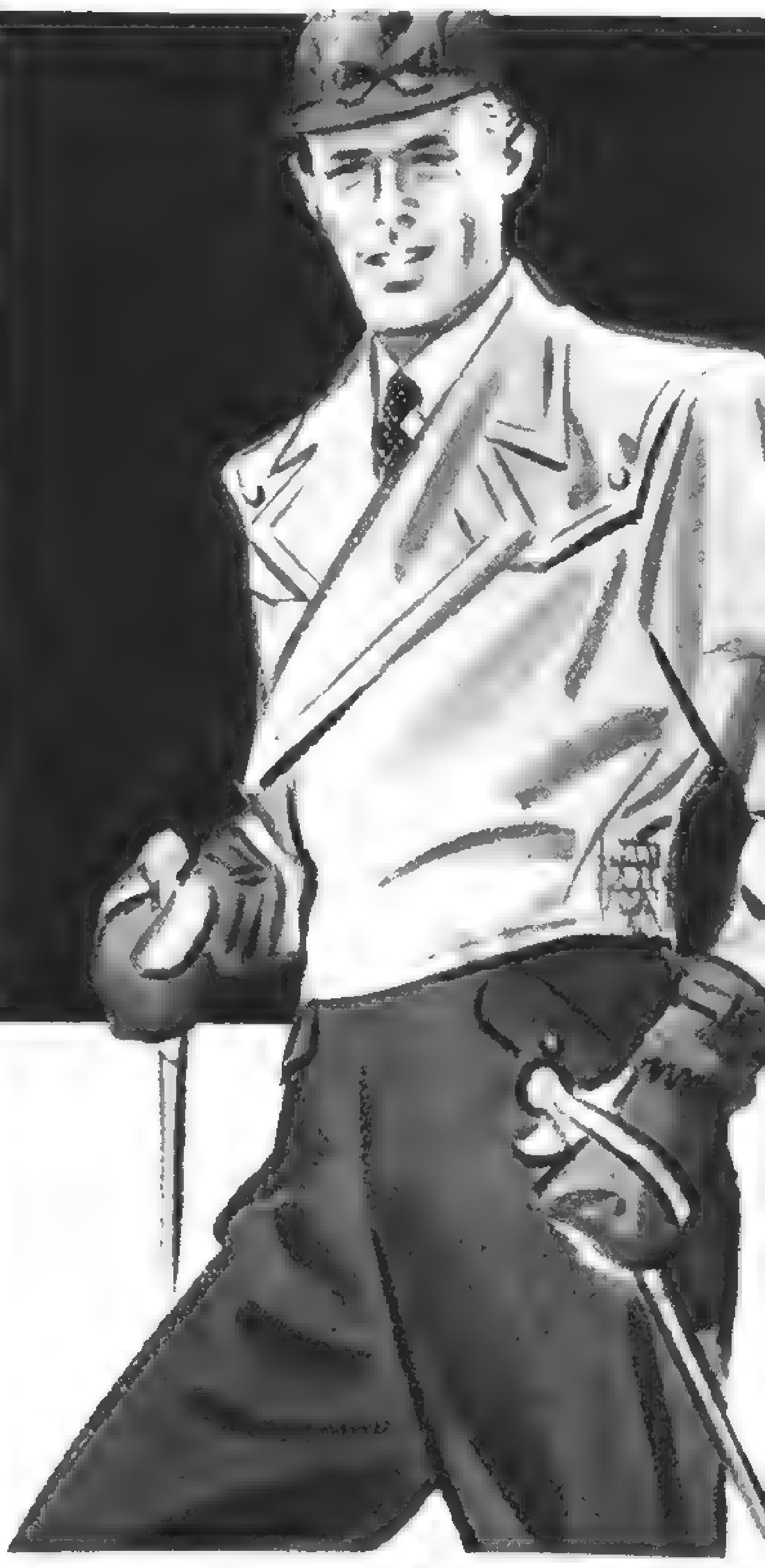
**(19)** ALLIGATOR Raincoat—Storm-wind cloth. It provides complete weather protection with comfortable streamlined styling. Water-repellent, dustproof, windproof. Slash pockets, raglan style, zipper fly-front. Stitched cuffs and bottom. 36 to 44 . **$11.50**

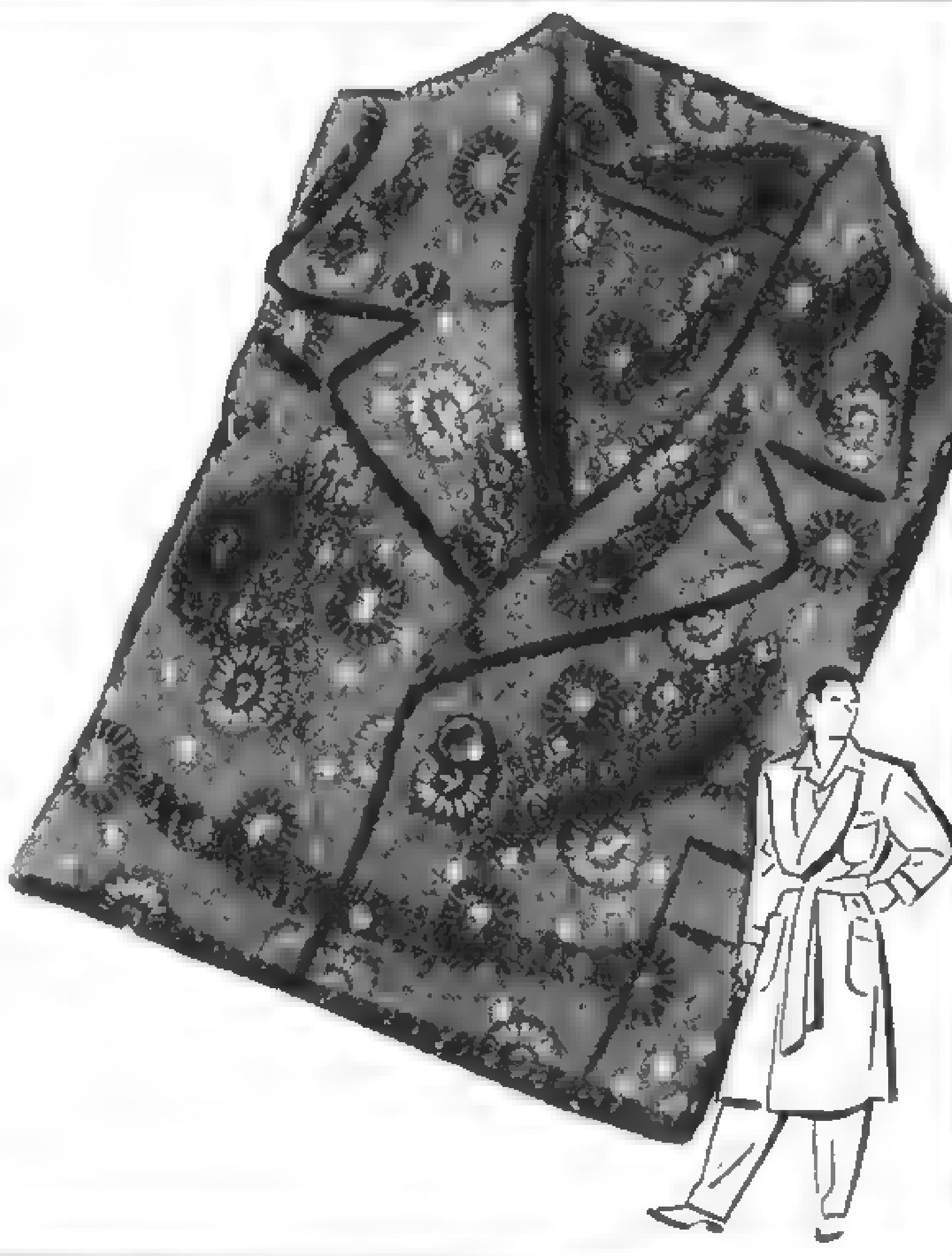


**(7)** ST. MORITZ by Jantzen—long-sleeve, all-wool pull-over sweater. Arm-action sleeve, stay-down waistband. Navy with white and cherry; white with navy and cherry; light oxford gray with maroon and navy. Sizes 36 to 44 . . **$8.95**



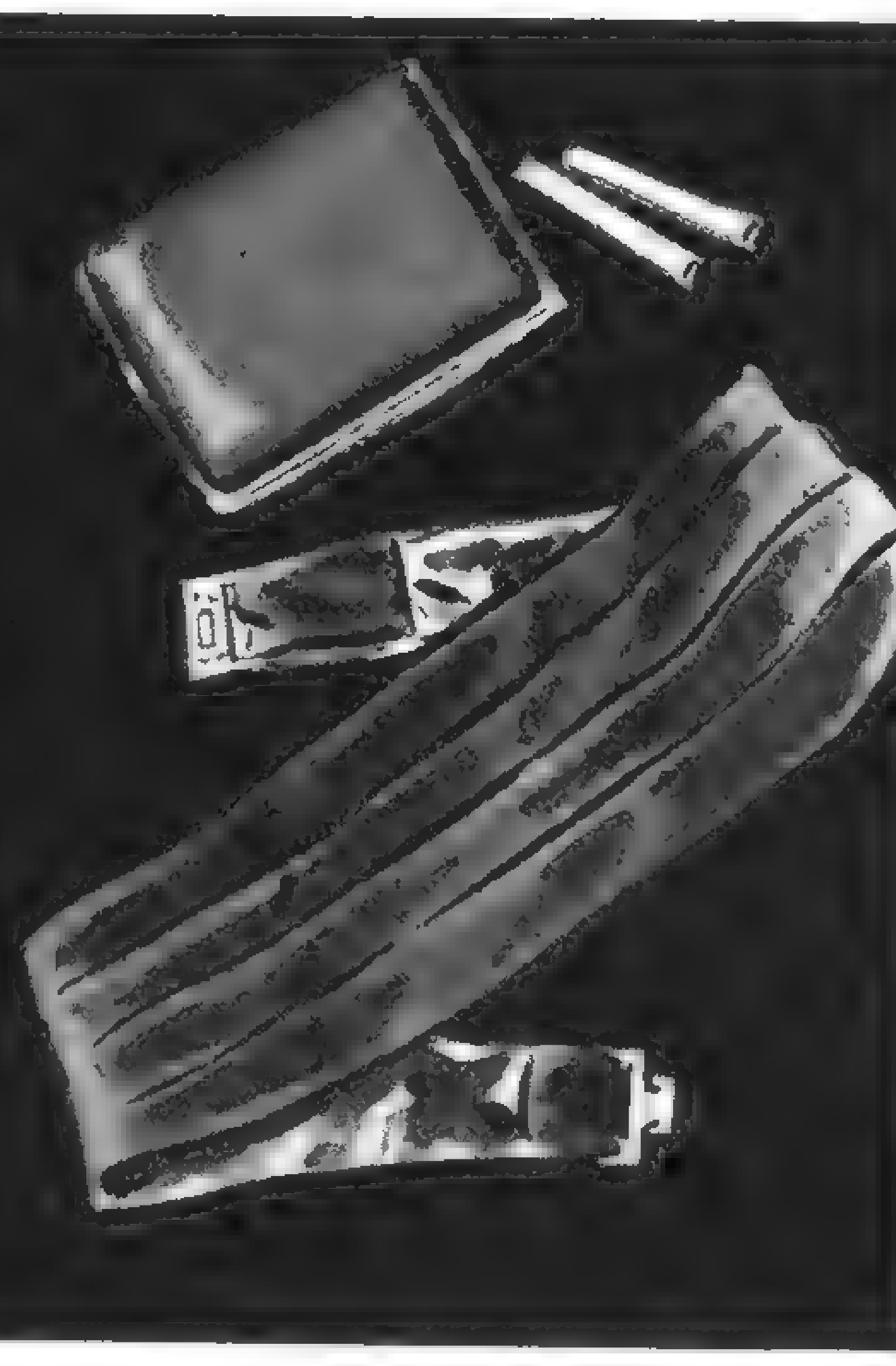
**(8)** CARIBOU by Jantzen — long-sleeve, all-wool pull-over sweater. Arm-action sleeve, stay-down waistband. Sturdy "Scandinavian Stitch." Maroon with silver, navy with white or white with navy. Available in chest sizes 36 to 44 . . **$8.95**





**(11)** PAJAMA-ROBE SET by B.V.D.—luxurious cotton sateen. Talisman pattern. Coat-style pajamas, full-cut. Sizes A, B, C, D. Wrap-around, shawl collar robe to match; small, medium, large. Blue, maroon, green . . . . Set **$4.50**

**(12)** CUMMERBUND SET — a rich barathea cummerbund with a cigarette case covered in matching barathea. Unusually attractive, and packed in beautiful gift box. Navy, maroon, black . . . . Set **$8.50**



**(20-a)** ALLIGATOR Ski-Jacket—famous Galecloth. Double-breasted, convertible collar. Oyster or navy. In chest sizes 36 to 44 . . . . **$10.50**
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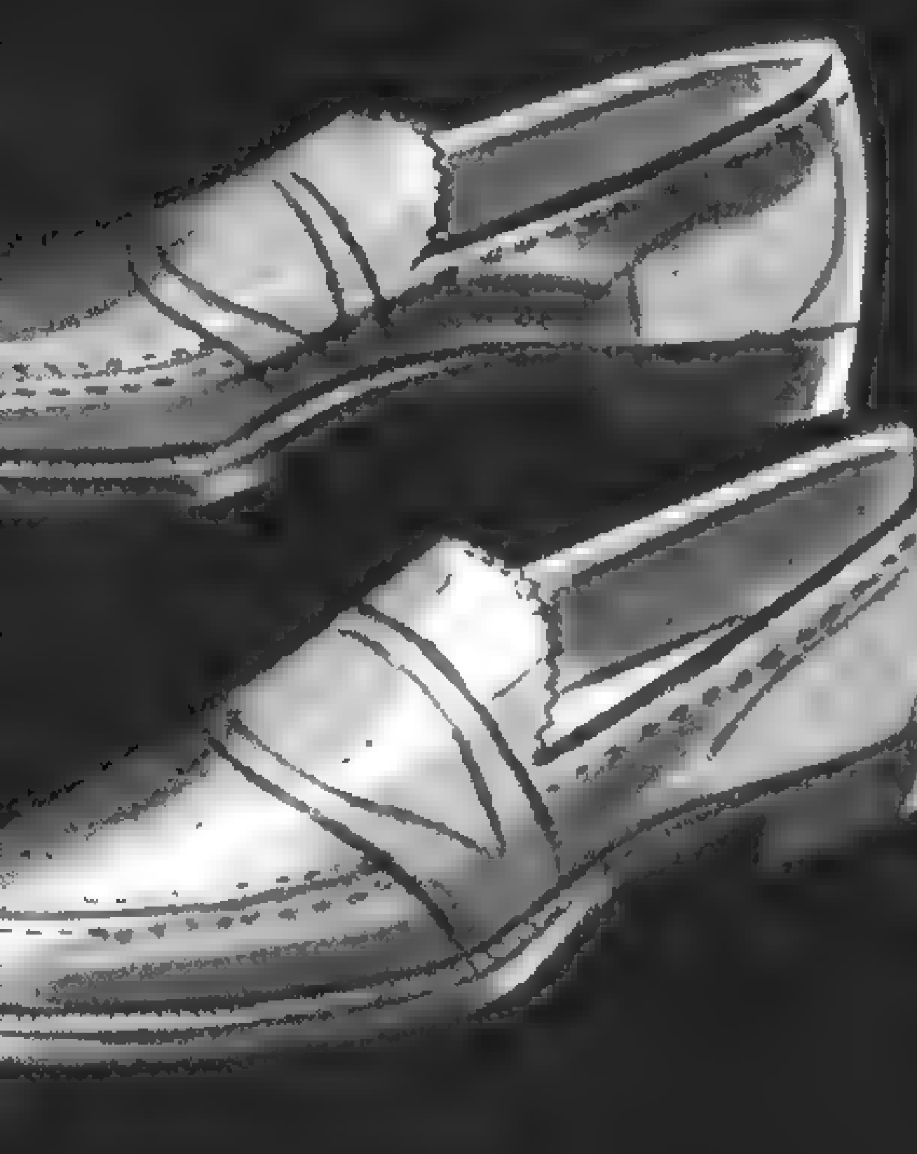
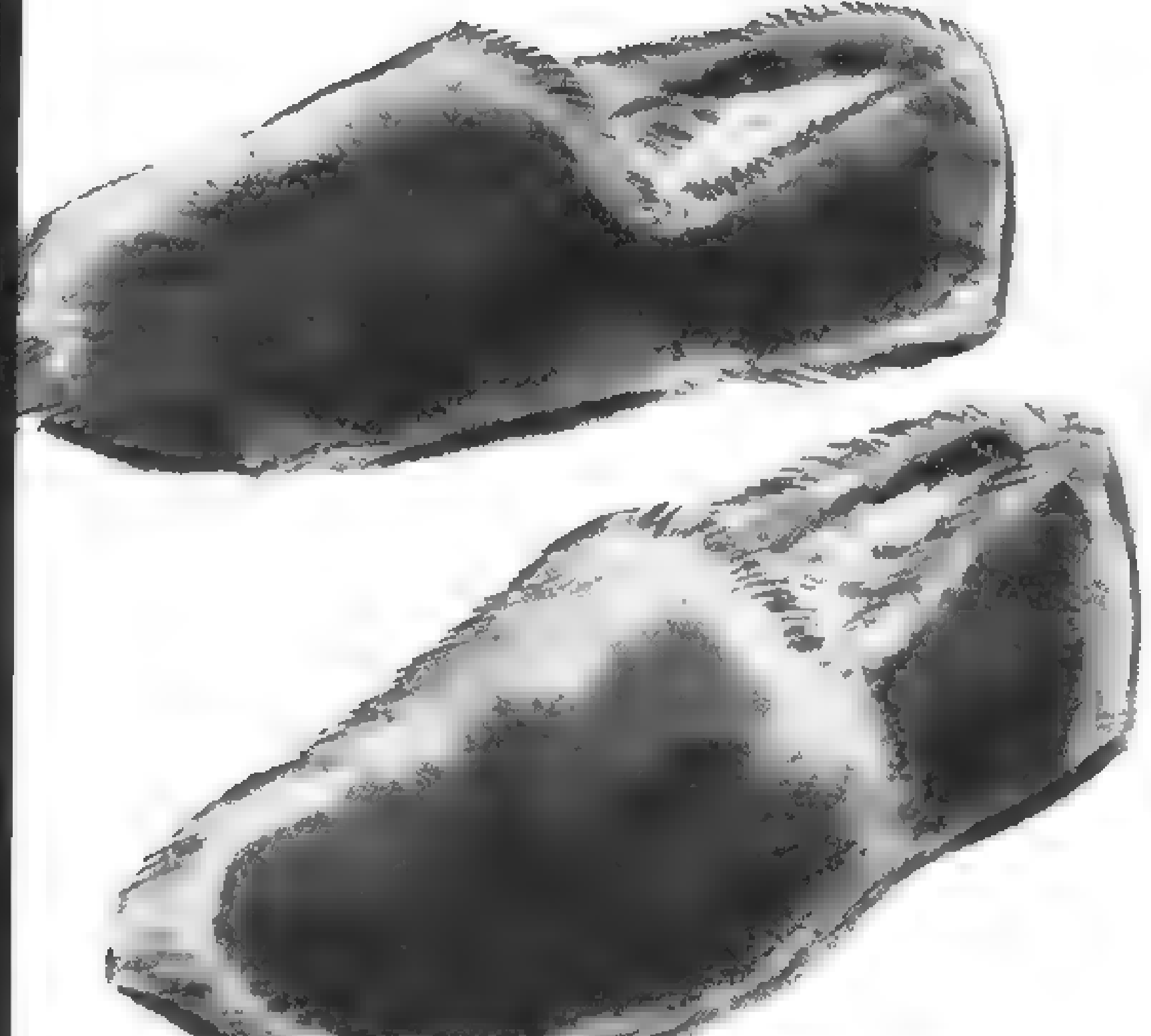
**(20-d)** Warm Ski Gauntlets . . **$2.75**



**(15)** IDLER SLIPPERS by Nunn-Bush — indoors they're slippers, outdoors they're shoes. Comfortably styled in pliant tan calfskin with featherweight soles. Sizes 5½ to 12 . . . $5



**(16)** CHOW SLIPPERS by Nunn-Bush — cozy, chunky velvet-finished wool slippers with shearling lining for extra comfort. Leather soles, wedge heels. Burgundy or dark blue. Available in sizes 7 to 12 . **$3.95**

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# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

## THE MAN WHO KNEW THE FUTURE

Maybe you think parachutists and flame-throwing tanks are products of your own troubled times. If you do, you give your self promptly away as one who has yet to visit the Exhibition of the Scientific Achievements of Leonardo da Vinci, currently on view at the New York Museum of Science of Industry.

Maybe, again, you think of the famous Florentine solely in terms of the Mona Lisa, or the Last Supper. If so, you are merely one among thousands of others who think the same, and who get quietly knocked for a loop with the first step inside the Museum's door. For the exhibition sets out to show—and does it quite spectacularly—that Leonardo da Vinci, whose fame through the centuries has rested almost entirely upon a few masterpieces of art, was actually one of the greatest engineering and mechanical geniuses the world has ever known.

Consider, for example, the following products of his inventive imagination, selected at random from among the hundreds to be seen in model form at the Museum. All of the models, incidentally, were built from da Vinci's original drawings, sketches, and instructions, found on the pages of his voluminous notebooks. There is, for one thing, a "self-driven car" – automobile in today's dictionary – complete with variable speed drive, transmission gear, shock absorbers, and several other odds and ends of extremely modern character. Designed to run by a system of gears operated by springs, in case you'd care to build one. There's a "ventilator"–you'd call it an air-conditioning unit – which da Vinci thought up for hot-weather use in the boudoir of Beatrice d'Este, wife of his patron in Milan. Gives you quite a breeze, even as a scale model. There are plans for "ideal cities," whose two-level highways for traffic control – "the high-level roads . . . for the convenience of the gentlefolk" and the "low-level roads" for "waggons, vehicles, and the common people" – antedated by some four and a half centuries ideas upon which the most advanced city planners, with never a bow to the old Italian master, pride themselves today. There are rapid-fire machine guns, streamlined projectiles, and "fire-balls" that exploded like shrapnel, printing presses and canal locks, designs for cathedrals, and "armored cars" which are certainly no distant ancestors of today's tank; machines for grinding optical lenses, for mass production of sharp-pointed needles for textile workers, for hollowing out logs to be used as pipes and conduits. There is a rotating derrick that you would call a steam shovel if you saw it digging into the innards of 42nd Street, and there is a ladder for scaling walls whose near-prototype you've often seen rearing up from New York City's fire-fighting trucks.

You can amuse yourself for hours playing with the operating models of various gear studies, which you turn by handles just as da Vinci did when he constructed them for his own use in figuring out how to make cogwheels save human elbow grease. For the great painter whose hand laboriously executed some of the world's matchless art, devoted years of his life to devising machines which would make it possible to perform automatically work which up until his time had to be done by man power.

In short, there is scarcely anything about which men have speculated since the dawn of time at which da Vinci did not try a hand. The mystery of human life? He dove into this literally with both hands, dissecting bodies in hospital morgues with a crude instrument in his right and simultaneously sketching what he saw with a pencil held in his left, supplementing the hasty sketches with notes jotted down in his curious "mirror writing." "In this winter of 1510," he wrote, "I hope to master the whole field of anatomy." And the group of photographic enlargements of these notebook pages, shown in the Museum's exhibition, is only the merest suggestion of how far he actually went toward the accomplishment of his ambition. The problem of human flight? Models of three flying machines, a parachute, aerial screw, meteorological instruments, and reproductions of innumerable notebook sketches, represent his efforts to prove that "man, who shall know all and shall have wings, shall indeed be as god."

Along both main stairways of the Museum are prints of da Vinci's drawings, offering convincing evidence that the mind of Leonardo the scientist and inventor, plus the hand of Leonardo the painter and sculptor, present a combination of genius almost without parallel in history. For on a single page, such diverse conceptions can be found keeping company as the head of a serene madonna, a grim engine of war, a study of a flower, a detail of a public building, and a machine for digging ditches.

Ranger

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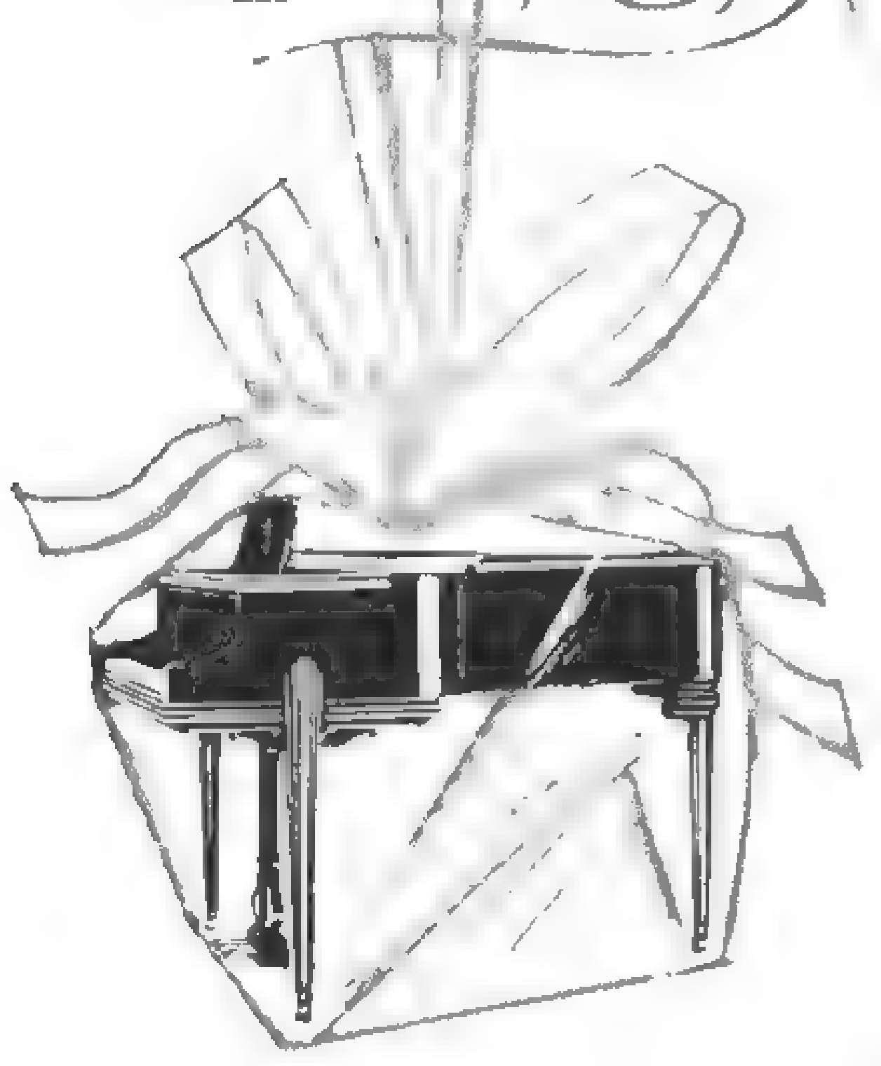

The modern crowd drops in when music's your magnet in home entertainment. Take a tip from the trend . . . surprise the family Christmas morning with the Knabe Symmetrical Baby Grand with Hammond Solovox attached. Not merely a gift, it's investment in life-long pleasure, for you're giving America's completely modern grand piano . . . plus! In this graceful Knabe, space-saving symmetry replaces the awkward bulge that makes most "grands" too bulky for today's compact living-rooms. The "plus" is the Hammond Solovox . . . an ingenious, electrically-operated "extra keyboard". With it you solo, virtuoso fashion, over your regular piano accompaniment, with an amazing array of instruments. The singing strains of a violin, the plaintive wail of a muted trumpet, the velvet tone of a well-played sax, the throbbing voice of a mighty organ . . . all these, and hundreds more, are yours with the Solovox. It's thrilling as a Christmas bonus, easy as "chopsticks".

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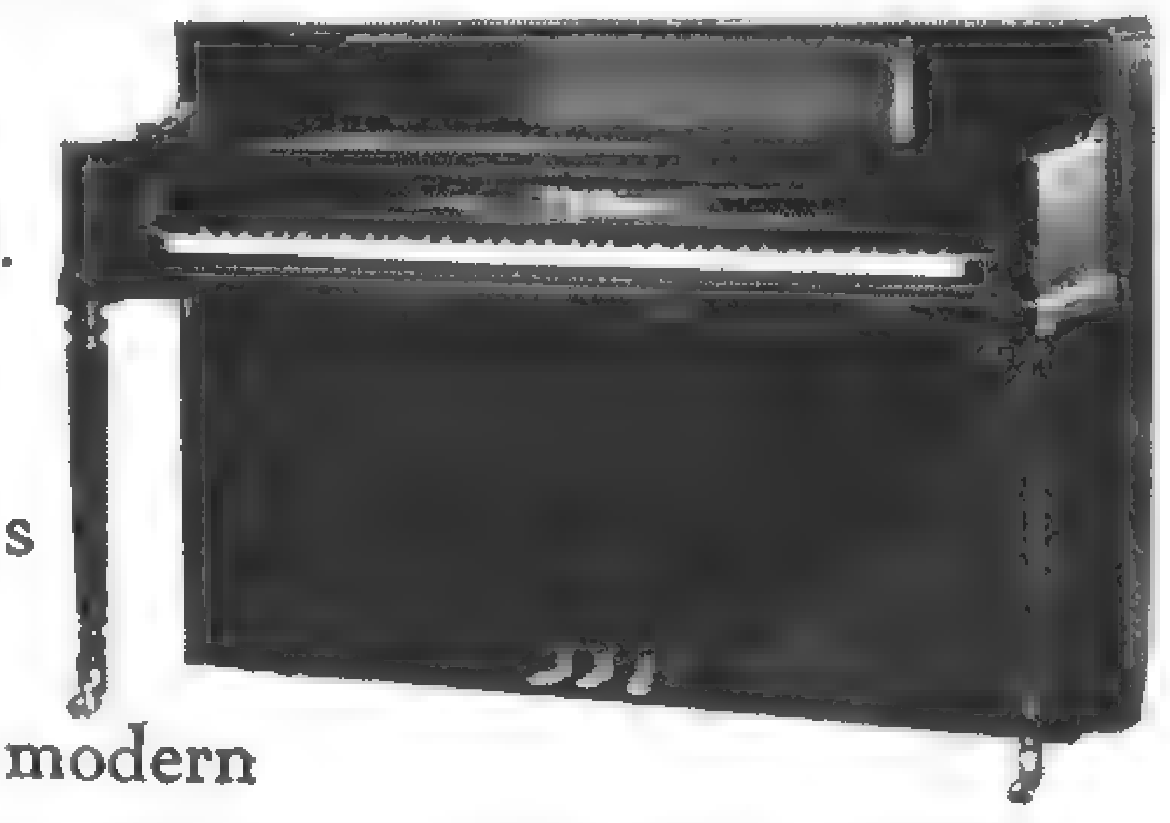
***If you already own a fine piano, a Solovox may be attached in 20 minutes.***



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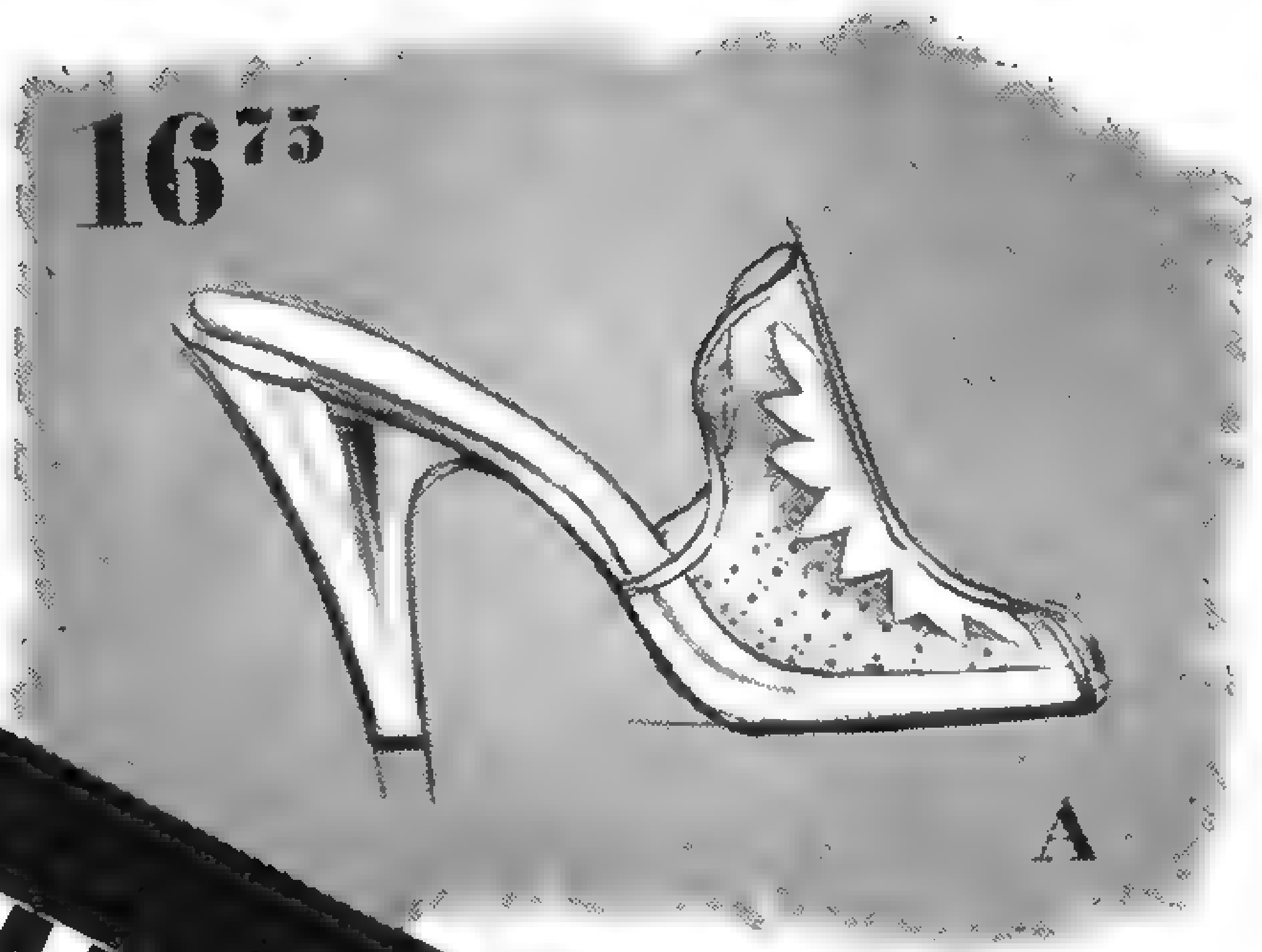
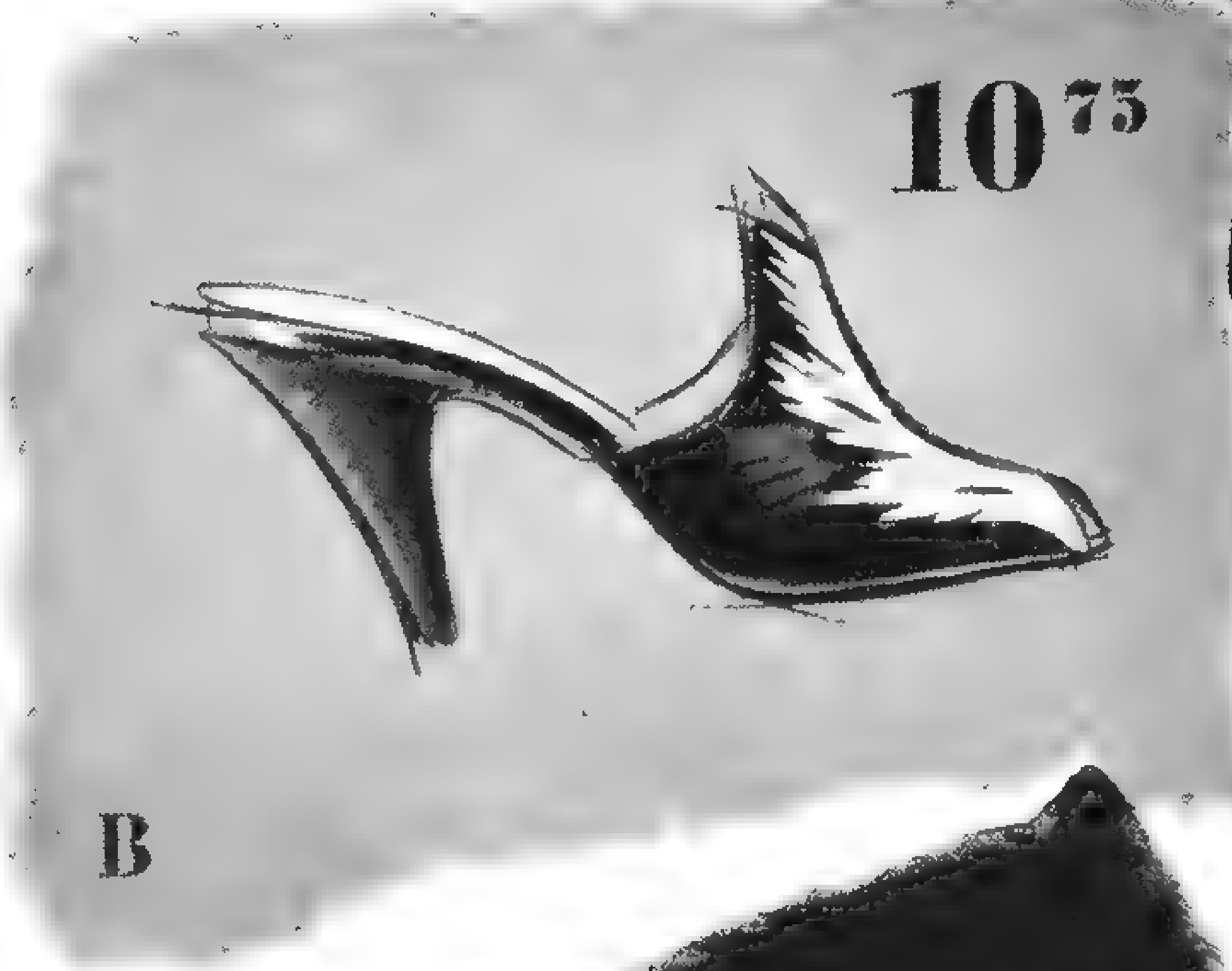
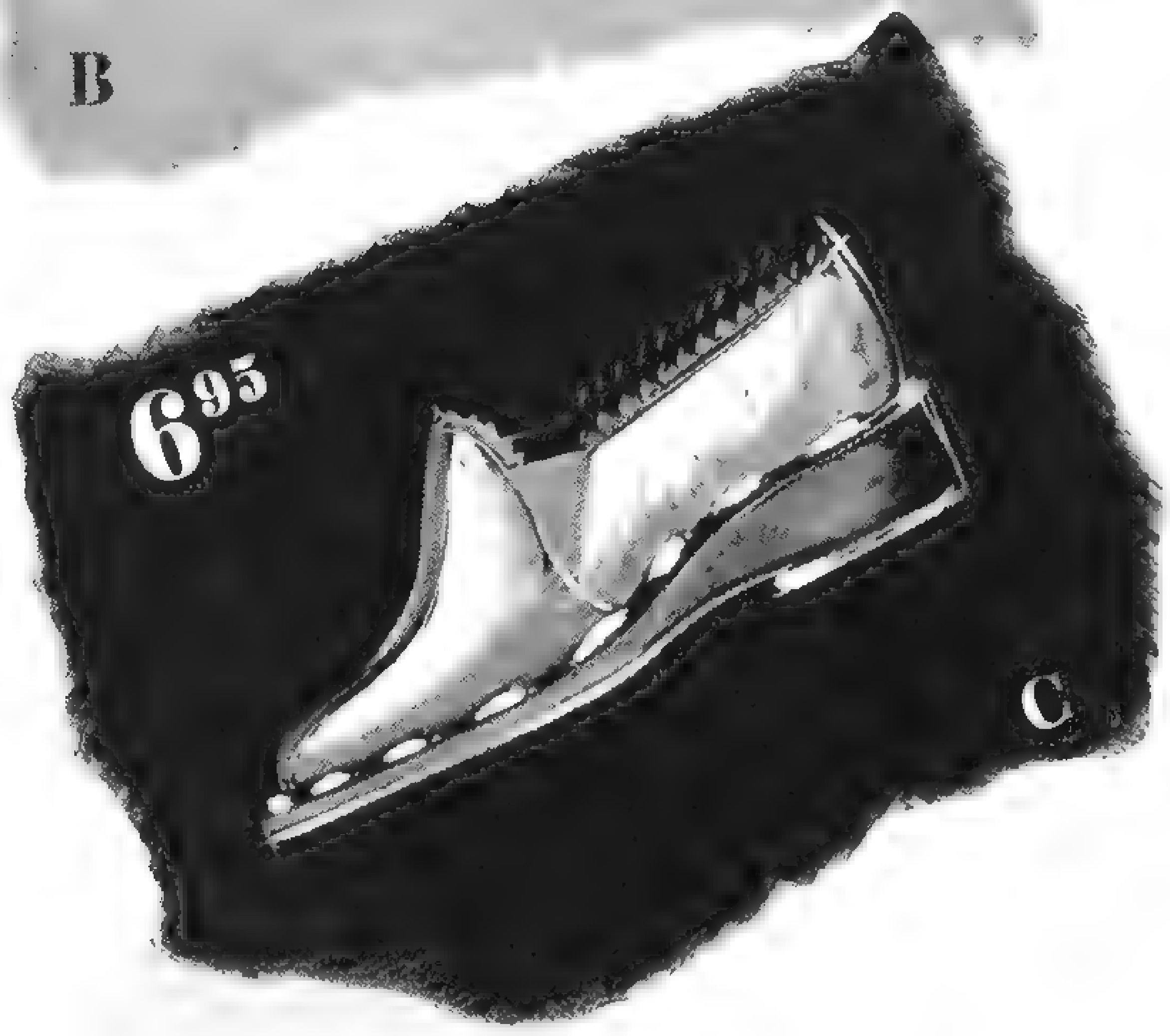
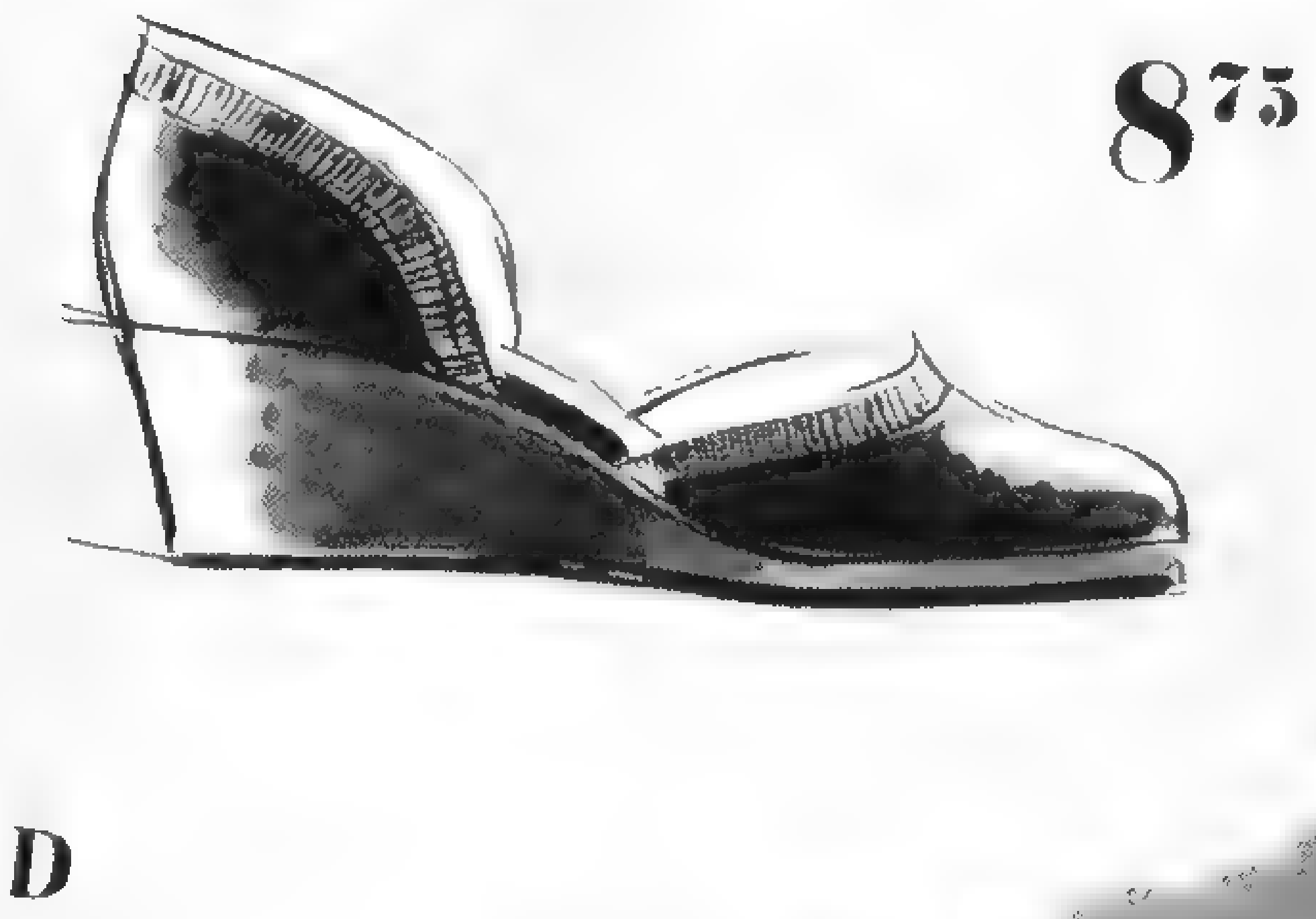
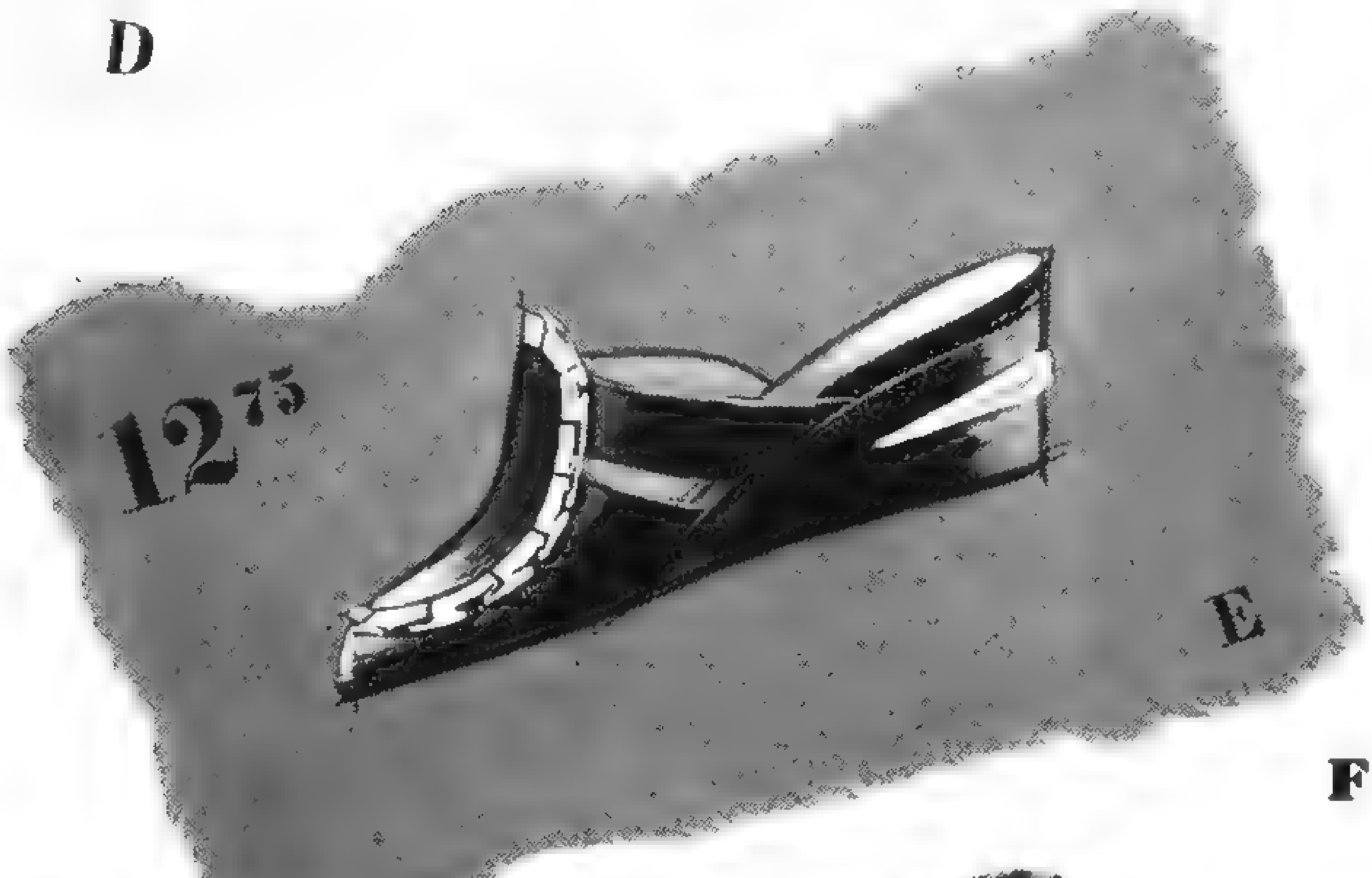
# SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

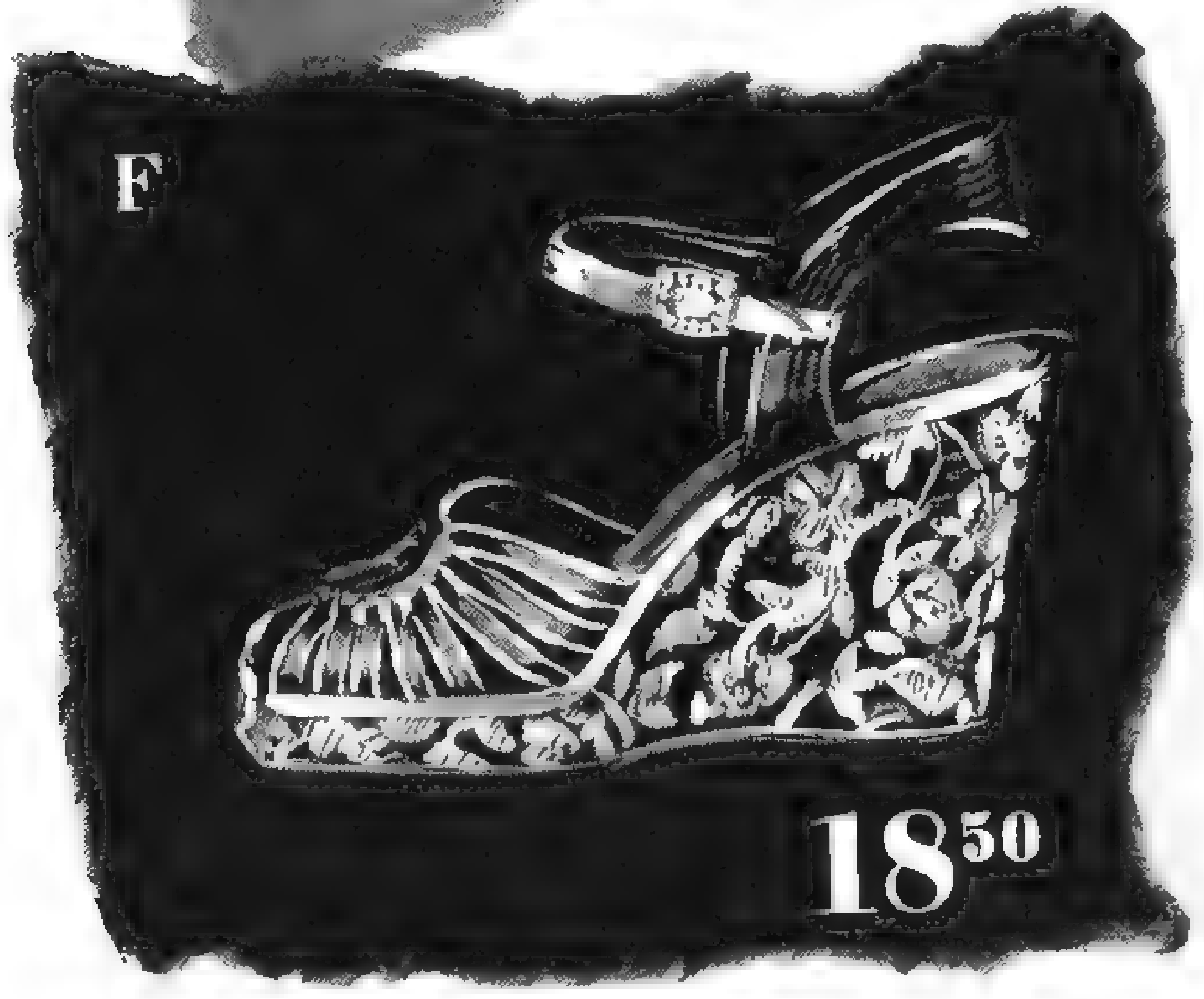


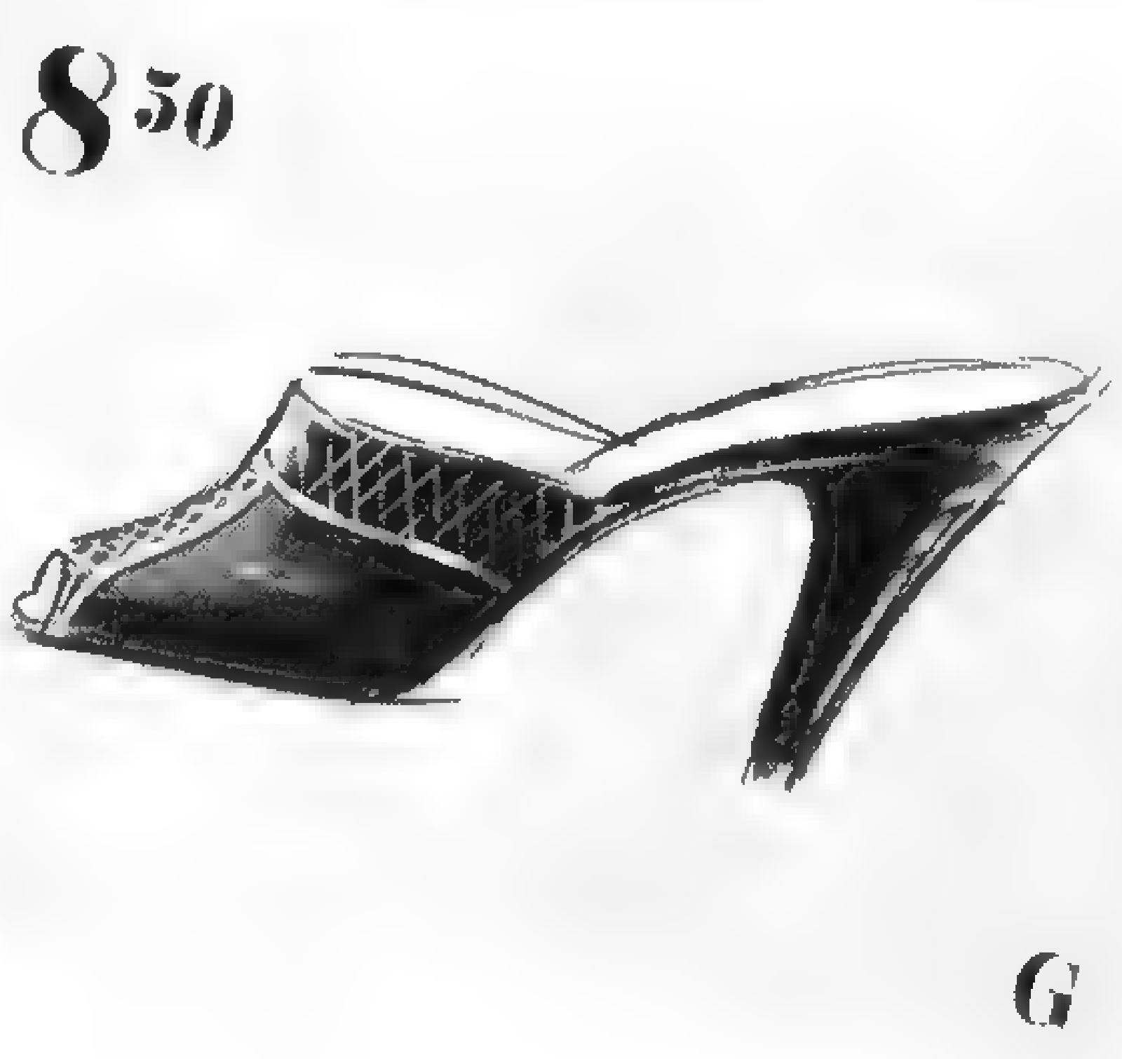












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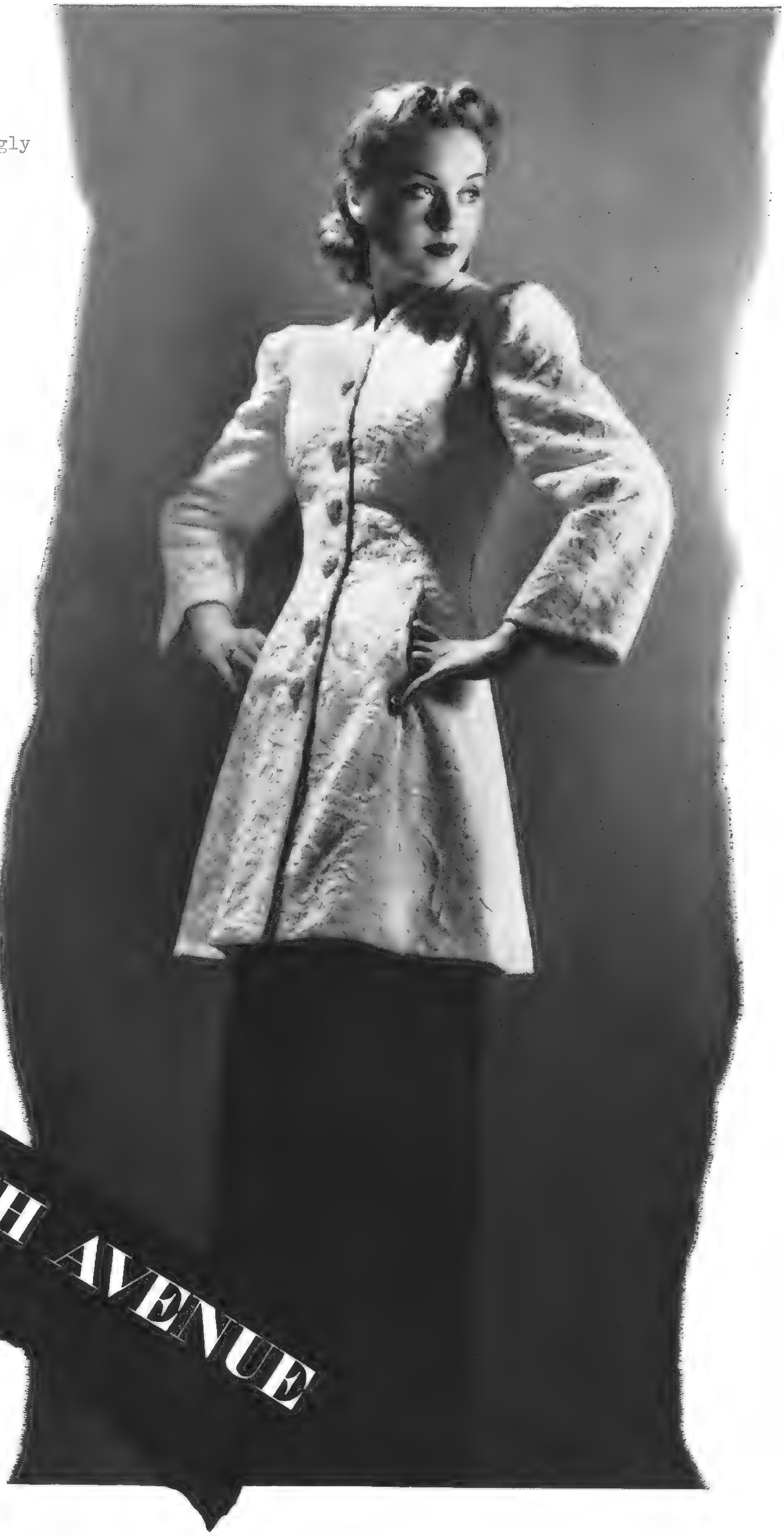

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# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

## VAUDEVILLE HITS THE SAWDUST TRAIL

If you've ever pondered the weighty problem of what has happened to once-upon-a-time vaudevillians since the Palace closed its doors to variety acts, you'll be pleased with this small story. It gives what seems to us the best of clues to the rather mysterious disappearance of that happy tribe of entertainers whose last hope is more, bigger, and better Hellzapoppin's. It is concerned with one Mr. Jimmie Dwyer, who at his rowdy 19th Century drawing room, the Sawdust Trail, has surrounded himself with four singing waiters whose show business careers cover a total of 140 years. Each one has entertained the public for more than thirty years, and seen vaudeville mushroom to a huge industry and then shrink to its present point of veritable non-existence.

If and when you enter the precincts of the Sawdust Trail, you'll meet a genial gentleman of medium stature, Dick Harding, the singing waiter whose post is nearest the door. Harding quietly boasts of thirty-four years of show business. While managing McLaughlin's Casino in Sheepshead Bay thirty years ago, the site of the present Lundy's, Dick gave Vincent Lopez his first break when Lopez was a fledgling, just out of a monastery.

Twenty-five years ago Jimmie Durante was hired by Harding when he was head singing waiter at Maxine's, where stands the present-day Brooklyn Strand Theatre. Durante habitually convulsed the customers by kicking away his stool and dancing at the same time he played the piano. Harding later became a member of the troupe, which, with Van and Schenck, was the first cabaret show to play "the big-time," breaking house records at the Bushwick Theatre in Brooklyn for twenty-nine days. He also worked for Tom Sharkey at the latter's cabaret across the street from Pastor's Theatre on 14th Street. During those Brooklyn days, he staged the minstrel shows at Sheepshead Bay, across from the Vitagraph Studios, whose make-up man appeared daily to make up his neighbor's performers. Maurice Costello, Anita Stewart, John Bunny, and other studio stars of those days were frequent attenders, and even participated from time to time.

Ruddy Irish Jack King Allman, second "Saloon Stylist," as Dwyer is wont to call his boys, has thirty-nine years in show business behind him. He toured the big-time circuits from coast to coast, and made his first professional appearance at Keith's Union Square Theatre. After a number of years of trouping, Allman was chosen by Ziegfeld, along with Will Rogers and Eddie Cantor, to open the Amsterdam Roof. Jack was, however, set in vaudeville—in those days a trouper could sign up for two years of steady work with one dip of the pen—so he turned down the great Flo, thus qualifying himself for any oddity convocation. After a few more years, he left show business to become a professional fighter, and boxed up and down the east coast for five years, finally deciding he preferred singing. He sang with the Madison Square Four and the original Empire City Quartet at Hammerstein's Victoria House.

Big Jim Buckley, the third Glamour Boy (another fond title Dwyer has for his waiters), has gaily rotated in the entertainment world for thirty-six years. He, too, played all the circuits—Keith, Albee, and Pantages. Buckley sang with the White Way Trio, and with an original rathskeller act—Buckley, Calvert, and Stillwell. He toured Europe with the show headed by Clark and McCullough. Buckley is an encyclopedia of show business. Entertainment trade paper reporters often consult him when they want to find an old-timer who has dropped out of sight.

In the rear of the Sawdust Trail is little Sammie Simmons, whose thirty years in the business have presented him with a colorful background. His first act was the Brooklyn City Four, a quartet from his street-corner which broke into vaudeville via the amateur contest route. Simmons and the late Schenck, of Van and Schenck, were the best of friends, and Sammie was instrumental in getting them their first professional jobs when Van and Schenck were motorman and conductor on the old B.M.T. trains. In 1910 Sammie worked as a singing waiter with Irving Berlin at Nigger Mike's on the Bowery, and later became professional manager for Berlin's first song publishing firm, Watterson, Berlin, and Snyder.

The demand for singing waiters, according to these four gentlemen, has always been good, although, they quickly add, in the old days it was recognized as a more important branch of show business than it is today. Where the vaudevillians of yesteryear might be is no mystery to them. They'll cheerfully tell you that 140 years of the art are right there on 44th Street, singing old-time songs and happily knocking the white caps off steins of beer.

Ranger

---

HER GIFT

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**(B)** *Crepe satin lace-trimmed bolster neck pillow* - **$10.00**
**(C)** *Needlepoint embroidered satin heart shaped pillow* - **$15.00**
**(D)** *Real lace pin cushion* - **$5.00**
**(E)** *Bouquet sachet. Bottle of sachet powder provides lasting fragrance* - **$5.00**
**(F)** *Satin lingerie bands with embroidered basket motifs - The Set* - **$7.50**
**(G)** *Pin cushion of satin, trimmed with embroidery and fringe* - **$4.50**
**(H)** *Embroidered satin heart sachet. Bottle of sachet powder provides lasting fragrance* **$5.00**

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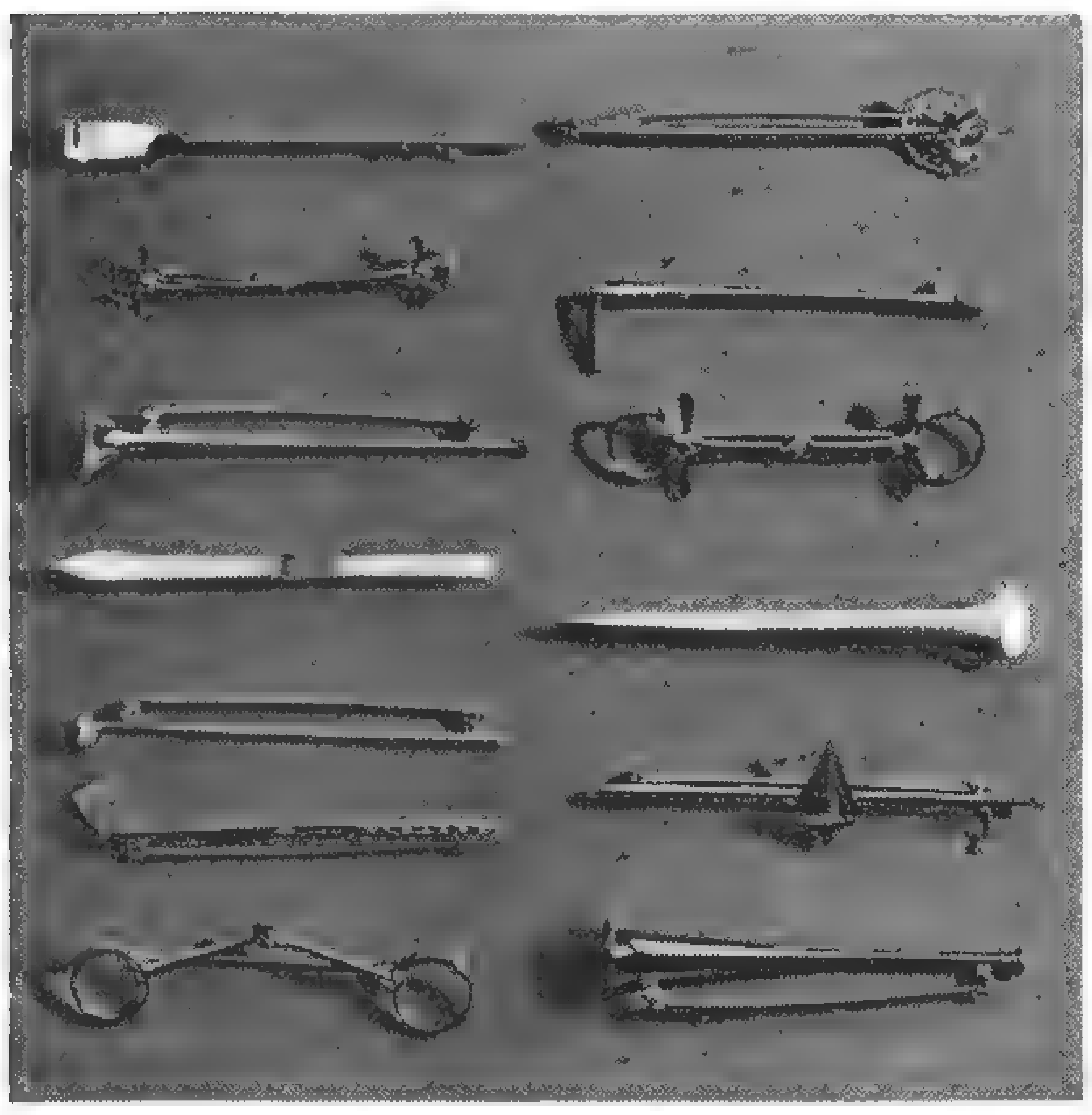
# "IT'S FROM BROOKS" IS ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT A CHRISTMAS GIFT

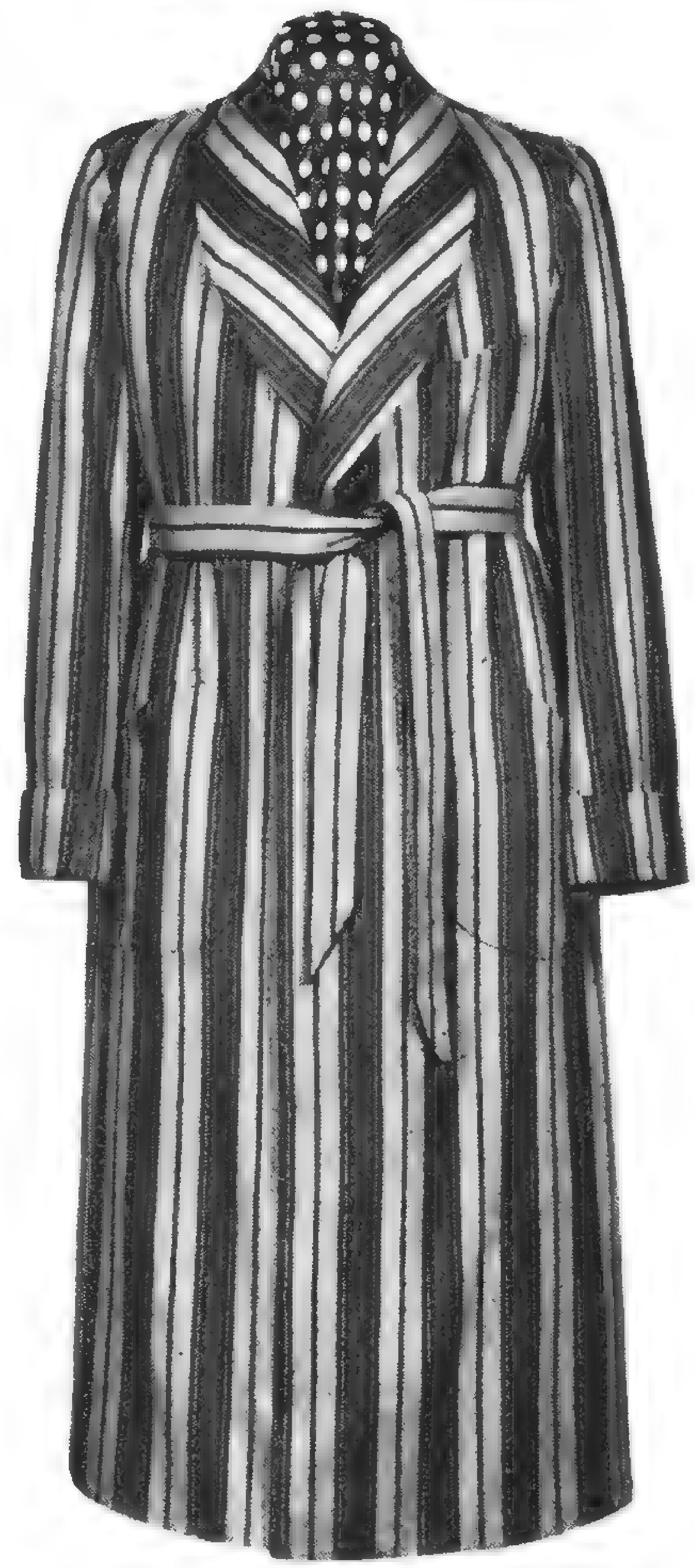
© Brooks Brothers

BROOKS BROTHERS ENGLISH BRIAR PIPES, $6.50 to $14.50. Illustrated, plain bit $6.50; silver banded $7.50. BROOKS BROTHERS TOBACCO POUCHES are $1.50 to $8. Illustrated: striped silk roll-up, $4.50, and pocketbook, $3.50; and pigskin, pocketbook, $3.



BROOKS 14-K GOLD COLLAR OR NECKTIE PINS: in sporting designs include, as illustrated top to bottom (left column), oar pin, $14; cheek-bit (collar clip) $12; coaching horn pin, $22; ski pin, $12; golf club pin (driver), $11; golf club pin (mashie), $10; snaffle bit pin, $12; (right column) ski pole pin, $18; crop pin, $14; check bit pin, $12; horse shoe nail, $12.50; yacht, $24; hunting horn, $24.

BROOKS LUGGAGE made in our own shop with English leathers and hardware, includes every type of bag. Illustrated: Tan cowhide suitcase (28") with removable tray, lined with red fabrikoid, $68; and tan grained cowhide gladstone bag (26"), $75.



BROOKS DRESSING GOWNS, in Cottons, Woollens and Silks present a wide choice of colors and exclusive patterns. They range from $8 (cotton) to $85 (wool). The wool gown illustrated, imported from Scotland, boldly striped in maroon, green, and tan, is $30.

Really dependable values were never more important than this Christmas. Brooks Brothers' suggestions are all made of choice materials, designed in styles that are noted for their lasting taste, and put together with careful workmanship. So whether the price is a dollar or two for a goodlooking remembrance...or runs on into larger figures for a really memorable gift...you can be sure of what you're giving if you get it at Brooks.

* * *

If you will write to our New York store, Madison Avenue, corner of 44th St., we shall be glad to send you a copy of Brooks Brothers' illustrated Christmas Book, together with a convenient check-list of suggestions grouped in price classifications that range from "Less than $5" to "$50 Upwards."

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CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
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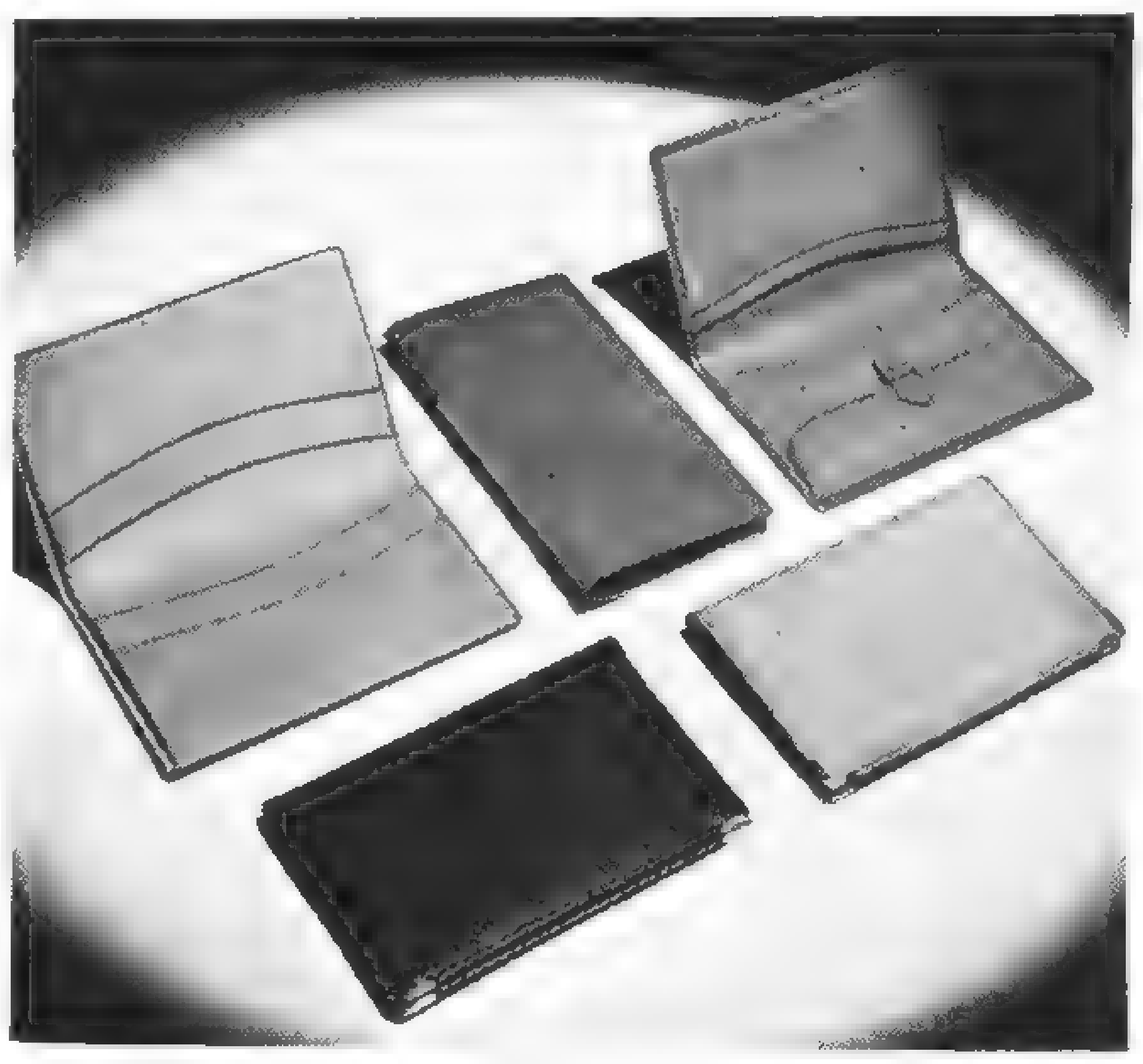
BROOKS FITTED DRESSING CASES in a variety of styles and leathers are $18 to $250. Illustrated: Tan pigskin case lined with red morocco, containing 10 toilet articles, $25; and a smaller case containing comb, brush, toothbrush, dental cream, shaving cream, safety razor and Brooks blade, and nail file, $6.

BROOKS WOOL MUFFLERS FROM SCOTLAND: Illustrated left to right (top), bold plaids, $2.50; heavy knitted wool in a choice of plain colors, $6; and (bottom) pure cashmere in several plain colors, $10, and smaller plaids, $2.50. Other mufflers, $2.50 to $18.



BROOKS LEATHER WALLETS are $4.75 to $23. Illustrated left to right (top) all plain pigskin, $4.75, $11, and $12; and (bottom) with 14K gold corners, in dark pinseal or pigskin, $14. Many other styles.

Mmm! Mm!
LOOKS LIKE A
Columbia
CHRISTMAS
for Uncle Clark
for sister Bess
for Dad
for Brother Jack

IN this merry season of joyful planning, if only thought waves would travel far and fast. Our Christmas gift selections would then be endowed with the added assurance of being the right gift for the right person every time! Actually, this need be of no concern at all *IF* you know...

*What is America's fastest growing sport that all the family can enjoy together?*

The answer? CYCLING, of course! And what a glorious *all-family* sport it can be when off you go to picnic, fish, or to cycle for the sheer joy of it on a new COLUMBIA... America's finest bicycle for over 63 years. You can see these fine new COLUMBIA models now at Columbia dealers everywhere or on display at the Esquire Christmas Fair. The Westfield Manufacturing Co., Westfield, Mass.

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***Who lives in a penthouse on the park,***
***Folds up quickly, nice and neat***
***To stow in closet or rumble seat.***

COMPAX FOLDING MODEL—America's first practical folding bicycle. Can be assembled or folded in fifteen seconds. Takes little more than the space of one wheel.

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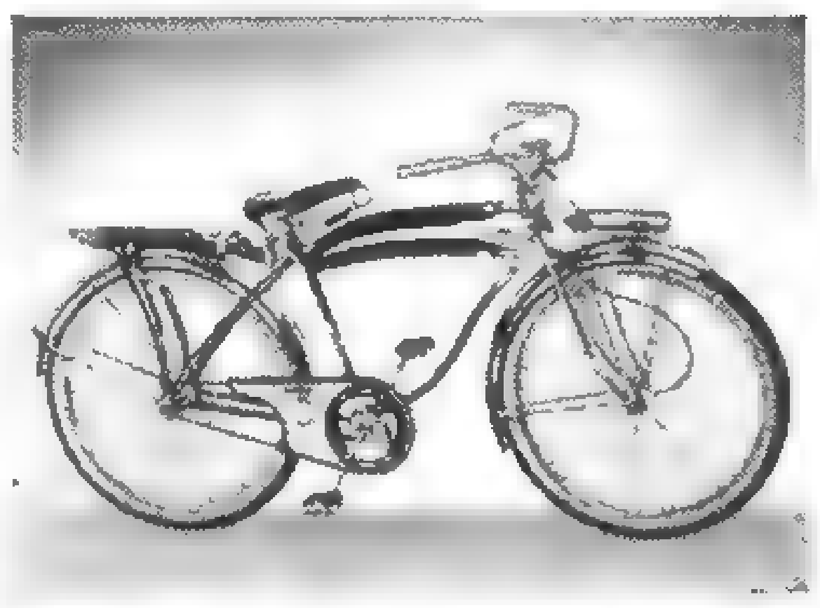
***"But better bring along another,***
***So I can share the fun with Mother."***

STREAMLINE GIRL'S MODEL—One of the most popular COLUMBIAS. Has metal skirt guard, full chain guard, concealed electric horn, headlight and safety reflector.

***Here your choice can surely rest,***
***For Brother Jack it's sure the best.***
***Only have to glance it over,***
***To tell it's what a boy would go for.***

STREAMLINE MOTOBIKE—"Tops" among all motobike equipped bicycles. Streamlined features include instrument panel to tell time and speed, electric horn-lite.



***Dad is just a boy at heart,***
***And the sport of biking fits the part.***
***'Twill help relax and flex his muscles,***
***After tedious business tussles.***

MEN'S SPORT TOURIST—Sturdy, lightweight model, ideal for touring. Has many special features, including hand-brakes and 3-speed gear.

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# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

**CONFIDENTIALLY, HIS PUNS . . .**

Thirty years ago (October 4, 1909) a gangling, giggling, bespectacled young man made his first Broadway appearance in an ill-fated musical called "The Deacon and the Lady" and maimed the audience with a pun. Fortunately that pun has not been preserved for posterity, but its counterpart may be found in almost any scene of "Boys and Girls Together," the new revue at the Broadhurst Theatre, where that same chuckling comedian manages somehow to combine the functions of producer, author, director, and star. His name is Ed Wynn, his admirers are legion, and his puns, if possible, worse than ever.

To describe Ed Wynn's type of comedy to anyone unfamiliar with the comedian would be a completely unsatisfactory procedure. His puns may be recounted, his hats depicted, even his intonations mimicked, and yet the hearer would miss the essential Wynn—the lovable, eager little man who gets into the most outlandish forms of trouble trying to make himself agreeable to people. Like Charlie Chaplin, he is a clown who depends less on material than on characterization, who brightens and illumines whatever role he plays. And like Chaplin, Wynn is always playing himself – kindly, sympathetic, sincere.

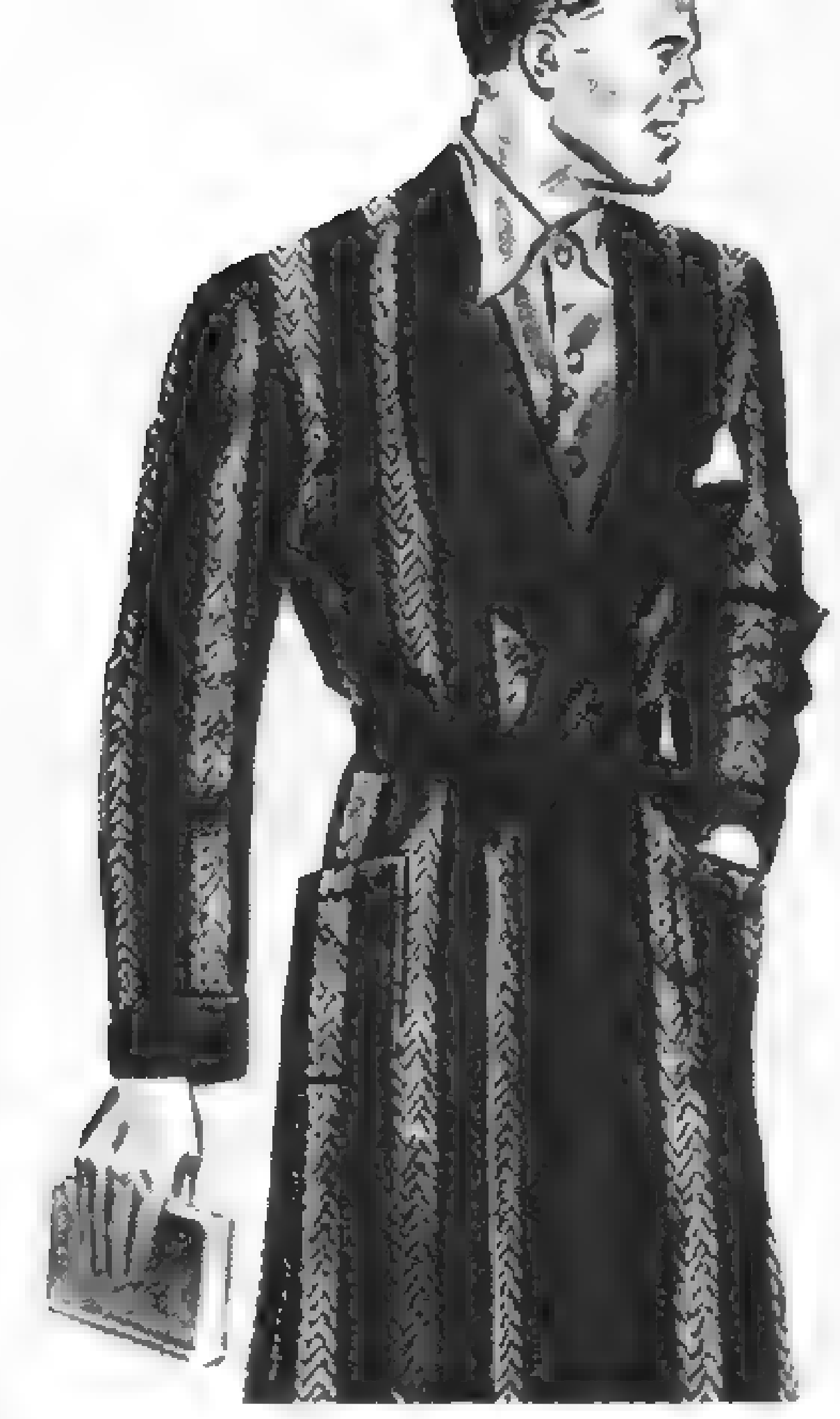
Currently he is the proud guardian – conferencier, if you prefer – of a series of turns that leaves him gaping with incredulity at the antics of his performers, as though he had not been watching them for six nights a week for the past two months. And amazing these turns are—a couple of acrobats who get all tangled up with one another, and with Wynn too when he tries to help out; an Apache act that reverses itself in mid-routine; a fat girl who can walk on her hands crab-fashion as though that were her natural means of locomotion; a sextet of jugglers who work together like automata – all these he follows with bated breath, as well as such better-known players as the De Marcos, Dave Apollon, and Jane Pickens. And his show girls. No Ziegfeld ever took greater pride in the beauty of his girls than Wynn, who introduces each one personally to the audience with a fanfare of his own trumpet.

But all these activities would be egregious if undertaken by a less sympathetic actor-manager. Who else could walk into every act of his show without having either the audience or the players mind the intrusion? Who else could remain on the stage for over two hours every night without growing either dull, stale, or exhausted? Who else – but of course there is only one Ed Wynn, as the professional mimics have found to their dismay when they tried to imitate him.

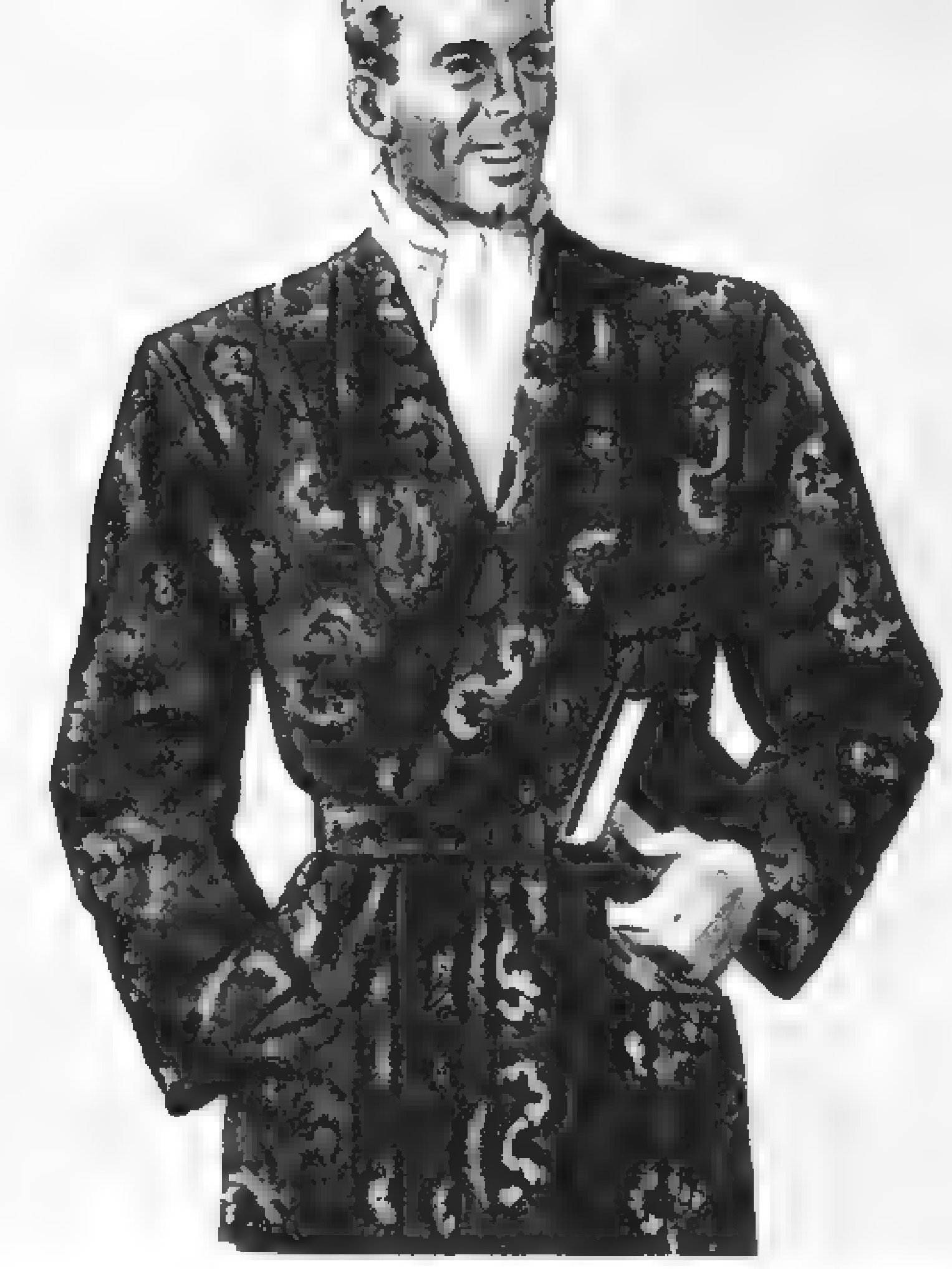
Born in Philadelphia, Ed Wynn would now be one of the nation's leading milliners if his father had had his way. As it was, he spent two years selling hats—years that served him in good stead when he sought comic props for his stage activities. To appear twice in a show in the same fantastic headgear would be as abhorrent to Wynn as to arrive at a premiere in a fedora and sport jacket to Lucius Beebe. He first gave vent to his histrionic inclinations (Wynn, not Beebe) during what, according to the parental viewpoint, should have been his freshman year at the University of Pennsylvania. Registered at that august institution of learning, he failed to show up for any of his classes and was discovered some time later playing Parson John, a septuagenarian cleric in "Jim Bledsoe" with the Thurber-Nasher repertory company in Norwich, Connecticut. After serving his two-year penance in the hat trade he broke out again, this time for good, in a vaudeville act known as "The Rah Rah Boys." He was already a vaudeville headliner when Alfred E. Aarons and Louis Werba engaged him to play Jupiter Slick in "The Deacon and the Lady." His name first appeared in lights above "The Passing Show of 1916" and that imprimatur has never failed since to emblazon a success. Nor is "Boys and Girls Together" an exception to the rule.

Of his technique, Wynn has this to say: "I try to make the audience forget it is in a theatre. I want them all to think that they are in their own living room with Cousin Charley, the cut-up who

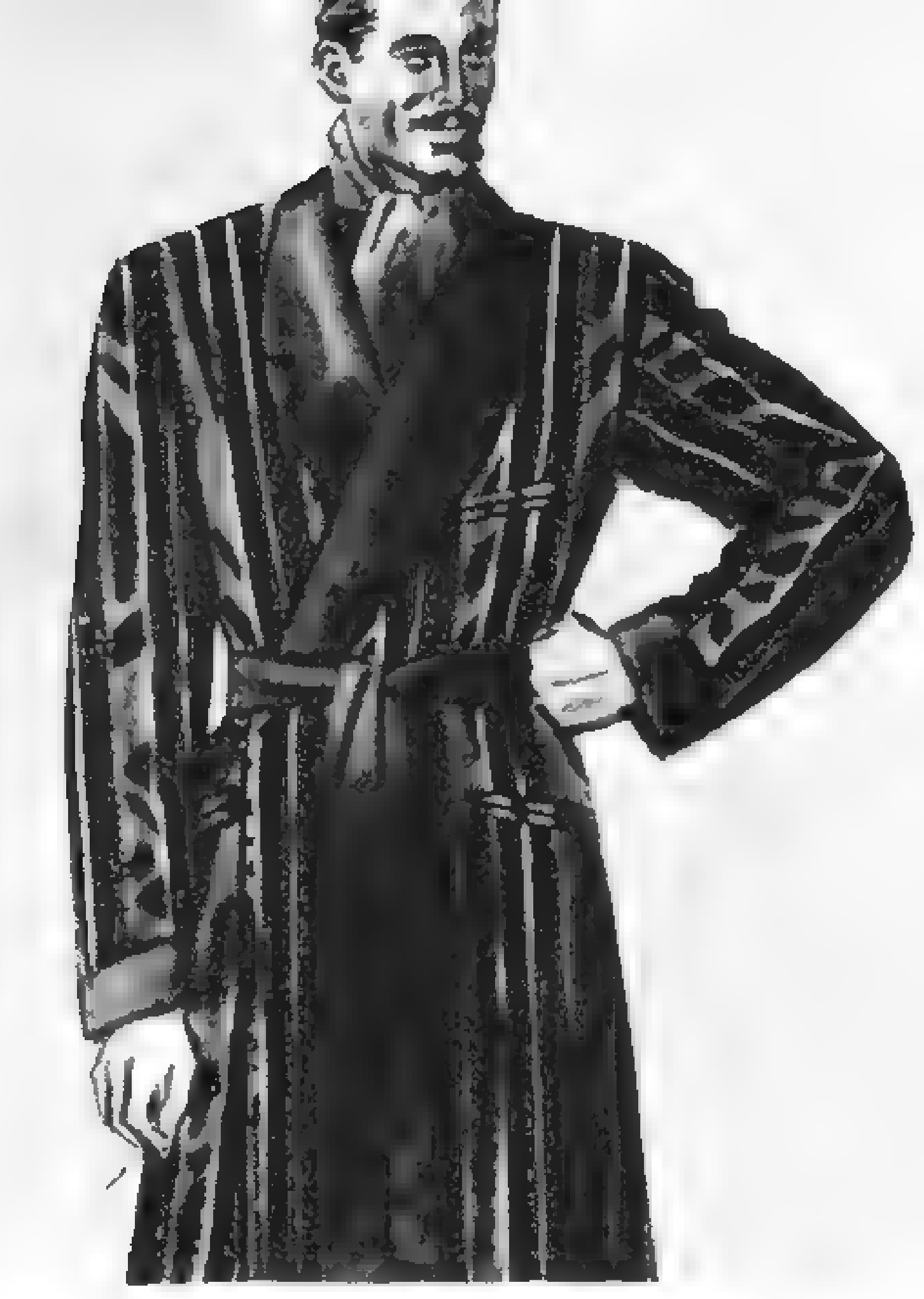
*Continued on page NY-24*



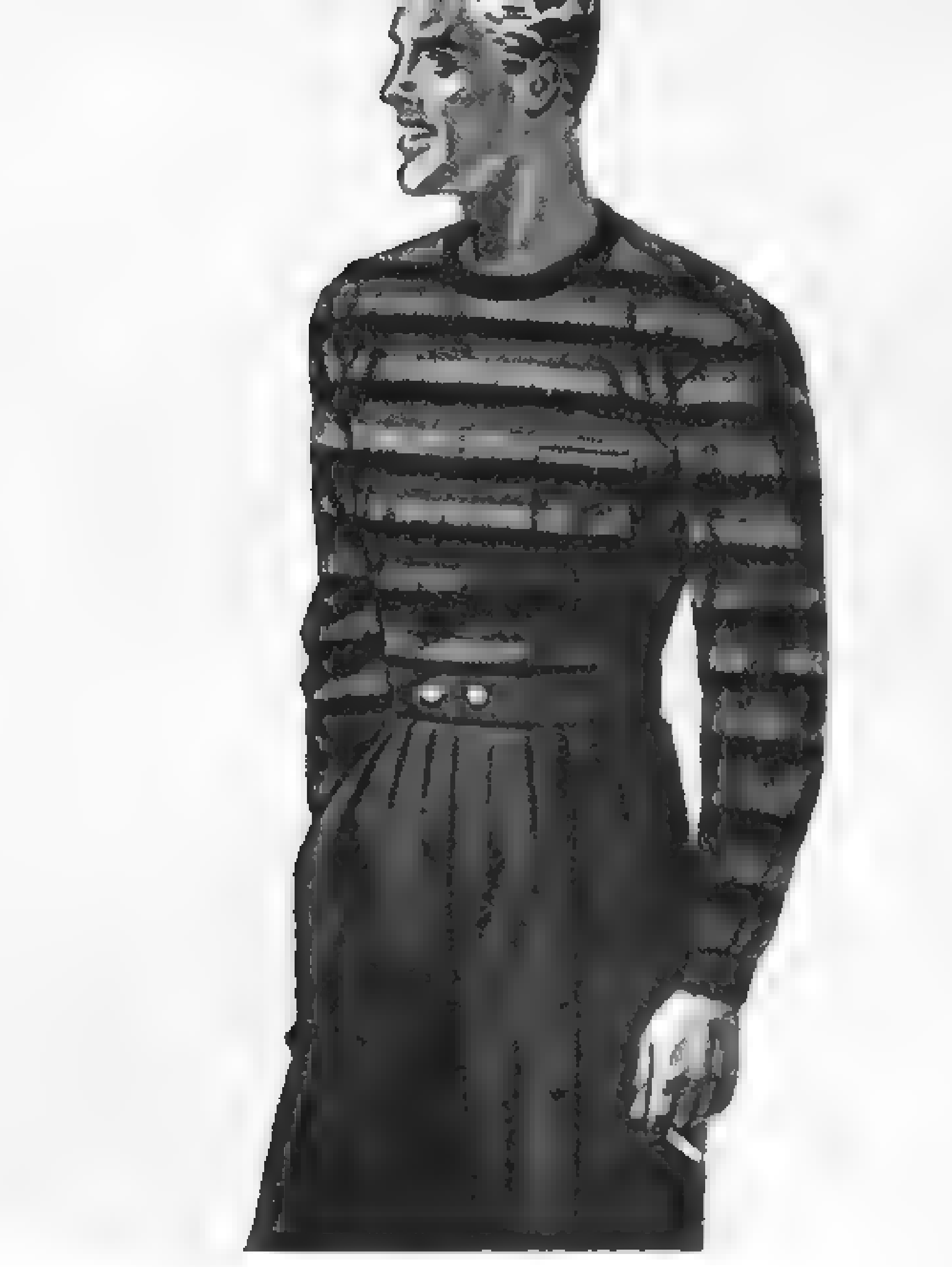
Warm-as-toast robe of all-wool flannel, in a smart herringbone stripe design. $7.50



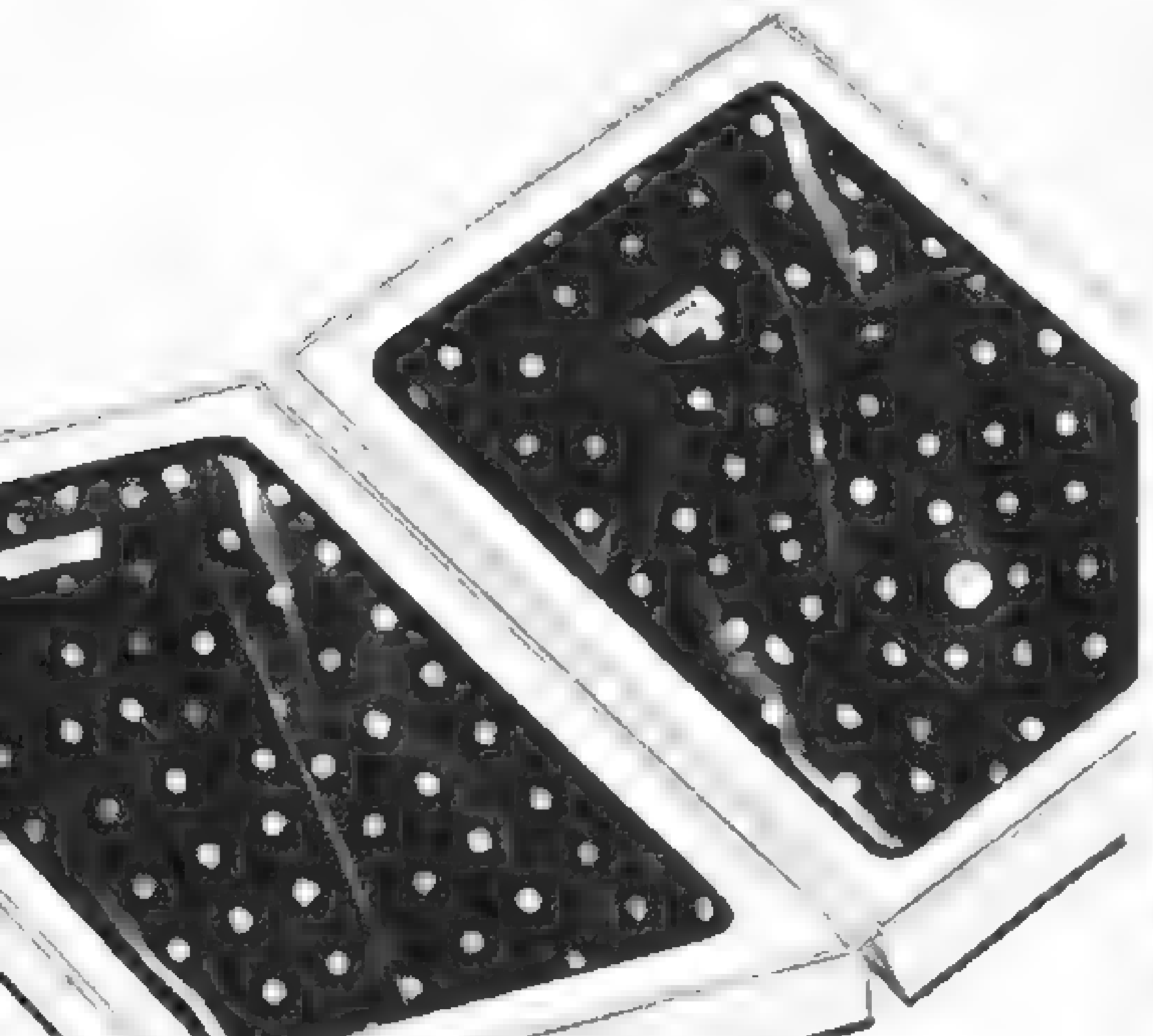
Paisley print robe of wrinkle-resistant spun rayon challis. In pliofilm bag. $10



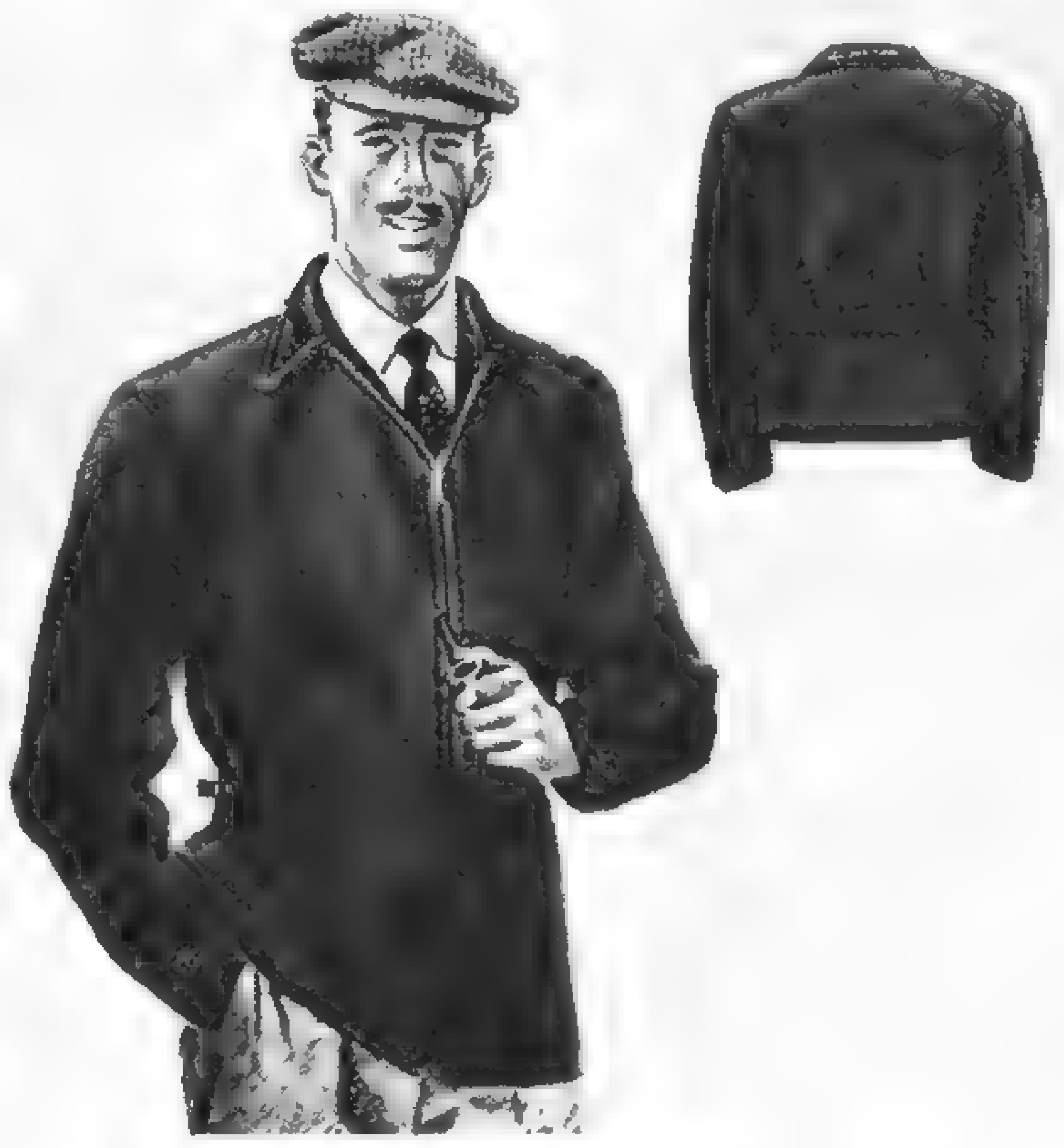
Magnificent lounge robe of striped satin and faille. Luxuriously satin-lined. $15



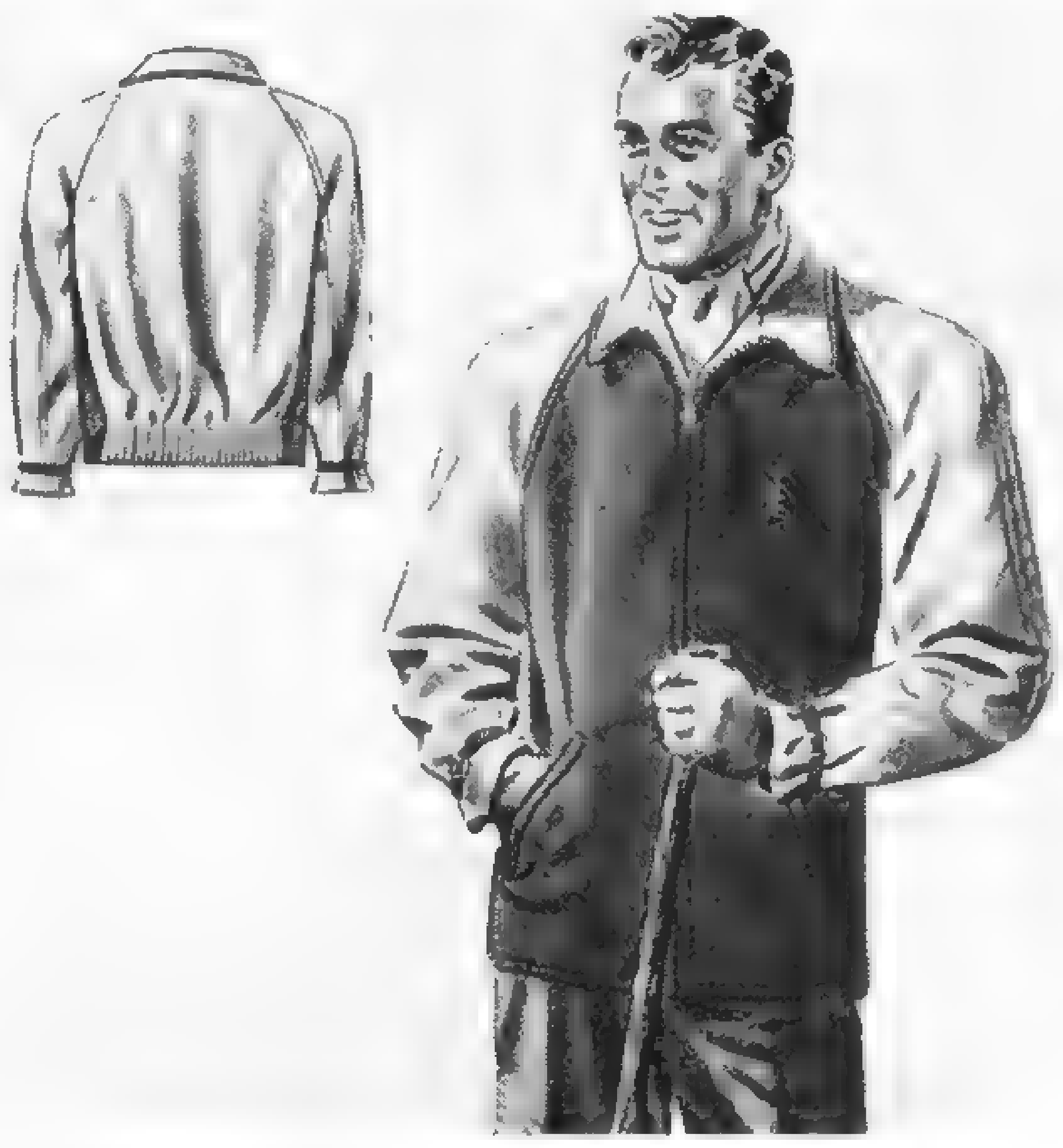
"First Nighter" pajamas. Striped knit top; pleated broadcloth trousers. $2.50



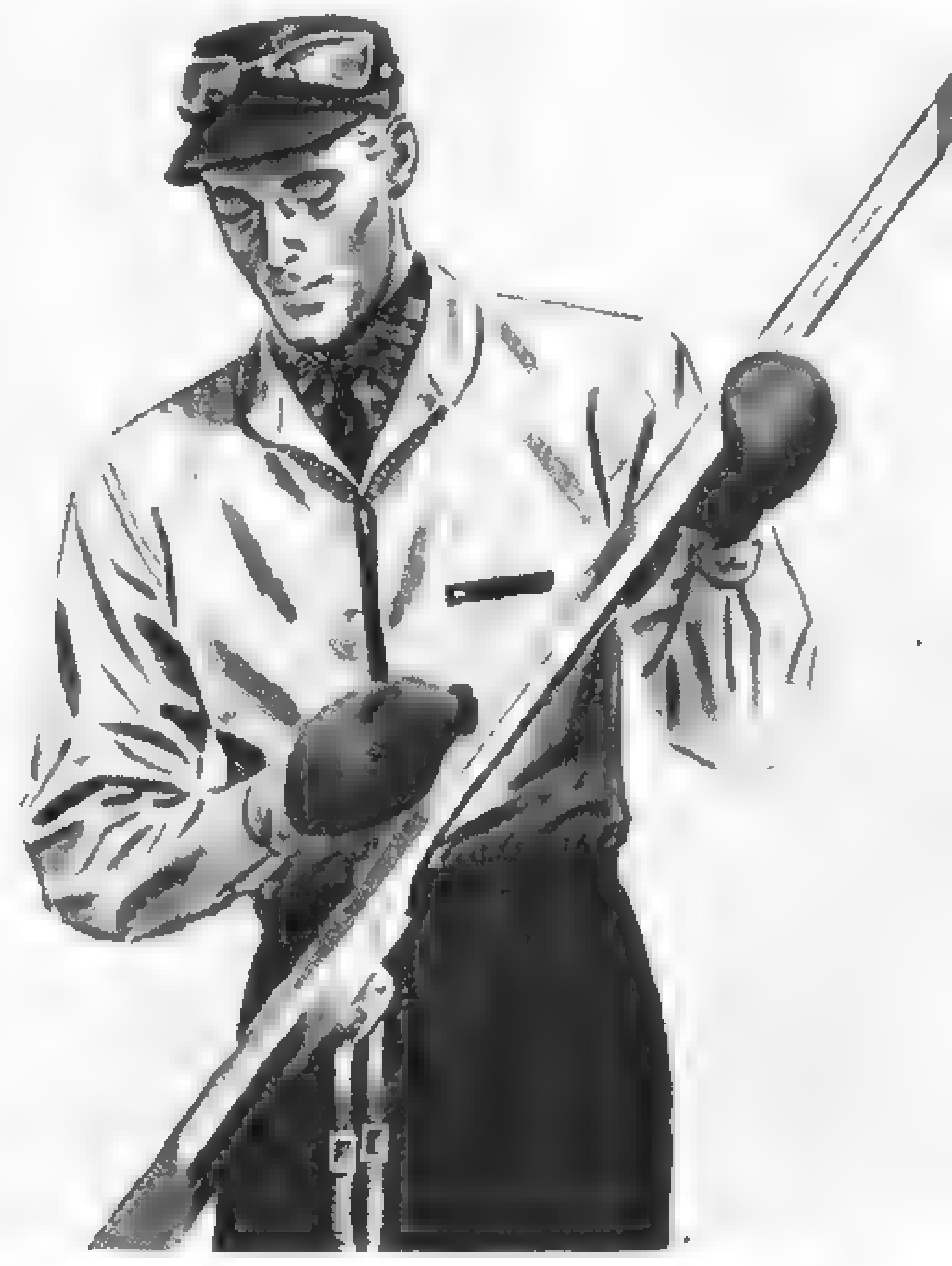
Robe-and-pajama set of polka dot rayon crepe. The set, in a double box, $8.50



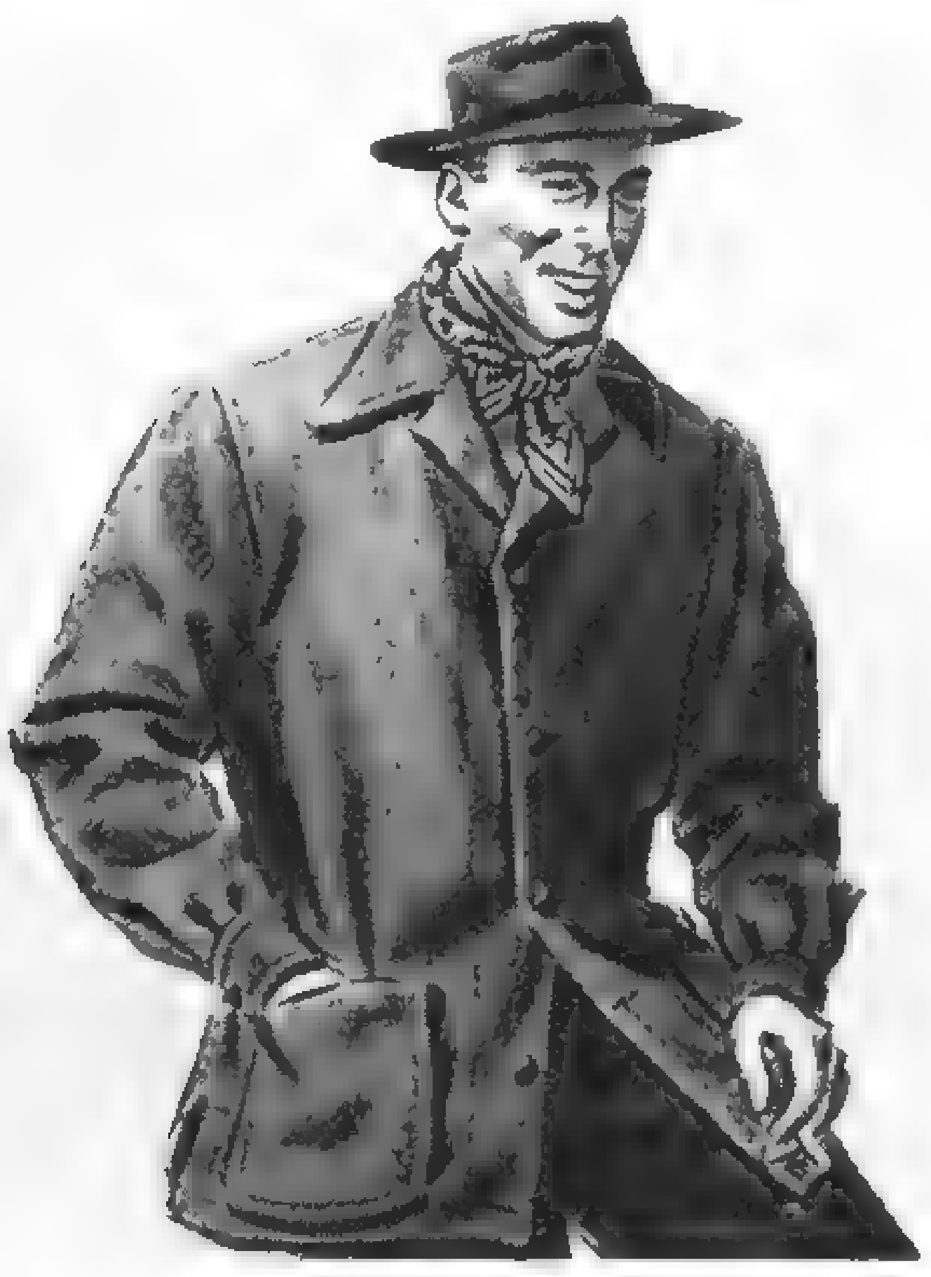
Slide-fastened windbreaker of cocoa suede. Cape collar, belted back. $10



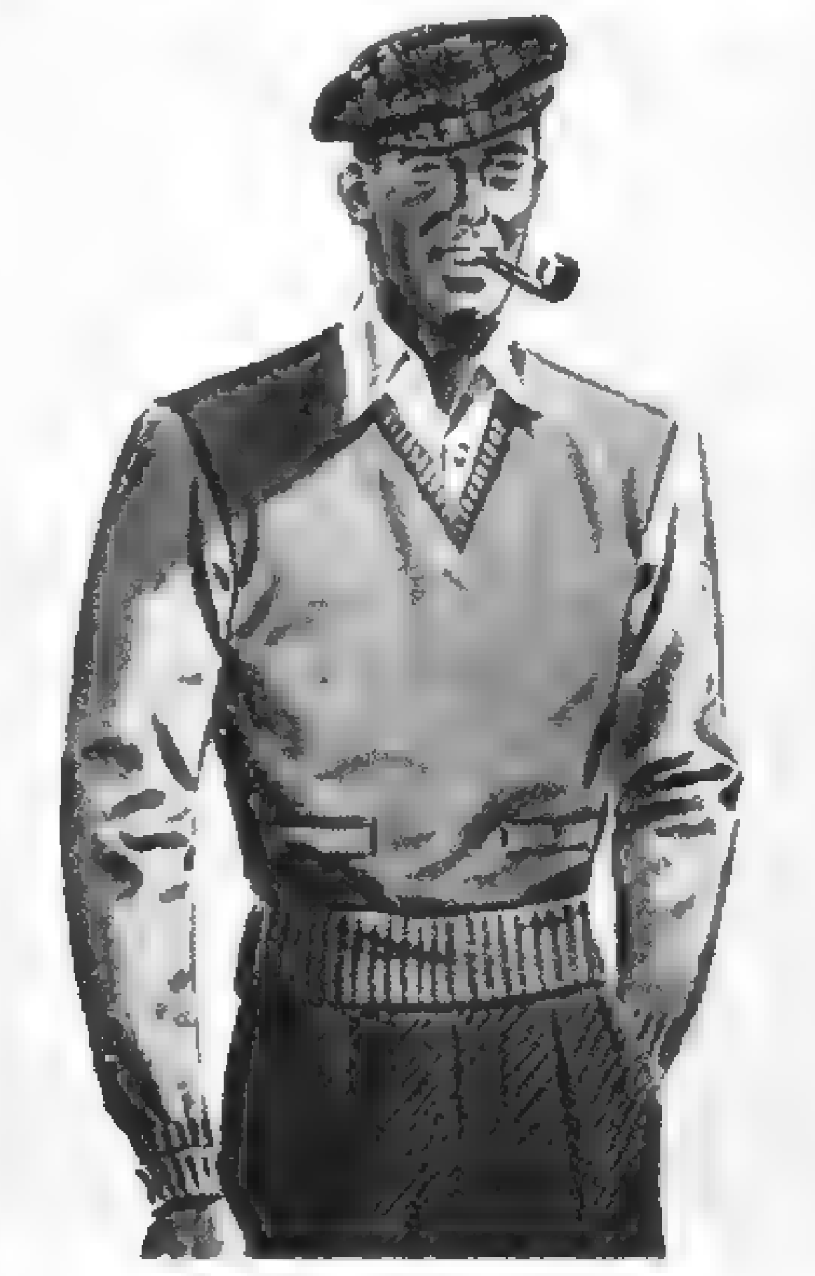
Windbreaker, rich brown suede front; tan wool back, sleeves and collar. $12.50



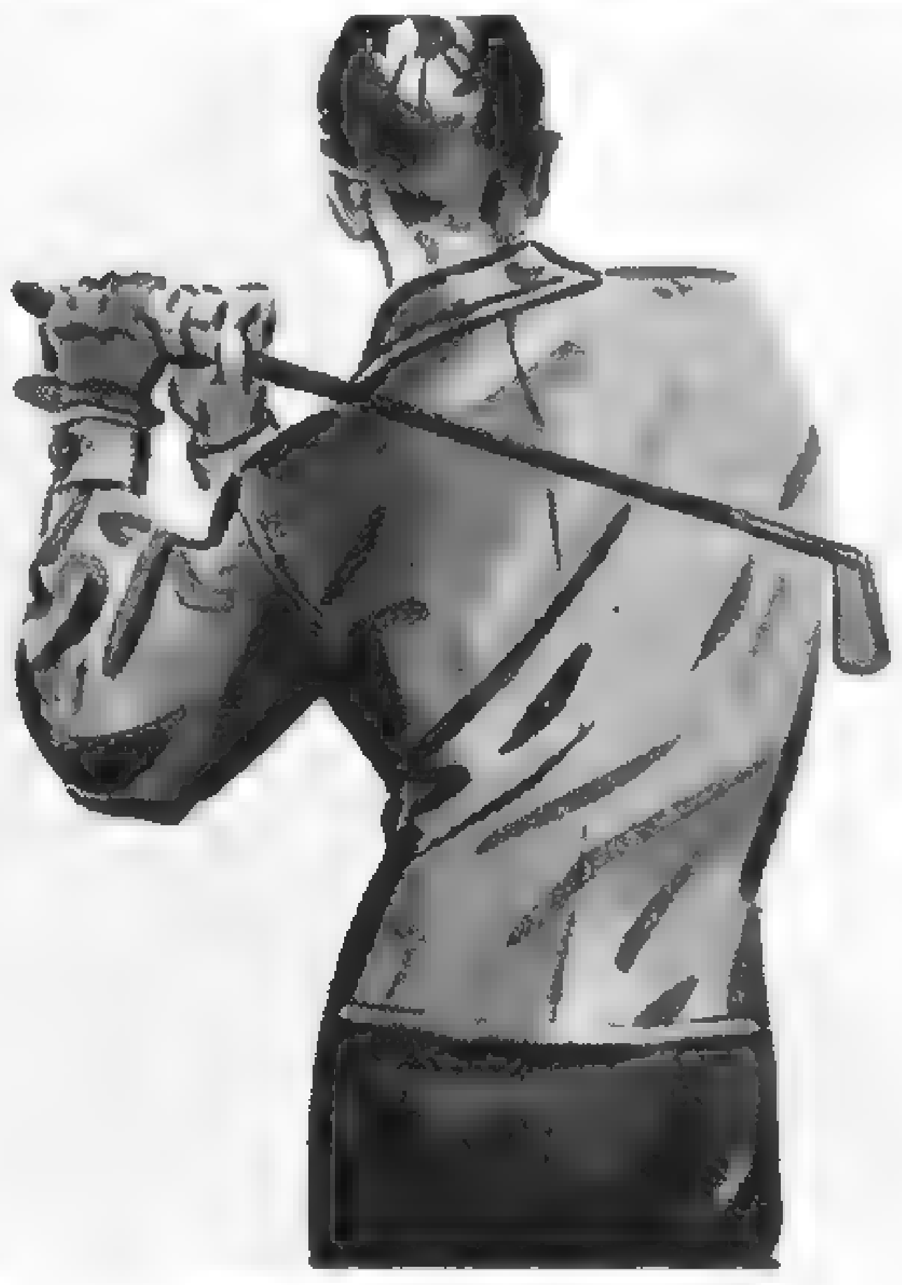
Tan weather-proof poplin ski jacket. $5
Trousers of wool-mixture gabardine. $8.50



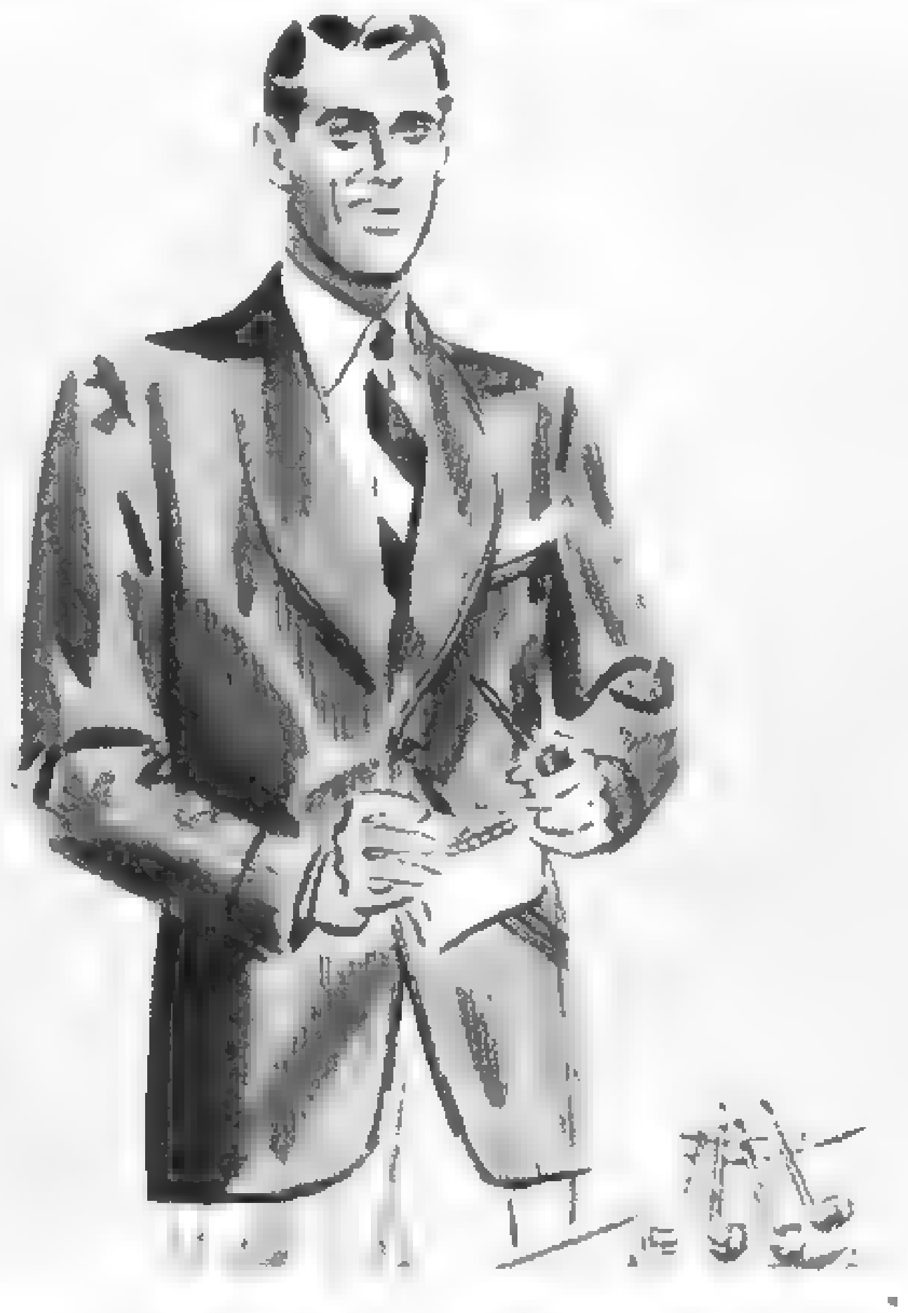
Leisure jacket in heathery wool. Leather buttons and convertible collar. $12.50



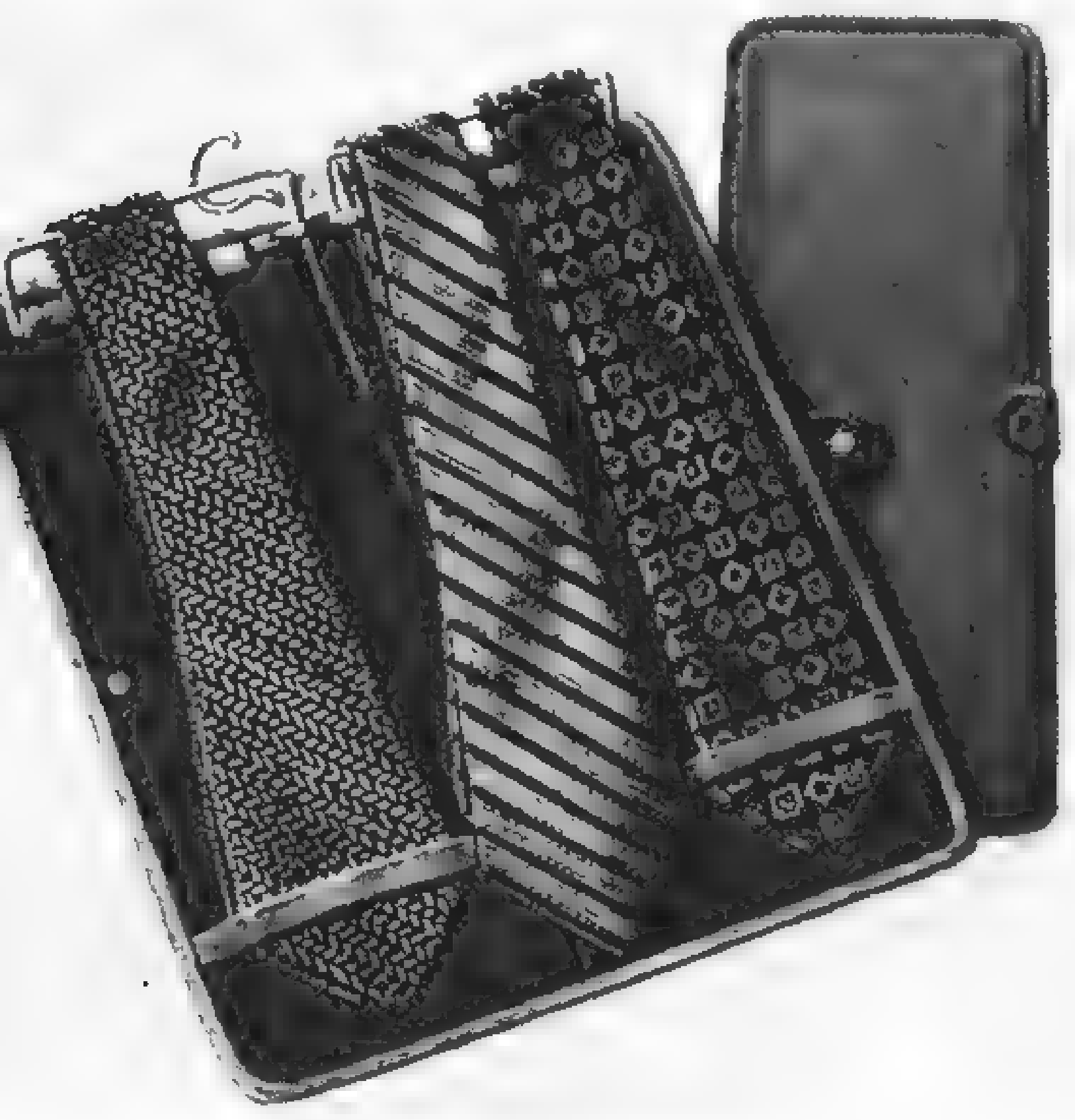
Suede-front pullover, with soft-textured knit back and sleeves; set-in pockets. $5



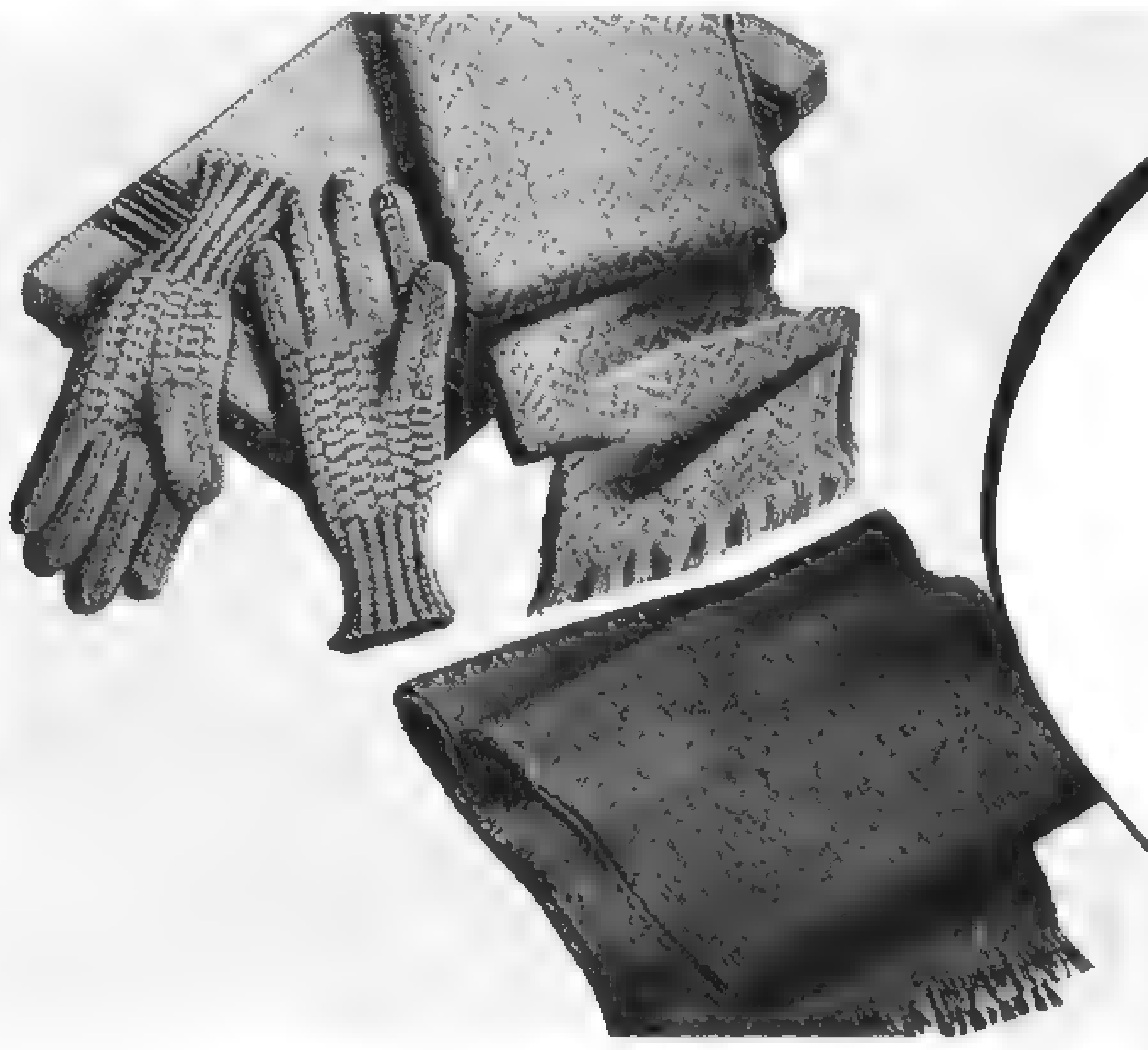
"Bantamac" tan poplin jacket, with a stretchable back of Laton yarn. $7.50



Attractive house coat, tailored of a fine corduroy, with becoming shawl collar. $10



London tan folding tie-case, containing three smart looking ties. Complete, $5



Glove and muffler set of zephyr wool. $2.50
Muffler of cashmere and wool. $3.50

*Get His Gifts at*

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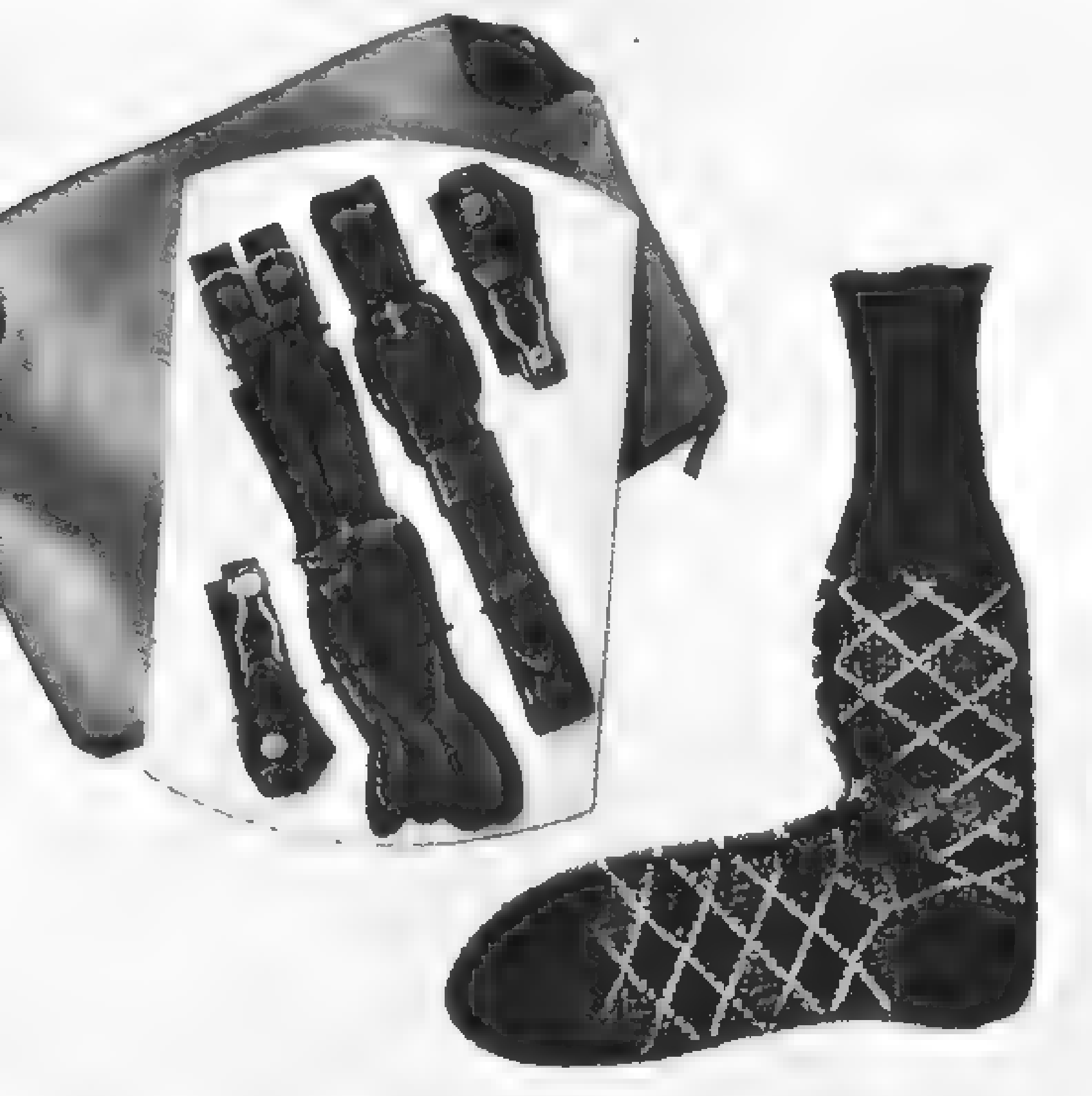
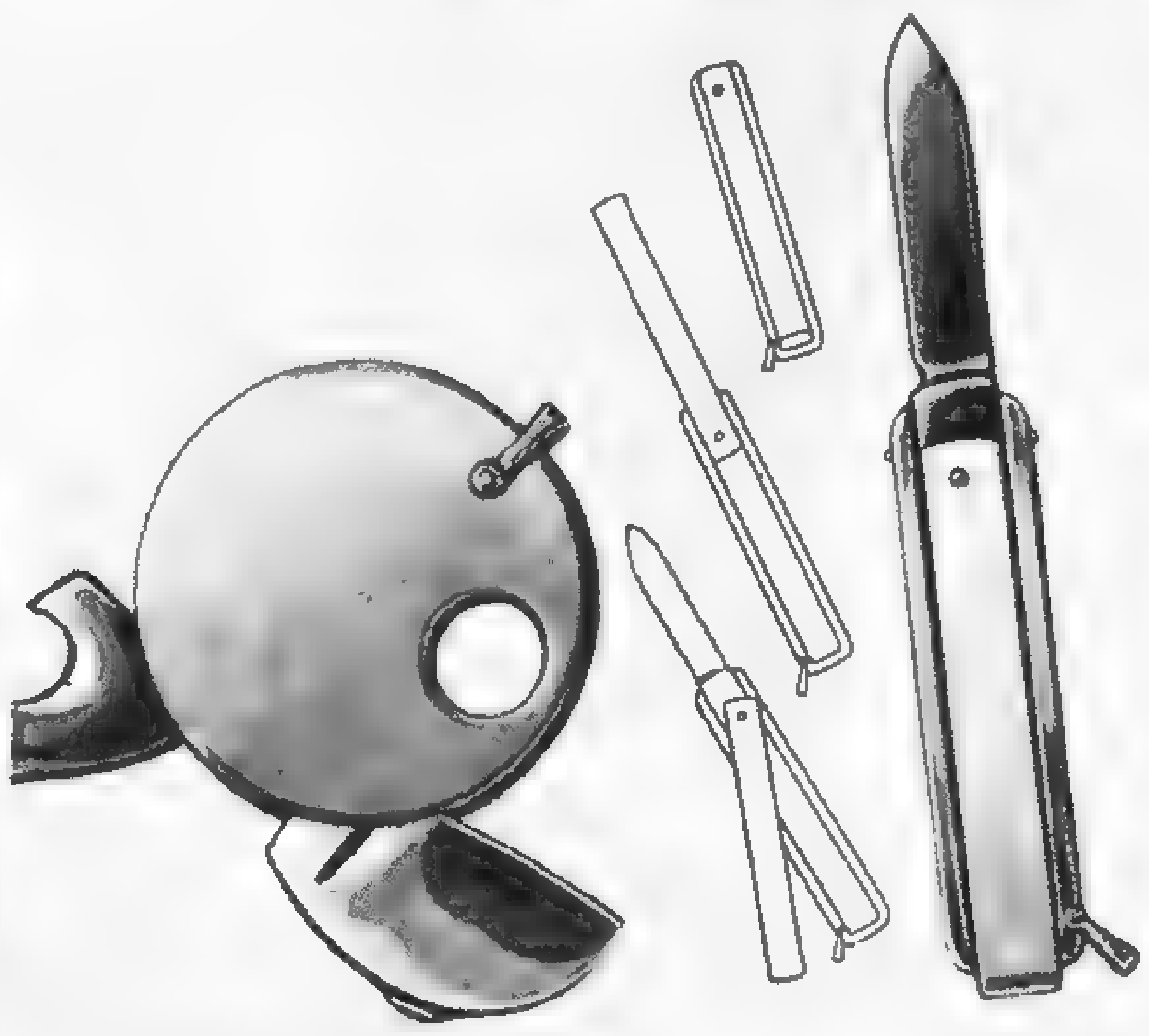
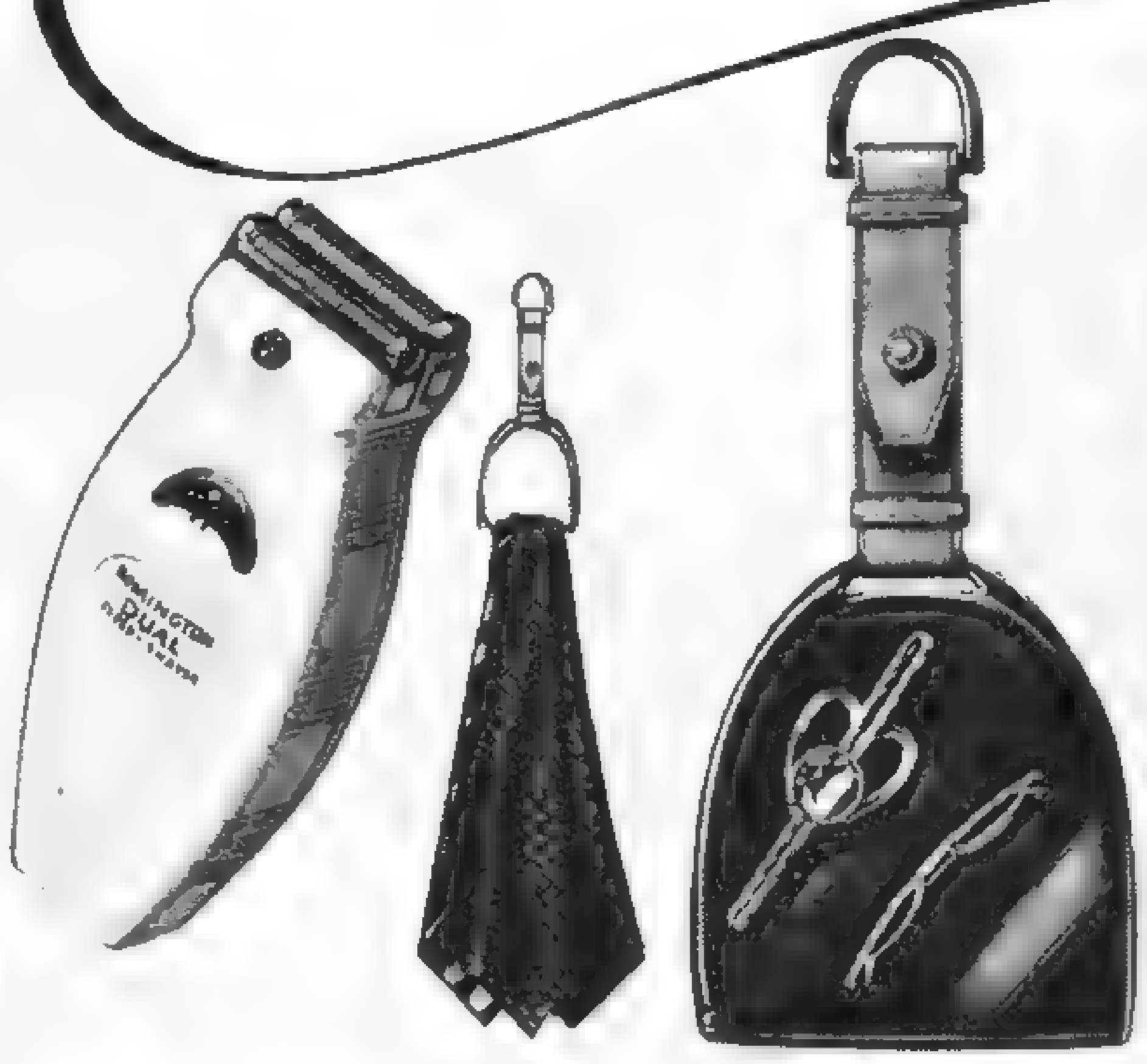


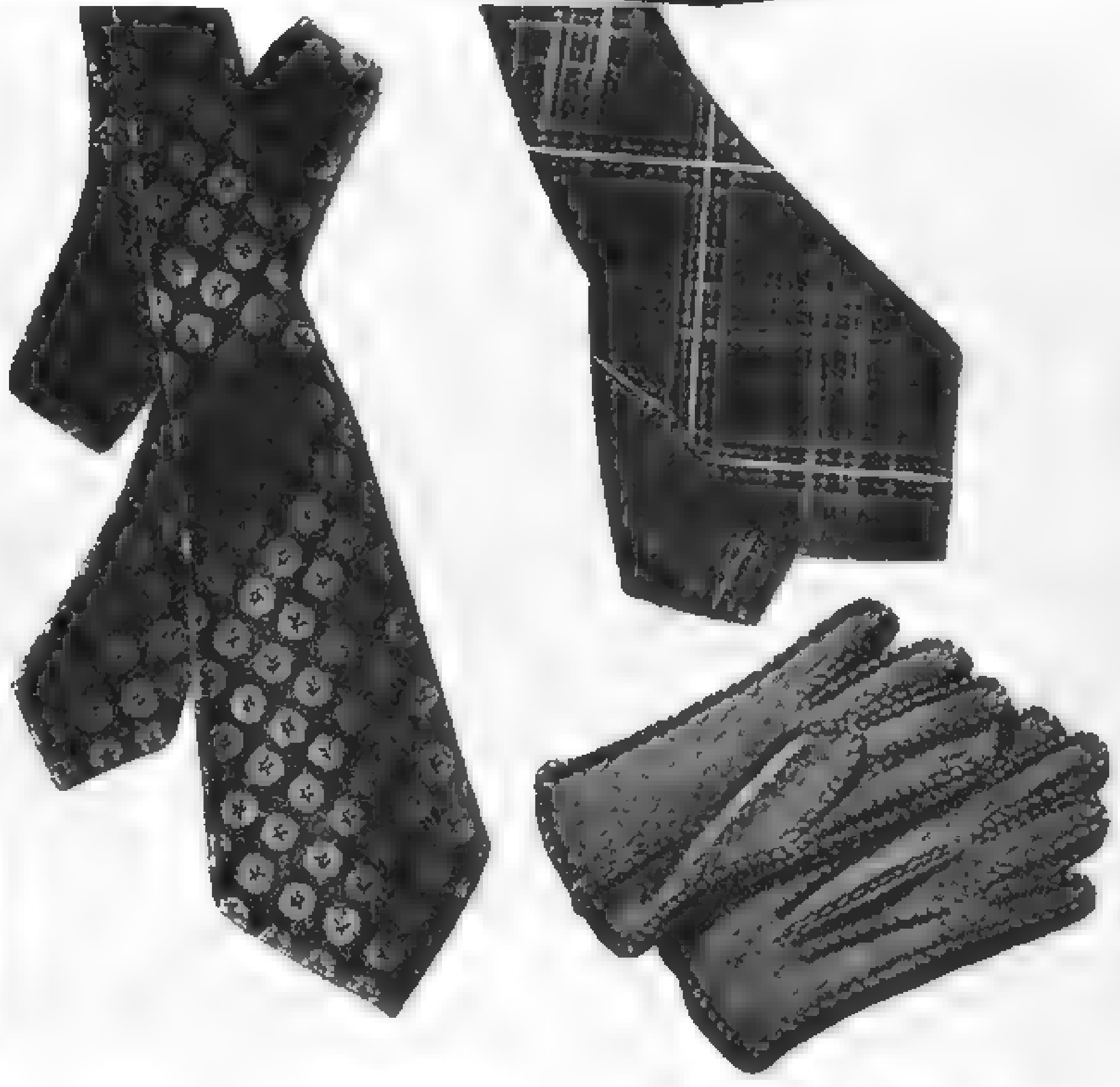
Snakeskin set in a neat travel case. $3.50
Westminster socks in Argyle plaids. $1



Clever new three-in-one jewelry gift. $1
Ingenious pocket knife, gold-finish. $1



Remington Dual Head Shaver. $15.75
Stirrup tie-holder and jewelry set. $2.50



New wrinkle-proof ties by Botany. $1
Fine deerskin whip-stitched glove. $3.50

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**CITADEL** A fascinating board game of strategy for two players. Beginners enjoy its easy, novel play and varied moves. Advanced players find CITADEL adapted to skillful play. CITADEL consists of a board of sixty-four squares arranged diagonally on which pieces of different values are used in an attempt to capture opponent's CITADEL piece. Attractively boxed. $2.00.

**SORRY** A different kind of board game controlled by the play of cards—with original new moves, including the SLIDE, EXCHANGE, and "Back door" plays. Skill and chance create ever changing situations. Don't count on victory until the last play—SORRY is full of exciting surprise endings. For two, three or four players. Price $1.00 to $3.00.

**HI-RO** Any number can play this newest Parker Hit! No table is needed—play any time, anywhere! You play by turning numbered HI-RO pieces to form winning combinations. Easy to introduce—popular immediately! 4 to 6 can play with one set—any number with additional sets. De-Luxe Ivoroid Edition, $3.00; Other Editions, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00.

**CONTACK** is Easy, Fast and Exciting! You play and score by matching colored and numbered triangles. For 2 to 7 players, or solitaire. We especially recommend the Popular Edition, $1.00; and the Club Edition, $1.50—both with chips and score pads. Also Junor Edition, 50c.

**CIRCLE GAMMON** A new and clever adaptation of Backgammon—easier, faster and more fun. Play is controlled by the throw of the dice and pieces move counter clockwise around the circle. Two to four players may play lightly for relaxation or seriously in a more skillful game. With folding playing board, $5.00—with card table size playing cloth, $7.50.

**MONOPOLY** has achieved the greatest popularity of any game. Its novel and original features have earned it a place as the most popular of the world's great standard games. White Box Edition No. 9—$3.50. Popular Edition No. 8—$2.50. Junior Edition No. 6—$2.00. Other editions at higher prices.

PARKER BROTHERS INC SALEM, MASS. NEW YORK & CHICAGO

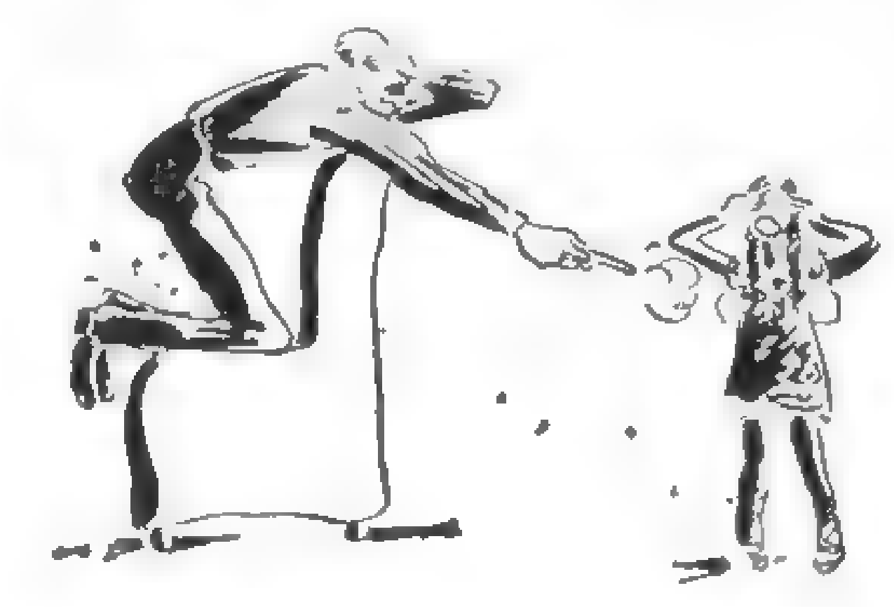
# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

*Continued from page N Y-22*

does parlor tricks. Everything I do must seem spontaneous, thought up on the spur of the moment."

As for his puns, perhaps the one selected by the late Ring Lardner as the worst heard in 1933 A.D. will suffice as illustration:

"There was a little girl," he explained," and her father bought her some gumdrops and she left them in the house while she went out to play. Tired of playing, she went back into the house. The gumdrops had disappeared. No one had been in the house but her mother. The little girl, overwhelmed with grief, ran into the yard crying bitterly. 'Oh, Robinson,' said her father, 'why do you crusoe?' He called her Robinson. 'Because,' she said, 'Mahatma Gandhi.'"



Anyone reading the pun-filled script of Wynn's chatter in "Boys and Girls Together" would wonder not so much at his popularity as his ability to escape unscathed after a performance. No, it isn't the puns alone that do it, nor yet the hats or the fluttering hands or the eternal amazement at the beneficence of nature in providing him with so many astonishingly gifted fellow-players that comprise the character of Ed Wynn. Rather they serve as hallmarks whereby the theatre world may identify one of the most warm-hearted, lovable personalities ever to masquerade as a clown.

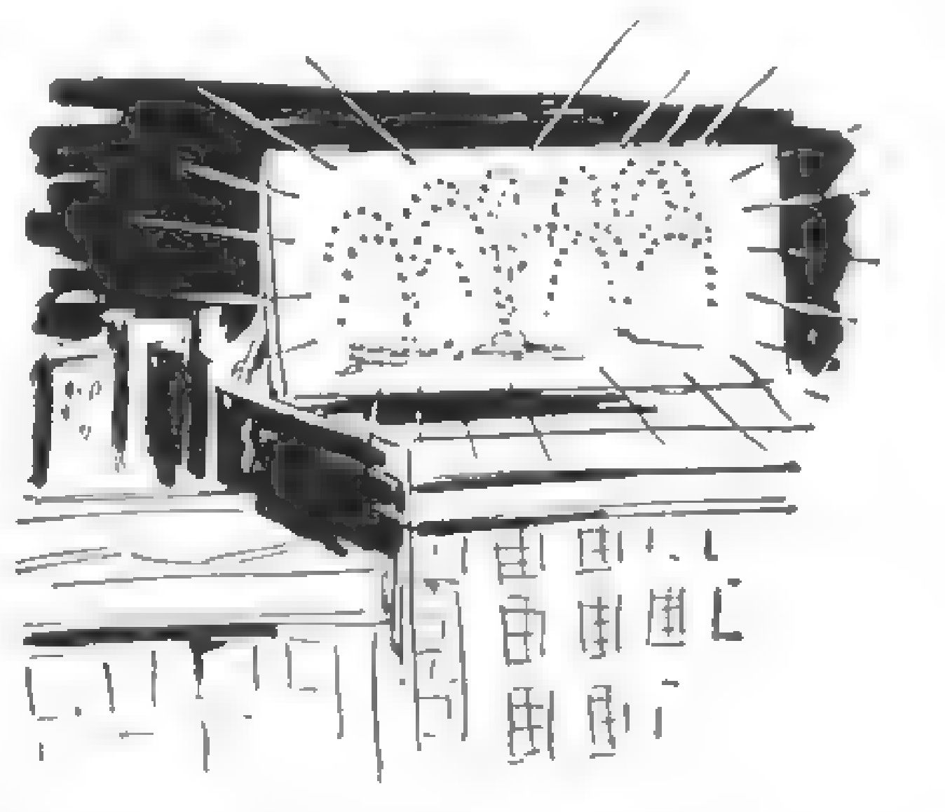
### SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

It would indeed be difficult these days to picture Broadway without those bright lights and dazzling signs that have earned it its world-renowned title, "The Great White Way." But Broadway's illuminative history does not, as many citizens might think, go back to the days of Peter Minuit's small real estate transaction with the Redskins. Actually, it was as recently as 1905 that Broadway was a veritable dark alley. In that year Times Square first saw the light of night, the trail blazer being Trimble Whiskey's "spectacular," trade name for a large sign with moving light images. Since then, national advertisers of all sorts of products have been buying bulbs and bulb space with considerable enthusiasm to throw a glare into the eyes of millions who parade the beat in search of pleasure. It may not be kind to the eyes, but it's New York and everyone seems to love it.

Today, from 42nd Street to Columbus Circle, over thirty-five "spectaculars" blink out the messages which their sponsors have set up in lights. Selling everything from razor blades and motion pictures to cigars and beer, these dazzlers tell you the time, predict tomorrow's weather, stage horse races for sidewalk gamblers, flash out the news almost before it has happened, and provide animated entertainment that plays to the largest audience of standees in the world.

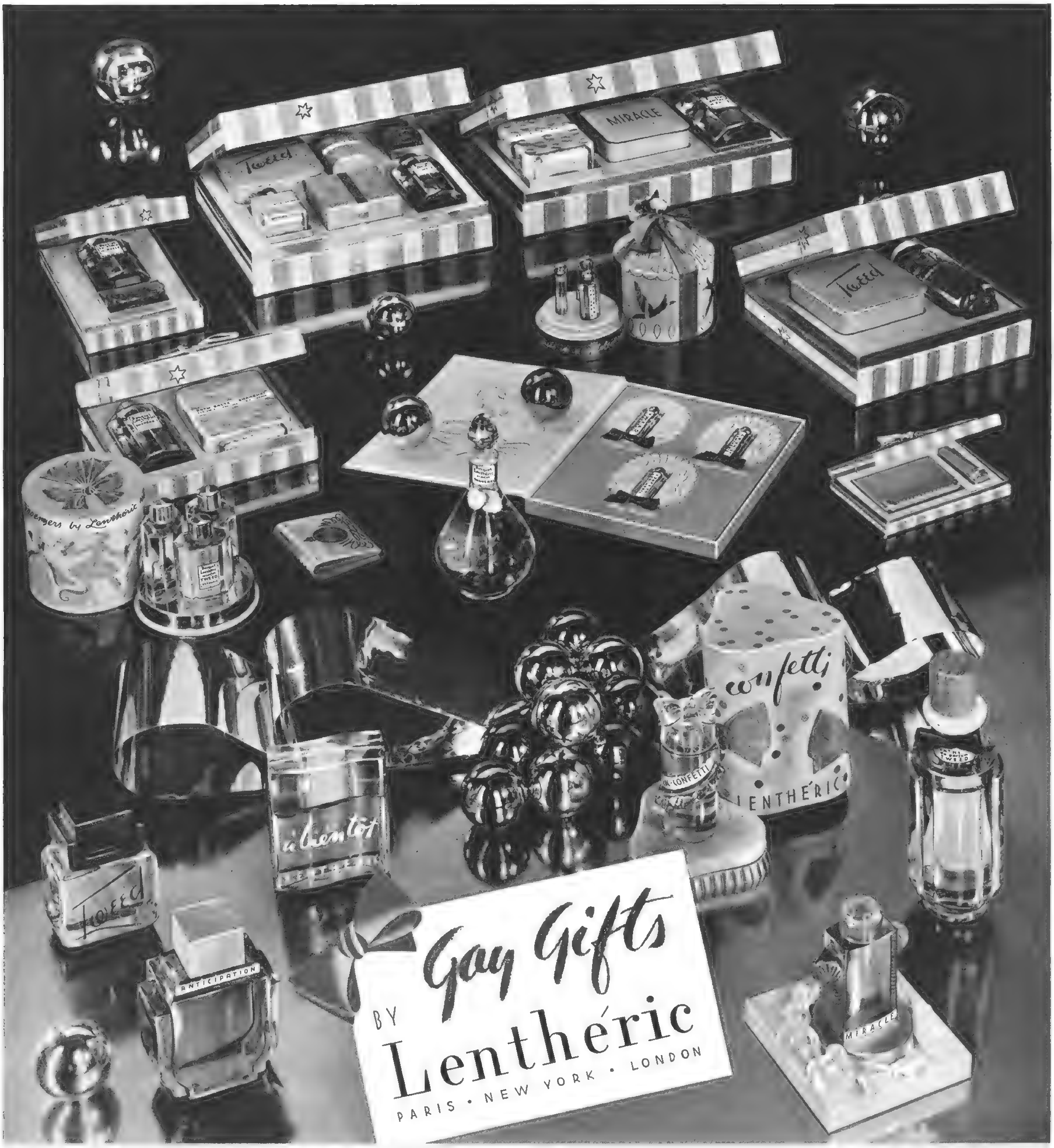
Broadway consumes about 3,500,000 watts of electricity each hour on its displays, employs every color in the rainbow and enough individual lamps to make quite hideous the thought that there is a broken heart for every light on Broadway. It was Gilbert K. Chesterton who cleverly summed up the more sensitive reaction to all this electrifying splendor. "It would be wonderful," he said. "Wonderful! If you just couldn't read."

The latest thing in "spectacular" advertising is the new Wilson Whiskey display on the northeast corner of 46th Street and Broadway. It has convinced New Yorkers that they can expect anything in New York light life in the future. This recent addition is a departure from its rivals in that it's the first to employ a fountain display as part of its repertoire. Each night, over a million gallons of water (or about one gallon for every nightly passerby) shoot out of eight fountains high into the air, constantly changing formations and ornamented with beams of colored light playing a rainbow symphony on their spray. This aquatic spectacle is probably the most unusual chaser a whiskey ad ever possessed.



On the electrical side, the sign definitely rates a place in the Who's Who and Watt's Watt of Broadway "spectaculars." On a

*Continued on page N Y-26*



TOP ROW—*Left to Right:*

***Gift Presentation,*** ½-oz. Perfume and 4-oz. flacon of Bouquet Lenthéric; Miracle or Tweed. **$5.00.** A Bientôt or Shanghai........... **$6.00**

***Gift Presentation,*** Face Powder (Beige), Bath Powder, Sachet, Soap, 4-oz. flacon of Bouquet and ½-oz. Perfume. Tweed or Miracle.... **$9.50** A Bientôt or Shanghai................ **$10.50**

***Gift Presentation,*** Bath Salts, Bath Powder, and Bouquet in new 8-oz. atomizer presentation. Miracle, Tweed, Shanghai or A Bientôt. **$5.00**

*... and below it—*

***"Birds in a Gilded Cage",*** gift flaconette each of Miracle, Tweed, and Confetti, or A Bientôt, or Shanghai......................... **$4.00**

***Tweed Presentation,*** Bath Powder and Bouquet in new 4-oz. Decanter. This set, with etched crystal decanter, in Miracle, Shanghai, or A Bientôt............................. **$3.75**

MIDDLE ROW—*Left to Right:*

***"Three Silent Messengers",*** three 2-oz. flacons of Bouquet, in Miracle, Tweed, and Shanghai, or A Bientôt.......................... **$1.95**

***Gift Presentation,*** Bath Salts and 4-oz. flacon of Bouquet. In Shanghai, Tweed, Miracle, or A Bientôt.......................... **$2.50**

*... and below it—*

***"Triplikit" Vanity,*** two-tone gold-plated. Contains full-sized lipstick, rouge and loose powder compartment......................... **$6.50**

***"Family Album",*** perfume trio, in A Bientôt, Tweed and Confetti.................. **$4.00**

*... and below it—*

***Etched Decanter,*** 8-oz. Bouquet Shanghai. Also in A Bientôt, Miracle, and Numéro Douze. **$3.50**

***Gift Presentation,*** gold-plated vanity, set with brilliants; matching lipstick............. **$9.50**

LOWER AREA—*Left to Right:*

***Perfume Tweed***........... **$4.00** to **$40.00**

***Perfume Anticipation*** **$15.00, $35.00, $60.00**

***Perfume A Bientôt***......... **$5.00** to **$55.00**

***Perfume Confetti***........... **$5.00** to **$55.00**

***New De Luxe Perfume Presentation,*** Miracle. Also Confetti, A Bientôt, Tweed or Shanghai. **$10.00**

***New Decanter Presentation,*** Tweed Bouquet **$2.25** and **$3.50**

For the night before Christmas
and every night after

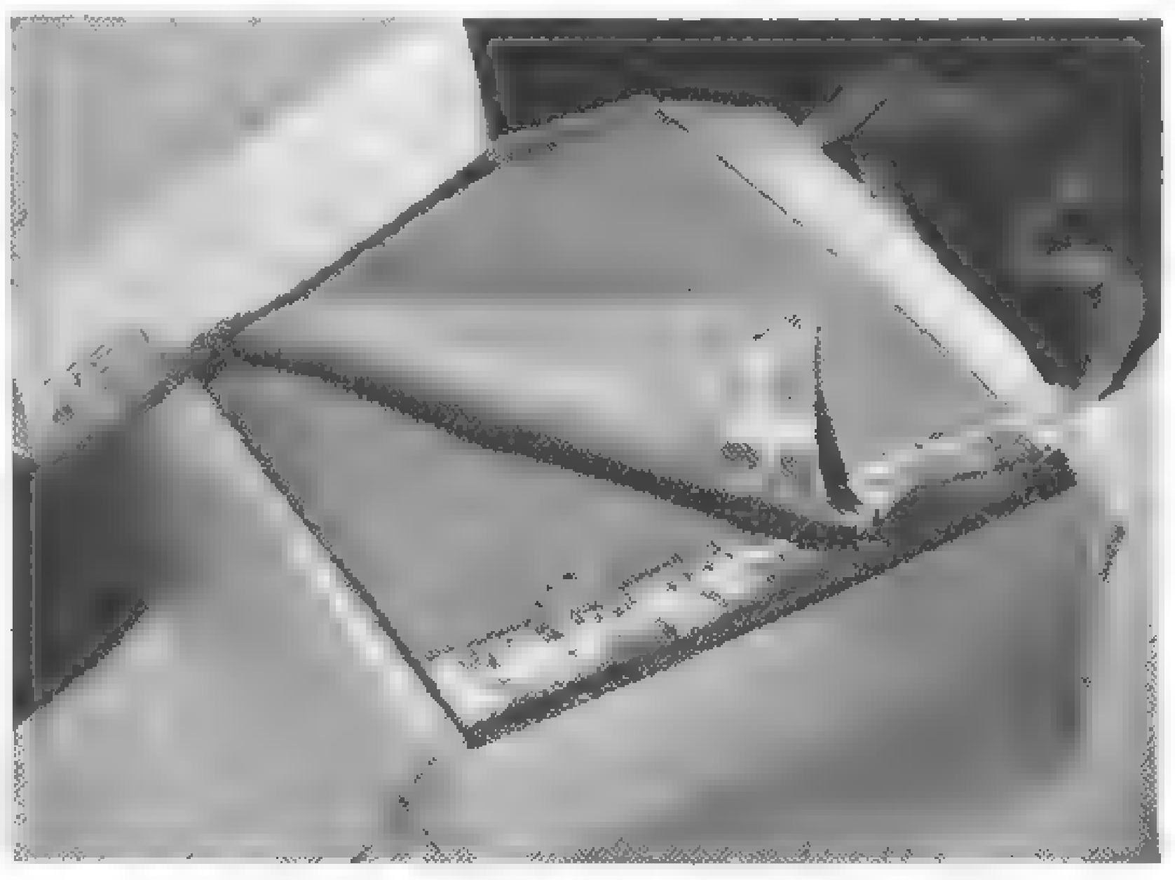
**Give a Kenwood Famous Blanket**

Gloriously big, soft, fluffy, and warm—it's a gift of beauty and of sleeping comfort for the years to come. Woven of selected wools for a lifetime of wear, deeply napped, and luxuriously bound with all-silk striped satin ribbon. In pink, light blue, peach, white, green, rose, maize, gold, copper, oriental blue, rose tan, wine. In smart silver-patterned gift box.

66 x 90
$14.95

72 x 90
$15.95

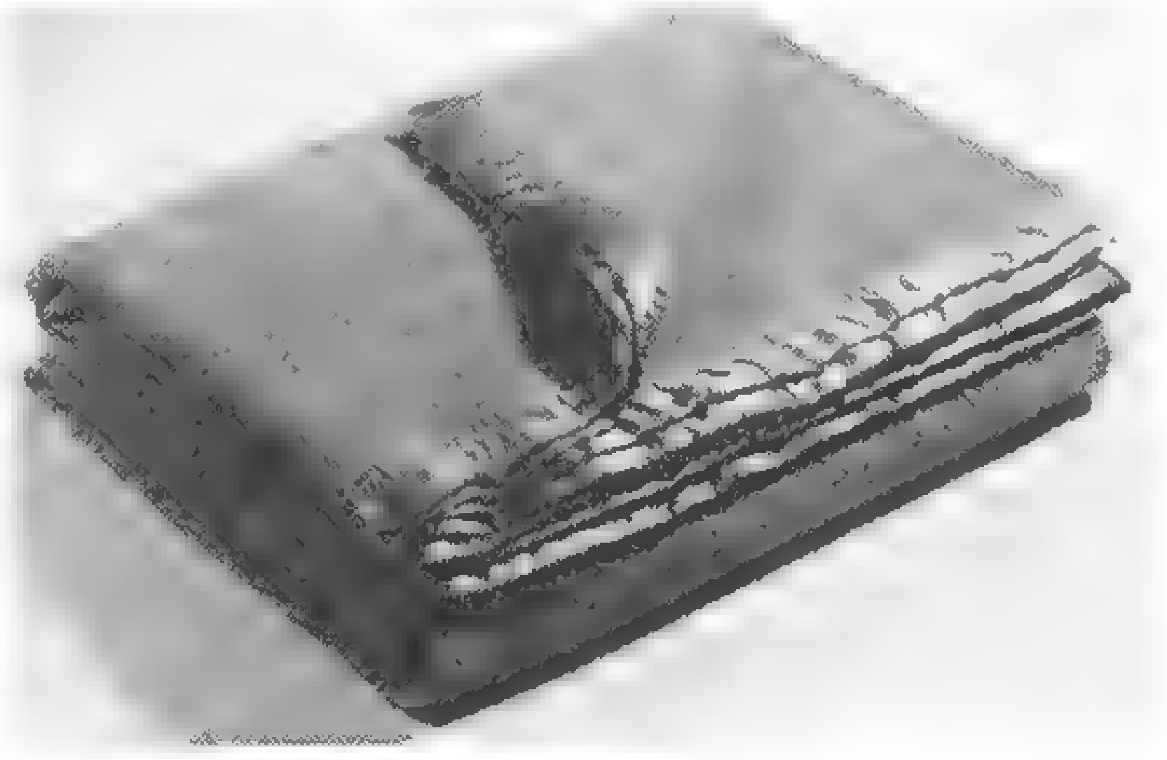
80 x 90
(Except pink and light blue)
$17.95



**Give a Kenwood Slumber Throw**

Companion piece to the Kenwood Famous Blanket. A handsome throw of soft, warm wool in sturdy, basket weave, light weight, yet warm and very durable. Bound in rayon satin ribbon. In peach, green, rose, gold, copper, oriental blue, wine, rose tan. Grand gift for "the girl who has everything."

60 x 72
$7.95



*Other Kenwood Blankets and Throws for every name on your Christmas list.*

**In New York** • B. Altman & Company • Bloomingdale's • Gimbel Bros. • Lord & Taylor • James McCutcheon • James McCreery & Co. • Stern Brothers • John Wanamaker
**In Brooklyn** • • Abraham & Straus • Frederick Loeser & Co.
**In Newark** • • L. Bamberger & Co.

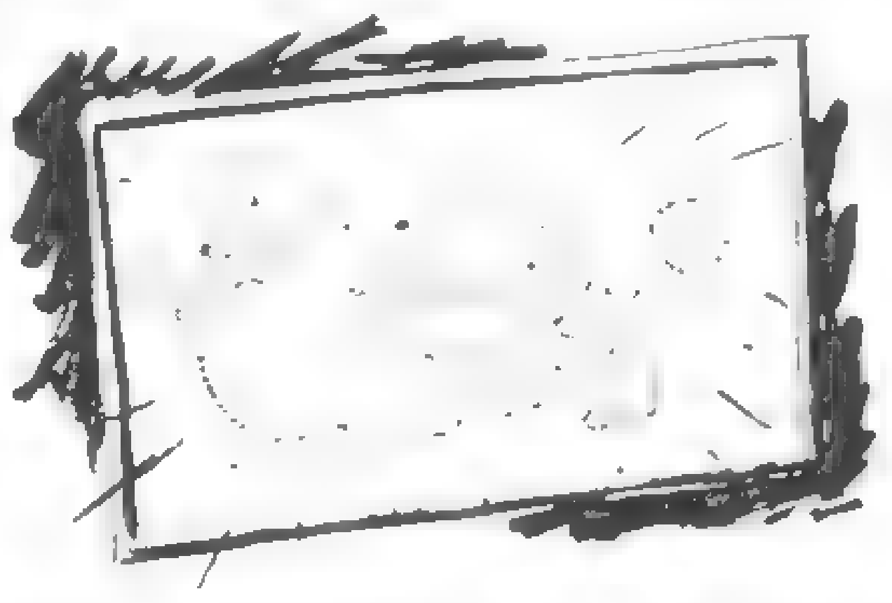
KENWOOD BLANKETS
*for Sleeping Comfort*

KENWOOD
WOOL PRODUCTS

# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

*Continued from page NY-24*

panel roughly the size of the Radio City Music Hall screen and consisting of 4,104 light bulbs, is projected by all manner of photo-electric hocus-pocus a five-minute animated cartoon show, prepared for public consumption with all the care of a Walt Disney epic. The first month's program, playing to the largest audience in the world, contains a three-minute cartoon story, "The Three Little Bears"; a minute-and-a-half patriotic pageant in colors, and "The Sport of the Month," the first subject being log-rolling.



The man who is responsible for this, as well as seventeen other Broadway "spectaculars," is 30-year-old Douglas Leigh, a soft-spoken Alabama boy who came to Manhattan in 1933 with $50. He has since built up a sign business that is worth more than a million dollars and which has presented him with such titles as "Broadway's Sign King" and "The Lamplighter of Broadway." Just how this youngster started from scratch and built a million dollar business is a question that's puzzled many. The solution is fairly simple.

He has a process, which is his alone, known as the Leigh-Epok process, that makes possible the attention-arresting animated cartoon displays. This method of projections from a 16mm. film onto a screen of light bulbs, patented by Leigh, is accomplished by flashing the picture on a full-sized bank of photo-electric cells in the control room behind the display. The cells in turn activate the corresponding bulbs on the outside the billboard. The movie shorts are prepared at the Douglas Leigh plant in the same fashion as Disney cartoons, but on a smaller scale.

The sign business today has developed to the point where electrical displays "go on the road." When a Leigh sign outlives its usefulness in New York, it is shipped to Chicago or Boston.

The new Wilson sign is a sign of the changing times. It is on the same block as the Palace Theatre, a stone's throw from the former citadel of vaudeville. Vaudeville is now dead, and the movies are popularly supposed to have killed it. But now comes television—and such free "minute movie" entertainment as the Broadway displays. Time, as you have heard before, marches on, but through it all Broadway continues to shine and razzle-dazzle as merrily as ever.

### THINKING ON YOUR FEET

We've all learned "How to Read a Book," "How to Win Friends and Influence People," how to "Live Alone and Like It"—even been reading Emily Post and an old dream book—but it's been up to attorney-author Louis Nizer to set us straight on a subject that's just as dear to our hearts. We're always reminded of Robert Benchley's "Treasurer's Report" when someone's called upon to pay for dinner with a speech, but, if it happens to you, Nizer's new tome, "Thinking On Your Feet," should competently take care of the situation.

Next to Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mr. Nizer is probably possessed of the most magnetic speaking charm extant. He's a small, quiet fellow who earns astronomically proportioned fees for settling law arguments between most of the big movie companies and stars. But in his spare time, his hobby is after-dinner speaking and introducing other after-dinner speakers, many not half so fitted for the job as himself.

According to "Thinking On Your Feet," he has presented such varied notables as Mayor La Guardia, Walter Winchell, Dorothy Thompson, Thomas E. Dewey, the late George Gershwin, Albert Einstein, the late Heywood Broun, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and many others.

Mr. Nizer tells you exactly what he said about each of these personages, and insists that he said it without a printed or memorized script—an encouraging admission to any neophyte, because these printed introductions are as amusing as the explanatory text is educational.

Of Mr. Winchell, for instance, he delivered this learned monologue: "A great columnist must be a satirist who reveals the truth by casting a beam of bitterness upon it. He must be a lyricist whose poetry is unmusical and whose prose is musical. He must be a philosopher who disguises his profundity in slang in order not to appear pretentious. He must be a biographer who gives to the loneliness of teeming millions the intimacies of neighborhood gossip."

His first rule of speech-making is, "A speaker who does not strike oil in ten minutes should

*Continued on page NY-28*

THE GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

# THE 1940 CHRISTMAS TRAIL

*A Gift Shop in a Book*

In this stimulating book from "The Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World," you'll find brilliant, new gift ideas for sportsmen and sportswomen...their youngsters, their homes, and their hobbies. Send for your free copy.

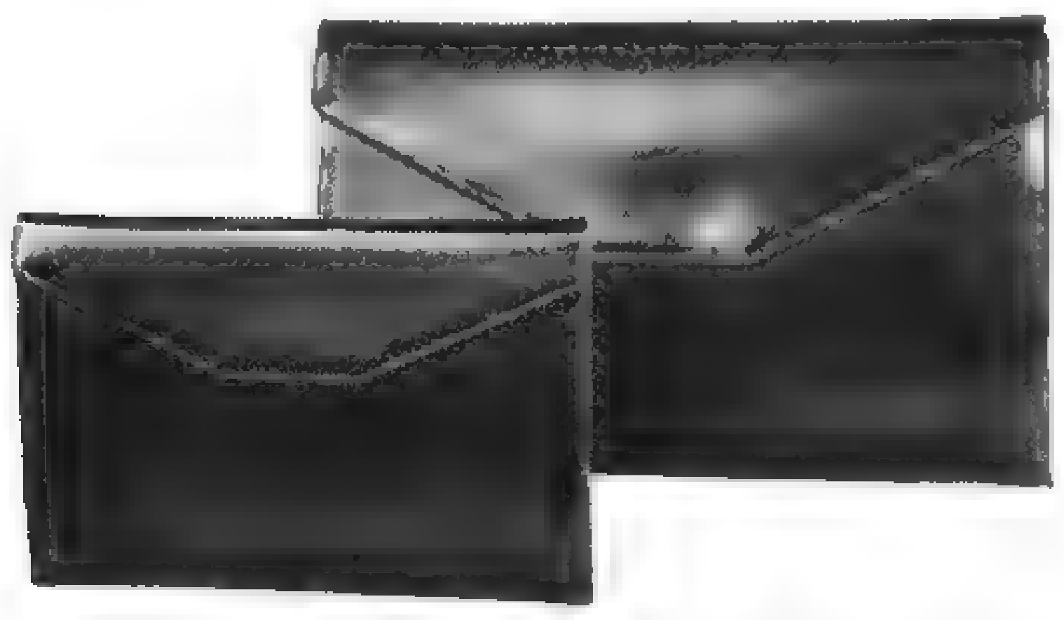
MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK

## ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

CHICAGO: VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE, 33 SOUTH WABASH AVENUE

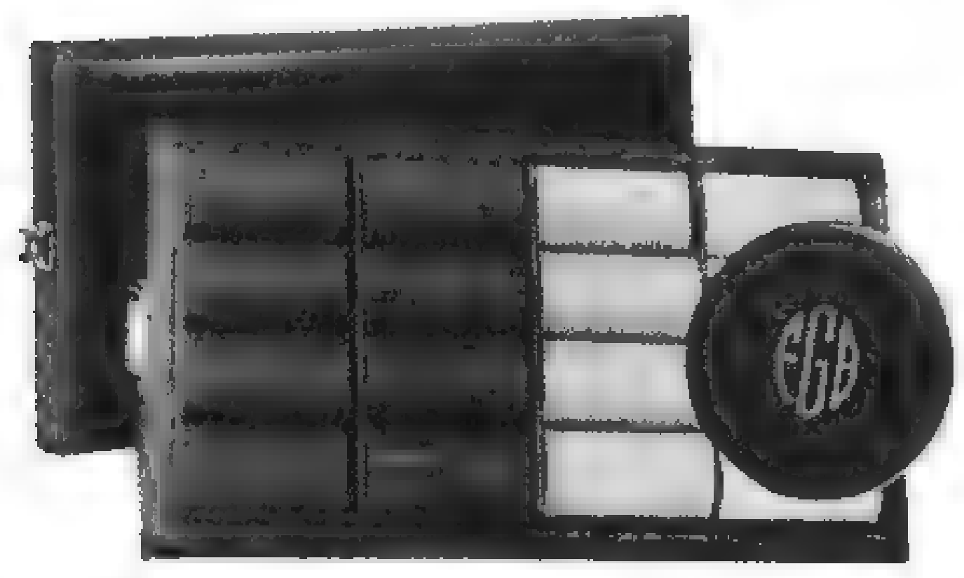
ENGLISH BRITANNIA METAL FLASKS—lighter than glass. Do not affect liquor. Including 3-letter monogram, 6-oz. size, $6.50. 7-oz., $7.50.

MINOX CAMERA—smallest built, yet unmatched for precision. Speeds to 1,000th second, 3.5 lens. 50 exposures. In leather case. $79.75. 2 extra films, $1.80.

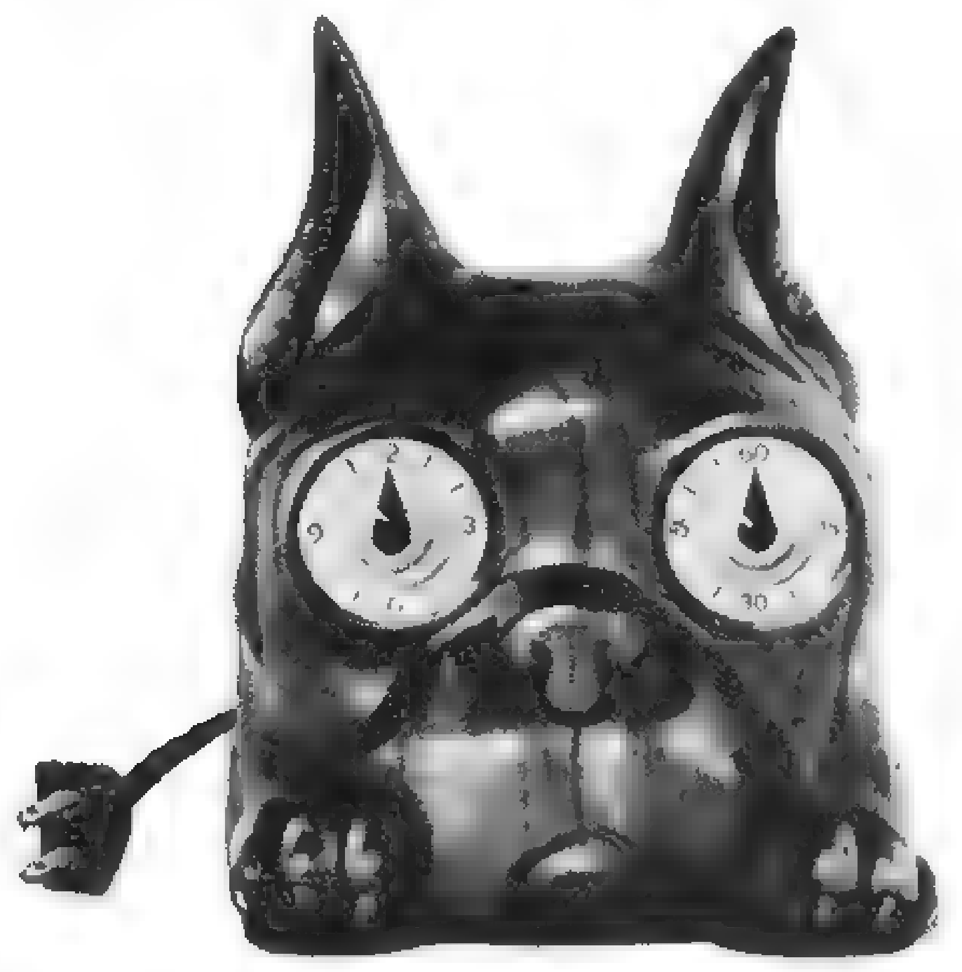


MARSUPIAL HANDBAG—Kangaroo-style, this handbag carries a small replica in a hidden pouch. Fine box calf, black, blue, brown. $15. Pigskin, $22.50.

MINIATURE TARGET OUTFIT—lightweight trap for small clay targets attached to .22 repeating shotgun. With case, $28.50.



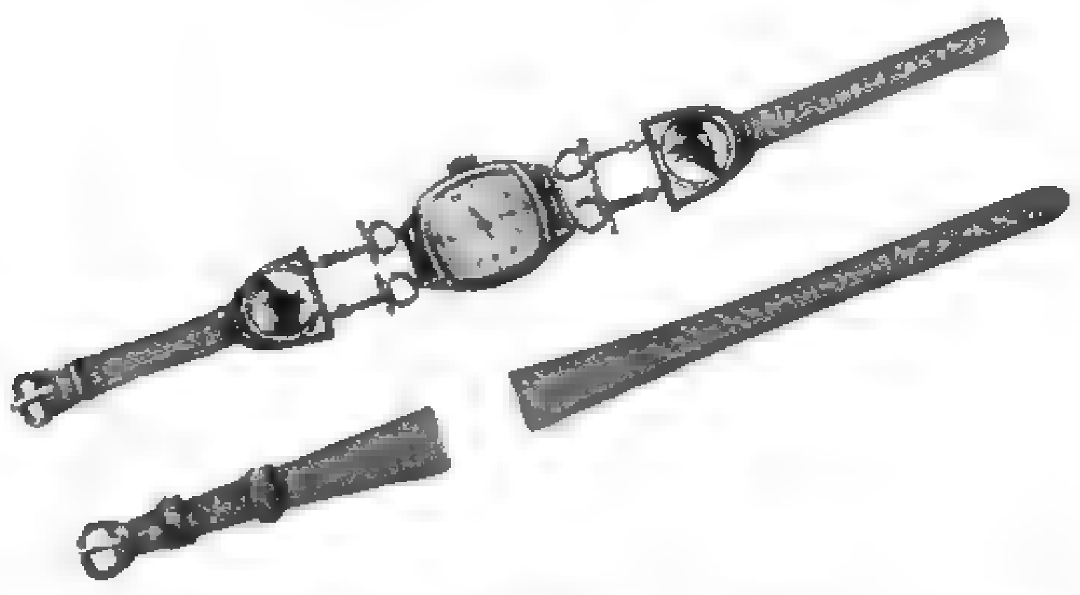
POKER CHIP SET—regulation size, unbreakable chips in solid walnut box. 300 assorted colors. $15. Same, monogrammed on both sides, $25.



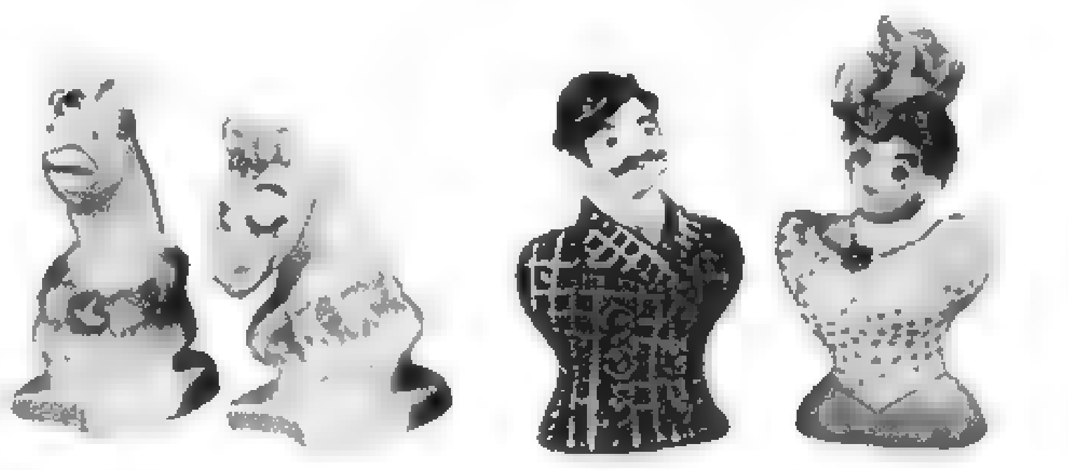
DOG CLOCK—It won't take a fancier to appreciate this. Revolving illuminated eyes tell time. A.C. 110 volts. $10.

SPORTING JEWELRY—Sportswomen wear these on shoulder, hat, or scarf. PILOT'S WING WATCH—17 jewels, gold-filled, $25. AMERICAN FLAG BROOCH—14 kt. gold, hard enamels, $15. SHOTGUN PIN WITH MALLARD OR PHEASANT—14 kt. gold, $20. SAILFISH BROOCH—14 kt. and colored enamels, $37.50. HORSE PIN—14 kt. gold and enamel, $7.50. HANDBAG WATCH—looks like tiny camera. 15 jewels, colored leather, $15.

VITAN SUN LAMP—keeps that healthy tan through the Winter with ultra-violet rays. Lightweight, tan leatherette case, easily carried. $18.50.



TOWN & COUNTRY WATCH—interchangeable horse-head crystal or gray suède strap, according to the occasion. 17-jewel movement, gold-filled. $30.

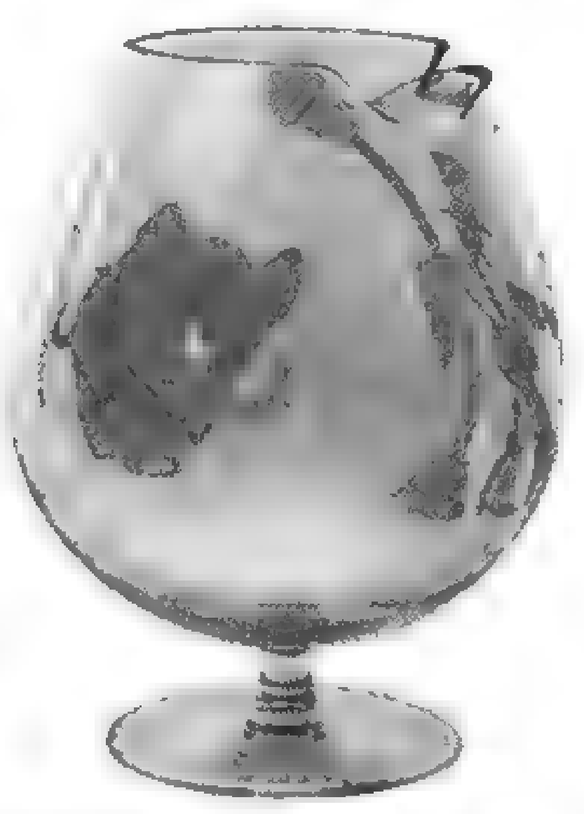


HUMOROUS CERAMICS—amusing American designs about 5" high and colored. HORSE LOVERS—expressive pair, $5. GAY NINETIES—nostalgic pair, $5.

VACUUM ICE PRESERVER—holds up to 40 average-size cubes. Automatic opening lid. Butler finish silver plate. $30. 20-cube preserver, $16.50.

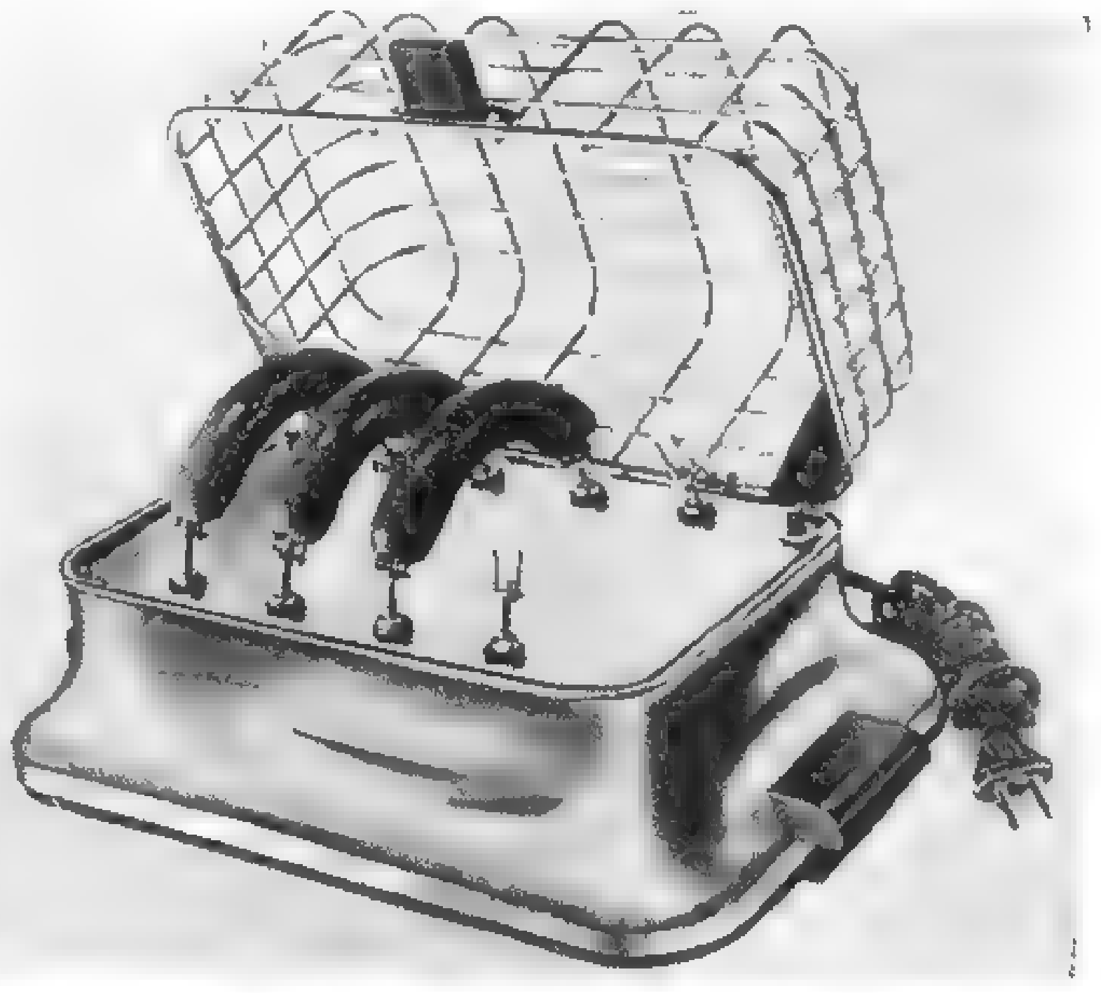
MEN'S 100% CASHMERE SHIRT—luxuriously warm. Natural or blue heather, $12.50. Pajamas, $25. Undershirts, $12.50. Ankle drawers, $12.50.

WOMEN'S BEAUTY CASE—holds all those wondrous aids to beauty she'll take on a trip. British-made, of soft, hazel pigskin with zipper opening. $7.50.

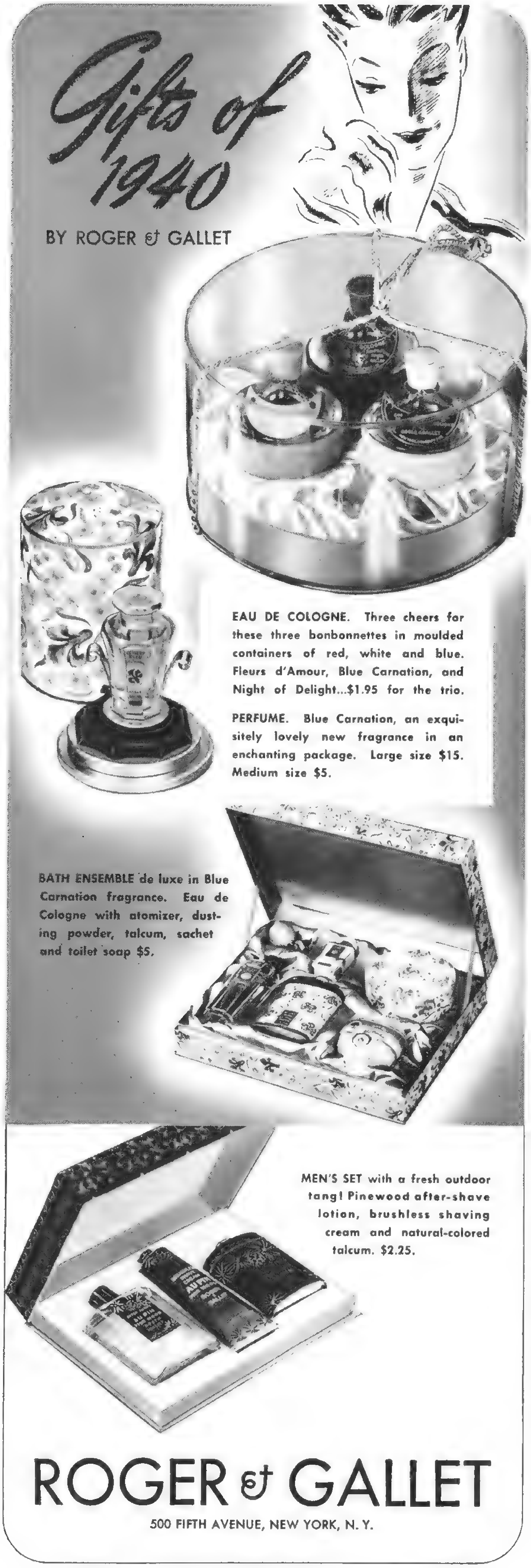


PINK ELEPHANT MARTINI MIXER—Hold in hand and swish to mix your favorite Martini or Manhattan. Etched pink elephant illusion. $6.

LINK BRACELET—two-tone gold plate with disc for name. Send in initials for monogram, or facsimile signature for engraving. Complete, $8.



FRANKFURTER BAR GRILL—electrocutes 4 franks into sizzling brown delights in jig-time. Get 'em while they're hot. Automatic switch. Chrome-plated. $4.95.



Gifts of 1940

BY ROGER & GALLET

**EAU DE COLOGNE.** Three cheers for these three bonbonnettes in moulded containers of red, white and blue. Fleurs d'Amour, Blue Carnation, and Night of Delight...$1.95 for the trio.

**PERFUME.** Blue Carnation, an exquisitely lovely new fragrance in an enchanting package. Large size $15. Medium size $5.

**BATH ENSEMBLE** de luxe in Blue Carnation fragrance. Eau de Cologne with atomizer, dusting powder, talcum, sachet and toilet soap $5.

**MEN'S SET** with a fresh outdoor tang! Pinewood after-shave lotion, brushless shaving cream and natural-colored talcum. $2.25.

ROGER & GALLET

500 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

*Continued from page NY-26*

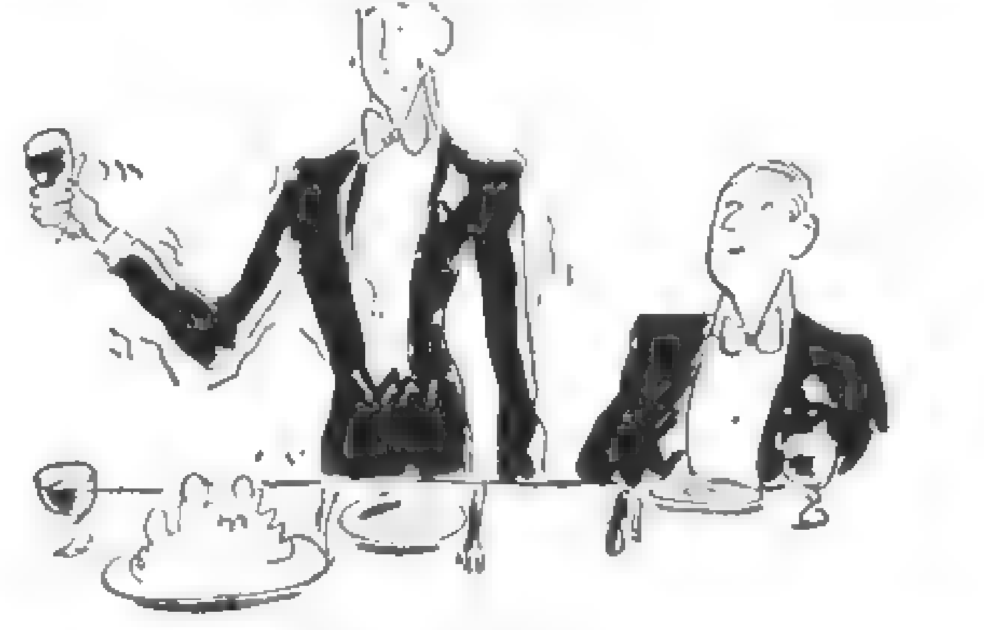
stop boring." It need not be manicured readable copy, but must be immediately understood without constant repetition. As important as the words to be spoken is the delivery itself. There must be the rhythm of an Al Jolson "Mammy" song; short staccato effects—silence, too, for there is nothing more dramatic than a pause just before or after an important word or phrase.

"Thinking On Your Feet" tells you that all of these effects are too difficult to obtain when reading a written message. "Few speakers will dare plunge in without the waterwing scripts which have been supporting them for years," says Mr. Nizer. "But if they can summon up the nerve to try, they may be astonished at the increased speed and distance which they will swim without the encumbrance which they formerly thought essential."

Without a script, the speaker has as fine a view of his audience at all times as his audience has of him. He does not appear to be ignoring the very ones he is addressing (and the addition of microphones generally completes this appearance with the speech-reader). Without notes to refer to, he must at all times be conscious of exactly what he is saying instead of pondering abstract thoughts between lines of print.

The addresses which Mr. Nizer uses for illustration are not texts of printed speeches—they have been taken from radio transcriptions made of the various impromptu and spontaneous talks he has given. The author does not promise that his results can be attained immediately; he is grateful that he has a head start on most others. Only continuous practice will put them on an equal footing.

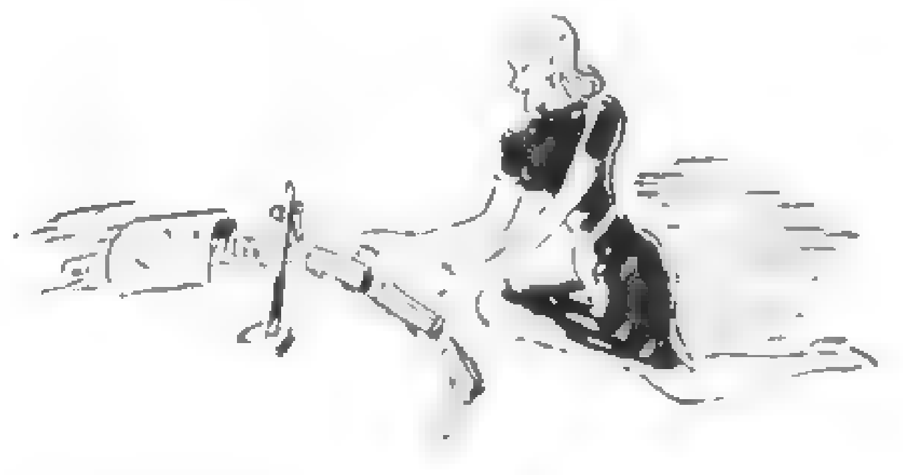
"My advice can only guide the reader," says Nizer. "It cannot even fill him with confidence. Only familiarity with his task, even if it grows out of error, can give him assurance. Knowing how to do it is worthless unless it leads to knowing that he *has* done it. There must be continuous plunges, until the cold shock becomes unnoticed and even pleasurable. The effort becomes less with relaxation. Then grace and ease are substituted for tenseness."



**IT'S A SMALL WORLD**

With Christmas, unlike the vaunted Hoover prosperity, actually just around the proverbial corner, up again in the marts of Christmas trade stand those minors of the iron rail that annually take adults back to the happy days of governesses and no income tax.

Our own haphazard imitation-of-a-Gallup-poll among some of the country's better known, usually average citizenry, reveals that the ownership of miniature trains is certainly not confined exclusively to the nation's "small fry." Such responsible members of the movie colony as Tyrone Power and his lovely wife, Annabella, Lew Ayres, Bing Crosby, Errol Flynn, Charles Chaplin, and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., are listed, we find, among its most ardent enthusiasts.

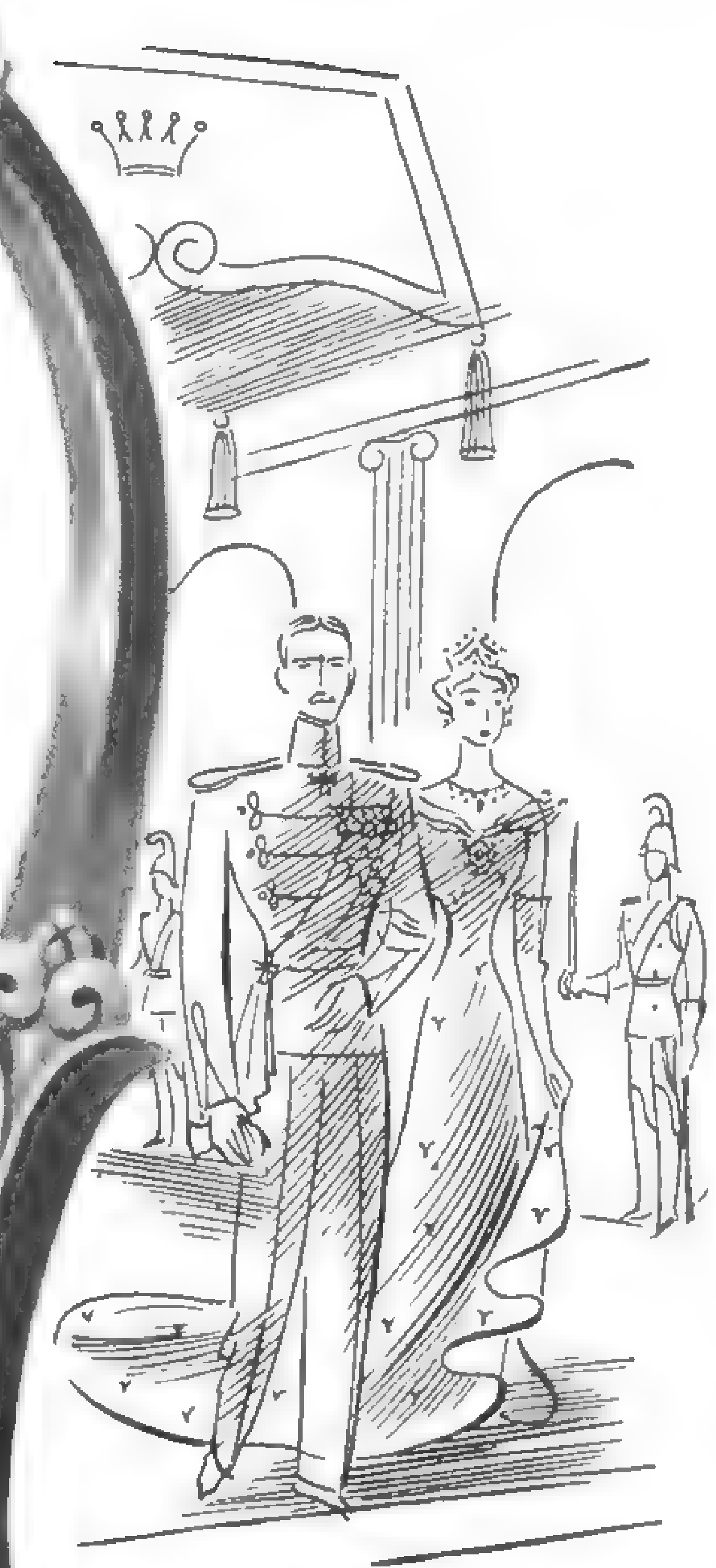


Opera and the stage also have members who relish the shriek of small engine whistles and the roar of miniature trains as they sweep by on the living room floor. Gladys Swarthout and husband Frank Chapman of the opera are among them, as are Lauritz Melchior and his tiny wife "Kleinschen," and the latest Metropolitan glamour addition, Jean Dickenson. And the stage is amply represented by lovely Doris Dudley, Ilka Chase, and Al Jolson.

Possibly the most conspicuous enthusiast of all is Benito Mussolini, who once declared there should be a miniature train in every school in Italy. Lately, unfortunately, he seems to have crossed purposes with himself.

The average father who sallies forth this Christmas to buy his son, and indirectly himself, a train, will pay in the neighborhood of $25 for a set. It will probably include an engine built to scale after the model of one of the super-locomotives of the day, and a string of passenger coaches or freight trains. This is just

*Continued on page NY-30*



*Presenting*

# ROYAL DANISH

**the regal new pattern in International Sterling**

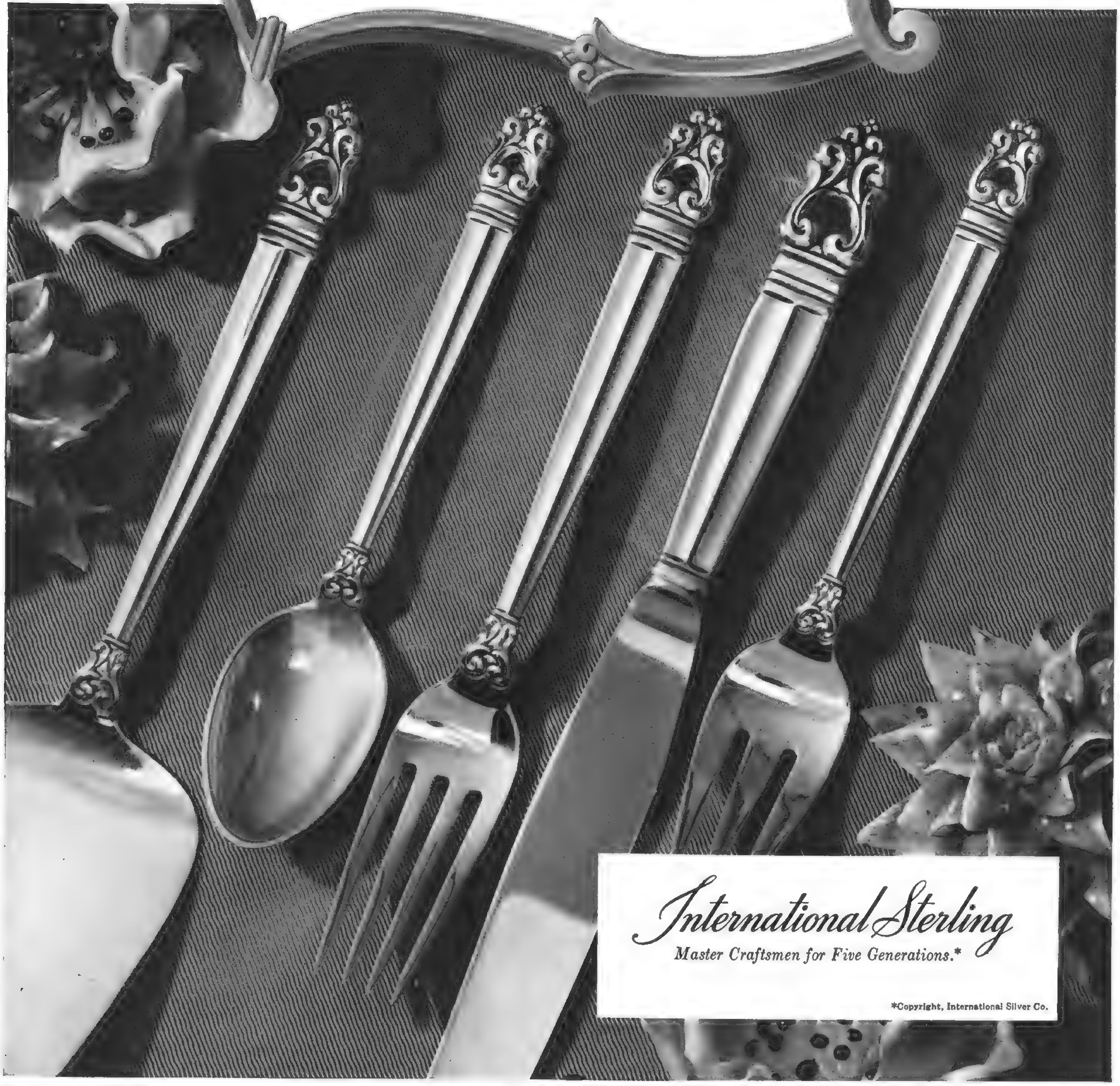
Perhaps once in a lifetime, a silver house can produce a pattern of such rare beauty that it promises to live forever in the history of silver craftsmanship.

Such a pattern, we believe, is Royal Danish.

In Royal Danish you will see that essentially classical forms have been deftly interpreted in the modern Danish manner, giving special emphasis to the sheen of the silver itself.

Too, you will recognize that the beauty of Royal Danish is ageless—equally fitting for Period dining rooms and for the most modern.

Be sure to see this noteworthy new International Sterling pattern—now available to a fortunate few—at your leading jeweler's.



*International Sterling*

*Master Craftsmen for Five Generations.**

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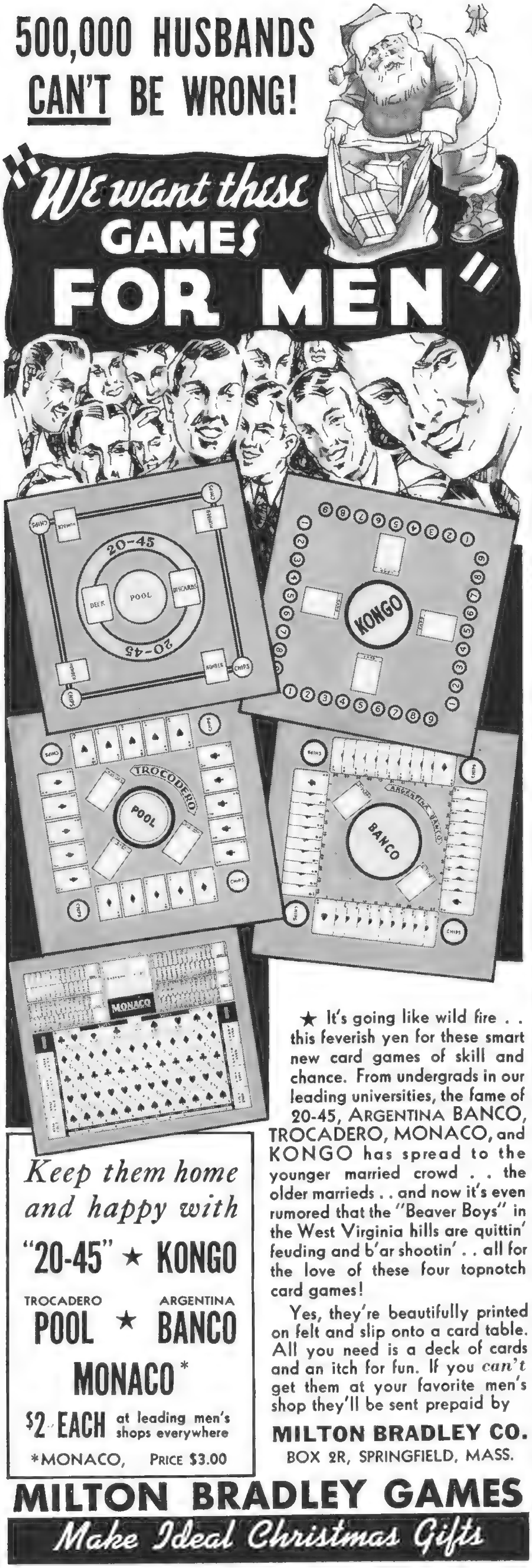


500,000 HUSBANDS CAN'T BE WRONG!

"We want these GAMES FOR MEN"

★ It's going like wild fire . . this feverish yen for these smart new card games of skill and chance. From undergrads in our leading universities, the fame of 20-45, ARGENTINA BANCO, TROCADERO, MONACO, and KONGO has spread to the younger married crowd . . the older marrieds . . and now it's even rumored that the "Beaver Boys" in the West Virginia hills are quittin' feudin and b'ar shootin' . . all for the love of these four topnotch card games!

Yes, they're beautifully printed on felt and slip onto a card table. All you need is a deck of cards and an itch for fun. If you *can't* get them at your favorite men's shop they'll be sent prepaid by

MILTON BRADLEY CO.
BOX 2R, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

*Keep them home and happy with*
"20-45" ★ KONGO
TROCADERO POOL ★ ARGENTINA BANCO
MONACO*
$2 EACH at leading men's shops everywhere
*MONACO, PRICE $3.00

MILTON BRADLEY GAMES
*Make Ideal Christmas Gifts*

# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

*Continued from page NY-28*

the beginning, for when the model train "bug" bites, it penetrates. No boy or man is ever completely happy until he owns a miniature railway system that overflows the attic or cellar floor. This means the occasional addition of tracks, stations, tunnels, special freight cars, and other accessories.

Probably the most favored of engines is the famous reproduction of the New York Central's crack "Hudson" locomotive, which offers everything from working drive shafts and beaming headlights, to an automatic whistle.

Another favorite with train fanciers is the miniature switch yard engine, or, as they are known in railroad vernacular, "hogs." With this type of engine, if your taste leans toward the technical, you can have a railroad switch yard complete with water towers, automatic log rollers, coal elevators, illuminated freight shed, and floodlight tower.

We hear on good authority that there exists in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, a gentleman who has taken miniature railroading so much to heart that he has become a specialist. His particular hobby is duplicating in miniature every circus train that has ever hauled the "big top" on a spring-to-autumn cross-country jaunt.

At the Lionel plant in Irvington, New Jersey, where many of these trains are turned out, you'll find no helter-skelter activity, but assembly lines almost as complete as those of the great automobile conveyors, workmen placing certain tiny nuts on equally tiny bolts and clamping wheels and whistles on locomotives and cars as they pass by.

Behind the assembly line, bolts, wheels, and headlights, lies meticulous attention to trends and the fluctuation of tastes. From these careful observations, miniature train designers learn whether their clientele tends toward streamline models or the more prosaic switch, freight or steam trains, as they usually do.

Adherence to detail is all-important. Engines have everything but the smell of dusty coal in the cab. Even the whistle is an exact facsimile of one recorded by RCA in the New York Central yards. Authenticity is also featured in the train coaches and freight cars, the signal towers and coal elevators, and the watchman's shanty and crossing gates. In the coaches, for instance, tiny seats are visible through the well-lit interiors, and in the freight cars there are automatic devices installed to empty the cars of their tiny burdens by means of a remote control switch.

If a miniature train purchaser is in a particularly esoteric mood, he may acquire such modern railroading gadgets as a flat car equipped with a single or twin set of floodlights; an electrically operated gondola car in which the sides lift and model barrels come tumbling out; a crane mounted on a flat car that is guaranteed to hoist derailed cars back on the track, thus clearing up one of those messy "wrecks" that are the bane of existence to miniature rail "executives." All of these operations can be executed by remote control — from the next room if it's necessary.

The greatest train-buying center is Philadelphia. Why this is so, not even the sales-conscious executives of the train companies can explain. But it's a definite fact. The area covered by Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York, account for more than fifty-five per cent of the train sales, ninety-five per cent of which are made between Thanksgiving and Christmas. Evidently when the Quaker City rolls in its sidewalks, its citizens roll out their fast freights.

### DR. WILLIAMSON BELIEVES IN SONG

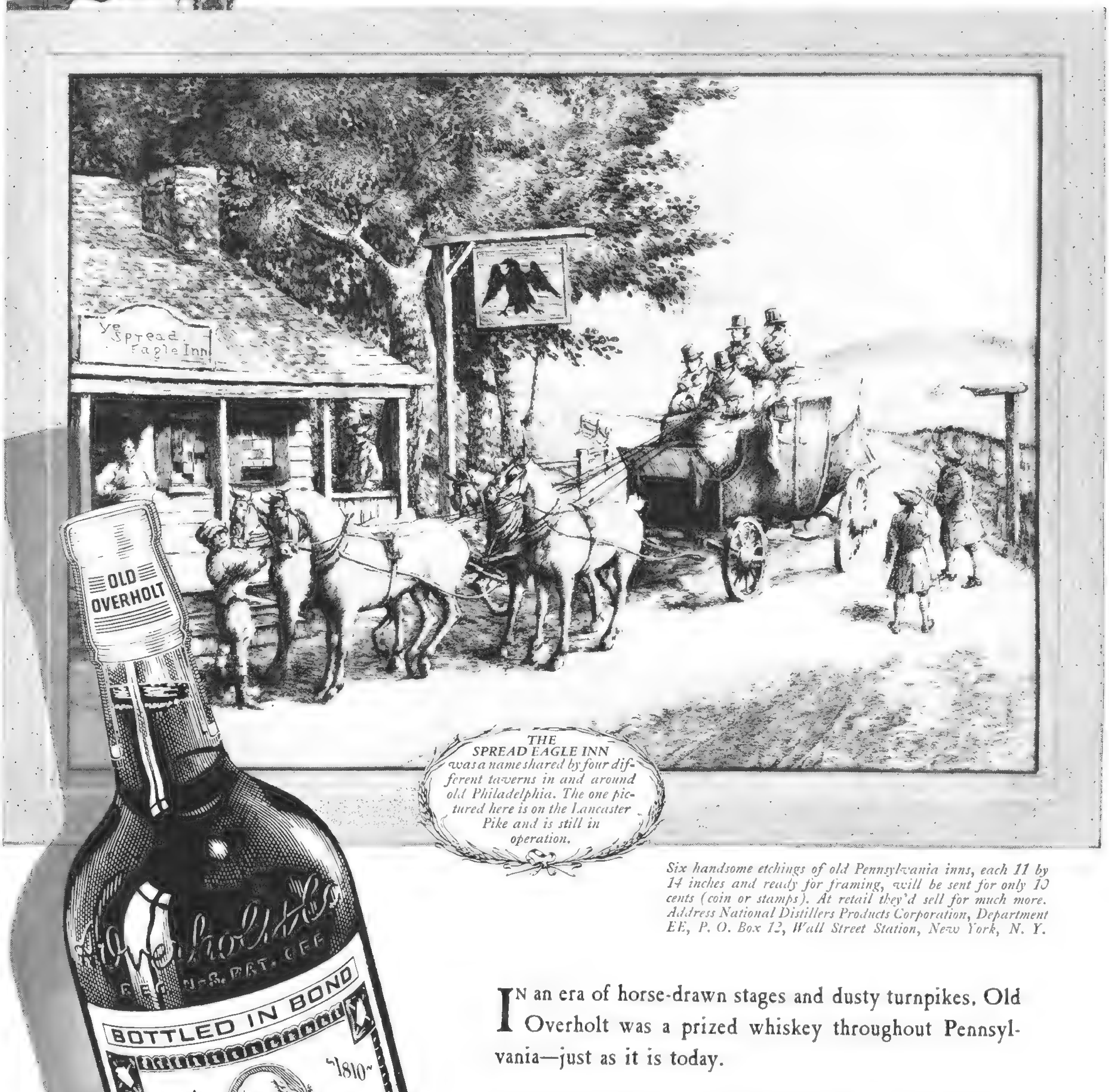
If you happened to have been traveling through Princeton, New Jersey, about five o'clock of a brisk morning this fall, and you drove close to the precincts of the Westminster Choir School, you were probably taken considerably aback at the sight of thirty-five or more young men and women unconcernedly shadow-boxing across the campus.

Training for a coeducational football game, you thought, or maybe future athletic instructors getting in shape. But it's a safe bet that the last conclusion you'd have reached was that this attractive group consisted of members of the famous Westminster Choir, merely going through one of their routine training exercises for their active season. That happens to be the truth, for this unusual group trains as hard as any football team, following the dictates of its indefatigable leader, Dr. John Finley Williamson.

This year, the choir and its

*Continued on page NY-32*

# They knew Good Whiskey at those old Pennsylvania Inns


Ye Spread Eagle Inn

THE SPREAD EAGLE INN was a name shared by four different taverns in and around old Philadelphia. The one pictured here is on the Lancaster Pike and is still in operation.

OLD OVERHOLT
A. Overholt & Co.
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BOTTLED IN BOND
Established 1810
100 PROOF
OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
A. Overholt & Co. Inc.
BROAD FORD PA. U.S.A.

*Six handsome etchings of old Pennsylvania inns, each 11 by 14 inches and ready for framing, will be sent for only 10 cents (coin or stamps). At retail they'd sell for much more. Address National Distillers Products Corporation, Department EE, P. O. Box 12, Wall Street Station, New York, N. Y.*

In an era of horse-drawn stages and dusty turnpikes, Old Overholt was a prized whiskey throughout Pennsylvania—just as it is today.

Travelers found this rich, distinctive Pennsylvania rye awaiting them at almost every tavern—a treat to look forward to after a long day's ride.

In the intervening years, the fame of Old Overholt spread throughout the country until now it is the most popular bottled in bond rye—a whiskey of unquestioned excellence, backed by 130 years of character.

National Distillers Products Corporation
Copyright 1940, A. Overholt & Company, Inc., New York, N. Y.

You give the great outdoors . . . when you give a gun!

Whether you're on the giving end or the receiving, there's no better present than a Remington gun. Through a lifetime of service, a Remington gun serves as a constant reminder of the friendship that prompted the gift. If your local dealer does not happen to have the particular Remington gun you want, he will gladly obtain it for you. For free literature, write Remington Arms Co., Inc., Dept. E8-1, Bridgeport, Conn.

The Model 510 "Targetmaster"* single shot bolt action .22. An amazing buy at only $5.45.

The Model 511 "Scoremaster"* box magazine bolt action .22 repeater. Costs only $10.54.

The Model 513S Sporter—a high grade .22 bolt action repeater. Tremendous value at only $26.23.

The Model 31 pump action shotgun . . . finest pump gun made. $43.64.

The "Sportsman"* . . . most popular autoloading shotgun made. Skeet grade $74.16.

The Parker double—DHE grade. Handmade by America's finest craftsmen. $196.95.

The Model 81 "Woodsmaster"*—a walloping high power autoloading rifle for big game. $70.58.

The Model 141 "Gamemaster"* slide-action high power rifle. $54.44.

Remington
DUPONT

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

*Continued from page NY-30*

leader are celebrating their fifteenth anniversary. It was Dr. Williamson who organized the original Westminster Choir, and since that day his pupils and ex-choir members have organized other Westminster Choirs and schools in Brazil, India, Japan, Panama, the Philippines, and Korea. Other ex-graduates of the college over that period are now in musical positions all over the United States—with over 200,000 people singing under them weekly.

The fame of this all-American group has, geographically speaking, been far-reaching. Two world tours have been conducted, the latter, in 1934, on official business for Roosevelt, who sent them as official emissaries of good will to Russia, at the time she was recognized. And this same American good will embraced several other countries during the tour. The choir gave its first concert in Paris at the Paris Opera House with the president of France and his cabinet in the audience. In Vienna, their first concert was given at the Vienna Royal Opera, in the presence of the president of Austria. They ran off two performances in Albert Hall, London, the first drawing an audience of 3,500; the second, a week later, drawing 7,000.

The governments of Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Germany sponsored like concerts. Subsequent tours have been extensive, but though an Oriental tour has been scheduled for several seasons and efforts have been made for another European tour, war conditions abroad have prevented them. At the moment, Dr. Williamson and his group are touring the South, and will appear in Havana this month for the Sociadad pro Arte Musicale.

They are being heard via the motion picture screens throughout the country this season, although they're not being seen. For it is the Westminster Choir which furnishes the breathtaking background music for Walt Disney's much-discussed "Fantasia." Hundreds of contestants competed for the solo work in this production, the winner being another Williamson pupil, Miss Bess Kreuger, whose lovely voice blends with the choir in Shubert's "Ave Maria."

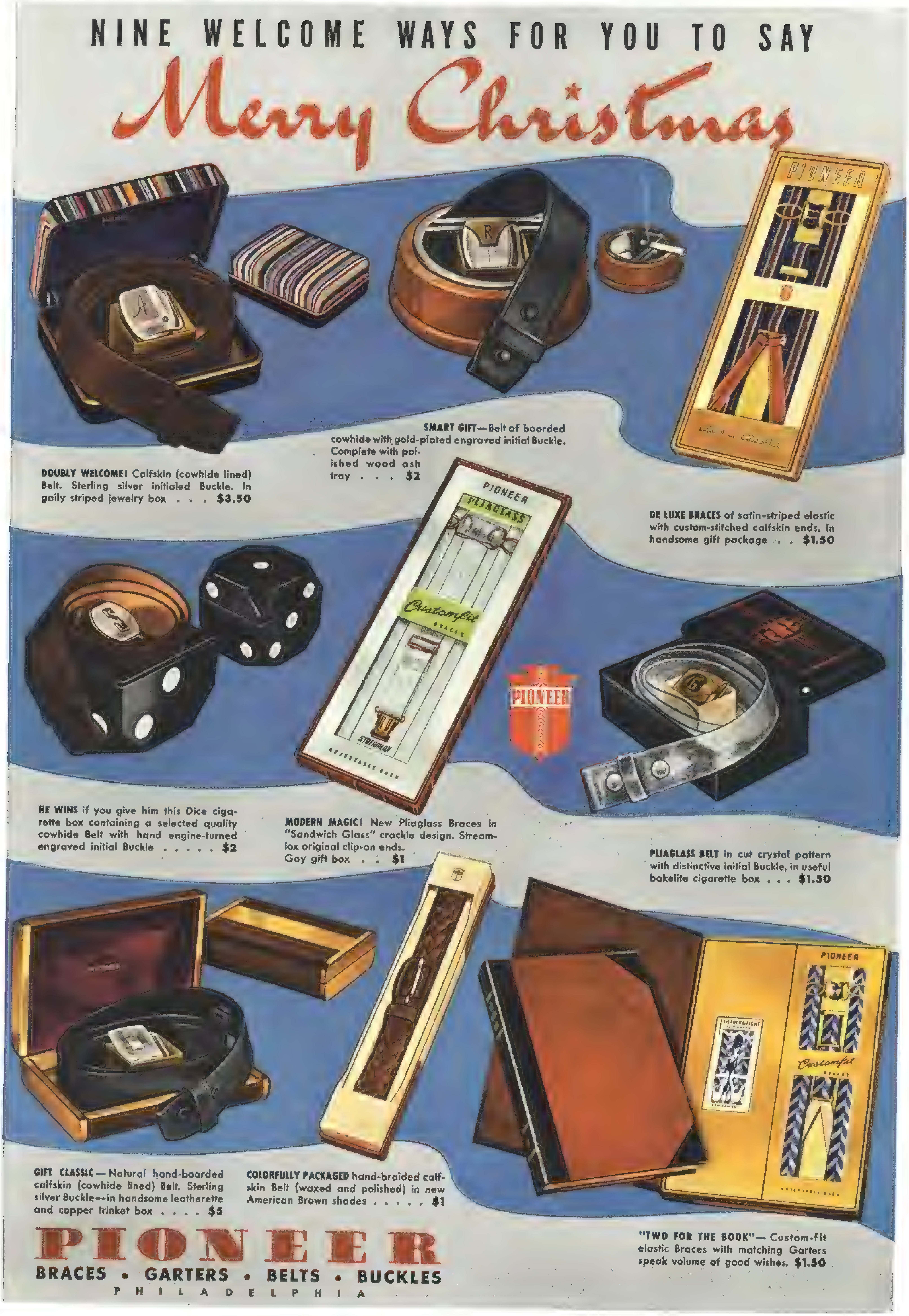
Arturo Toscanini, John Barbirolli, and Leopold Stokowski, appear with the choir in concert each year. When Toscanini opens his radio season with his important initial broadcast for NBC on November 23rd, he will have the Westminster Choir to complement the take-off. All three of these great conductors have not only been enrolled among the choir's greatest boosters, but are also staunch supporters of the Williamson theories and ideals. They discovered some time ago that Williamson, who built a choir on his dream of making worship an active, not a passive process, has sound and practical ideas for the advancement of musical America. And furthermore, they are helping him to do something about them.

"If music is an art which has a universal message," says Dr. Williamson, "it is the property of the individual—not the few." And he advances on the premise that singing is the solution to all problems—social, moral, and even political. Singing, as nothing else, he says, will help make a people happy and will unite them in a common thought and a common aim.

As soon as a war scare comes, community singing develops all over the country. But Dr. Williamson would like to see America become a musical nation for peacetime purposes—for the simple reason that nothing can make us contented with such celerity. He has organized choral groups in factories, feeling that by giving the workers an artistic background for the development of their leisure time, he is making their lives more valuable both to themselves and their employers. He utilizes his summers traveling throughout the nation, staging large music festivals for thousands of participants and music lovers. He has used radio to further the developments of choral music in the country. He has, in fact, practically given up his entire life to these unselfish ambitions.

They've come a long way, Dr. Williamson and his choir, since their discovery fifteen years ago by an alert music-lover, Mrs. H. E. Talbott, of Dayton, Ohio. She had heard of the amazing work being done by this man, then director of the choir in the Westminster Presbyterian Church of Dayton. Surrounding cities were beginning to take notice and demand appearances. Recognizing fine musicianship and the excellent and original ideas of its director, it was she who understood the importance of regularizing and extending tours for the group. And one day, like Byron, the members and their leader awoke to find themselves famous.

Ranger



NINE WELCOME WAYS FOR YOU TO SAY

*Merry Christmas*

**DOUBLY WELCOME!** Calfskin (cowhide lined) Belt. Sterling silver initialed Buckle. In gaily striped jewelry box . . . $3.50

**SMART GIFT**—Belt of boarded cowhide with gold-plated engraved initial Buckle. Complete with polished wood ash tray . . . $2

**DE LUXE BRACES** of satin-striped elastic with custom-stitched calfskin ends. In handsome gift package . . . $1.50

**HE WINS** if you give him this Dice cigarette box containing a selected quality cowhide Belt with hand engine-turned engraved initial Buckle . . . . . $2

**MODERN MAGIC!** New Pliaglass Braces in "Sandwich Glass" crackle design. Streamlox original clip-on ends. Gay gift box . . $1

**PLIAGLASS BELT** in cut crystal pattern with distinctive initial Buckle, in useful bakelite cigarette box . . . $1.50

**GIFT CLASSIC**—Natural hand-boarded calfskin (cowhide lined) Belt. Sterling silver Buckle—in handsome leatherette and copper trinket box . . . . $5

**COLORFULLY PACKAGED** hand-braided calfskin Belt (waxed and polished) in new American Brown shades . . . . . $1

**"TWO FOR THE BOOK"**—Custom-fit elastic Braces with matching Garters speak volume of good wishes. $1.50

**PIONEER**

BRACES • GARTERS • BELTS • BUCKLES

PHILADELPHIA

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**WE'LL GAMBLE...** *Get a tin today from your dealer or send 50c direct to us. If the first few pipefuls don't thrill you, return the balance of the tin and we'll promptly refund your money. Sobranie House, 489 Fifth Avenue, New York City.*

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J. mes Madison

**#7. Miniature knocker for your inside rooms, 3¾". Engraved with given name only in BLOCK LETTERS . . . $1.50**

**#6. Solid brass knocker, 7" long, name gracefully engraved in Old English . . . . $2.95**

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DON'T LOOK NOW but have you seen-

the new BASS CINE BARGAINGRAM No. 245...Solves the problem of what to give that rabid movie camera fan for Xmas. Lists 1000's of bargains. FREE...

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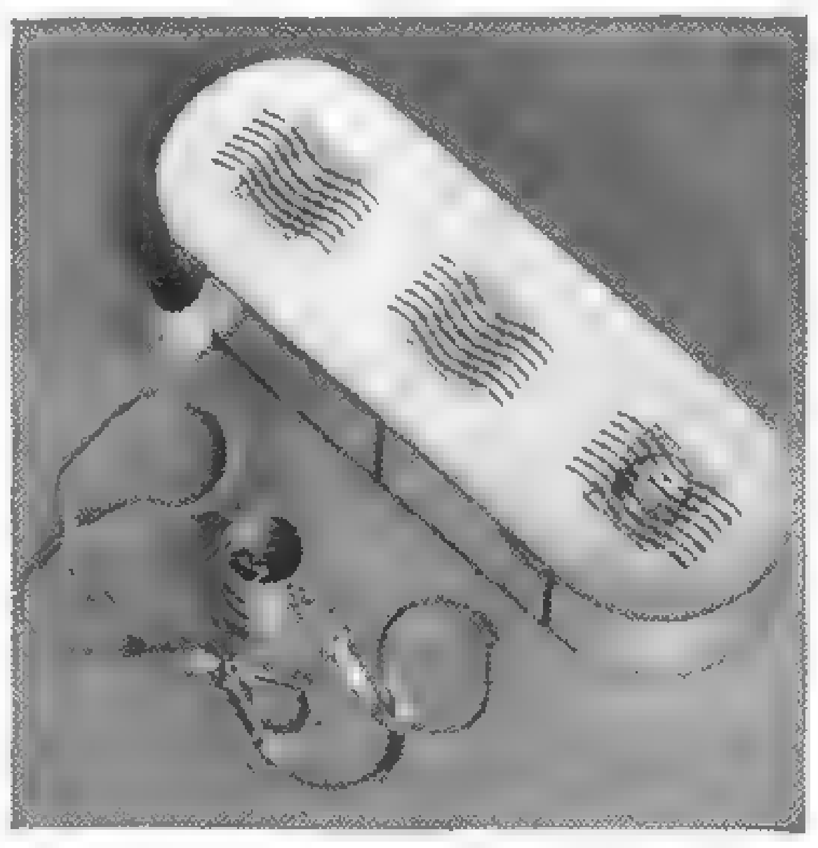
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
"The best all-around boot in the world"
Manufactured Since 1850

Waterproof. Genuine Pac Moccasin. Hand Sewed. Made to measure. A pound or two lighter than the average boot; easy to put on and take off; no hooks to catch. Ankle strap holds boot in place, and also acts as ankle support.
ACCEPT NO IMITATIONS! Get the original Gokey Botte Sauvage only by writing for measure blank and Footwear Catalog.

**GOKEY COMPANY**
Dept. E, St. Paul, Minnesota

**LEATHER IN ACTION.** Allowing the hand-painted sailfish room for action produced a new type of design for this cigarette box and address book. Thus came an original treatment of those long-time favorites, gifts in leather for men. The box, with a white rawhide cover-panel on a blue cowhide base, is built for both regular and king size cigarettes. The address book, blue topgrain cowhide, holds fine, gold-edged pages, conveniently indexed.



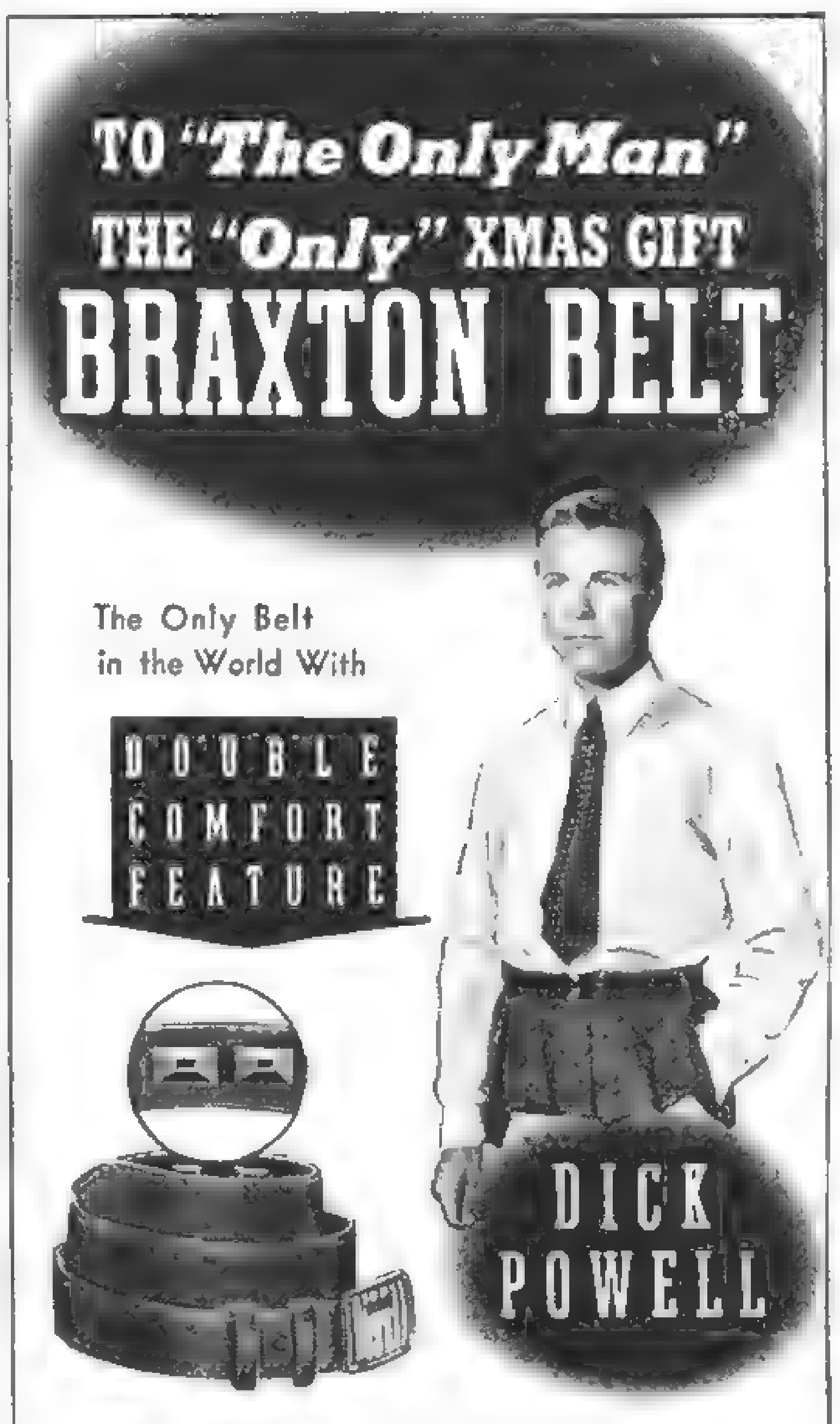
**BOX AND BARREL.** That masculine combination of practicality and a fine degree of luxury called for by Christmas gift-giving is a formidable one to attain. But, as proof that it can happen here – a stamp box of sterling silver with 1¢, 2¢, and 3¢ stamps enameled on the cover; stamps wrap around pegs inside, pull out through slits – a gold-filled, Swiss barrel watch with a 7-jewel, shock-proof, guaranteed movement. Simple, yet novel in design; comes with snake chain.

**GIFTS AHOY.** If he already has a yacht, you'll have no trouble boarding with these passports. The Aquaknot is a new portable type of speed indicator based on a sound scientific principle. Has a high reputation for precision. No skipper friend of yours could drink out of anything more appropriate than these nautical glasses. There's a wide variety of signals, with titles printed in English for the benefit of those who don't read flag language.

**THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME.** Appliqué was never like this when your Aunt Mattie plied her ladylike needle. The colorful three-dimensional "figures" on these well-made cocktail napkins and bar towels are as amusing as they are irreverent. Three-way gifts are the silver hot brandy cups. They're fine for melted butter, and can also be used as individual cigarette servers and ash trays.

**PORTABLE BAR.** For friends who haven't room for a built-in bar and who are tired of juggling trays, ice cubes, bottles, and glasses – this handsome portable bar in ebony or walnut. Easy to tote, it has a place for everything. There are two attractive decanters, six highball glasses, four jiggers – and a tray for ice.

*Ranger*



DICK POWELL — star of "Christmas in July", new Paramount picture soon to be released, says, "My BRAXTON BELT is a dandy".

BRAXTON BELTS snug trousers to hips . . . no sag . . no bag . . no lag. Patented inner lining does the trick.

Black or Brown Cowhide - $3.00
Natural Pigskin - 4.00
Sterling Buckle with Monogram 2.50
Sterling Tongue Buckle, Mono. 5.00
AT YOUR DEALER OR SENT POSTPAID IN GIFT BOX

30 DAYS TRIAL IF NOT PLEASED, YOUR MONEY BACK

BRAXTON DIVISION
**QUEEN CITY BUCKLE MFG. CO.**
CINCINNATI, OHIO

**SEE IT ALL with an ★ ALLSCOPE**
**AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT**

At the game, theatre, sports events, wear an Allscope—*and you have a front row seat.* More fun, new thrills, see action the ordinary spectator misses. Telescopic spectacles, worn like glasses, Allscopes are light, comfortable — leave both hands free. Double power, $14; 3¼ power, $16. At optical stores, or direct, postpaid (or C. O. D.). Try one at the next big game. *Money-back guarantee. Write for free catalog.*

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**WOLLENSAK**

THE IDEAL GIFT for Executives

Here is the ideal gift for friends to whom you would like to present a lifetime of comfort. DO/MORE TRIPLE FEATURE CHAIRS offer definite advantages: (1) They include an "exerciser" back, (2) They give greater comfort by helping correct improper sitting posture, (3) They help busy men to relax. Friends will never cease thanking you for this exceptional gift. Call local Domore agency or wire collect for gift information.

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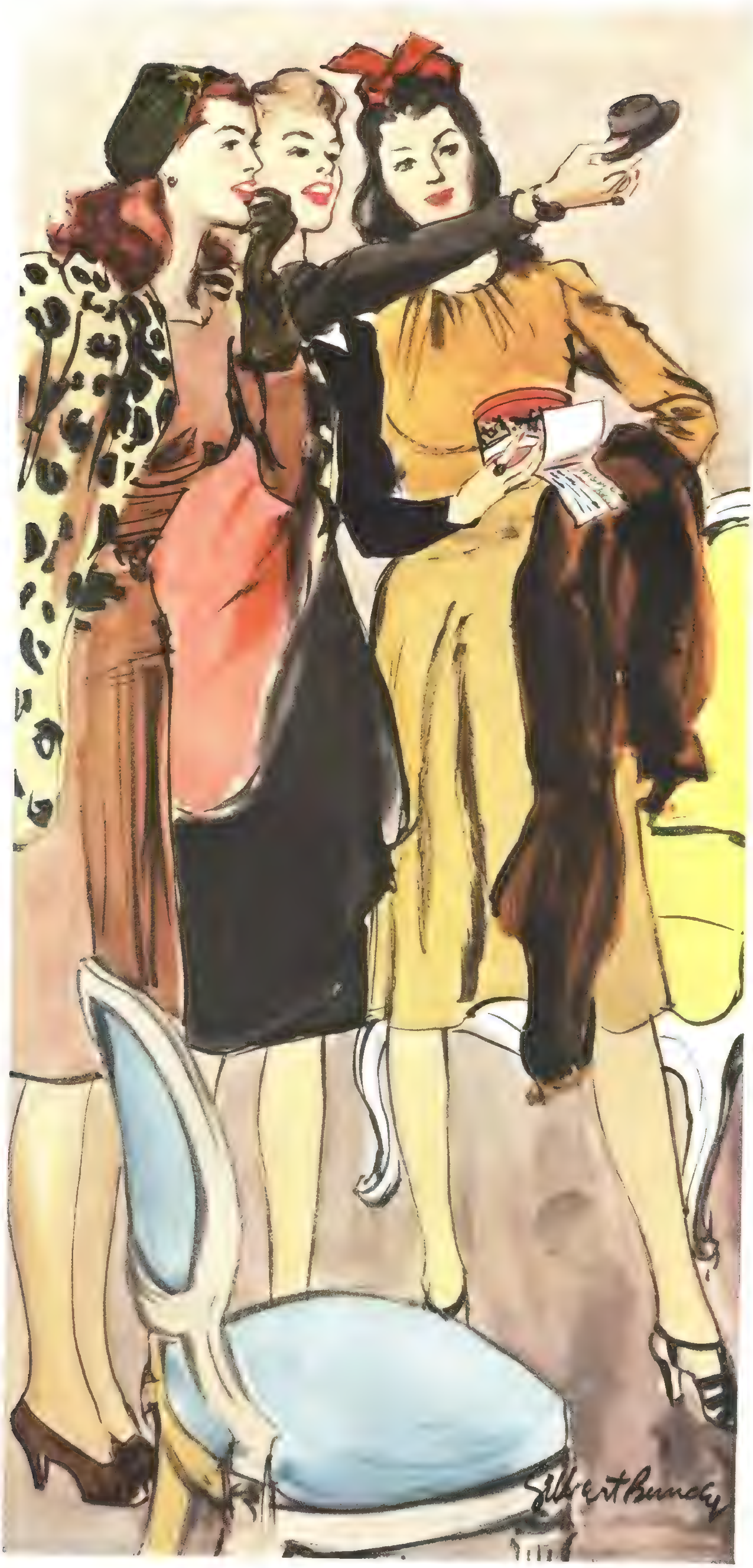
**DO/MORE**



"It's cute...
but what is it?"

**JANE:** It's a hat—a miniature hat, and a miniature hat box.

**ELLEN:** Dumb girl though I be, I can see *that*. And then what?

**POLLY:** I get it. It's a gift—Christmas greetings to the master, what?

**JANE:** Right. You go to any hat store and buy a Stetson certificate—spending anything from $5 to $20—according to how much love is in your heart at the moment.

**ELLEN:** I catch on. And they stick the certificate into that little box with the little hat. Not a bad idea.

**POLLY:** Then, lo, comes Christmas morn, and Big Boy's eyes are dazzled with visions of a new Stetson, which he'll pick out himself—and which Heaven knows he needs.

**JANE:** Not any worse than *your* husband, my dear.

*Give him a*
STETSON
*for Christmas*

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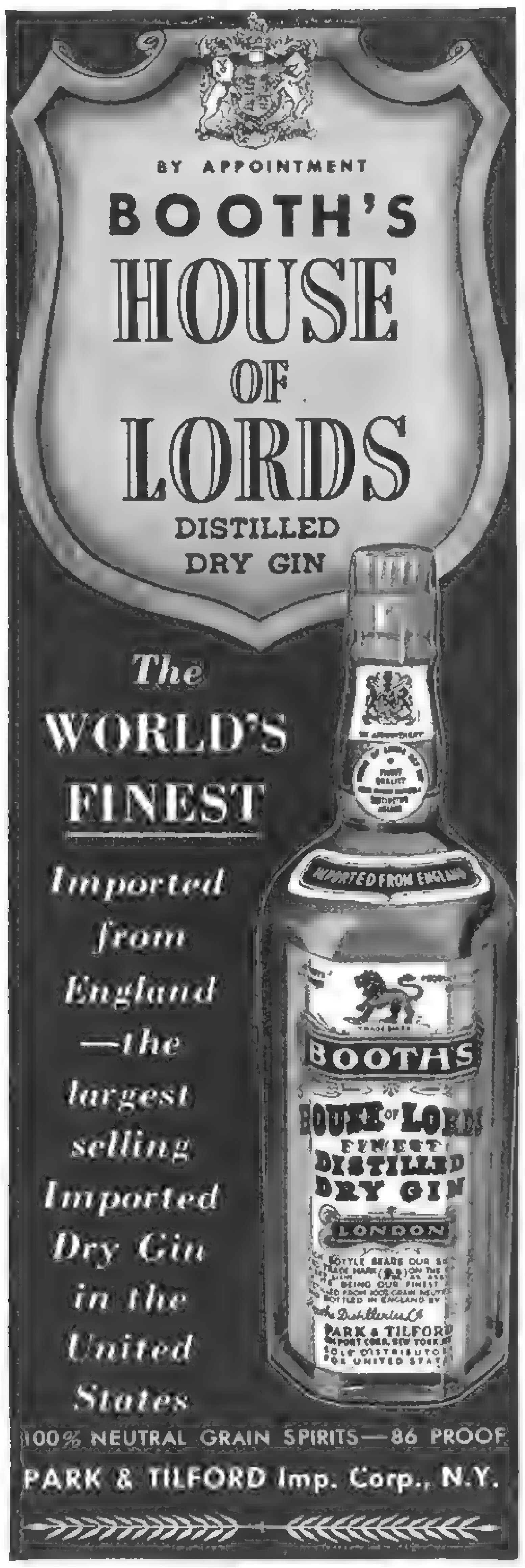
# PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

THE
SERT ROOM
EDDY
**DUCHIN**
And His Orchestra
**LOS CHAVALILLOS**
At Dinner and Supper
**CAROL BRUCE**
At Supper
**THE WALDORF-ASTORIA**
**KAY KYSER**
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Now in The Informal Empire Room



BY APPOINTMENT
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
DISTILLED DRY GIN
The WORLD'S FINEST
Imported from England—the largest selling Imported Dry Gin in the United States
100% NEUTRAL GRAIN SPIRITS—86 PROOF
PARK & TILFORD Imp. Corp., N.Y.

See the
ALL NEW
ICE SHOW
at luncheon, dinner, supper
TERRACE ROOM
**Hotel NEW YORKER**
NEW YORK
2500 Rooms from $3.50

No, the Social Register hasn't suddenly shed its revered black binding and come out in giddy Chartreuse—but something *almost* as cataclysmal has occurred: the Hotel Plaza's Persian Room, patrician of the patrician in its conservatism (but never stuffy), is flaunting a re-do and re-hue, leathered up in oystershell and rose Picasso, though still under Persian mural auspices and with classic Paul ambassadoring at the door as always. Dick Gasparre and Gerry Morton are the bandstandees. Assorted divertissement, prepared by Russell Markert (he of Radio City Music Hall), includes tiny taptress Dixie Dunbar, a notably unrepulsive set of demoiselles of the ensemble, and demon impersonator and spoof artist John Buckmaster. Hence the town car congestion.

Sunday adjustments of the clock are effected successfully at the Hotel Madison (15 East 58th) with the aid of Bracer Breakfast, served from one till five P.M., the first drink being on the maison. Allan Cole and his orchestra assist the cheer, and dancers from the Arthur Murray studios act as tutors in a newie called the Cavalcade which begins with square dances and works up. Nourishment is under the supervision of this hotel's recent capture, René Durand, the well-known chef-sportsman who bestrides polo ponies in his spare time.

Pagliacci is prologued and Seville barbered in stunning barytone fashion, with the mike brushed aside, by South American Carlos Ramirez at La Martinique (57 West 57th)—ex-dancer Dario's basementful of stylized tropical color. For implementing the ankles, there are Val Olman and his sweetenhottentots and rhumba rouser Herbert Curbello and crew. Food is Parisian West Indian. Friend Maraschino picks you a table if he's got one. Shuttered Mondays.

John Perona's chinchilla-fed El Morocco is celebrating its reversion to zebra-ism after foregoing those cherished stripes for a whole year. 'Twas mighty pretty, but it just didn't seem like the dear old nest. And sentiment is certainly uppermost when Society limelighters are being photographed against backgrounds.

Civilization owes so much to the outstanding interpreters of cuisine and cellar—the sage personalities who make all the difference between fine dining and merely getting something to eat—we feel that some suitable honorary degree should be conferred upon them, such as D.G., Doctor of Gastronomy. And since our universities have been negligent in the matter, we shall take the liberty of doing the bestowing ourselves in this department, beginning right now with:

The Stork Club's Corradino Bonardi. Harking from the Central Park Casino of the Jimmy Walker Era of splash and splendor, and with a record of urbanity at the Colony, at the Patio in Palm Beach, and subsequent large responsibilities as maitre of Ben Marden's Riviera, this suave savant can sense your inner requirements before you know them yourself. What, no appetite? He'll get it for you. And chez Billingsley he has resources!

The brethren Kriendler—Jack, Mac, and Bob—of Jack and Charlie's "21 Club." With partner Charlie Berns now twenty-one branding, Jack has drafted Mac and Bob to form the trio that share charge of your welfare, with maitre Philip Caselli assisting them. And if there is any fine point of perfection these Kriendlers haven't thought of, it's just a mirage. Remarkable thing about them is that although they have traveled and observed abroad, they are strictly American products.

Gene Cavallero the Great. Master mind and rotundly magnetic monarch of the Colony Restaurant at lunch and dinner, he is supper emperor of Féfé's Monte Carlo. From waiterdom at the Copley-Plaza in Boston he rose to a captaincy at the old Knickerbocker under Charley Faissole, progressing to partnership in the Colony in 1921 as a history maker. Genial genius.

ENJOY THIS PEERLESS PUERTO RICAN RUM
"The Toast of the Tropics"
Say "Don Q" when you call for a rum cocktail! Enjoy the matchless quality which has made this superb rum the "toast of the tropics"!
WHITE LABEL *for cocktails*
GOLD LABEL *for tall drinks*
86 Proof
Don Q PUERTO RICAN Rum
PRODUCT OF
DESTILERIA SERRALLES, INC.
PONCE, PUERTO RICO
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A JIGGER in a JIFFY!
**The perfect dollar gift!**
Automatically measures and pours 1 oz. by simply pressing the button. Fits any quart or pint bottle.
Colors: Blue, ivory, orchid, orange, red, green.
$1.00
POSTPAID in gift box
Give a JIFFY JIGGER
*At smart stores or send direct.*
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CUISINE FRANÇAISE
Famous for the Special
CHAMPS-ELYSEES DINNER
Finest Vintage Wines and Liqueurs
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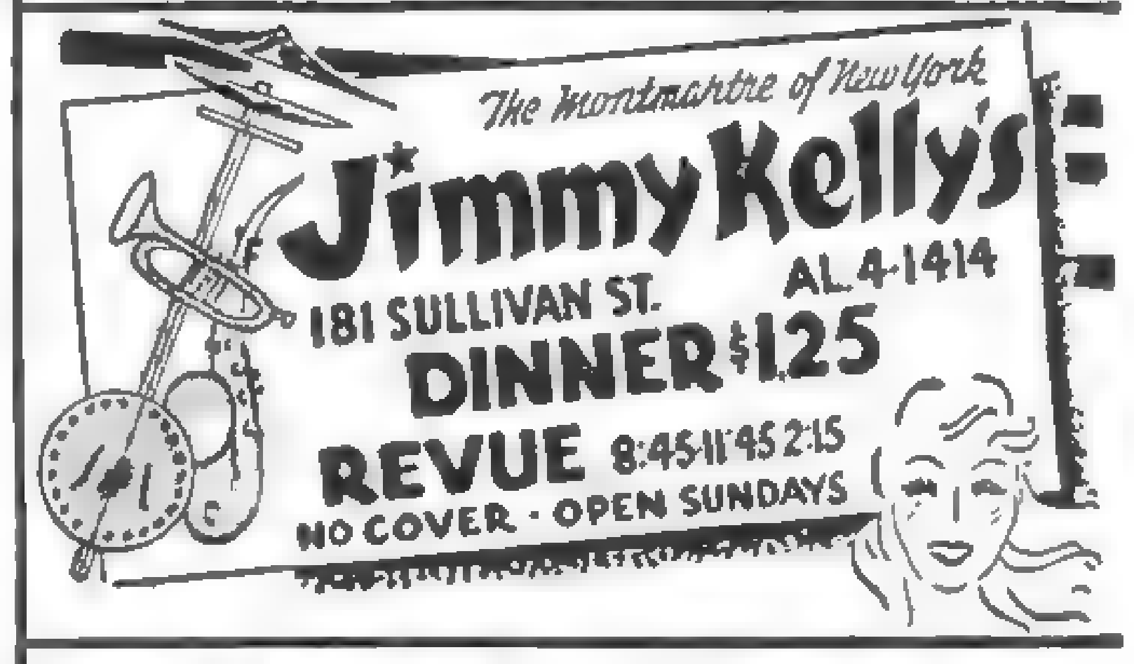
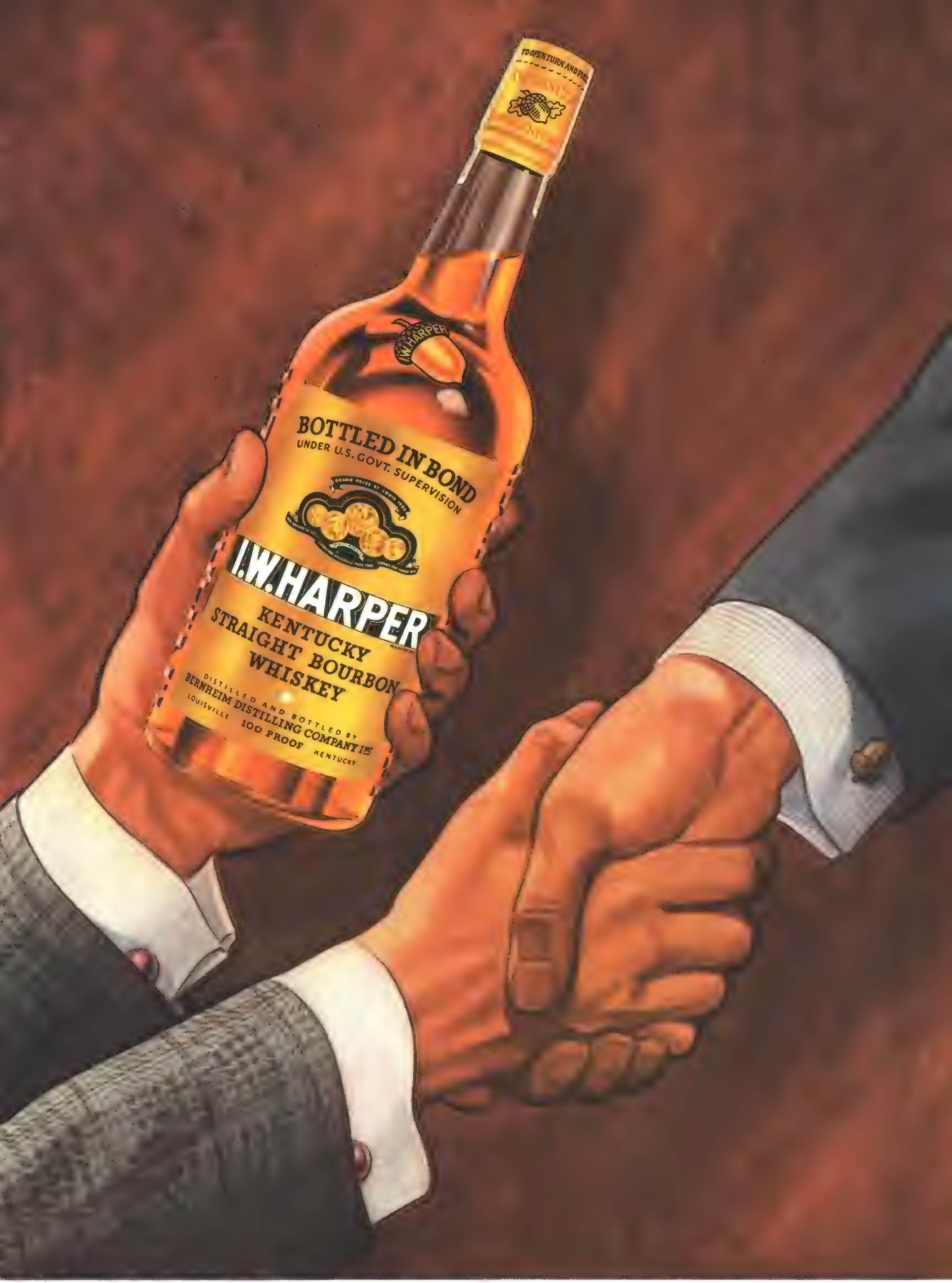


The Montmartre of New York
Jimmy Kelly's
181 SULLIVAN ST. AL 4-1414
DINNER $1.25
REVUE 8:45 11:45 2:15
NO COVER · OPEN SUNDAYS

Van's
HAWAIIAN MACADAMIA NUTS
new DELICIOUS and INTRIGUING
RICH IN VITAMIN "B 1"


TO OPEN TURN AND PULL
I.W.HARPER
BOTTLED IN BOND
UNDER U.S. GOVT. SUPERVISION
I.W.HARPER
KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT BOURBON
WHISKEY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
BERNHEIM DISTILLING COMPANY INC
LOUISVILLE 100 PROOF KENTUCKY

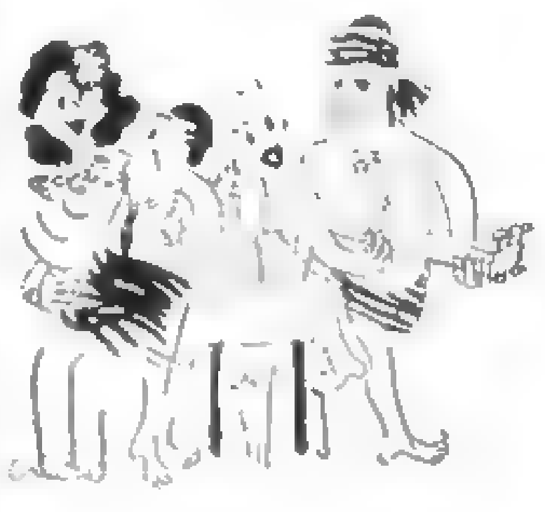
**PRESENT IT PROUDLY**

I. W. Harper • The Gold Medal Whiskey

# PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

Pa Knickerbocker's carrier-pigeon cote, the LaGuardia Airport, is certainly a panoramic eye-full of activity, with giant stratoliners practically feeding out of your hand as you sit terraced in command of the show, mayhap gathering a Kitty Hawk Cocktail (French Vermouth, gin, Cointreau) in honor of the progress of science. The Aviation Terrace Restaurant, which is operated by the Hotel New Yorker (sufficient said), has tables for 800 and, not infrequently, twice that many reservations for dinner. If knives, forks, and planes aren't enough for you, you can turn glider to the tunes of Jay Coe and his men, or take on fuel in the Kitty Hawk Bar.

Hildegarde, with her song antics and droll devastations, is back for the—how many times is it?—at the Café Lounge of the Savoy-Plaza. You'd never guess who's due to follow her, with his double-bedtime stories, in this Fiskey milieu . . . Forgetting Futuramas for the moment, Norman Bel Geddes has re-interiored the much treasured Restaurant LaRue (45 East 58th). But maestros Eddie Davis and Joseph C. Smith remain as fixtures which needed no fixing. Host Peter's smile is possibly a little wider . . . The Rainbow Room (couple of steps this side of the moon) has Eddie LeBaron at the helm steering a Latin course, with Elsie Houston thrushing Brazilian love, and Gomez the guitarist, and Jack Cole conniving choreographically . . . Stork Clubbers are dancing to the music of London-American Jack Harris, the duchesses' delight . . . Viennese Greta Keller is encoring for her Supper at the Algonquin's midnight celebbery . . . Val Ernie is leading tunes for dancing at Frank Bonacchini's oh so agreeable Coq Rouge (65 East 56th) with those suave sepians the Tisdale Trio heard from betweenwhiles; new comets from Broadway are special appearers . . . Charles E. Rochester's Hotel Lexington,whose Hawaiian Room offers a seemingly eternal answer to the aloha urge, is fulfilling his Colonial responsibilities as well: his revered Revere Room now serves a "Kill Devil" (Rum, Brandy, et al.) guaranteed to rouse the inhabitants. Result of deep researches by food and beverage manager Jacques Gessell . . . Vodka and daggers are juggled impartially at the Russian Kretchma (244 East 14th) which, now seventeenth seasoning, has broken out a new Samarkand Nook where Gypsy temperament is untethered . . . It's flamenco color and commotion at the small, cheery Club Gaucho (245 Sullivan) of Pedro Valli . . . Jack Stember's Belmont-Plaza has given its Glass Hat an extra polish with the music of Arthur Ravel, plus Zito and his rhumba band, not to mention a personality revue . . . Sleuths looking for a dull moment at Leon & Eddie's report no results so far . . . The food-and-glitter Versailles (151 East 50th) is being melodied by Maximilian Bergere and rhumba-bandsman Panchito, featuring entertainment aces in the spotlight . . . With Tower of London trappings, hotels and restaurants from coast to coast are staging Beefeater dinners on Thursdays in behalf of the British-American Ambulance Corps. So get your roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, my good hearties!



Almost verging on the unseemly, that crush of orchids at the Cafe Pierre, from cocktails-dansant hour onward and upward . . . downward from the Viennese Room of the St. Regis to the Iridium Room came Hal Saunders and his lads to motivate blue-blooded ankles autumnally. For eye purposes, there's Dorothy Lewis on ice and off, and the hardly less gladsome Heasley Twins.

Splendor spot extraordinary, the Waldorf-Astoria's Sert Room has launched its season with Eddy Duchin and his glee club who also play instruments. As dance-team there are Los Chavalillos Sevillanos, still in their teens but old masters. The Empire Room is now a conservatory of musical knowledge, under Professor Kay Kyser.

FERNET BRANCA
When you eat too well · When you drink too well
Try this WORLD-FAMED PICK-ME-UP
A jigger today . . . helps make tomorrow O. K.
SINCE 1845
At good Restaurants, Hotels, Bars. Keep a bottle at home—drug and grocery stores have it.
*In the United States*
Fratelli Branca & Co., Inc., New York
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A Christmas gift you want to make?
Think carefully before you take
Your reputation is at stake
Insist on... COOK'S Imperial
AMERICAN Champagnes and Wines
AMERICAN WINE CO ★ ST. LOUIS · MO.

SMARTEST
CONTINENTAL AND PAN-AMERICAN REVUES
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YOU NEED A
BAD HABIT
*to start off the New Year!*

Here's the gambler's nightmare
"THE DEADLY DOUBLE"
The Christmas Gift De Luxe Edition 2.50
*Ask for it wherever games or fine men's gifts are sold*
MONARCH PUBLISHING CO.
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Curtain's going up on the famous
CURTAIN DINNER
7 to 8:30 nightly before the play from $1.75...prompt but correct service
The SHERRY NETHERLAND
5th Avenue at 59th Street
Cocktails daily...The Netherland Bar

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Le Restaurant Par Excellence
CUISINE FRANCAISE
FAMOUS FOR CHICKEN DIVAN & SPECIAL SALAD
FINEST VINTAGE WINES and LIQUEURS
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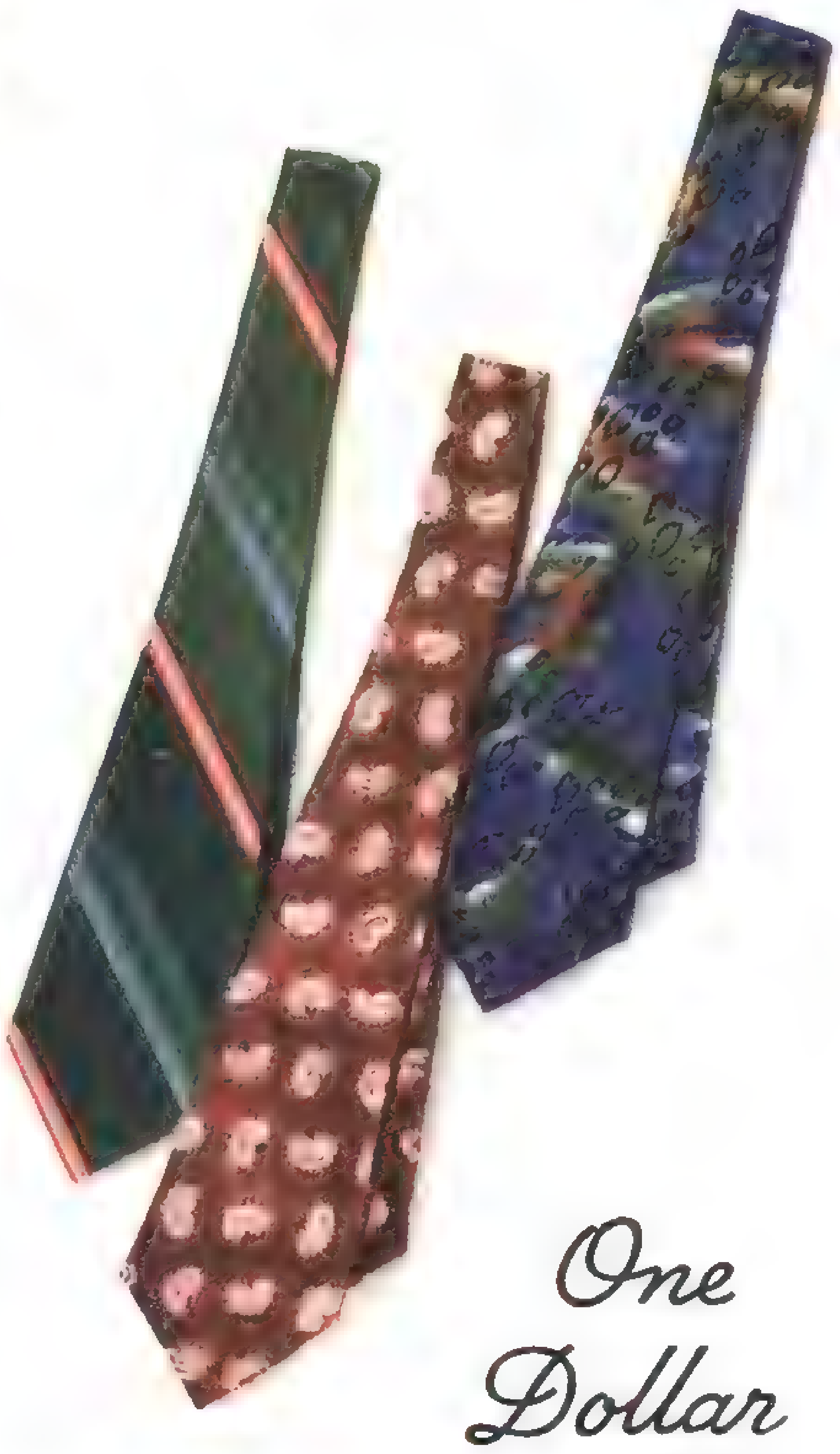
SMART ENTERTAINM SUPERB DINNERS DELIGHTFUL DANCING
MIKE FRITZEL & JOE JACOBSON'S
CHEZ PAREE
CHICAGO

Expressed Alive Daily
COAST TO COAST
Ocean-Clear
LIVE LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Wembley Ties

**PREPONA PRAENESTE,** *an exotic Bolivian butterfly with a four-inch wingspread, selected as this month's symbol of the exciting new colors and designs in Wembley Ties.*

Wembley Ties



*"What a break for some lucky chap"*

Lucky, indeed, is the man who finds Wembley Silks among his Christmas gifts. Their patterns are modish... their colors handsome. Give your menfolk a break—choose Wembleys. Best of all, the price is *one dollar.*

You can select Wembley Silk Ties in your favorite fabrics—foulards, brocades, failles, twills, etc. All have been designed by the Wembley Style Research Institute, creators of the famous Wembley *Nor-East* Ties.

WEMBLEY, INC.—New Orleans—New York

JUST ARRIVED! CHRISTMAS SHOWINGS OF WEMBLEY TIES IN COLORFUL NEW DESIGNS. SEE THEM AT YOUR FAVORITE NECKWEAR COUNTER TODAY.

One Dollar

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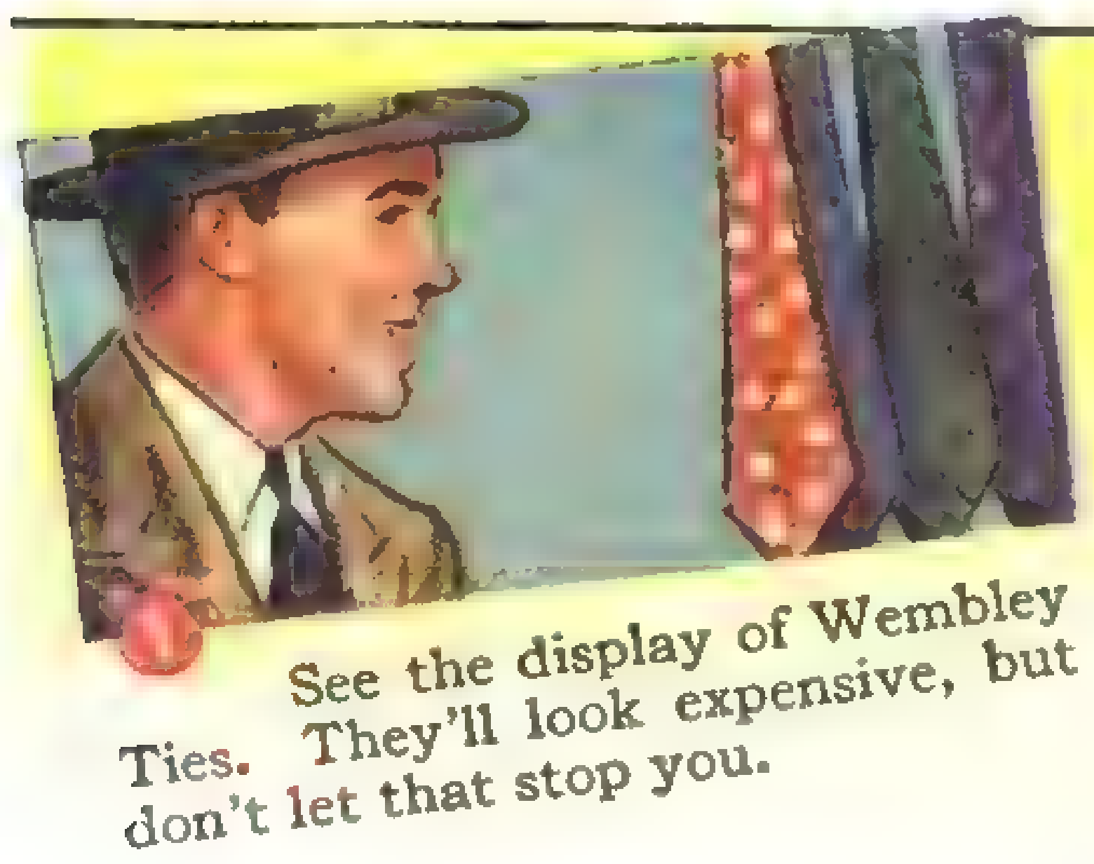
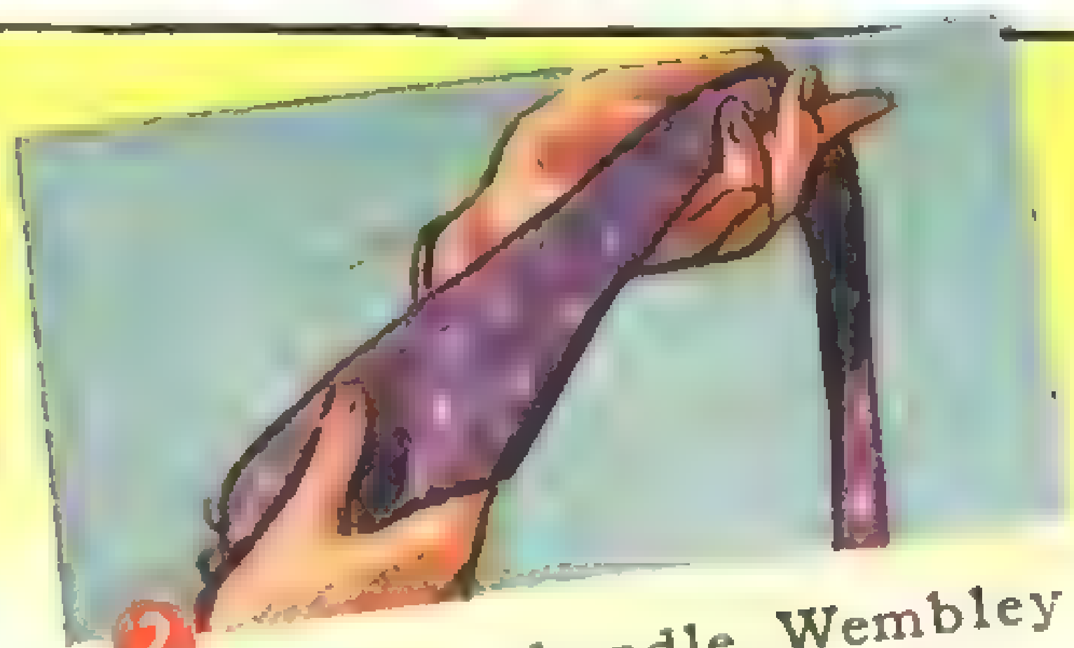
## HOW TO MAKE A DOLLAR COUNT THIS CHRISTMAS...

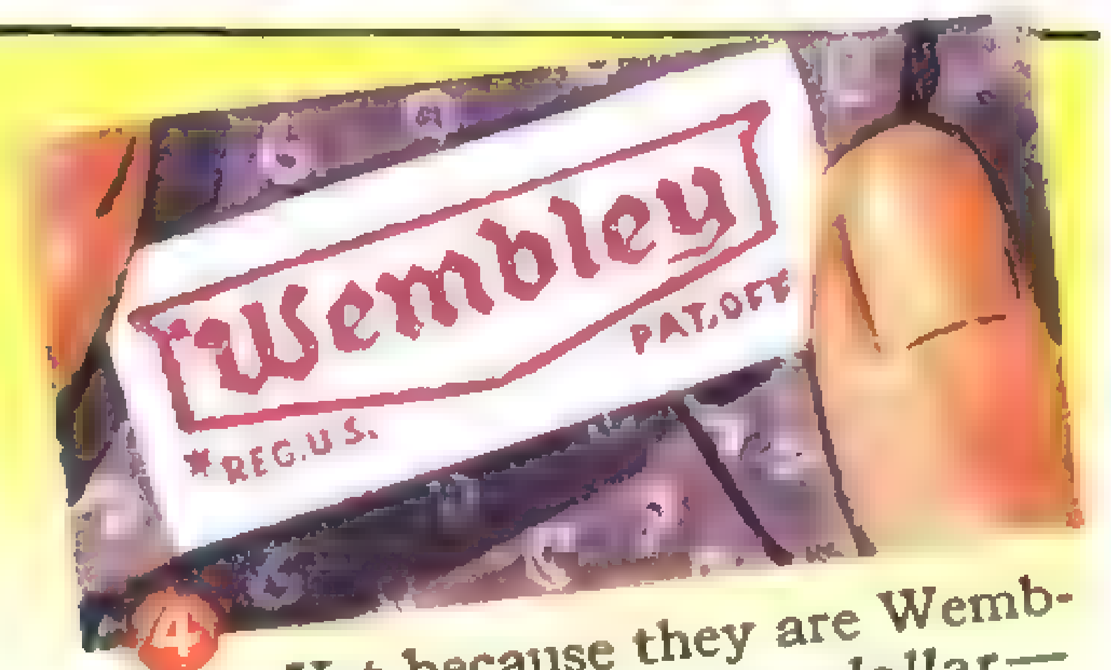


① See the display of Wembley Ties. They'll look expensive, but don't let that stop you.

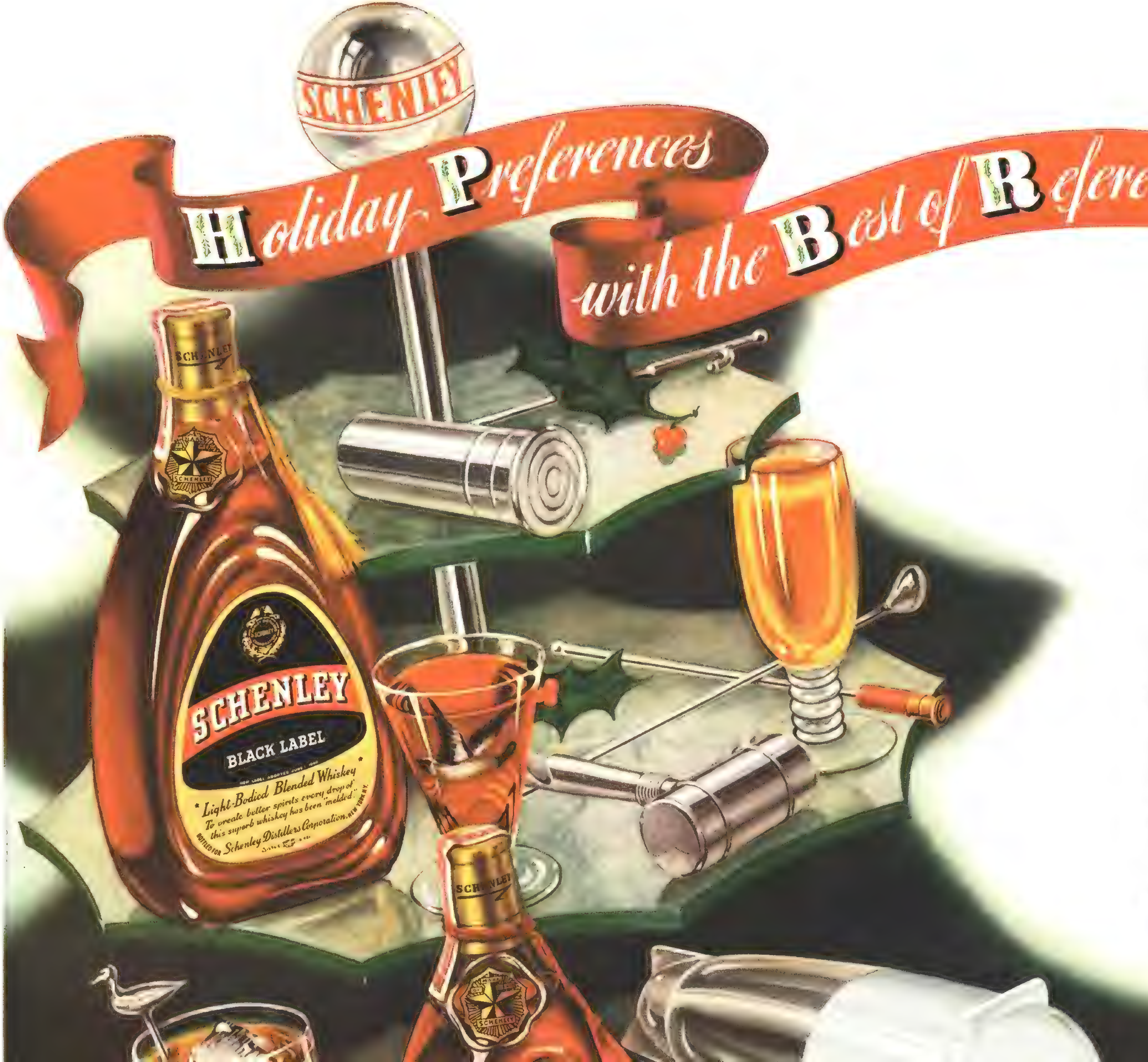


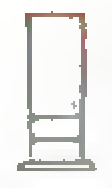
② As you handle Wembley Ties, note their luxurious colors and smart patterns.

③ See how excellently they are cut and made—with 100% wool resilient inner-lining.

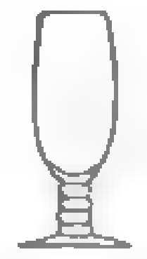


④ Yet because they are Wembleys—they cost but *one dollar*—a truly amazing value!


Holiday Preferences with the Best of References
SCHENLEY
SCHENLEY
BLACK LABEL
Light-Bodied Blended Whiskey
To create better spirits every drop of this superb whiskey has been "melded"
Bottled for Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York, N.Y.
SCHENLEY

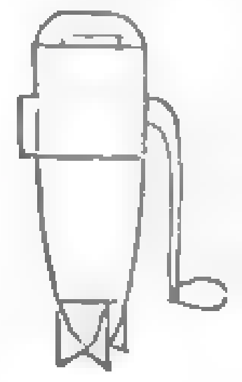

Shaped like a shotgun shell, in sterling silver lined with gold, he will find this jigger the measure for that liquid treasure, *Schenley Black Label.*

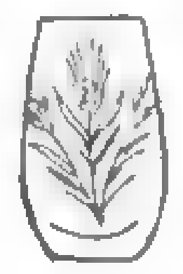
Chromium Muddlers in Golf Club, Riding Crop, Boat Hook, Duck Decoy and Shotgun Shell designs match most masculine sports, including elbow-bending (if you festoon a set of them around the broad shoulders of a bottle of *Schenley Red Label*).

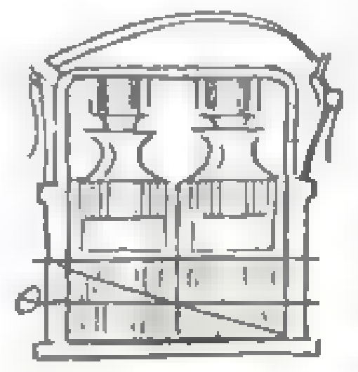

Hand-made, blown crystal Whiskey Sour Glasses make a sweet gift . . . particularly when they're accompanied by a quart of *Schenley Red Label*

A jigger, corkscrew, ice hammer and bottle opener all rolled into one grand gift. Tied around a decanter of *Schenley Red Label*, it is guaranteed to make a "pro" out of any amateur mixologist.

Fine crystal Old Fashioned, Straight Whiskey or Manhattan glasses with permanently embossed or engraved game birds and fish. To make his thanks articulate we suggest *Schenley Black Label.*


This gadget grinds ice fine, medium or coarse. Stainless steel . . . rustless . . . it's available in black or red, like *Blends by Schenley.*


This crystal highball glass holds 22 ounces. Hand-engraved grain pattern reminds you that, from grain to glass, nothing is better in bottles than *Blends by Schenley*


This chrome and leather "Tantalus Set" will triply tantalize if you pre-fill its hand-cut crystal decanters with America's Mildest Bottled in Bond Rye and Bourbon, *Old Schenley.*

SCHENLEY
RED LABEL
"Light-Bodied Blended Whiskey"
Rye
Bourbon
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD SCHENLEY
Straight Whiskey
100 PROOF
America's Mildest
BOTTLED IN
BOND
SCHENLEY
America's Lightest
BLENDS

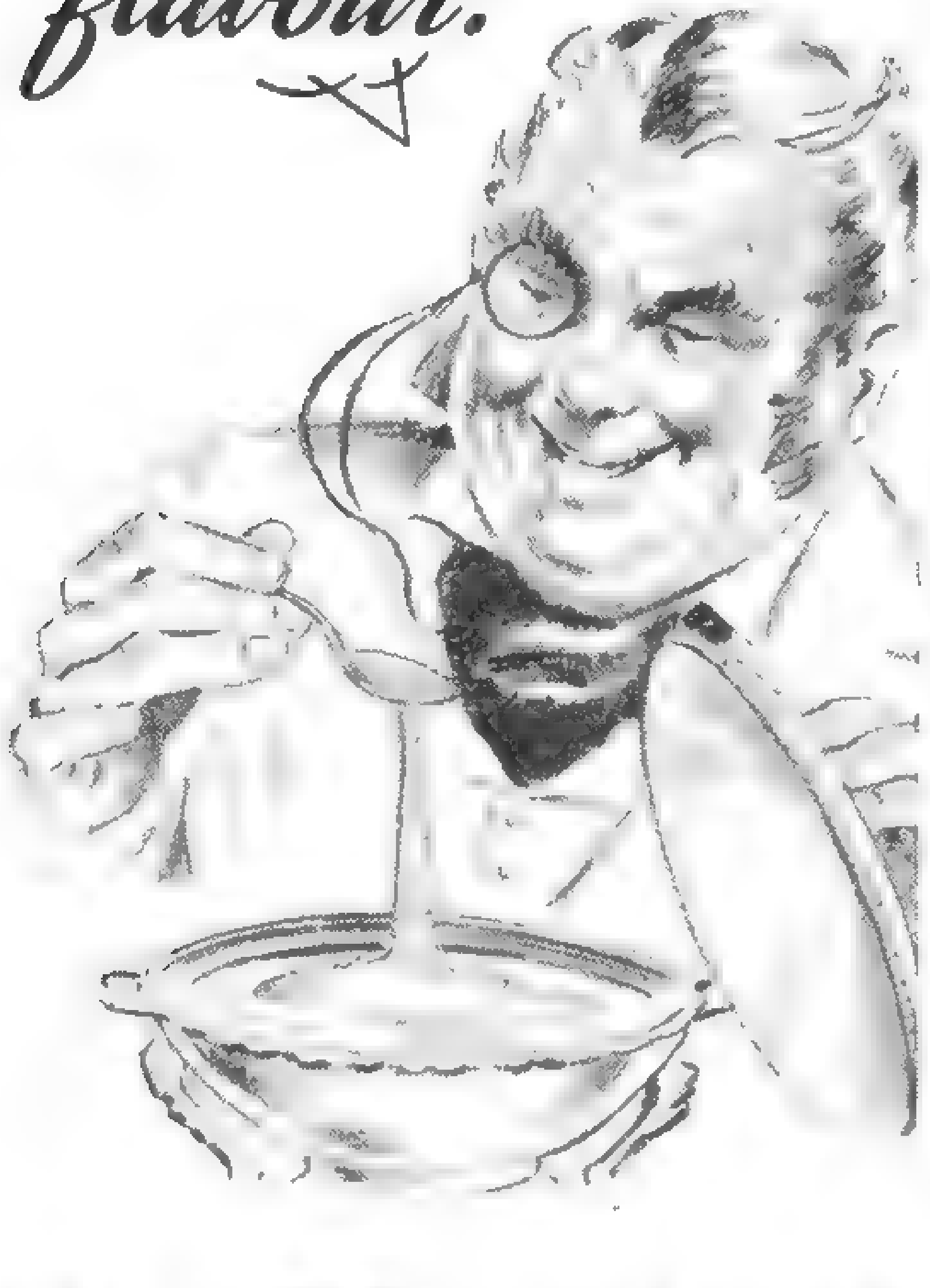
Crystal "Egg-Nog" cups (and bowl) with non-tarnishable sterling silver bandings. But be sure to include the priceless ingredient . . . America's Mildest Bottled in Bond, *Old Schenley.*

This hand-made, hand-polished, brass-banded Maple Ice Tub and Tongs would look mighty nice under the tree with a quart of Bottled in Bond *Old Schenley* resting comfortably in it.

Schenley Black Label 65% Grain Neutral Spirits—Schenley Red Label 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits—Both Blended Whiskey and 90 Proof. Old Schenley Straight Whiskey 100 Proof. Available in both Rye and Bourbon. Copr. 1940, Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C., N. Y.

# PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

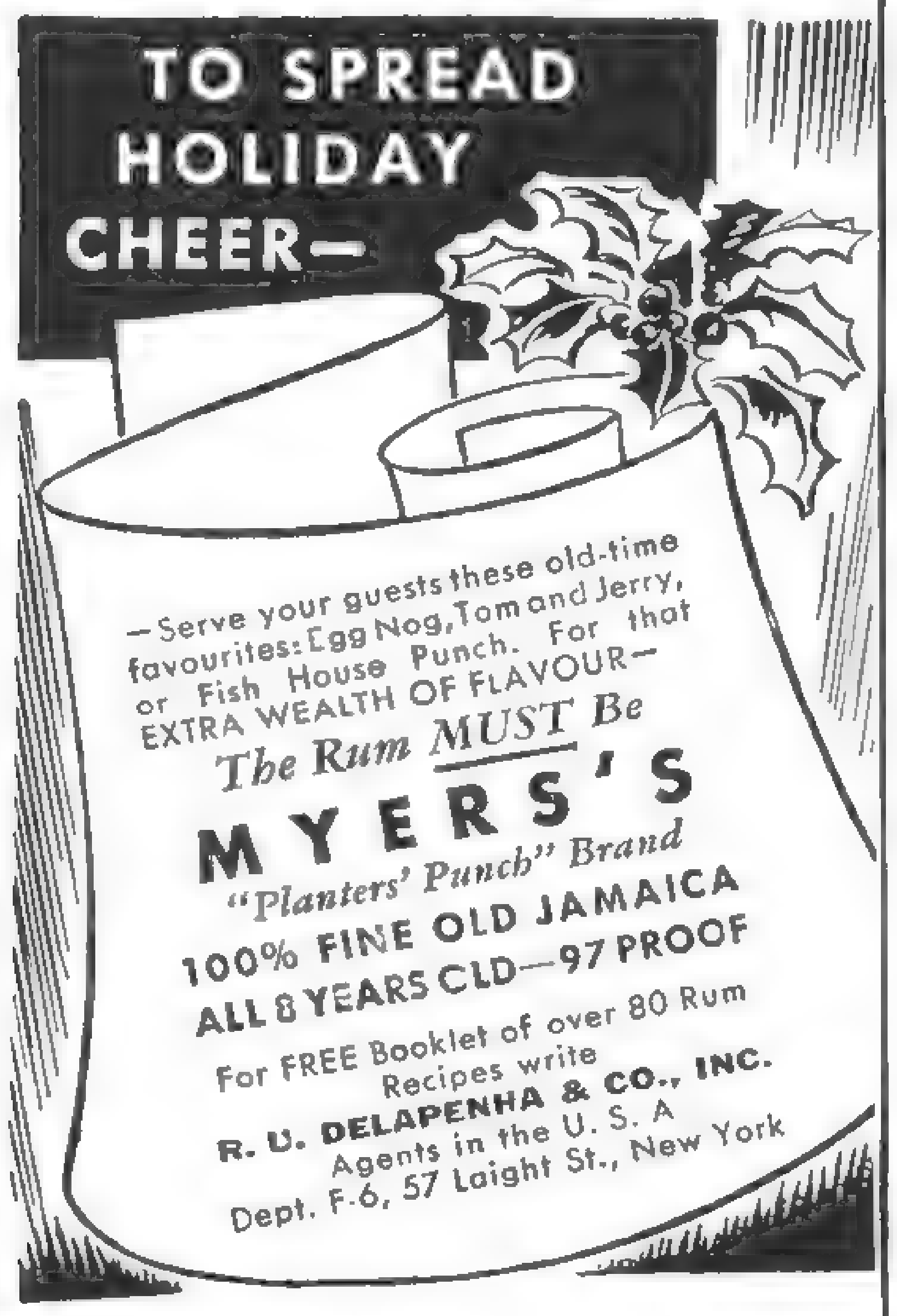
For wondrous Welsh Rabbits...this *sharp flavour!*



**Old English**

*Process Cheddar Cheese*

FOR THE FIRST TIME
—THE SHARPNESS OF RARE,
AGED CHEDDARS IN A CHEESE
WITH UNIFORM FLAVOR
AND PERFECT COOKABILITY.
KRAFT MASTER BLENDERS
ACHIEVED IT!
SIZES: 2-POUND LOAF;
½-POUND PACKAGE



TO SPREAD HOLIDAY CHEER—

—Serve your guests these old-time favourites: Egg Nog, Tom and Jerry, or Fish House Punch. For that EXTRA WEALTH OF FLAVOUR—

*The Rum MUST Be*

MYERS'S

*"Planters' Punch" Brand*

100% FINE OLD JAMAICA
ALL 8 YEARS OLD—97 PROOF

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Agents in the U. S. A
Dept. F-6, 57 Laight St., New York

● FIRST AND
● FOREMOST IN
● FOOD AND FUN!
● LEON & EDDIE'S
● 33 W 52 ST NEW YORK
● FOUR SHOWS NITELY

A coronet of piecrust seals the oval casserole in which our truffled guinea hen arrives at tableside from chef Marcel Gosselin of the Restaurant Chambord (803 Third Ave.), who works behind a plate glass window where gourmets may admire his technique. The waiter unseals and pours in a lavish dose of Armagnac brandy, making friend guinea that much friendlier—as though the smoked sturgeon hadn't already piqued our appetite to the ravenous point, with noble ruddy Chambertin Burgundy 1923 now going into action. Such flavors! But hosts Roget Chauveron and Maurice Chapuis merely smile indulgently, assuring us that the Pont l'Eveque cheese is of correct ripeness.

Eleanor Holm's husband—what's his name? . . oh, yes, Billy Rose—can't seem to cease and desist from presenting his "Nights of Gladness" revue at the Diamond Horseshoe, the table-hammering public are so bent on flocking to it despite the many months it's been running. Staged by John Murray Anderson and scened and gowned by Raoul Pene Du Bois, it's a sort of perpetual old home week of such ever-youngsters as Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, minstrel Eddie ("Sweet as Apple Cider") Leonard, and Julian Eltinge, but the gals that prance out among the tables are comparative newcomers and not uncomely at that. Noble Sissle sizzles the tunes.

Large, amiable Broadway figger Toots Shor, the taverner, has adventured eastward to 51 West 51st, where he now welcomes his Shor dinner clientele in a new brick-and-pine hospice dedicated to American food of the charcoal broiled, pot roasted, corned beef and ham and cabbage sort. The bar is rotund, and upstairs there are paneled rooms for parties, with murals derived from Currier and Ives prints. The mood is hale and expansive, continuing till wee hours are robbed of their wanness.

Any outstanding national cuisine-and-atmosphere you've a yen for, this metropolis has it. Scandinavia's bounding abundance is smörgasborded in a number of hearty spots, especially populously at the Castleholm (344 West 57th) where foraging is done in twos and twenties and the homemade Norse fish pudding and the Swedish beefsteak suffocated with onions are acquaintances worth making atop a Castleholm Special, composed of Aquavit, lemon juice and Swede punch. Tasty, Dutch substantiality has its home quarters at the Holland House Taverne, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, with tall Netherlanders interpreting the menu for you, and lace capped *meisjes* fetching the drinks from the picture tiled bar . . . Poland as met with at the World's Fair continues its successful course at 151 East 57th, polkadotted with lively tunes . . . Musical Russia croons its nostalgia at the Casino Russe (157 West 56th), getting intimater and intimater in the Bagdad Room . . . Likable Louis Zucca, a living landmark at 118 West 49th these gosh how many years, keeps supple taking bows on his Lasagne Ripiene — stuffed noodles with sausage and mushrooms, draped with five kinds of cheese, not to mention his green spinach noodle work . . . Down in Señor Collado's colorful El Chico (80 Grove Street) the Spanish tapsters and clickers swirl their Latin enthusiasms while you juggle your arroz con pollo . . . At 137½ East 56th Street the tiny hole-in-ze-wall entitled Maison Louis de Lyon dispenses French crescents, brioches, patisseries in the quaint provincial manner with all of three tiny tables . . . India curries, Scotch mutton broth, boiled leg of mutton with barley, capers and white sauce, and all sorts of English savories and rarebits and game—these are in their element at the English Grill section of the Promenade Café of Radio City, where Raymond Andrieux headwaits. The new murals are amusing, particularly the one called Fanny's Garden, but don't let them cause you to overlook Pimm's No. 1 Cup, featured here.

GIFT FOR A PIPE SMOKER!

*America's Finest Aromatic Tobacco*

London Dock
Aromatic Mixture
Merry Christmas

FULL POUND $3

**London Dock**
SMOKING MIXTURE
*in this Streamlined*
ART GLASS HUMIDOR

This superb aromatic blend is enjoyed by men and appreciated by women. As a gift, it's a subtle compliment to the pipe smoker who receives it.

*At your tobacconist—or postpaid from*
CHRISTIAN PEPER TOBACCO CO.
ST. LOUIS, MO., U. S. A.

*Sure He's Peeved!*
His Wife Forgot to Order
BAR-X

● You too will insist on Bar-X, once you've tried the smooth flavor and true professional taste it gives drinks! Always ready to use, Bar-X is an authentic smooth-blending lemon mix, no bother and mess of squeezing lemons. Try Bar-X tonight in your favorite drink! Notice the improved flavor, the added lift! Bar-X is available at drug, grocery and liquor stores. Ask for it by name!

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DES MOINES, IOWA

AFTER DINNER
FORBIDDEN FRUIT
LIQUEUR
80 PROOF
"GIFT OF THE GODS"
CHARLES JACQUIN Et Cie, Inc.
PHILADELPHIA, PA. • EST. 1884

Forstner SUGGESTS MANY ATTRACTIVE WAYS TO SAY "MERRY CHRISTMAS"
1
2
3
4
5

**ASK YOUR JEWELER FOR THESE GIFTS**

*If he cannot supply you, fill in and mail the attached coupon*

**1. WATCHBAND** 14kt. gold, stainless steel lined $80.00; 1-10th 14kt. gold filled, stainless steel lined $10.00; All stainless steel (white) $3.00.

**2. INITIAL KEYCHAIN** for auto, luggage or personal use (With any three Initials) Sterling silver $3.00; Rhodium finish $1.50

**3. SNAKE WATCH CHAIN** 14kt. gold $35.00; 1-10th 14kt. gold filled $7.50; Numium white $2.00.

**4. SNAKE KEYCHAIN** 1-20 12kt. gold filled $10.00; Numium white $2.50. With chain for keys (in lieu of ring) and name tag, 14kt. gold $60; Sterling silver $6.50.

**5. AVIATOR'S IDENTIFICATION** 14kt. gold, stainless steel lined band $100.00; 1-20th 12kt. gold filled, stainless steel lined band and Sterling wings $10.00; Stainless steel (white) with Sterling silver wings $5.00; Also available without wings—for military or civilian use.

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**DEPT. X, FORSTNER CHAIN CORPORATION, IRVINGTON, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.**

Enclosed is $______ for which please send prepaid — article No.______. My Jeweler's name is________________

Name ________________________
Address ________________________
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# PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

Twin Thrills
for Christmas Giving

*Original*
**RUM and MAPLE**
PIPE MIXTURE • CIGARETTE
BLEND 53 BLEND 53C

**Unusual gifts for smokers—both emphasize quality. The pipe mixture is famous for mildness and distinctive flavor. Original Rum & Maple Blend 53C Cigarettes have a subtle whisper of the same distinctive flavor. Both in Christmas packages. Don't be fooled by imitators of our brand name "Rum&Maple." Look for "Blend 53" on all our products.**

Send for generous FREE sample of Pipe Mixture or if your dealer can't supply order direct. Dept. A

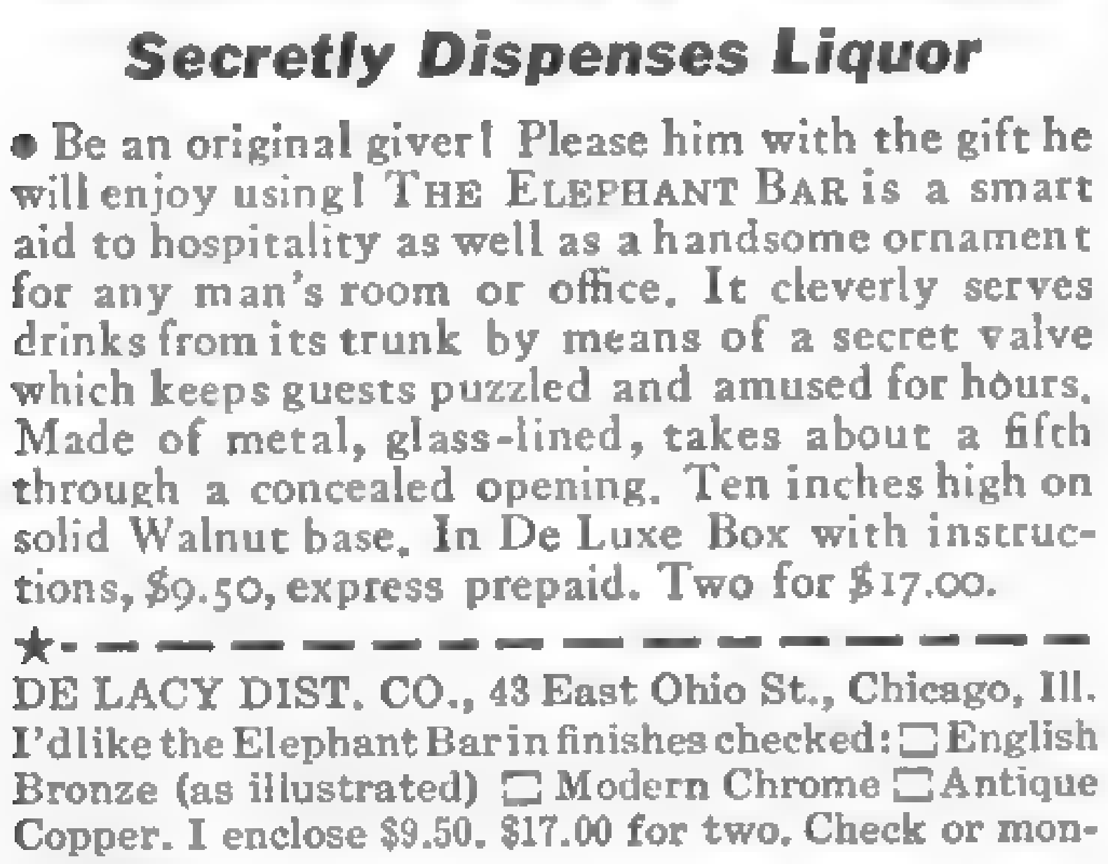
CIGARETTES: the same price as all popular brands.

RUM BARREL HUMIDORS 5-oz. 70c 8-oz. $1.10, 16-oz. $2.10

RUM & MAPLE TOBACCO CORP., 108 E. 16TH ST., N. Y.

DEAN'S ORNAMENTED CAKES SENT ANYWHERE
DEAN'S 73 E. 57th. ST. NEW YORK

*Gift for a Smart Host!*



**ELEPHANT BAR**
***Secretly Dispenses Liquor***

• Be an original giver! Please him with the gift he will enjoy using! THE ELEPHANT BAR is a smart aid to hospitality as well as a handsome ornament for any man's room or office. It cleverly serves drinks from its trunk by means of a secret valve which keeps guests puzzled and amused for hours. Made of metal, glass-lined, takes about a fifth through a concealed opening. Ten inches high on solid Walnut base. In De Luxe Box with instructions, $9.50, express prepaid. Two for $17.00.

★- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

DE LACY DIST. CO., 43 East Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. I'd like the Elephant Bar in finishes checked: ☐ English Bronze (as illustrated) ☐ Modern Chrome ☐ Antique Copper. I enclose $9.50. $17.00 for two. Check or money order.

NAME____________________

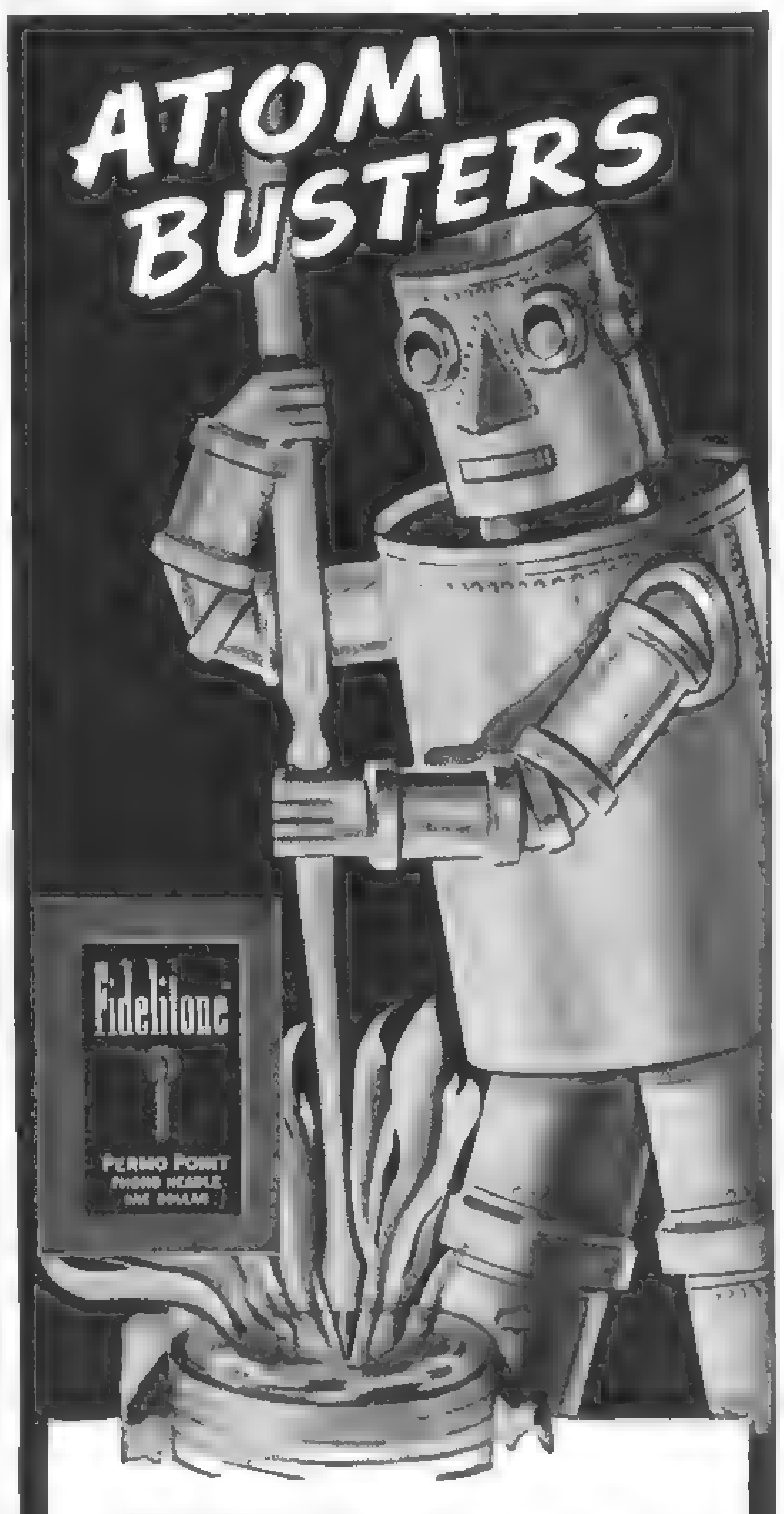
ADDRESS____________________

The Hotel Pennsylvania's Café Rouge isn't one of the town's biggest and handsomest rooms for nothing, now that it's got the much-worshipped Glenn Miller saucing your dinner and supper with his melodies. Ciro Rimac, rhumba entrepreneur, has numerous tricks up his flowing sleeve, too, to add to Pennsylvanian pleasantness . . . Murray Hill collegiate mariners and their gals are to be seen moored at cabin tables in the Midston House's Whaler Bar (Madison Ave. at 38th) or cosied "on the dock" where the harbor lighthouse gives them a propitious blink while they clink. Zeal for learning the ropes, with incidental splicing of the main brace, is practically continuous from noon till two A.M. Mickey Mouse-like Emile Boreo, singer and ringside kidder, is in droll fettle at the Café de la Paix of the St. Moritz-on-the-Park. Slick fiddler Eddie Varzos leads the tunes, dapper Nino hovers over the service, and Glover and La Mae, the dancers who originated the Champagne Contest, conduct same nightly. So step out and prove your grace, if any . . . Lower Fifth Avenue's "No. 1 Bar" (Eighth Street, with Bill Duryea in charge) maintains its paneled atmosphere of charm for night watchers addicted to nostalgia for Old Vienna as tenored by Clifford Newdahl. Varying the mood with a dash of spice, sly Nora Sheridan arises amid the twin pianos and obliges with "It's Too Good for the Average Man" and other sharp-edged ditties . . . Top flighter Abe Lyman and his seated assistants are musically addressing their constituents in the suitably spacious Ice Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker, together with quite a revue on the rolled-out slippery.

Chicken Champs-Elysées, as vouchsafed on the Champs-Elysées Special Dinner at the restaurant of that name (40th, just east of Madison), is a platter veiled in white mystery, delicately browned, till, delving with deft fork and spoon, the waiter—or maybe head-waiter Jimmy Chammos (Old Delmonico alumnus)—brings forth succulent breast and underpinning of broccoli, mushrooms, et cetera. Naturally, the wooden-bowled salad ritual is conscientious. But artistry reaches its summit at dessert time, in the form of Cherries Oriental—luscious black beauties in ice cream and whipped cream tinged with port wine, rum, and grenadine and topped with a hollow tower of spun sugar-work which well nigh reaches up to the spun-glass-textile tented ceiling.

Good thing Jack Dempsey (heard of him?) is robust. Otherwise he'd wilt under the demands of autograph cravers, female as well as male, who beset him without letup or hindrance at his Broadway Bar and Cocktail Lounge (West side of White Way, above 49th). The Army and Navy even insist that he emblazon their hats, pen breakage regardless. So, to distract them, he's now got illustrated tabletops with a shot of a historic bout in each corner, plus dates, gate receipts, and so on.

The chummily select Hotel Chatham (top of Vanderbilt Ave. at 48th) has its good-looking Adam Room ajar for luncheon and dinner. Bar enlivened with new décor . . . Its erstwhile pair of grands replaced by a whimsical gaslit stage, compere Herbert Jacoby's Ruban Bleu, o'er Theodore's Restaurant, 4 East 56th, has been copping plaudits with the swingings of harpist Caspar Reardon, and suchlike . . . That couple you saw strolling up Park Avenue a moment ago have ducked for a drink in the circular lounge of the Ambassador's Trianon Room. (Rooms to dwell in are the province of residential manager Bill Brown.) . . . Quiet, please! The violinist at Jimmy Kelly's is about to play Bach's Air for G-String . . . If the Hurricane's singing comedian Romo Vincent isn't the town's biggest aggregation of talent under one hat, he certainly *seems* like it.



FIDELITONE phonograph needles play over 1000 records or 4000 home recording discs *without wear* because PERMO metallurgists make the tips from Osmium, Rhodium, Ruthenium into an alloy with man-made herculean energy at 5000° heat.

These unusual alloys, *many times costlier than gold*, are the result of 20 years experience supplying frictionless alloys for wear-resisting applications such as tips for fountain pens, meter bearings, etc.

Famous record collectors preserve their records with FIDELITONE—sold by radio and music dealers or write—

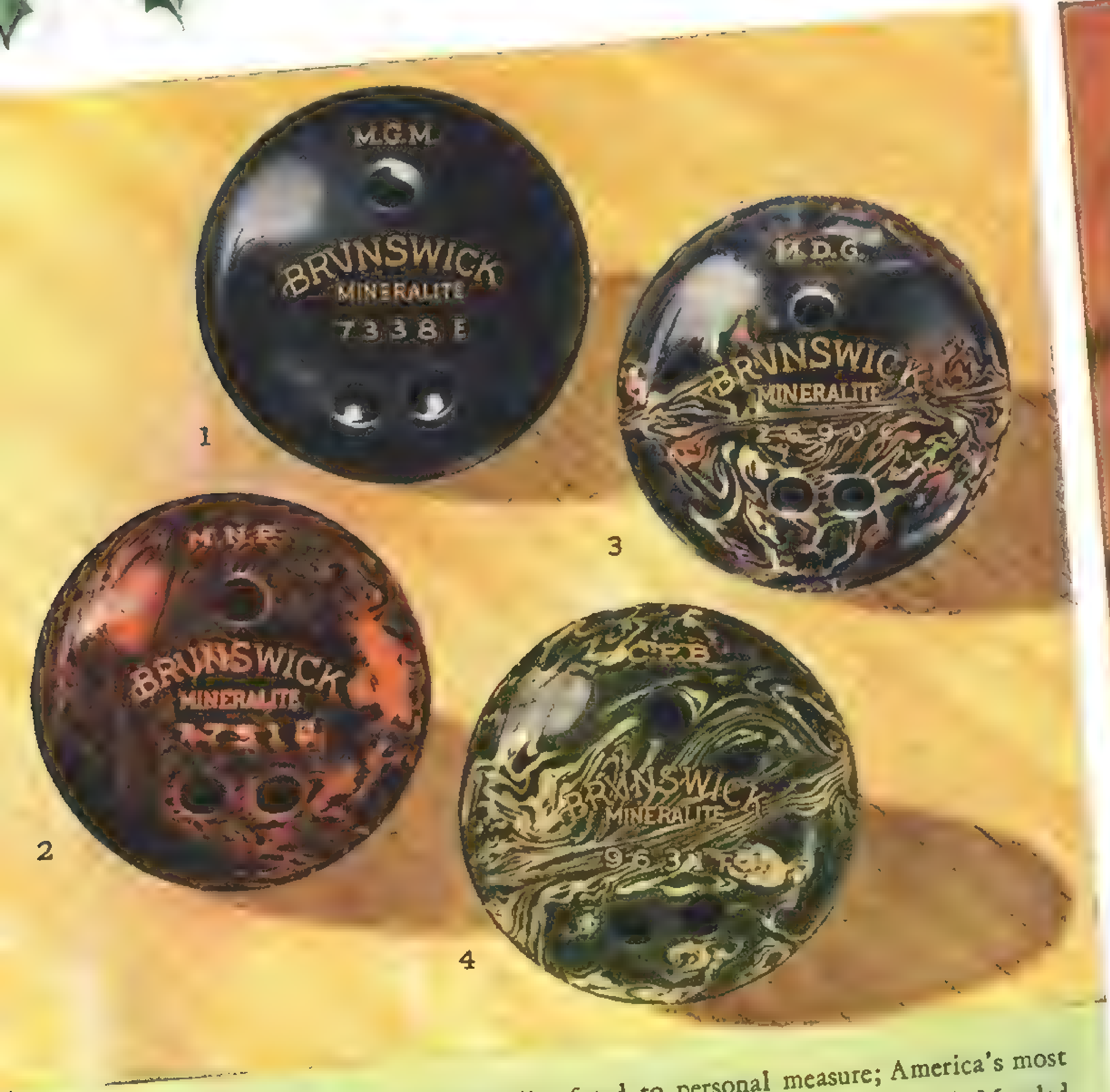
PERMO PRODUCTS CORP.
6421 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago
*Manufacturing Metallurgists*

Loyal guests of the Plaza . . . partial to its friendly service and the classic beauty of its setting at the entrance to Central Park . . . will find more than their usual share of enjoyment this winter. For with the oceanways practically closed, all land routes will lead the cultured traveler to this unique hostelry.

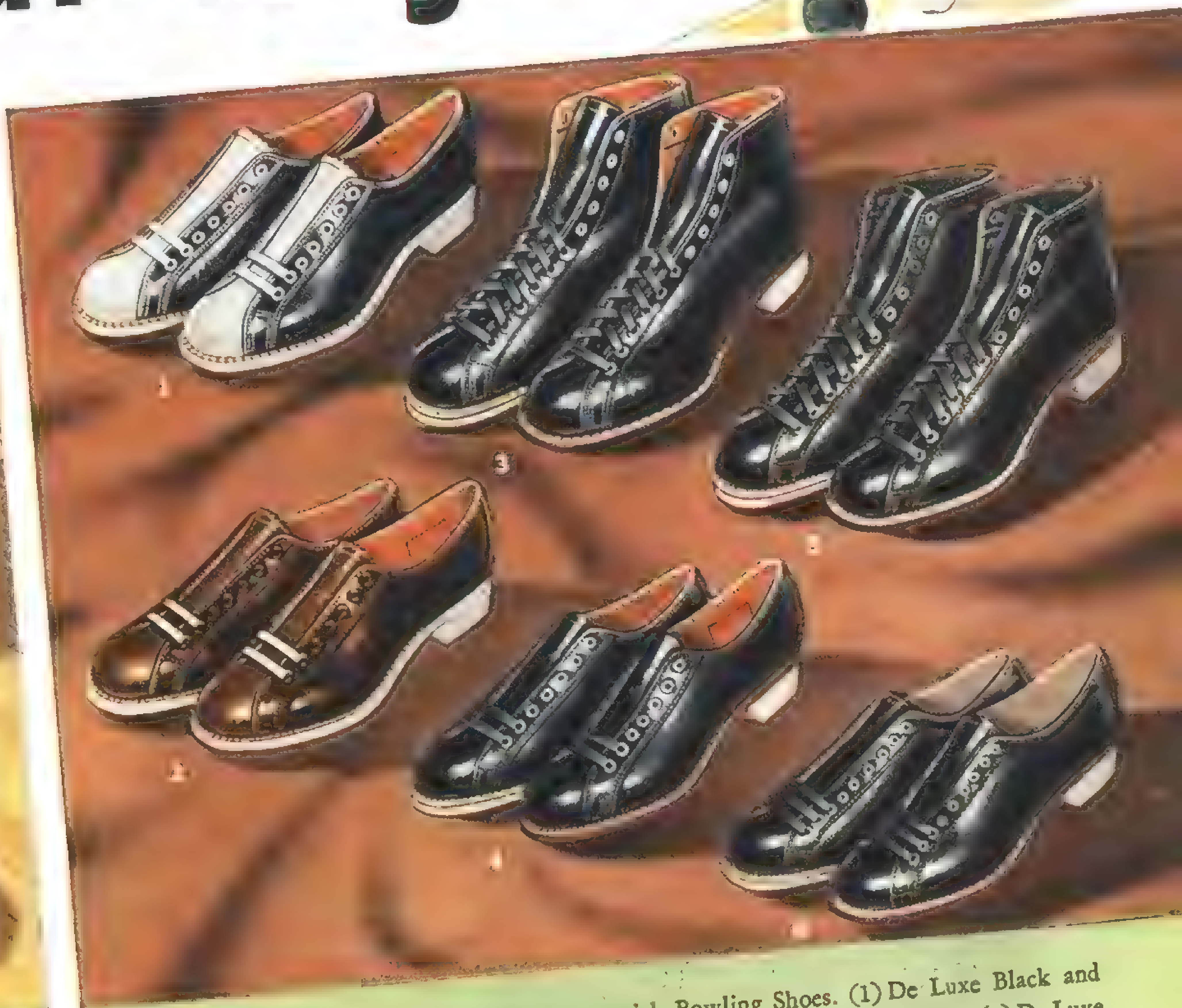
Henry A. Rost, President and Managing Director

**THE PLAZA • Fifth Ave. at 59th St. New York**

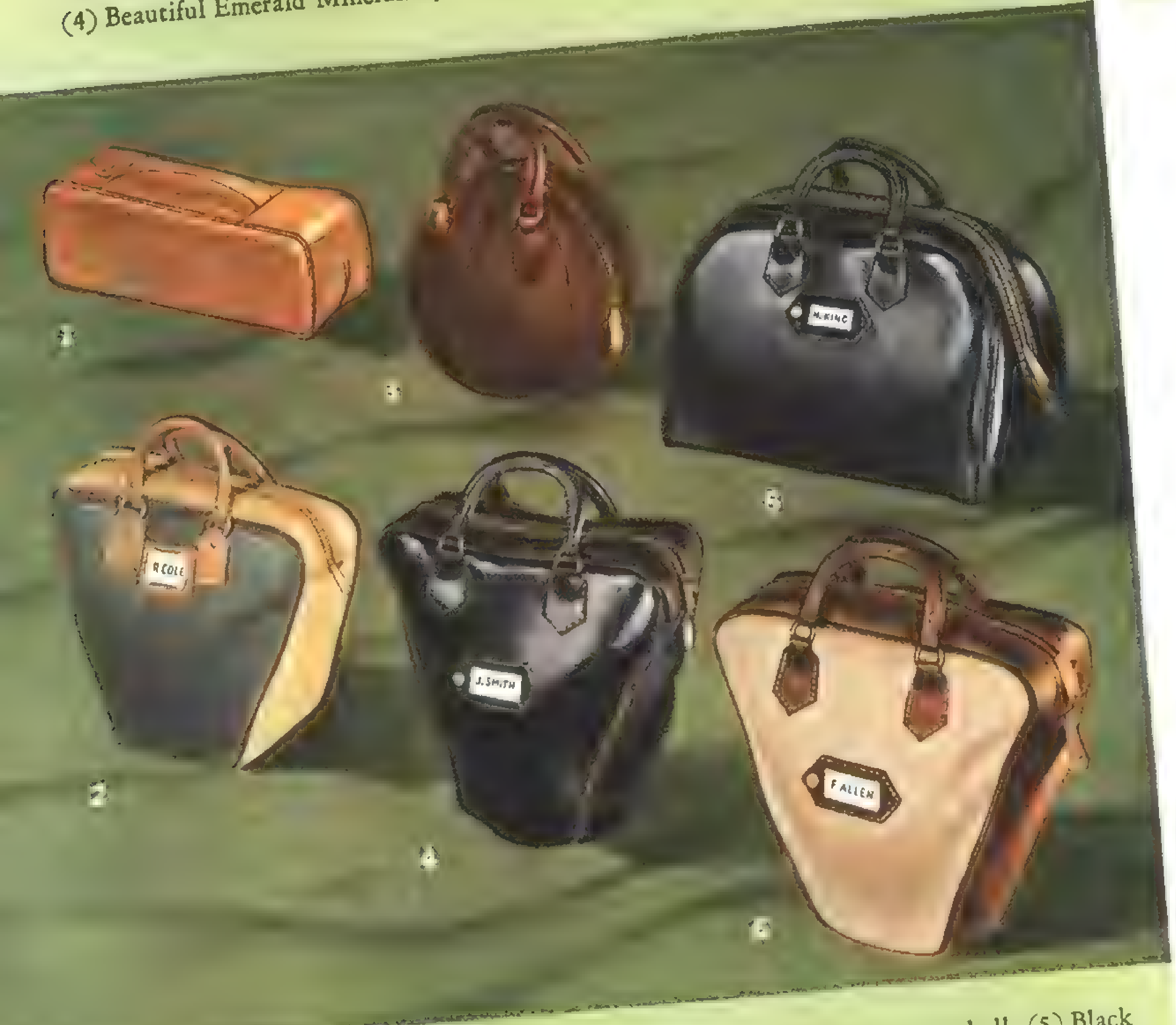
# Puzzle no more over what to give!



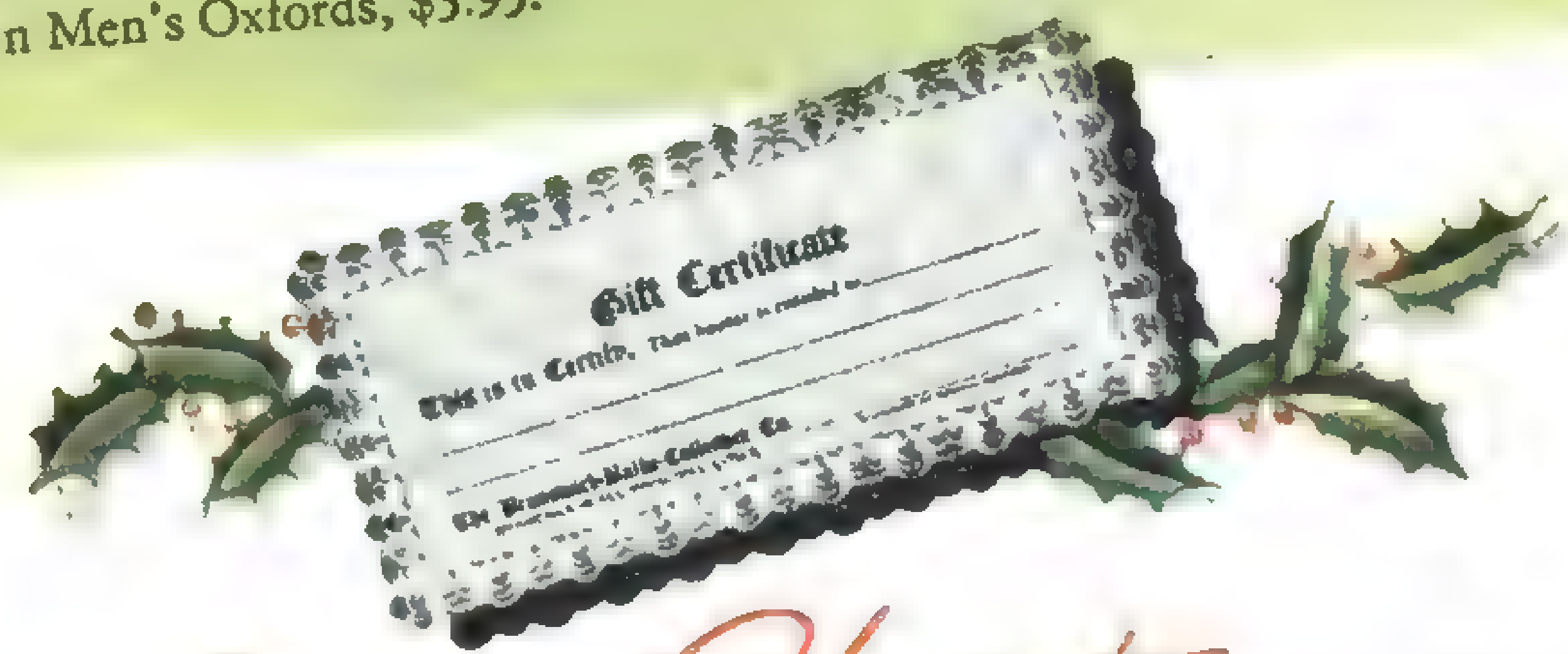
**GIVE HIM (OR HER)** a Brunswick Mineralite fitted to personal measure; America's most popular bowling ball. Initials stamped free! (1) Black Mineralite, $15.95. (2) Mottled Brown Mineralite, $17.95. (3) Tri-color Mineralite, favorite of women bowlers, $17.95. (4) Beautiful Emerald Mineralite, $18.95.



**GIVE HIM (OR HER)** a pair of glove-like Brunswick Bowling Shoes. (1) De Luxe Black and White Women's Oxfords, $4.95. (2) De Luxe Two-Tone Women's Oxfords, $4.95. (3) De Luxe Men's Shoes, $5.25. (4) De Luxe Men's Oxfords, $5.25. (5) Red Crown Men's Shoes, $3.95. (6) Red Crown Men's Oxfords, $3.95.



**GIVE HIM (OR HER)** a smart, handsome Brunswick bag for carrying shoes or ball. (5) Black Beauty Bag, $6.45. (4) Black Leather ShuBall Bag, $4.95. (2) "Aristocrat" Two-Tone Canvas ShuBall Bag, $3.45. (6) Canvas Two-Tone ShuBall Bag, $2.95. (3) Canvas Round Ball Bag, $1.95. (1) Canvas Shoe Carrier, $1.25.



## SAY *Merry Christmas* WITH BRUNSWICK GIFT CERTIFICATES

This Christmas . . . give something out of the ordinary—something completely, excitingly different!

Any bowler (*just think how many of your friends and relatives bowl regularly!*) will prize and cherish any one of the Brunswick accessories shown here. And how easy it is to give them the very merriest Christmas ever!

Here's the idea: Give Brunswick Gift Certificates and with the mere stroke of a pen take care of everyone on your list who bowls.

Supreme gift is the regulation Brunswick Mineralite—America's most popular bowling ball. Each ball is fitted to personal measure—a marvel of accuracy and fine balance. Or give Brunswick Bowling Shoes. Light, pliable, yet sturdy, they improve the score by improving footwork. And, of course, you can delight any bowler with a smart, handsome Brunswick bag—a bag built for long-life; usable for many things.

Think how many hours of tedious holiday shopping these *perfect* gifts for bowlers will save you! A Brunswick Gift Certificate makes selection *so easy*.

## Brunswick
## BOWLERS' ACCESSORIES

Copr. 1940 by The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

AT ALL LEADING BOWLING ESTABLISHMENTS, CREDIT JEWELERS, SPORTING GOODS STORES, DEPARTMENT STORES AND BRUNSWICK SALESROOMS

# BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Georges Surdez

Georges Surdez says: "As long as eleven years ago, I heard a Legion officer predict what happened to France recently, blaming politics. Many a German Legionnaire to whom I spoke told me what to expect. The Legion's record in this war is superb. As always since 1830, the Legionnaires were killed, not beaten." Surdez was born in Bienne, Switzerland, the son of a watchmaker. He came to America shortly before the World War, left school to work for the Powder Department of the French High Commission. He went to West Africa for an American Timber Firm after the Armistice, and traveled extensively about the Sudan and North Africa. Returning to America, he became a citizen, and, he says, "My writing soon flowed from general subjects to my old interest, the Colonial Army and the Legion. Properly equipped with passport, returned to North Africa for a very long study of the Legion in its modern form. Also studied all military formations, tanks, motorized cavalry, aviation." His stories and novels have been published both in America and England.

•

Franny Murray is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and a member of its Destiny Backfield of 1934-35-36. He is probably the outstanding exponent and teacher of the Leroy Mills system of control kicking and last season he was rated the best punter in the National Professional League. He's the blocking back and coffin-corner kicker for the Philadelphia Eagles. Last fall he topped Sid Luckman, Ralph Kercheval and Parker Hall in a kicking contest. He says letters won in the pro game are spelled out in missing Teeth. Believing that quarterbacks are, after all, people, he wrote the article on page 128.

Franny Murray

•

Charles O'Neal is thirty-six, married, and lives in California. He was born in North Carolina, reared in Oklahoma, Arkansas, Georgia and South Dakota, educated at the University of Iowa. He worked as a banker in New York, shipped as a sailor on the old *S. S. George Washington*, wrote poetry in Paris, and is now acting and producing plays (*Oscar Wilde* in Los Angeles and *Moor Born* in San Francisco).

John Edwin Hogg

For more than 25 years, John Edwin Hogg has been a globe-trotting reporter and news photographer. Having graduated from Illinois in 1912, he joined the editorial staff of a large western daily, and was sent to Europe to "cover" a series of special assignments. He spent the next two years mostly in Paris and Berlin, to be jailed for a week in the latter city as a suspected French spy in August, 1914. Released by the Germans after he had proved his American citizenship, he made an attempt to "cover" the war from the German side—only to find it impossible to get news out of Germany. He returned to America by way of Switzerland and Italy, and became a police reporter on the late Edwin T. Earl's *Los Angeles Express*. He was city editor when the United States entered the World War.

Having learned to fly when airplanes were little more than motor-driven box-kites, Hogg entered the military service of the United States in 1917 and served with the 48th Service Company, Signal Corps (Aviation). His specialty—aerial photography.

After the signing of the Armistice, Hogg returned to Los Angeles to open his own offices and laboratory; establishing a news feature article and news photo service. In this work his field of operations during the past two decades has been all the continents of the earth and most of its major islands.

•

Monroe H. Goode's father believed a parent's first duty was to teach his progeny "to ride, shoot and tell the truth," and so Monroe more or less cut his teeth on a Colt .45 revolver. Now he owns a large collection of hunting rifles (see page 125) and an extensive firearms library. For a time he edited the arms department of *Sports Afield*, and he has contributed articles to such publications as *Field and Stream*, *Outdoor Life* and *The American Rifleman*. Says he's a push-over for a new gun or a trim ankle.

Joseph Barber, Jr.

When Joseph Barber, Jr. recently returned from the Hawaiian Islands, he was astonished to find most people are still thinking of Hawaii in terms of languorous hula maidens and gardenia necklaces. He says: "I happened to be completing a book about the other Hawaii—a chunk of Polynesia thrust smack into the conflicts of the modern world. And the most visible evidence of that is the extraordinary interplay of such island forces as business monopoly, the Japanese, and towering over them, the Army and Navy. I am thirty-one years old; a graduate of Harvard and Columbia. In the early 1930's I was a Hearst correspondent in Berlin and Central Europe, and later, for about three and a half years, managing editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. In the past, I've written quite a few newspaper features, magazine articles, and had a fling at publicity. But when it comes to sheer, unadulterated labor, nothing has topped this business of putting together a book."

Lloyd Mallan

Lloyd Mallan's *Granada, Oh! Granada* is probably the only authentic account of Garcia Lorca's execution. When he was in Spain, during the Civil War, he met a young fellow who had deserted Franco's lines because he'd been drafted in the firing squad which murdered Lorca. His crude account of the poet's death was so terrible and dramatic that Mallan read all he could of Lorca's work, then wrote the sketch. He has appeared in a number of "little" magazines: Is twenty-six, married.

•

Now it can be told: *The Legion of Tomasova* which ran in our September issue with the by-line "Frank Clark" was really a collaboration. Frank Nagy (who sculpts *The Types of American Beauty*) made the music and Kenneth Clark wrote the lyrics.

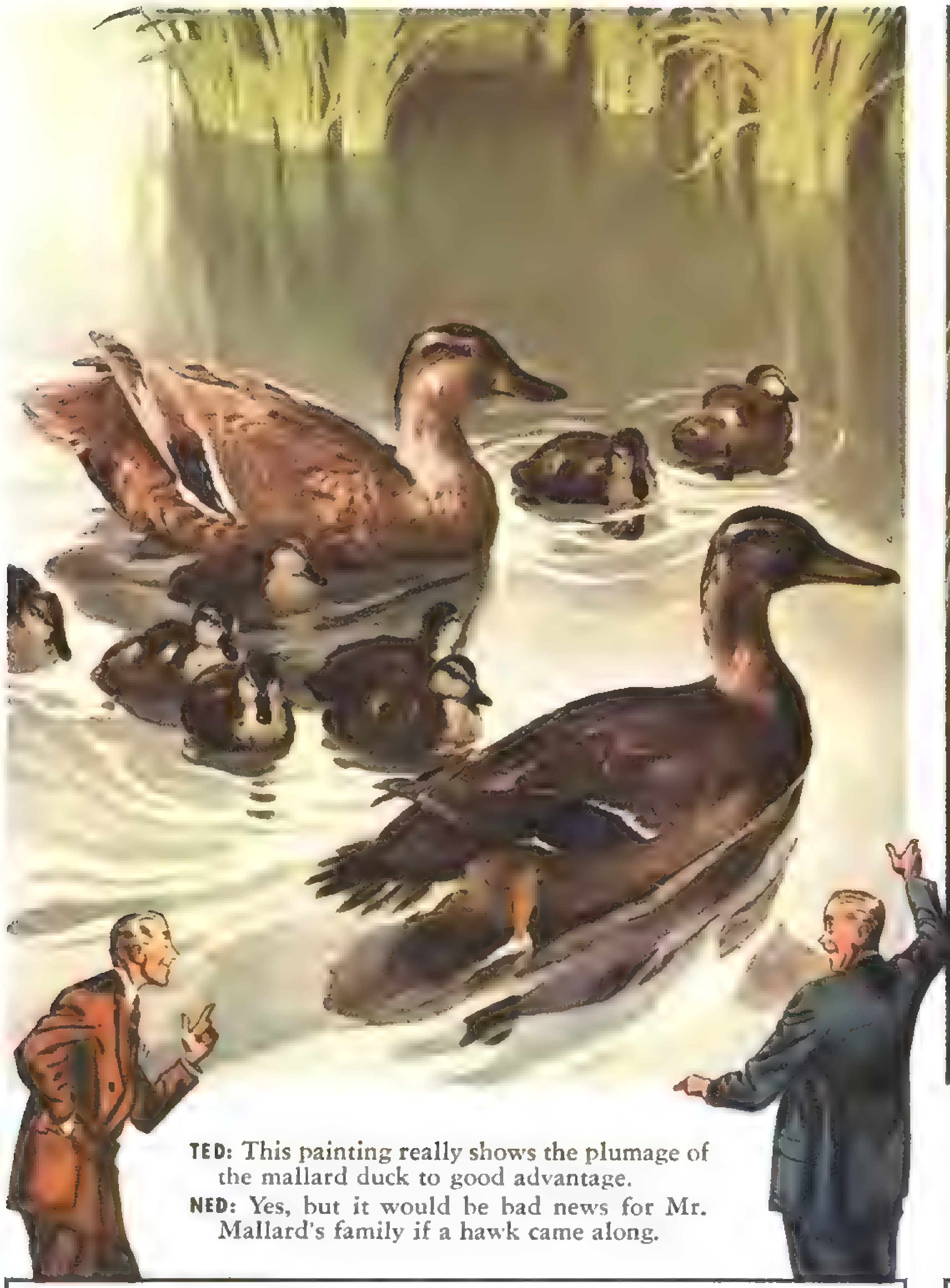
•

Frederick R. Bechdolt's sixty-six years include three at placer mining and dog driving in Alaska, a year at hard rock underground on railroad construction in the State of Washington, nine of newspaper work, mostly as reporter, and mostly police, in several western cities including Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Salt Lake City. Since then he's been free-lancing, writing articles for

*Continued in center of page 212*

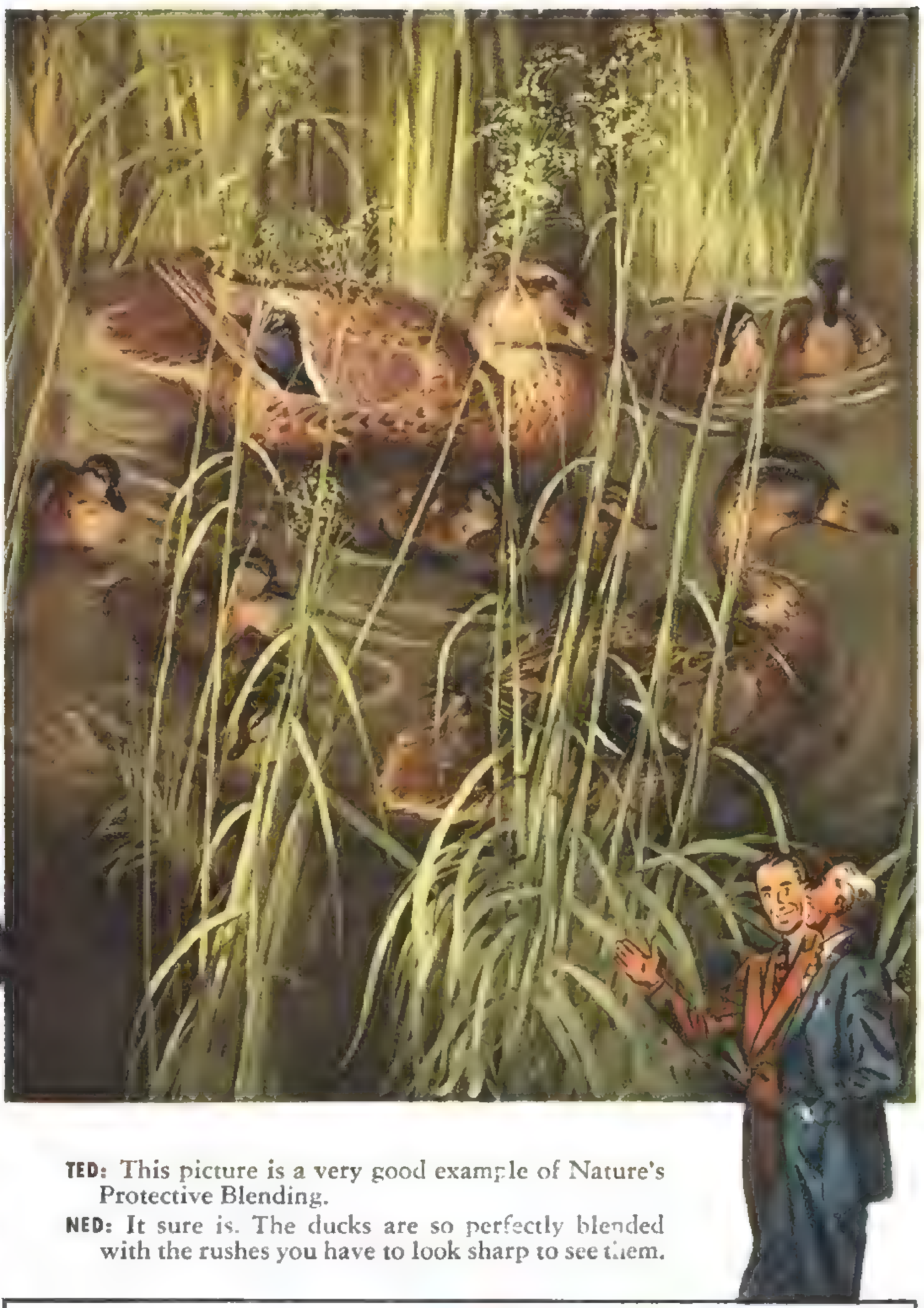
Frederick R. Bechdolt

# NATURE'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING PROTECTS THE MALLARD



**TED:** This painting really shows the plumage of the mallard duck to good advantage.

**NED:** Yes, but it would be bad news for Mr. Mallard's family if a hawk came along.



**TED:** This picture is a very good example of Nature's Protective Blending.

**NED:** It sure is. The ducks are so perfectly blended with the rushes you have to look sharp to see them.

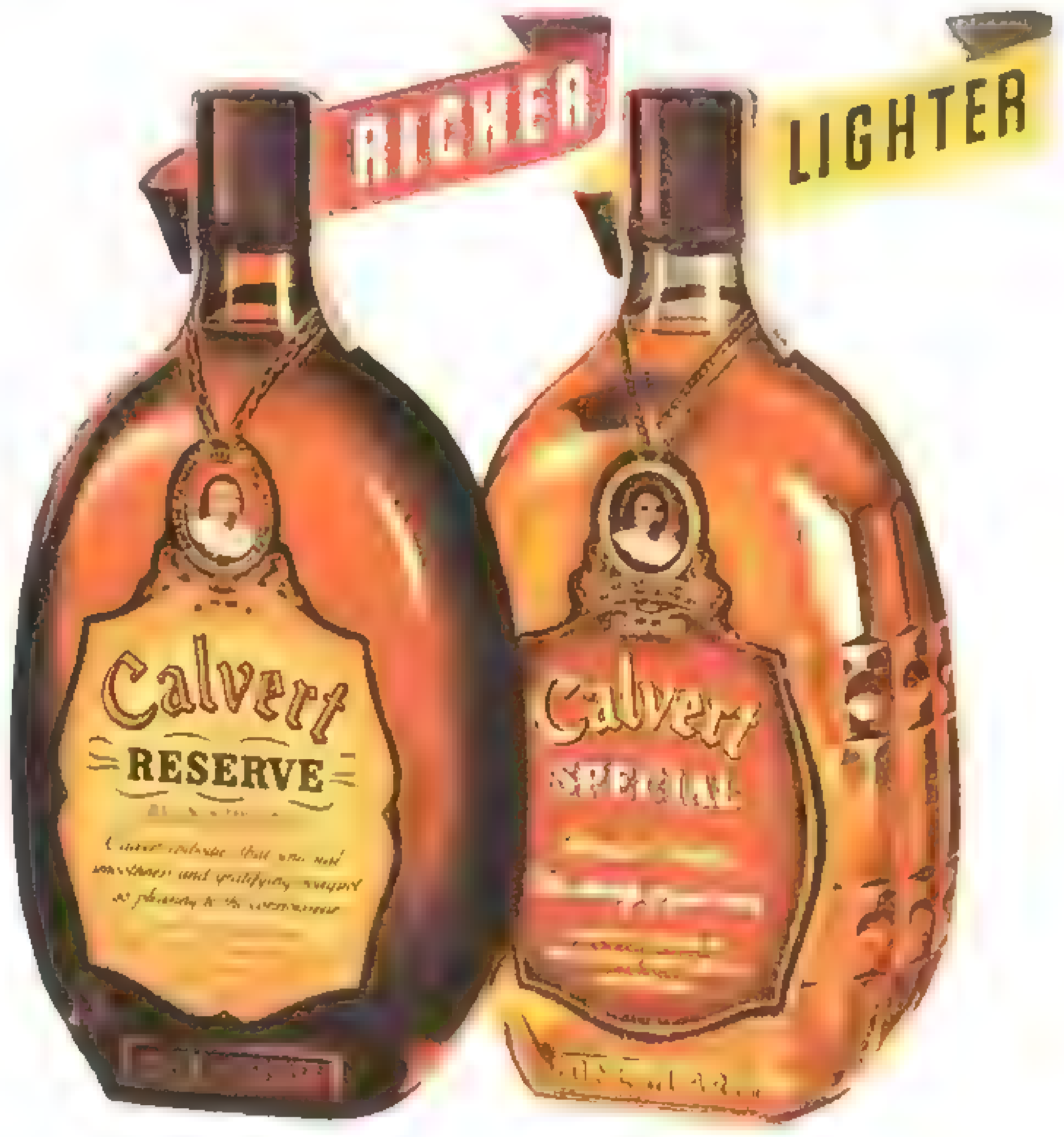
## CALVERT'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING

### protects the flavor and good taste of Calvert Whiskey

**TED:** I never tasted a whiskey that pleases me so thoroughly as Calvert.

**NED:** Naturally. Its precious quality and flavor is protected by Calvert's own exclusive method of Protective Blending.

**TED:** Well, whatever it *does* for this fine whiskey, it sure increases my drinking enjoyment—*all-ways!*



**BUY BETTER WHISKEY—BUY CALVERT**

**"RESERVE":** Millions gladly pay a little more for this *richer* premium blend.

**"SPECIAL":** Favorite of millions who prefer a *lighter* whiskey. Costs a little less.

**CLEAR HEADS** (CLEAR-HEADED BUYERS)
**CALL FOR Calvert**

BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert "Special": 90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

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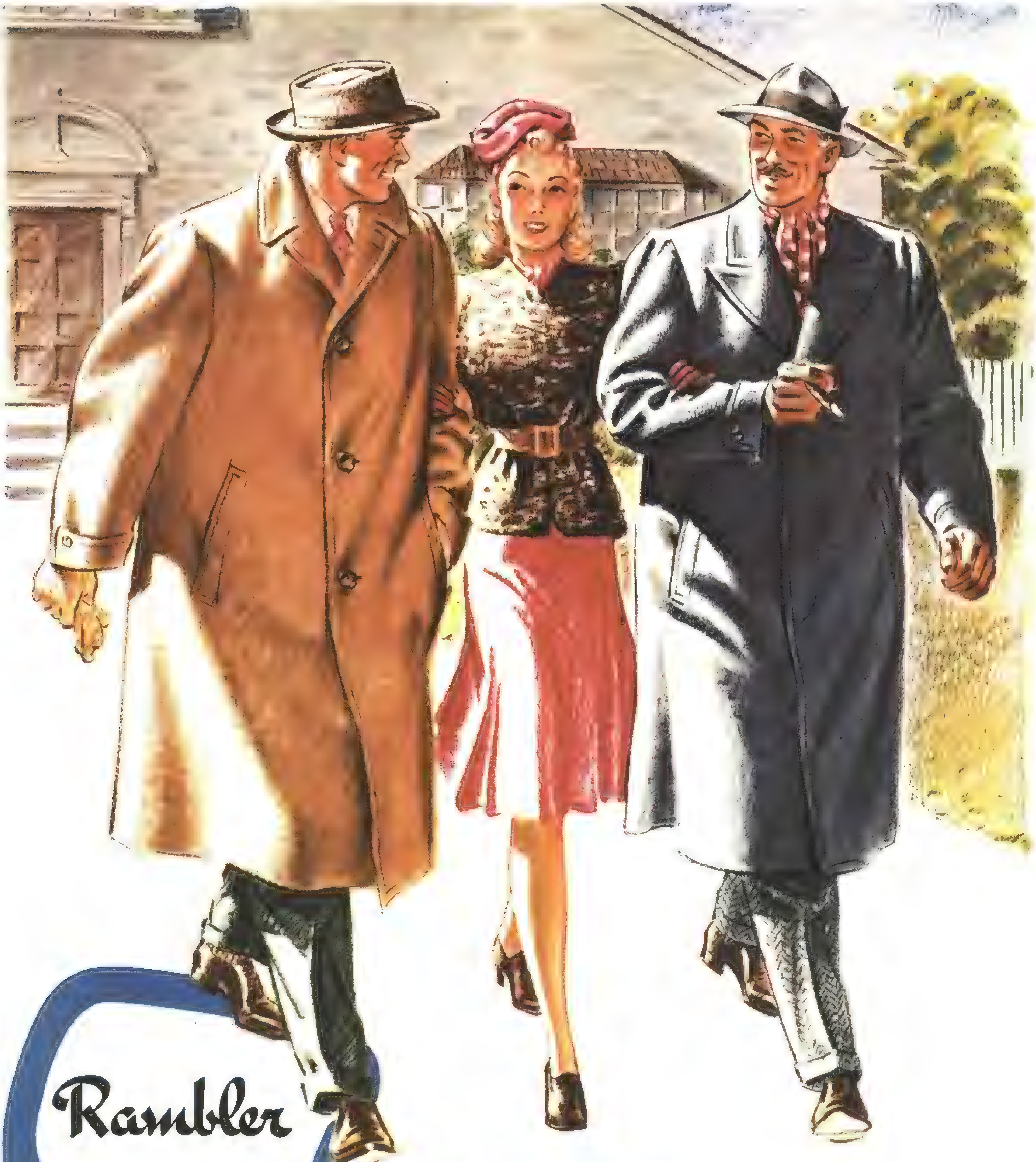
HART SCHAFFNER & MARX



··THE COAT FABRIC THAT FIGHTS BACK

THE FABRIC THAT FIGHTS BACK

Feel Rambler's fabric! Take a corner of a Rambler Coat, roll it into a tight ball and crush it in your fist—*as hard as you can!* Hold it as long as you want! You'll literally *feel* Rambler fighting back, resisting wrinkling. When you smooth it out, notice how quickly the fabric springs back into shape—how almost instantly every wrinkle disappears. Only the genuine Hart Schaffner & Marx Rambler fabric does this.

When you buy a coat you expect two important things from it...long wear and good looks.

You get *both* of these features in the famous Rambler, by Hart Schaffner & Marx. The illustration, we feel, shows you how *good-looking* Rambler is. But listen to what Rambler *does:*

Here's a coat that's wear-resistant, wet-resistant, weather-resistant and wrinkle-resistant all in one. That's because it's a blend of three sturdy types of hair fibers—alpaca, mohair, wool. And that's why Rambler takes rain or snow, and temperatures that are up today and down tomorrow, right in stride! *It's a fabric that actually fights back*—And it's "A Bear for Wear."

Try on a Rambler at your local Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer's. Note its rich beauty, its luxurious warmth-without-weight. Then take a look at the modest price ticket! The minute you do you'll agree with the thousands of other hard-on-their-clothes men who swear by Rambler as the greatest topcoat value in the country.

*The Trumpeter Label*

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR... A BIG THING TO FIND

# Dialogues in the Desert

**There is a hunger greater than the gnawing at the flesh and a thirst more burning than fire**

## *by* MANUEL KOMROFF

▪ FICTION ▪

At last! At last the time had come. It was time to put away the saw, the hammer, the axe, and brush out the loose wood shavings from the plane. The Carpenter was done with His trade.

He was finished cutting the last yoke for the oxen of Nazareth and done with repairing the doors and sills of the homes of men. He removed His apron, blew the wood dust from His hands and walked out into the sunlight.

"Where are you going?" came the voice of Lazarus, son of Ben Shaba His neighbor.

"I am going where my feet will bring me. Nowhere and everywhere."

"Are you going to the wilderness to see the Prophet John?"

"The wilderness, yes. But not to see John for I have already been to see him and he is indeed a Prophet of the Lord. Everything that is spoken about him is true."

"And does he baptize in the river Jordan?"

"Yes and more. Much more. When the people ask him what they must do he answers them; 'Let him who has two coats share with him who has none; and let him who has food do the same.' People confess their sins to him, and those who are laden with sorrow he baptizes in the river. Great crowds come to him from all over the land for the word of his doings has spread and many truly believe him the Messiah who was prophesied to return to the earth."

"Does he call himself the Messiah?"

"No. He says that One is coming mightier than himself; far mightier. I walked out into the water with him and he baptized me. And now I have returned to Nazareth and have put aside the tools and brushed the shavings from the floor for there are greater tasks before me and this building with wood is done. The world has greater material waiting to be wrought."

"Copper? Iron?"

He shook His head sadly. "No. Humanity."

"But where are you now going?" asked Lazarus eagerly.

"Into the wilderness."

"What will you seek in the wilderness?"

"I will seek the One who is the prophet and the teacher. The One who is mightier than all."

"Will you know Him when you see Him?"

"I think I will find Him in the wilderness and I will know Him when I find Him."

With these words He left Lazarus and took the road out of Nazareth into the wilderness of Judea.

Late that afternoon He passed shepherds tending their flocks on the green fringe of the desert. Their fires were burning brightly and they offered Him food but He would not tarry.

On the day following He passed over great fields of smooth round pebbles. Here and there were clusters of cypress and palm trees. And He rested in their shade.

On the second day He came to a long rocky plain on which stood a great dead oak tree. Its branches had been bleached white by the hot sun and He rested among its tortuous roots which resembled the knotty talons of a monstrous bird. These claws of oak clutched the ground even after they were dead.

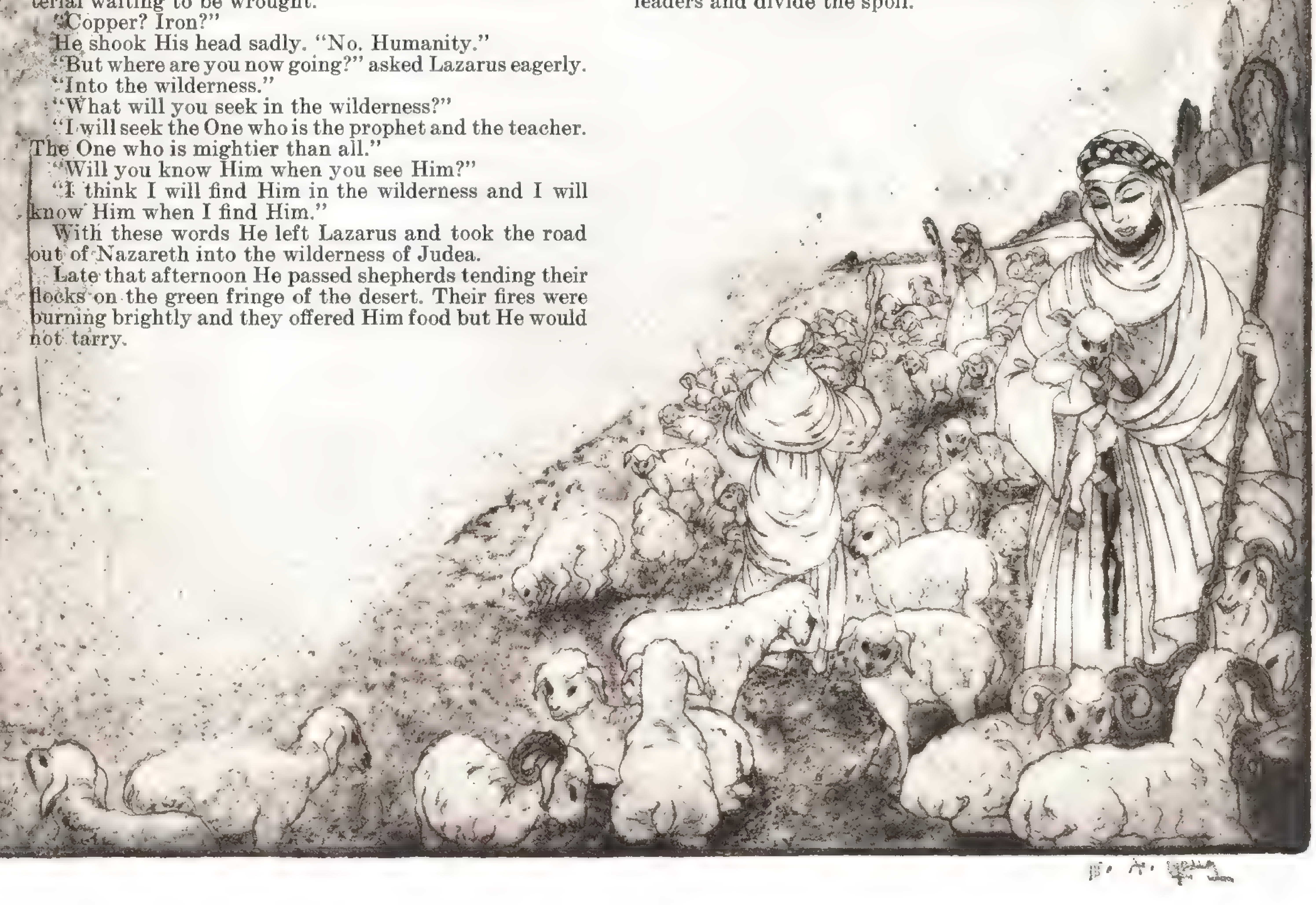
Two more days and He found Himself in the heart of the desert. Here and there were brown patches of dried wiry grass; no green was to be seen anywhere. The coarse black gravel cut into His sandals and He rested among the great red boulders. He had had no food or water since entering the wilderness.

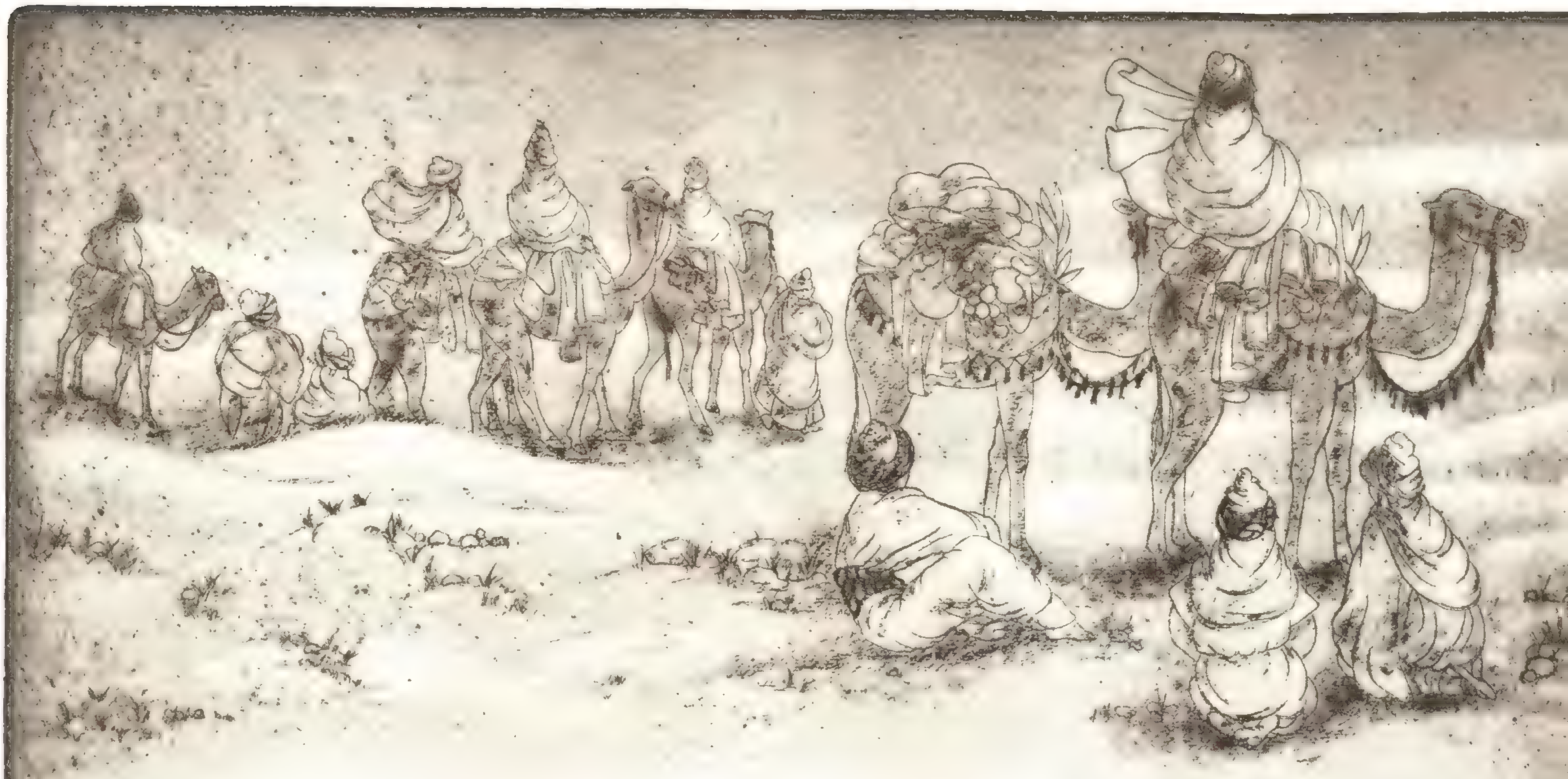
As He sat between two great rocks and looked out into the far distance He saw a long line of laden camels crossing the horizon. Perhaps the One He was seeking was part of this rich caravan. Perhaps He would dismount and leave the train and walk out across to meet Him.

And this caravan? Does it come from India, the land of mystery and great miracles? Or does it come from Persia where images are wrought in gold to be worshipped?

Slowly He saw the great caravan move across the desert. The One He was seeking was not part of this rich merchandise.

Suddenly He discovered a group of men on horseback. They had come to the brink of a hill and were watching the approaching caravan. After a brief conference they ran off and hid behind some rocks and drew their daggers. This band of robbers—and there are many desperate bands in the wilderness—were determined to slay the leaders and divide the spoil.





But the caravan master and his lieutenants suddenly halted the train. Either they had seen danger ahead or they were warned by some mysterious messenger. When the long line of laden beasts were brought to a kneeling position the bold leaders mounted eight of the light running camels and taking spears and swords set out to clear the path. They who, but a few minutes before, were preparing to attack were now to be faced with a force of swift attackers. They who wanted easy spoils were now forced to defend their very lives against superior weapons. They cried out and their shouts echoed across the hollow barren land. Some darted here and there and tried to escape but in a very short time all were brought to the ground.

The eight light running camels were winded and they returned slowly to the resting train. Then those who were victorious drew out flasks of wine and they drank merrily before raising their burdened beasts and continuing the journey. The hot setting sun was behind them as they passed, a long moving silhouette, across the horizon.

All this He saw from the great red boulders. He rose and walked toward the place where this conflict had taken place. But hardly had He gone halfway across the valley when He heard a voice calling Him. He stopped to listen and this time He heard it more clearly but He could discover no one.

"Where are you?" He called.

"Here in the cave," replied the voice.

"What are you?"

"A hermit."

"And do you live in the wilderness?"

"Always."

"I do not see you."

"I lie in the dark recesses of the rocks for the bright sun burns my eyes."

The voice indeed seemed to come from a dark hollow cut into a ledge of rock. He looked deep into this crevice.

"No. I cannot even see you."

"If you can hear me it is enough."

"Then speak what you have to say for the light of day is falling and I must get to the place . . ."

"What place?"

"The place where the robbers were slain."

"He! He!" Laughed the dark voice coarsely. "Robbers slain! And why should that drive you on?"

"Perhaps some are only wounded and lie helpless and in want. Perhaps they thirst and they famish."

"And have you food and water to bring them?"

"No, not with me."

"Then how could you help those in need?"

"I do not know but something surely I could do."

"You are yourself famished. Why do you not help yourself? Do you not know your power?"

"There is a hunger greater than the gnawing at the flesh and a thirst more burning than fire which water alone could never extinguish."

"Then go and help the robbers."

"They were robbers but now they lie vanquished as all humanity seems to lie vanquished."

"Return to me and I will show you great wonders."

"I seek only One and He is far greater than all the world."

"He is now here in the wilderness but you may never find Him."

"I will seek."

He walked across the valley and at length arrived at the great jagged rocks where He had seen the battle take place. The tall rocks now cast long weird shadows across the uneven ground and among these dark spaces He found the slain band. All but one were dead.

The last surviving robber, bleeding from several serious wounds, lifted his head and with his dying voice called out: "And if I had gained the riches of the whole world what good would it be to me if I must give up my life?"

"Riches could never save your life nor your spirit."

"And if I had not been a robber . . . If I had become a rabbi and had eaten the dry crust of learning, what good would my wisdom be, if I must die?"

"Wisdom itself for its own sake is but a vanity."

He bent over the dying man and unwrapping His long turban He ripped the cloth into strips and began tying up his wounds.

"Why do you do this for me?"

"Because your wounds bleed."

"But you know I am a robber."

"Yes, but perhaps you will rob no more."

"But had I seen you earlier today I might have robbed you also."

"I have nothing."

"Nothing?" asked the dying man.

"Nothing."

"And you are alone in the desert?"

"Yes."

"If you have nothing then I would have taken your food and your water and your beast of burden."

"I have no food and I have brought no water. My own feet have carried me here."

"Then you have really nothing!"

"Nothing that a robber could take away."

"Why have you come here?"

"To seek and to find. I seek One who is mightier than all. Perchance you have seen the One I seek."

"What would He look like?"

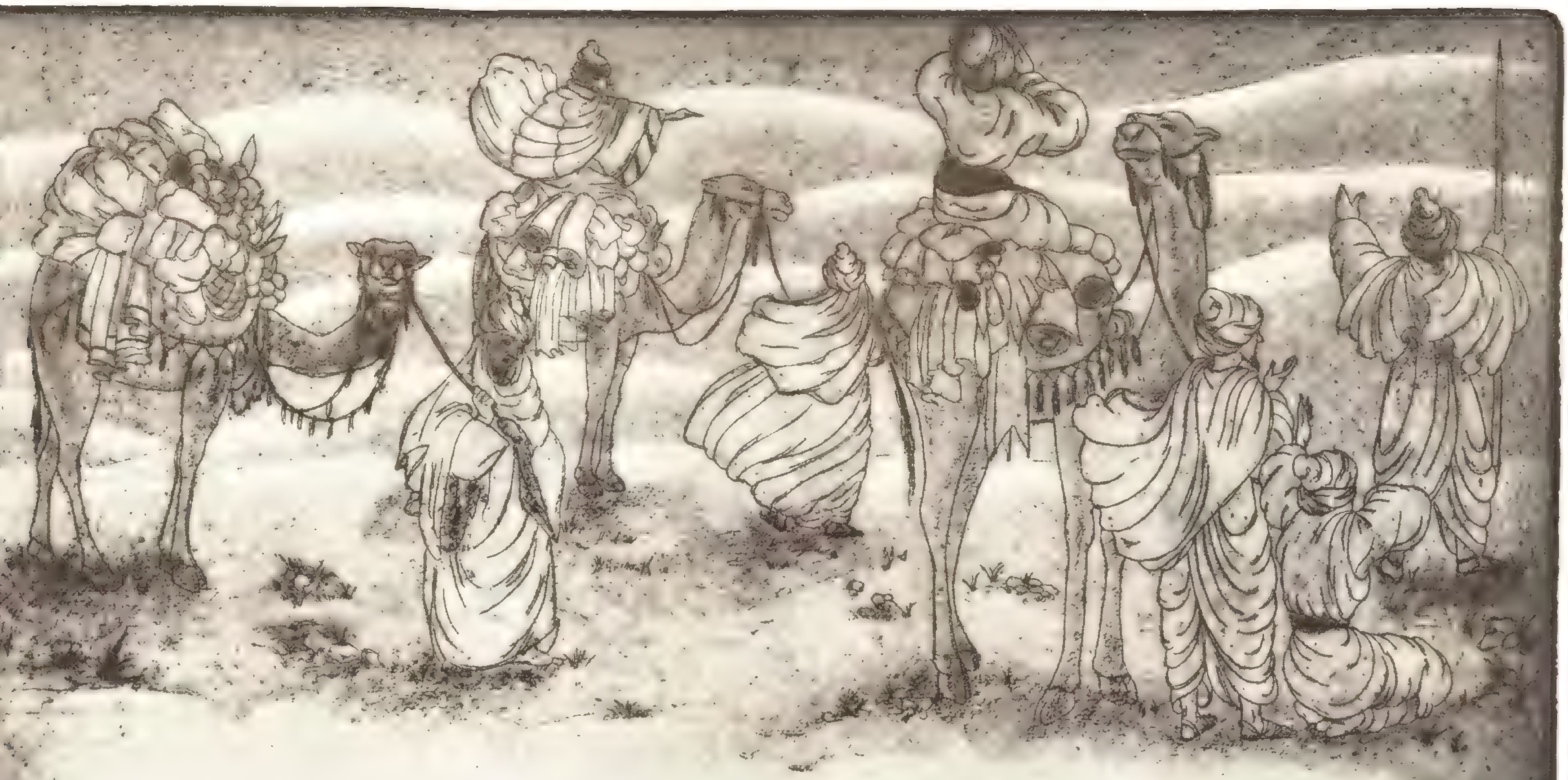
"That I do not know fully but I believe He would be dressed simply and speak plainly. I believe I would know Him if I saw Him."

"How?"

"Perhaps some inner voice would tell me. Or perhaps His glory would shine and a light would bathe His head."

"That could not be," spoke the dying man. "The world has but one sun and one moon."

"Then you have not seen the One I seek?"



"No. He is not in the wilderness for I know every rock and every pit."

By this time He had finished binding up the wounds of the robber.

"It is no use," spoke the dying man. "I grow weaker every minute. Here, I will reward you for your kindness." He drew something from his girdle and offered it to the One who came into the wilderness with nothing.

"What is it?"

"A ruby, red as the blood that now drains from me."

"This is not what I seek."

"Take it anyway. For when I die I cannot hold it."

"I seek greater wealth, greater riches."

"Be content with small beginnings."

"No. I must have all or nothing. The One I seek has all."

"Tell me again how you would know Him."

"Coarse garments, old sandals, a voice that speaks of the great things in the world—not merchandise, not jewels—and perhaps a radiance of spirit that is plainly seen. And perhaps also a light about His head."

"Seek no further. You have found Him."

"No, I see Him not."

"Yes. He is here. He is with us. You are the One yourself. Why do you seek yourself?"

"Each man must first find himself and then . . ."

"See!" called the dying man. "There is a light about your head."

"It is growing dark. There can be no light at this hour. Night will soon be upon us."

"Soon I will close my eyes for a long darkness. But now while they still are open I see the light, and you need seek no more."

When he had spoken these words the dying man took the ruby between two fingers and pressed it deep into the sand.

"There," he said. "No one will have it. I have lived the life of a robber and even in death I would rob the world of a costly jewel. I die alone, a robber in the wilderness."

"In the wilderness. But not alone."

A smile crept over the robber's face and he closed his eyes. "He is Himself the One He seeks," he whispered before he died.

After ten more days of wandering the Carpenter from Nazareth again heard the voice of the hermit.

"Are you the same?" He asked.

"Yes, I spoke with you when you were going to the dying robbers."

"But that was from a cave far far away. And now you are here."

"I possess all the dark places in the world."

"Truly you must be evil in spirit."

"No, not evil, though I laugh at the good. For here in the wilderness where many must perish the good are the first to succumb."

"Why is that?"

"They lack the strength to sustain them. They have no spirit. Courage comes from spirit."

"The One I seek will show the way."

"You still seek that One?"

"Yes."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the dark voice coarsely.

After many more days of wandering through the desert He came upon a long caravan. It was the same that He had once seen boldly resisting the band of robbers.

"We are dying of hunger and of thirst," said one of the merchants when He approached. "And what good is all the wealth in the world if one must perish?"

"Alas! These are almost the very words that I heard from the lips of a dying robber. How strange that you should speak the same."

"We are honest merchants."

"Yes. That I do not deny. But your words are alike. Both the robber and the honest man speak with one tongue. How strange that two souls so far apart could be bound by one thought."

"And if I had given my life to wisdom, as my brother who is a very reverend rabbi, then could all the wisdom in the world stay the hand of death?"

"These words also spoke the robber."

"And did he die?"

"Yes. The wounds you and your men gave him proved fatal. In his hand he held a wonderful blood-red ruby."

"You have it now?"

"No. It is buried in the sand."

"But you know the place. Perhaps together we could go back and . . . "

"No. I seek One greater than the greatest jewel. The One I seek is far more wonderful."

"A jewel is no great burden. You could have brought it along with you. Now it is perhaps lost forever."

"How strange is the heart of man! Here you are dying from hunger and from thirst and you long for a ruby which was cast aside. To add more to what you already have would hardly save you."

"If you can save us we will divide half of all our caravan with you."

"You can save yourselves and owe me nothing."

"How?"

"Very simply."

"Speak and name your reward."

"I need nothing. But you can save yourself very easily. First of all there is a spring of fresh water beside that black rock which you can see is not far off. I have just come that way."

"And you drank from this spring?"

"I did not feel thirsty. Send the boys with water-skins and in ten minutes you will all be refreshed."

"But we are also hungry."

"Slay one of your beasts of burden and roast the meat."

"But they are all laden with valuable merchandise. Our extra beasts have all died."

"Throw away the merchandise. If you must save yourself then first you must unburden yourself."

They followed his advice. The boys found the spring beside the black rock and after they all drank and were refreshed they killed one of the camels and roasted the flesh over an open fire.

"Tell me," said the leader of the caravan. "Who are you?"

"I am only a Carpenter from Nazareth."

"And why have you come into the wilderness?"

"I have come because I heard that there is One soon to arrive who is greater than all. I have come to seek Him."

"And have you found Him?"

"I have found only myself."

"And how long have you been wandering these desolate regions?"

"Forty days."

"And you carried food and water?"

"No."

"Then how did you eat?"

"I felt neither hunger nor thirst."

"Then if what you say is true you must indeed be famished and you will eat with us now."

"What I say is true but I am still not famished and want neither food nor drink."

"But this merchandise, these boxes laden, now beside the slain camel, these we present to you."

"I cannot carry them out of the wilderness and even if I could carry them I would hardly want them."

"What then do you want?"

"Greater things. Far greater things."

"Then before you go tell us what we can do."

"I need nothing for myself."

"Perhaps you will come some day to Jerusalem? Then remember us and come to our house and ask what you may and it will be given you. My name is Simon and our house stands near the market place."

As they devoured the roasted meat they saw His lonely figure wander off far into the wilderness.

That very night He again heard that dark evil voice speak from deep within the rocks.

"Forty days and forty nights have now passed," spoke the voice. "And still you seek the One."

"No longer shall I seek Him."

"Then you know?"

"I know only myself."

"Then you know all."

"I am alone. I am faint."

"Then use your power. There are stones at your feet. Turn them into loaves of bread and eat."

"By bread alone man cannot live. There is a hunger of the spirit greater than that of the flesh."

"And now you could go to Jerusalem," spoke the evil voice, "and stand on one of the high towers of the Temple and proclaim yourself the true Son of God. And to prove your power you could cast yourself headlong from the tower and rise unhurt."

"You must not test the powers of the Lord."

"Then listen to me. I will make you king of all you now survey. Here to the south is the land of Judea and also far off Edom, north is the snow capped Lebanon and west are the great cities of Herod. These are the kingdoms of the world and these will be yours—only do one thing—one little thing. Kneel down and worship me."

"You are the voice of Satan and I can never worship you. Why do you tempt me?"

"I offer you the world."

"I see the world before me. The stones of the desert glisten as jewels. And I see far off the glint of metal spears catching the rays of the sun. Men are marching. Whole armies are tramping from one land to another. The gates of great cities are being closed. There is a hum that comes from those confined within the walls. Before my eyes scene upon scene unfolds and this is not only a chart of all the kingdoms of the world but also of the oceans and of all humanity; of the great past and the eternal future. This is the scroll of life waiting to be fully unrolled. To be king of merchandise is not enough! Away Satan!"

"Before I go," spoke the dark evil voice, "you must know one thing. Moses fasted in the presence of God; Elijah fasted alone; while you have had the voice of temptation with you in the wilderness."

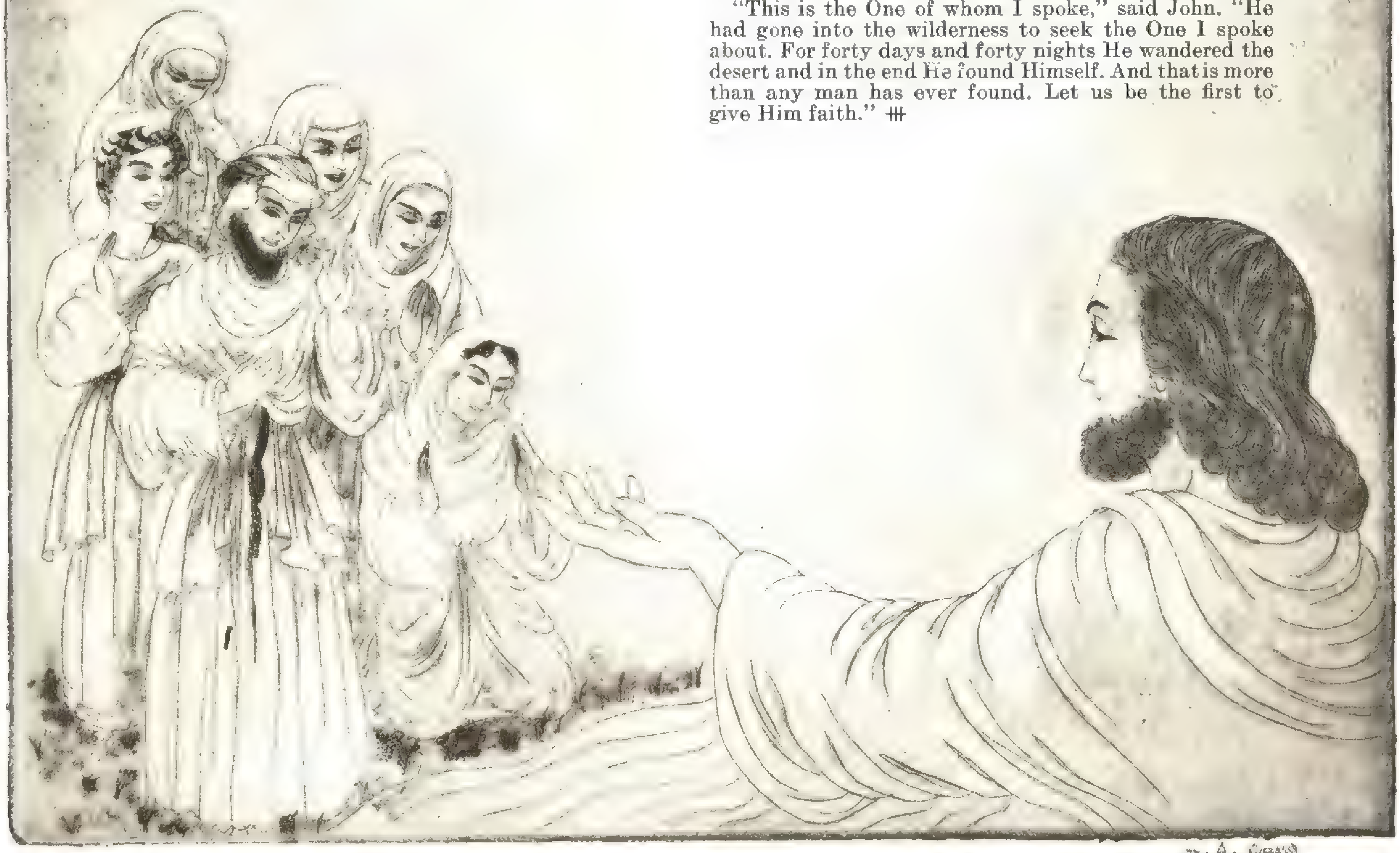
"That I know. Now away!"

"Also, Moses fasted in the middle of his ministry; Elijah at the end of his time and you at the very beginning. Also, you should know that after his forty-days fast Moses failed and he cast the tablets of the law to the ground; Elijah failed even before he entered his forty-days fast and you . . . "

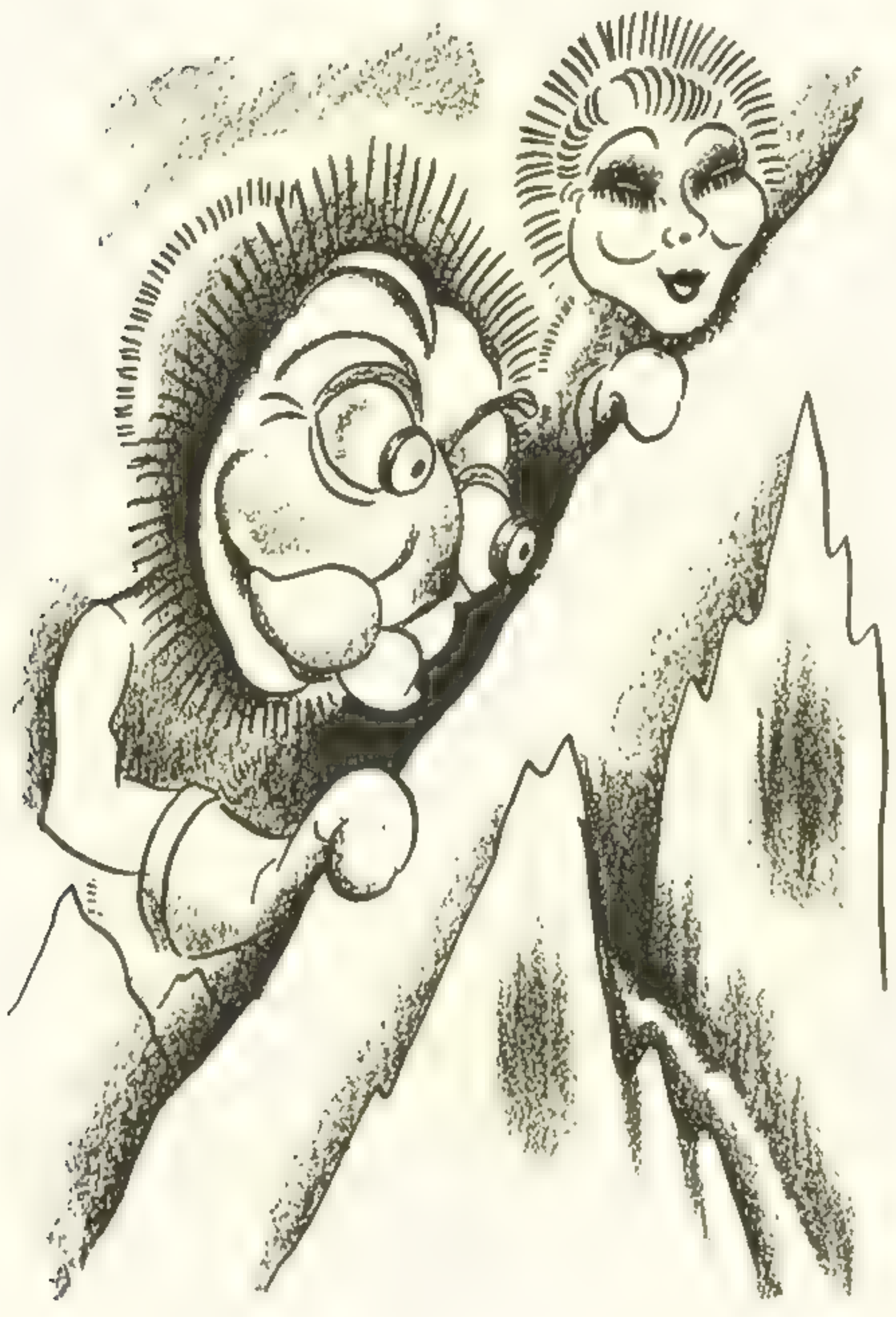
"I have endured these forty days and I shall not fail. Say no more, spirit of evil, but leave me at once and forever."

Now He walked on with renewed strength and before morning He arrived at the green rim of the wilderness. Here flowed the river Jordan. And as He was resting and cooling His feet in the water He saw John the Baptist approach and a small crowd of people were with him.

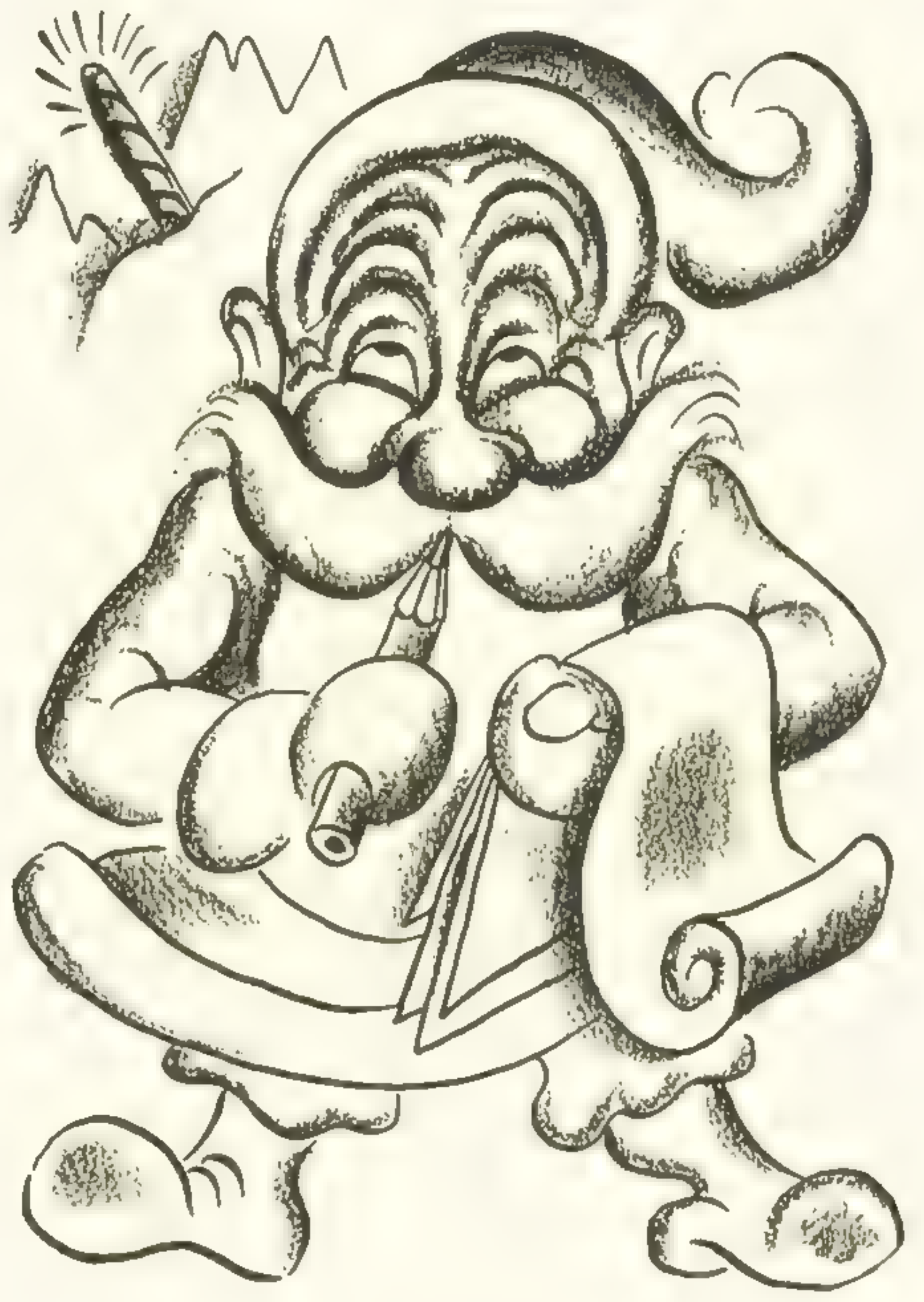
"This is the One of whom I spoke," said John. "He had gone into the wilderness to seek the One I spoke about. For forty days and forty nights He wandered the desert and in the end He found Himself. And that is more than any man has ever found. Let us be the first to give Him faith."



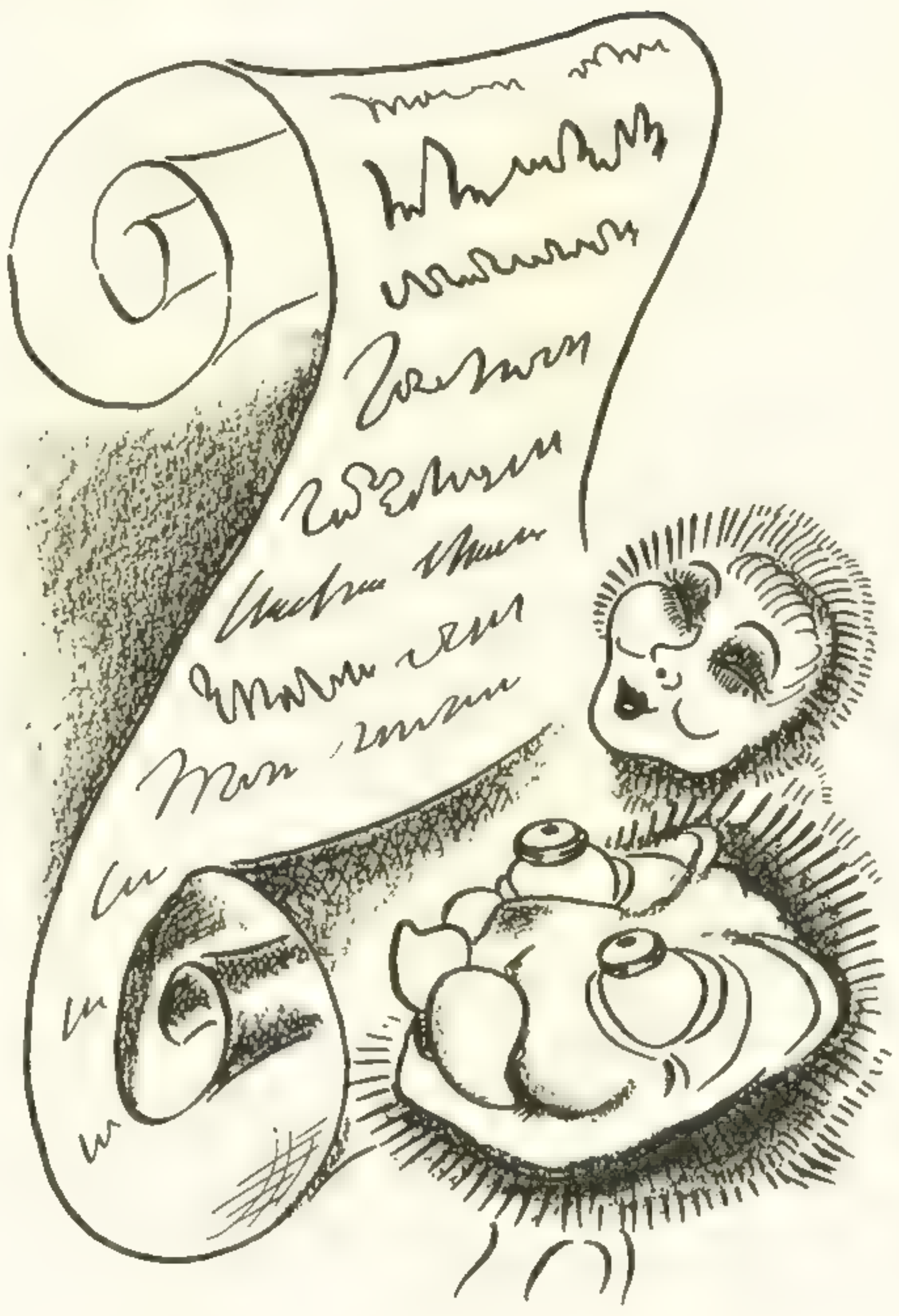
## WORK IN PROGRESS—*by* PHIL STACK—*drawings by* JOHN MACKEY



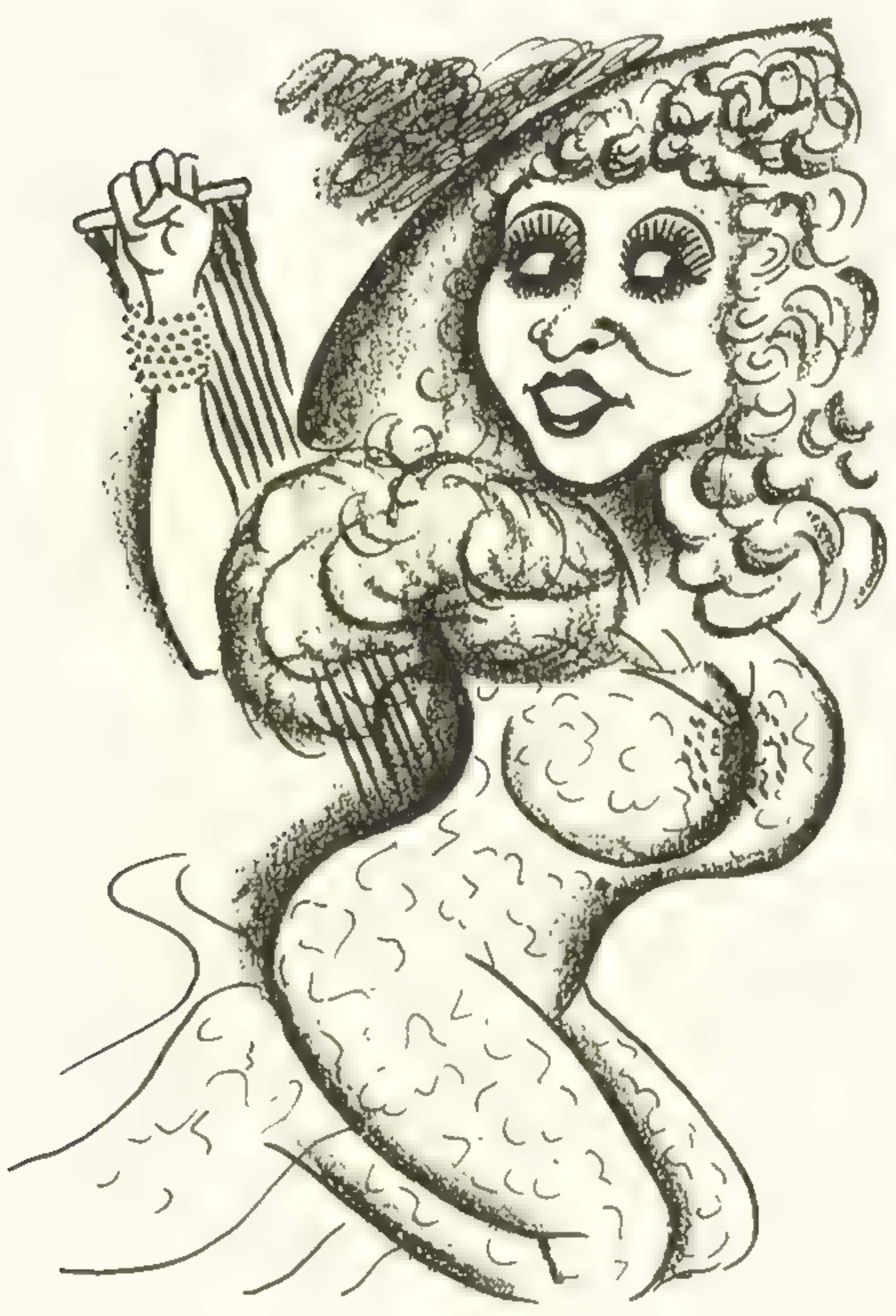
1-*Let's take a peek at Santa Claus*



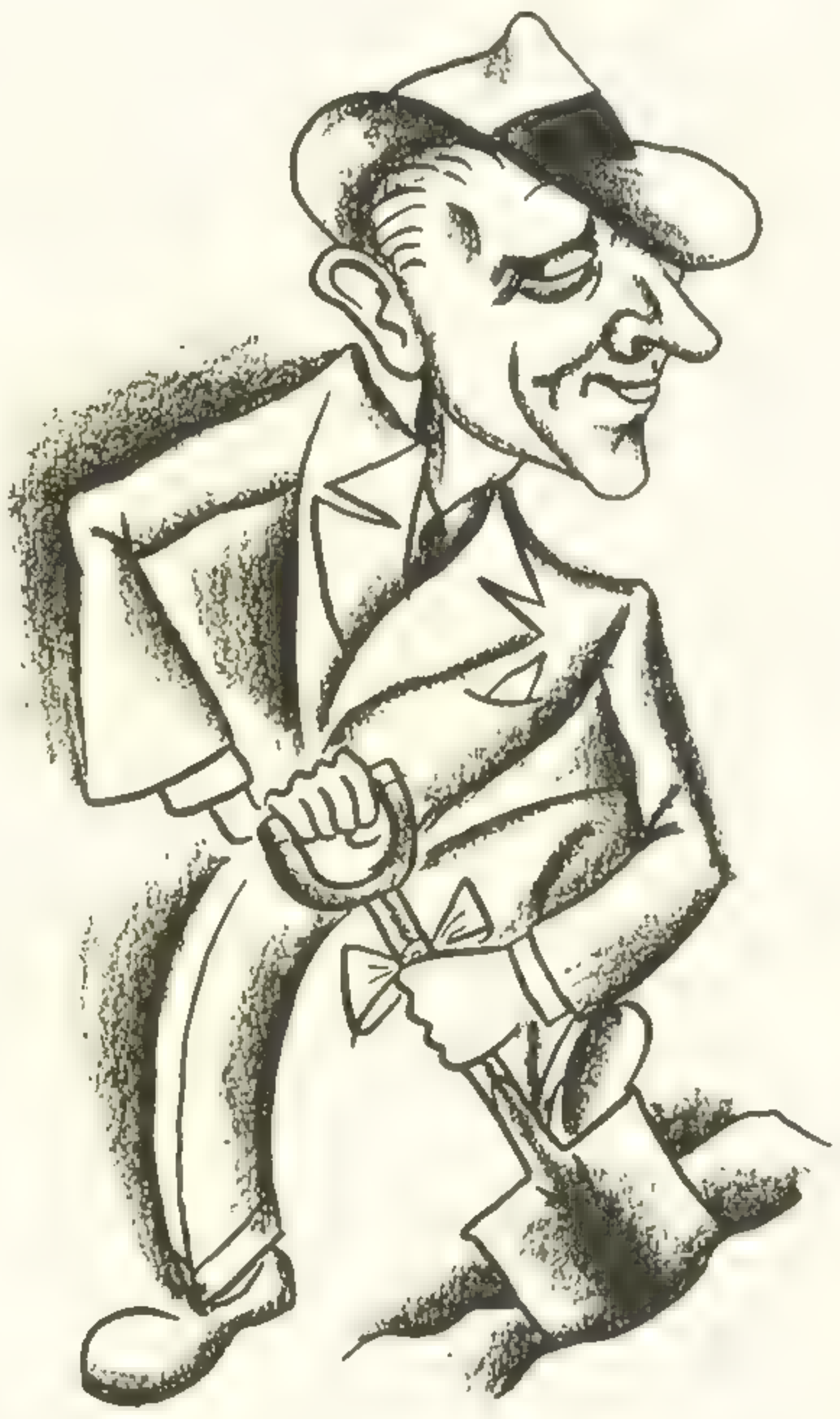
2-*In action at the Pole,*



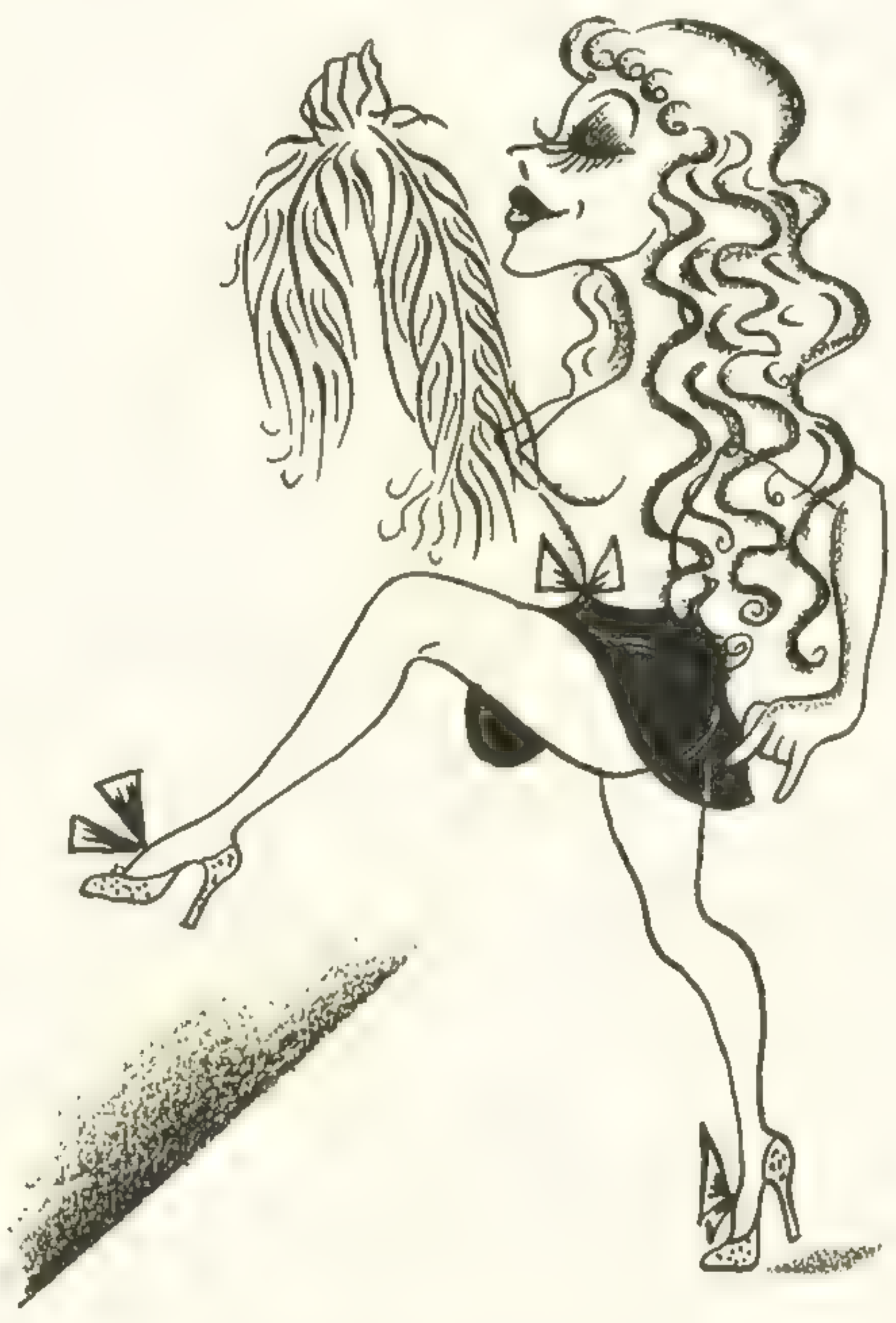
3-*He's listing presents for "celebs"*
*So let's go down the roll!*



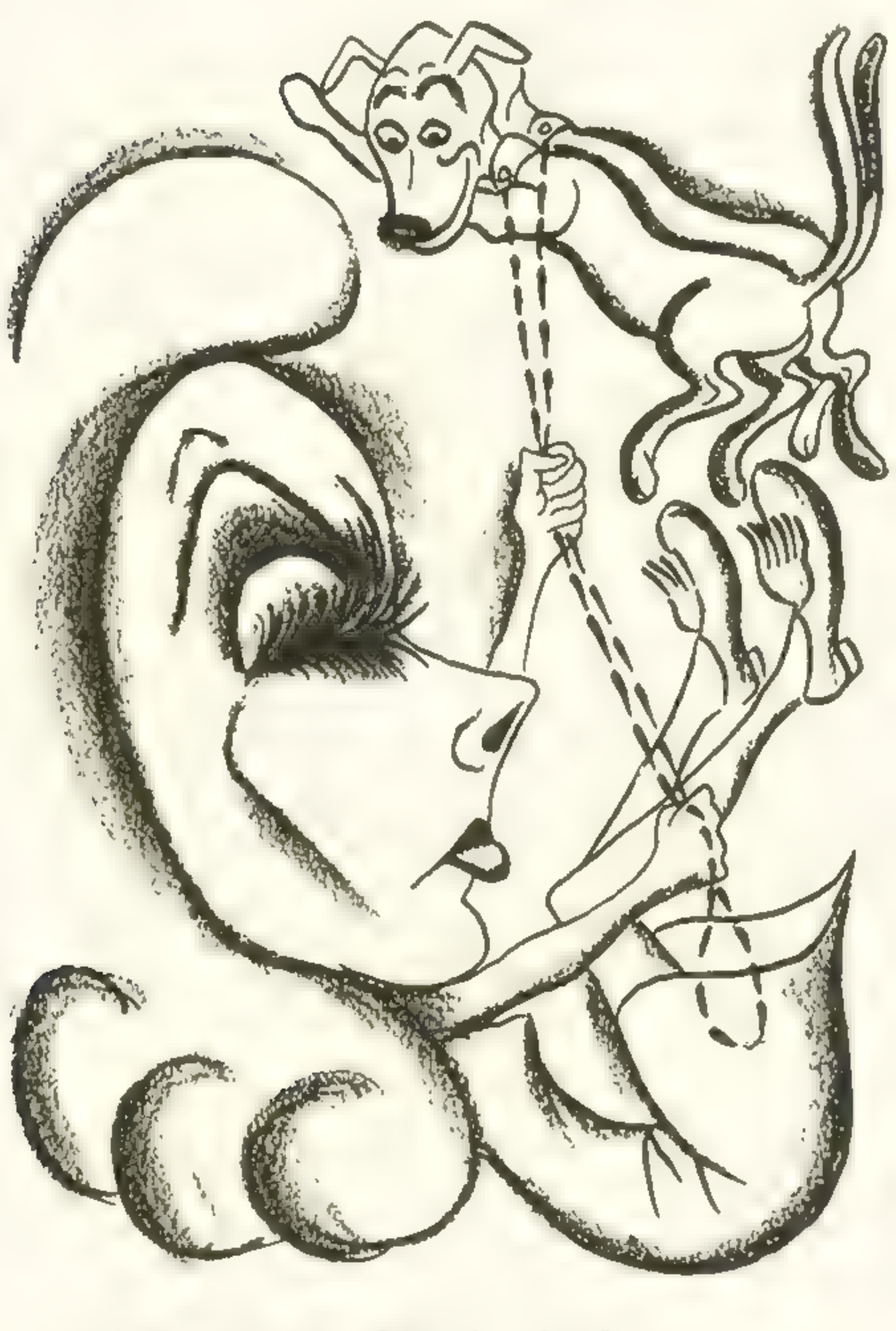
7-*Now, Santa must have got this wrong—*
*It's scheduled for* MAE WEST!



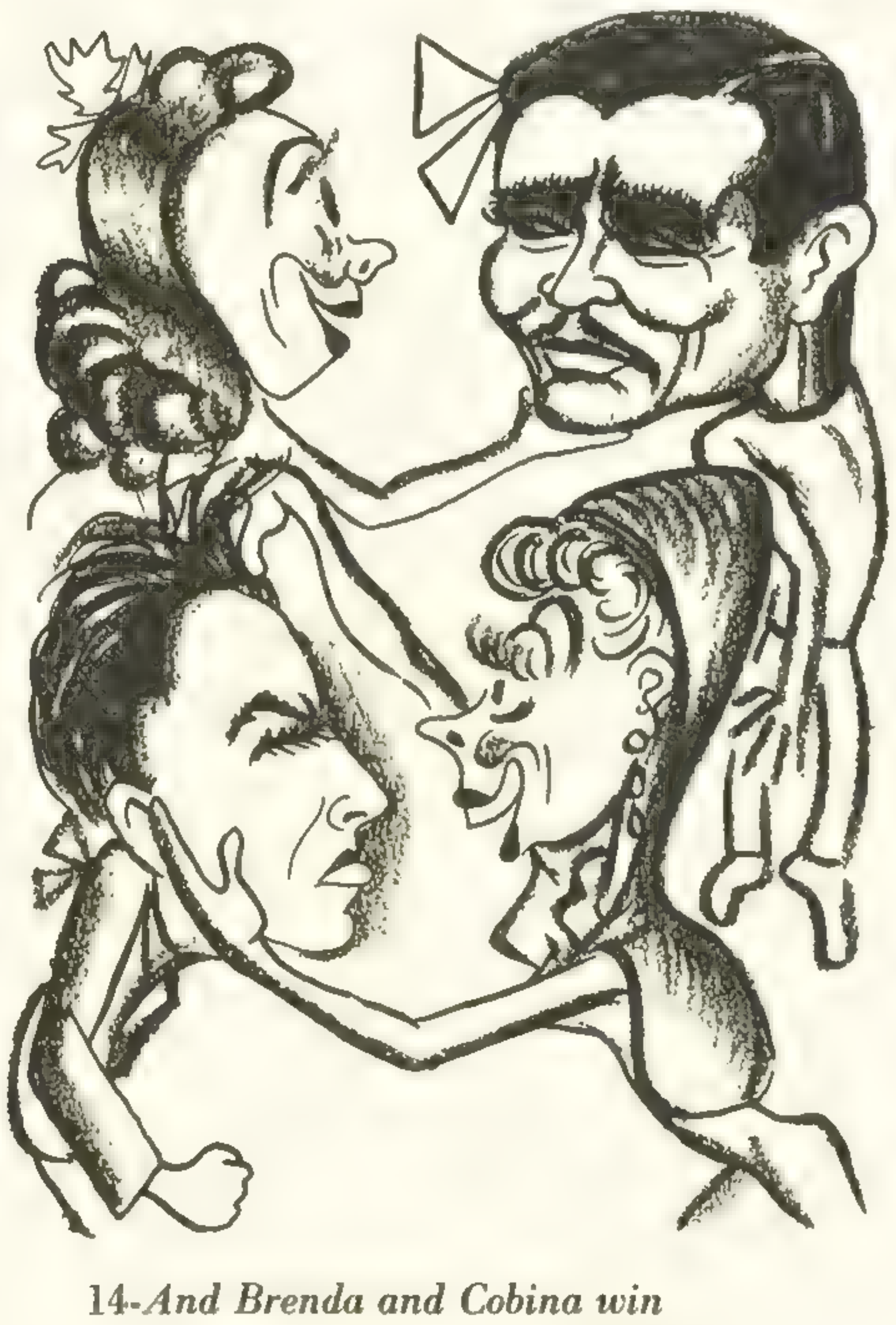
8-*And Walter Winchell gets a spade*
*To help him dig up dirt,*



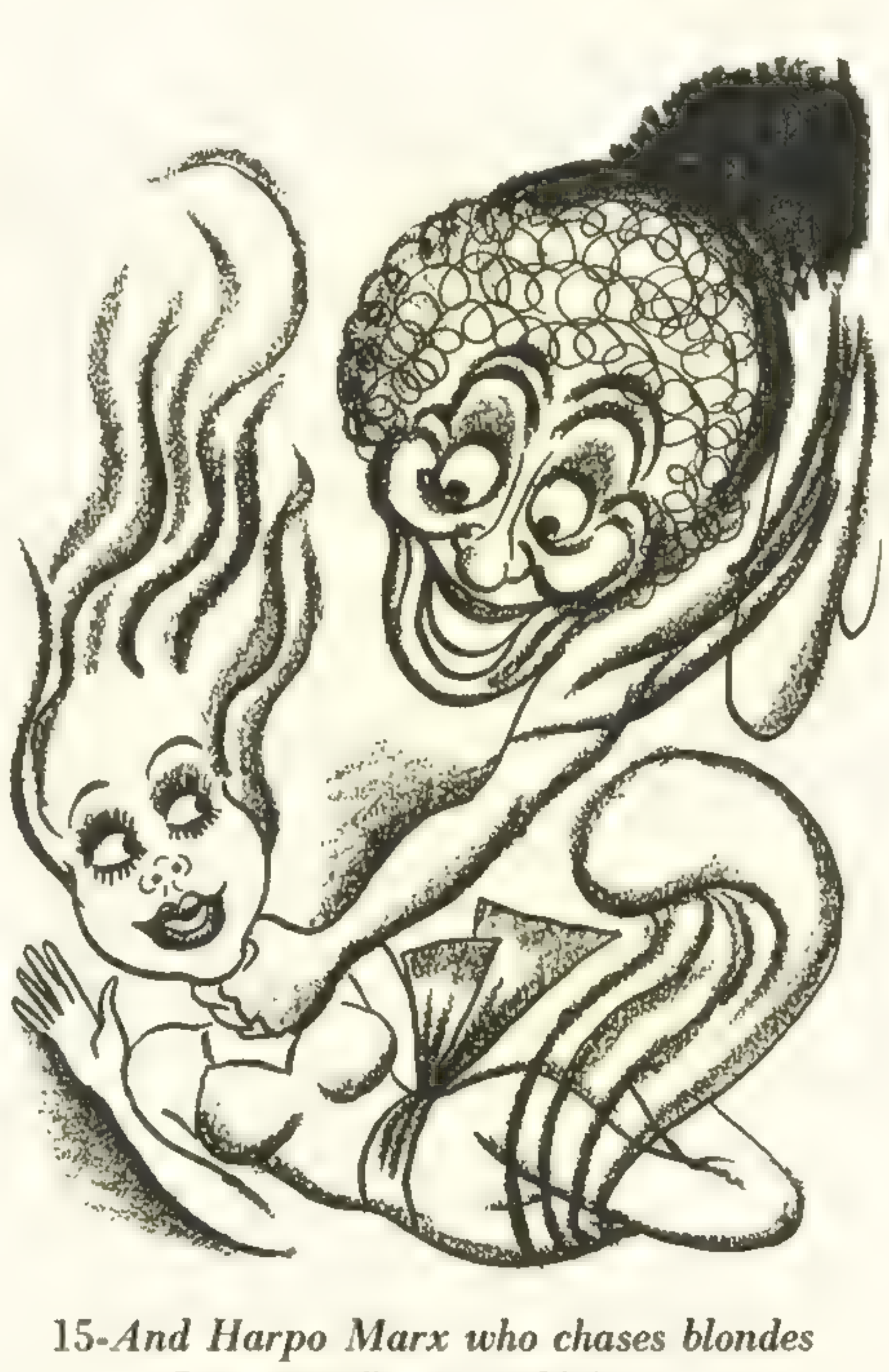
9-*And Sally Rand can now keep warm*
*He's giving her a skirt!*



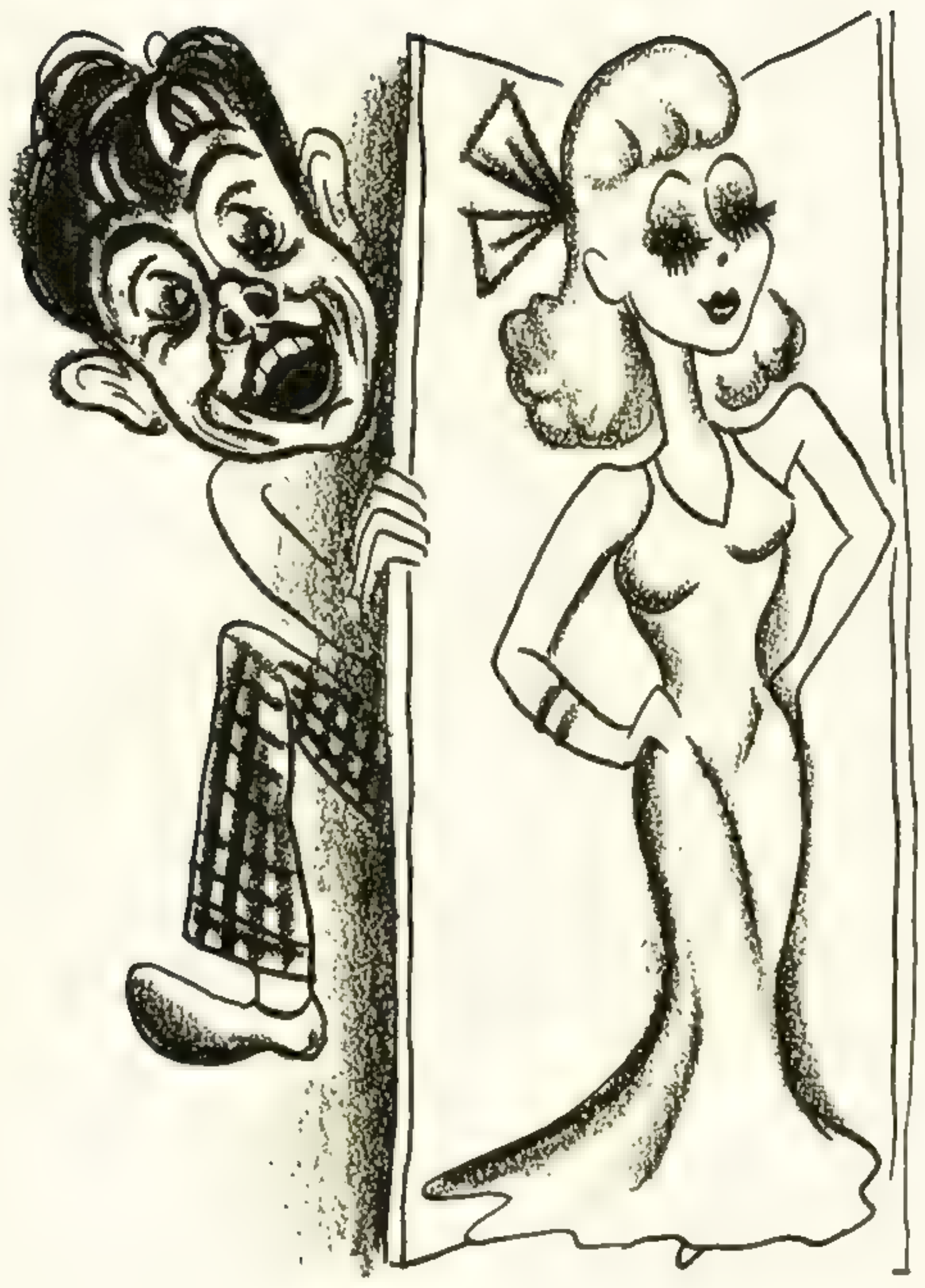
13-*Two massive dogs for Garbo*
*(Boy, I bet this gift will burn 'er!)*



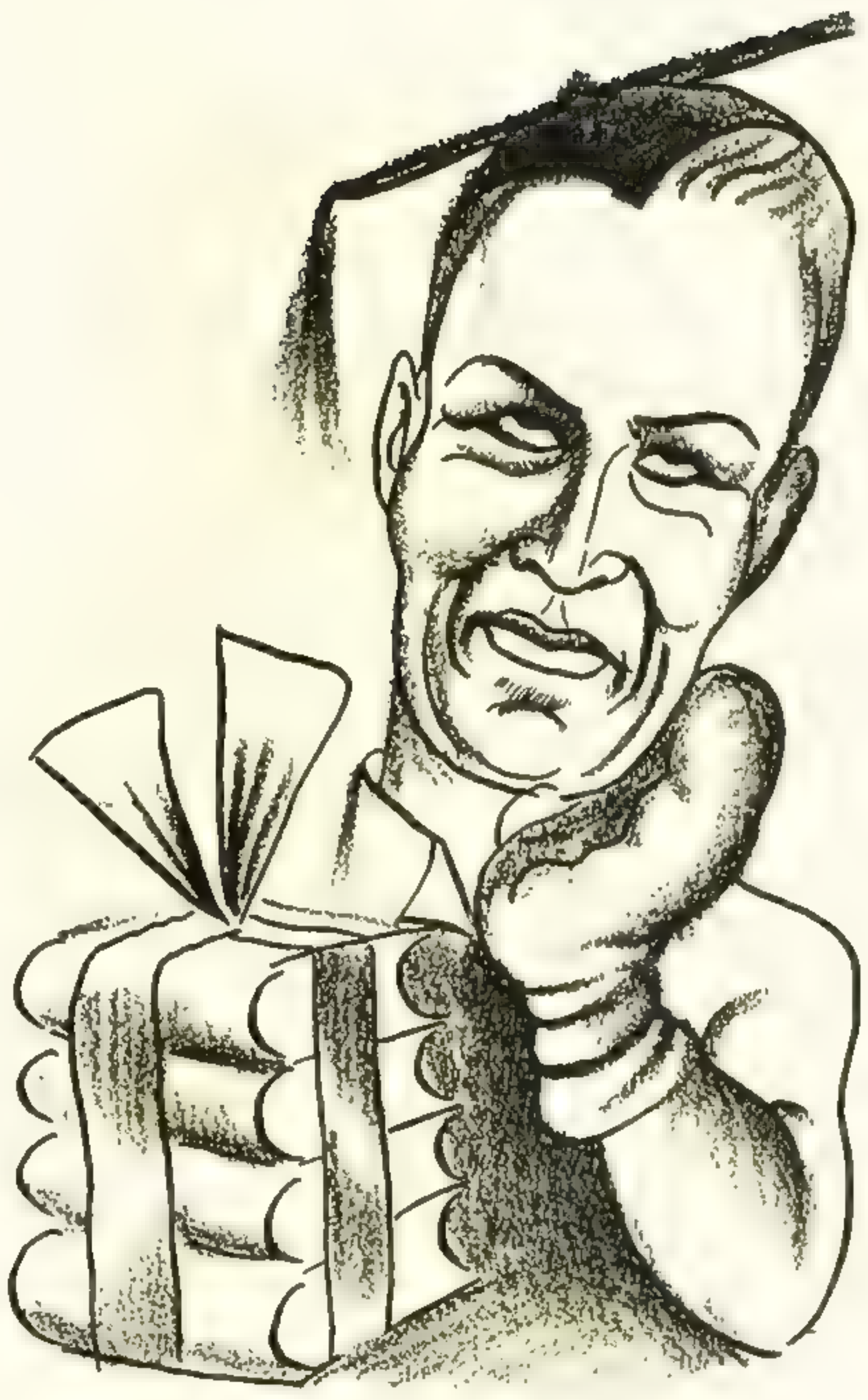
14-*And Brenda and Cobina win*
*Bob Taylor and Clark Gable,*



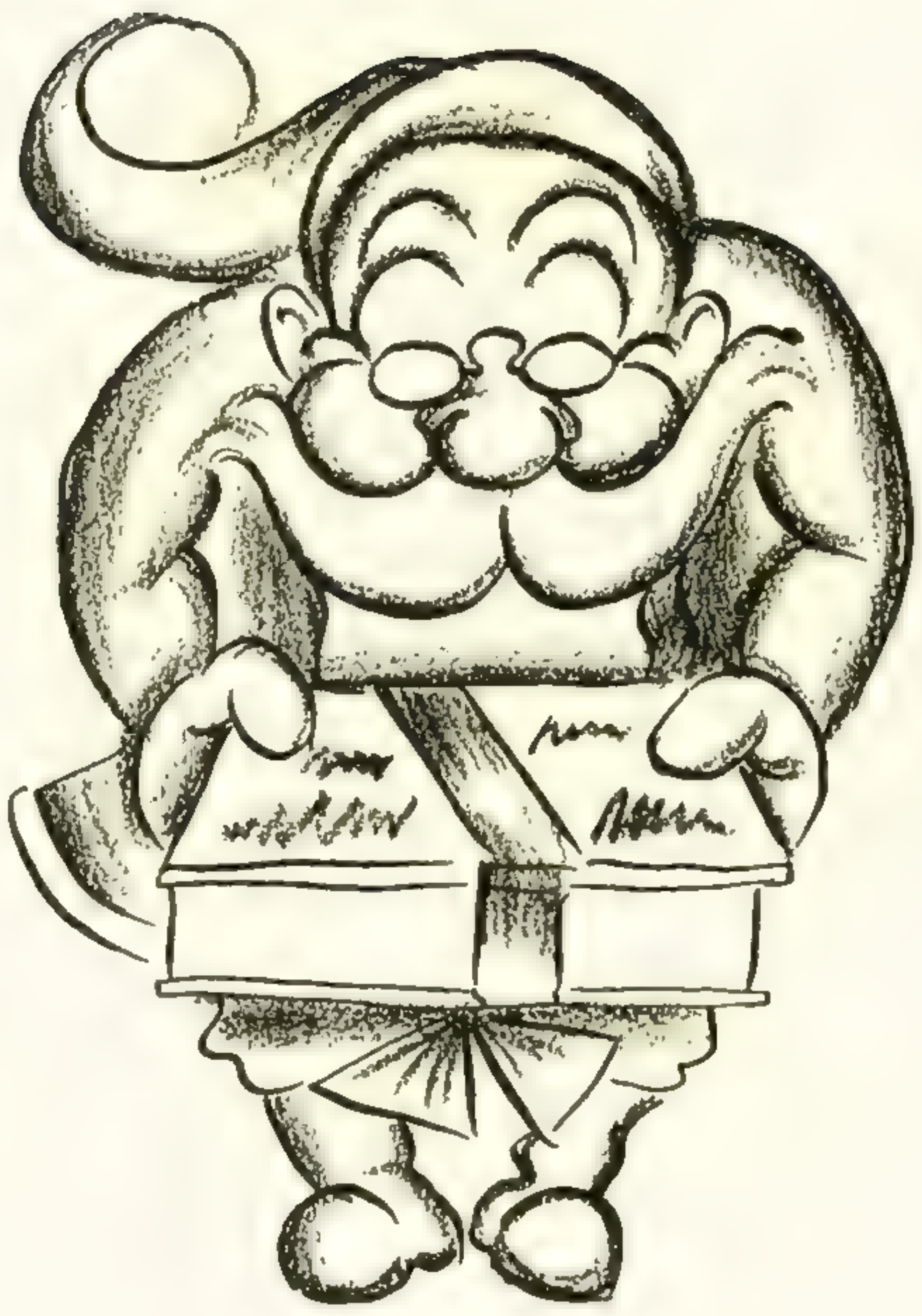
15-*And Harpo Marx who chases blondes*
*Is getting Betty Grable!*



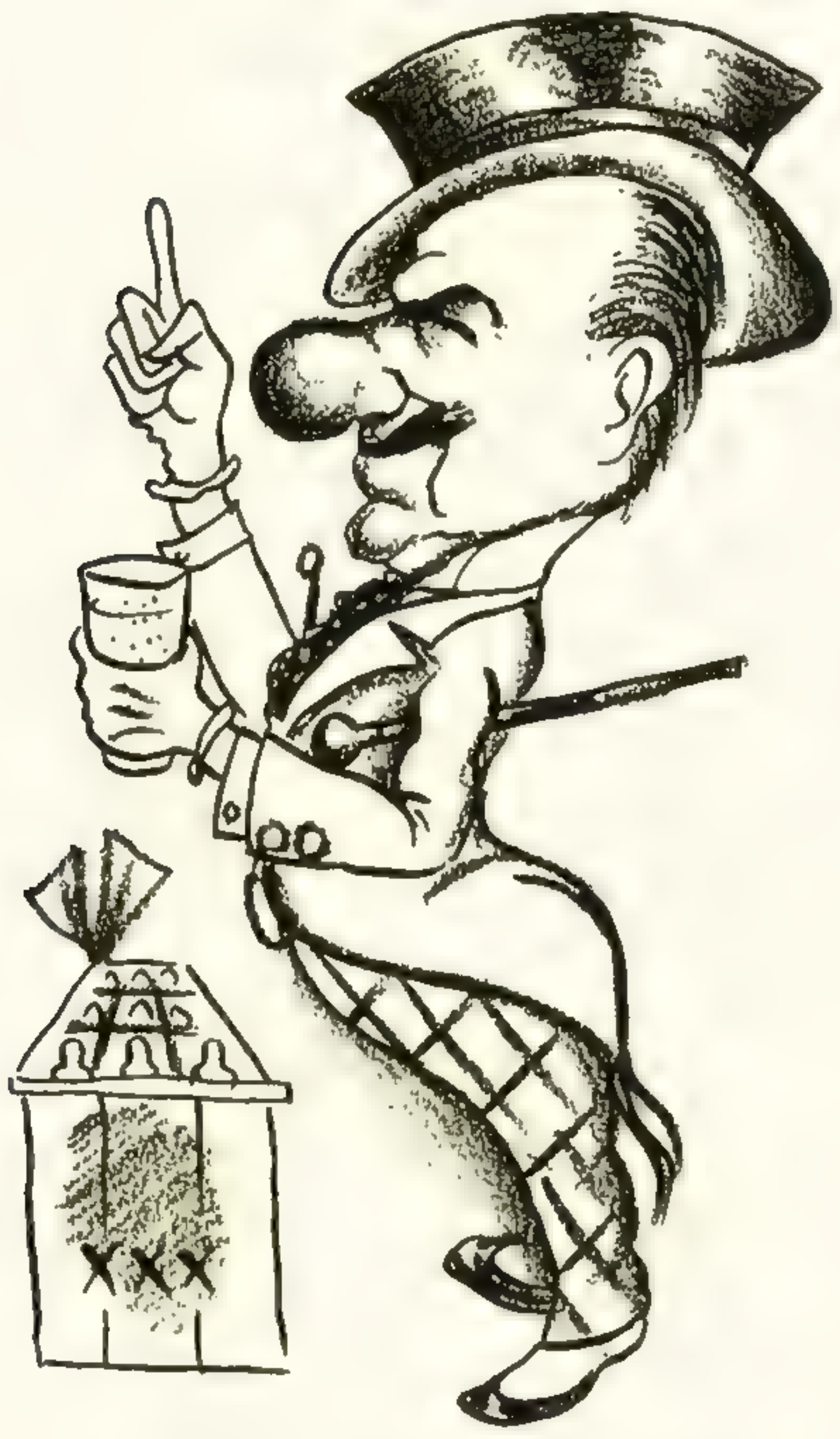
4-*Now here's a brand-new glamour girl*
*For Master Mickey Rooney,*



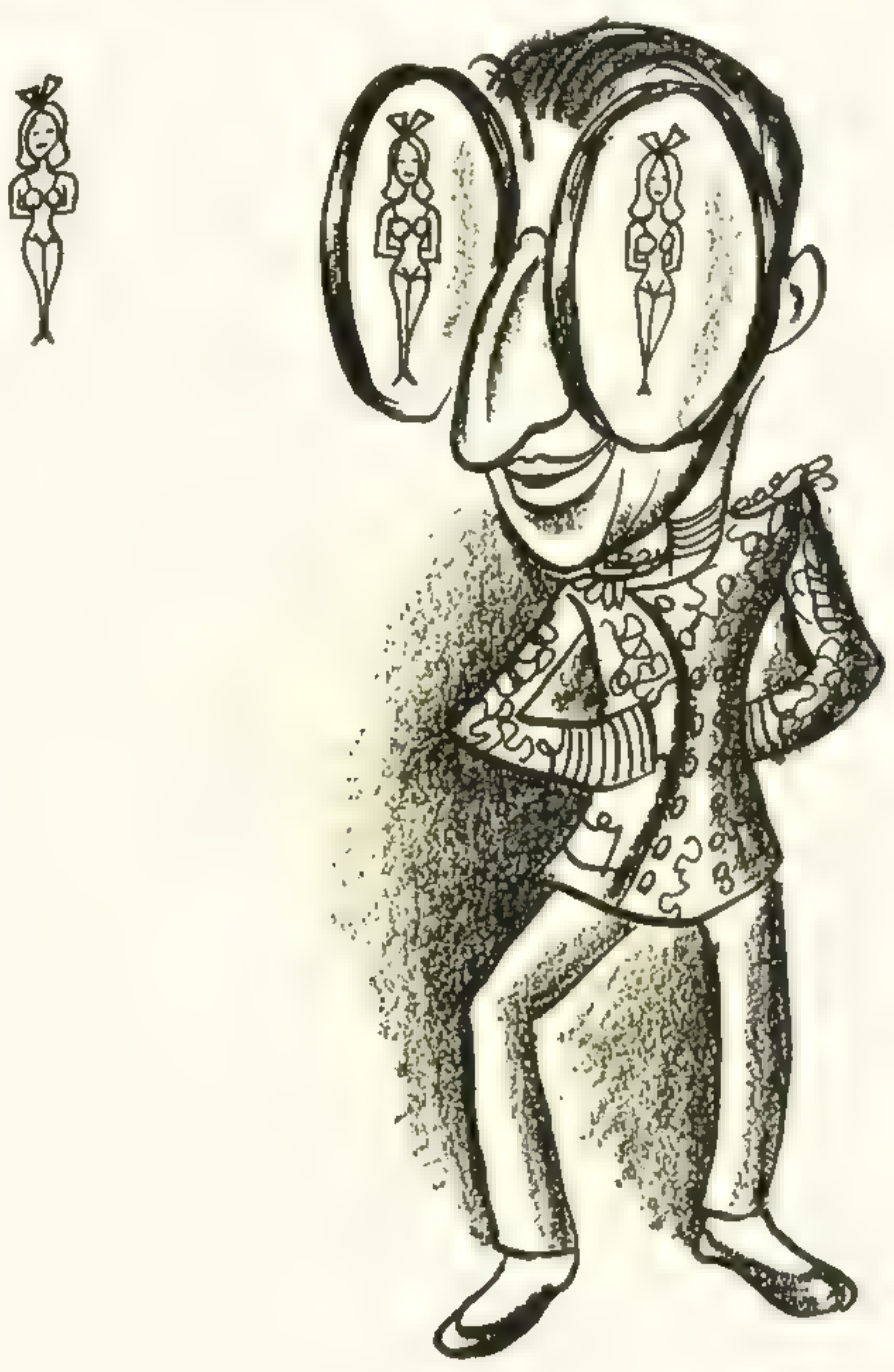
5-*And here's a set of Shakespeare*
*For the erudite Gene "Tooney."*



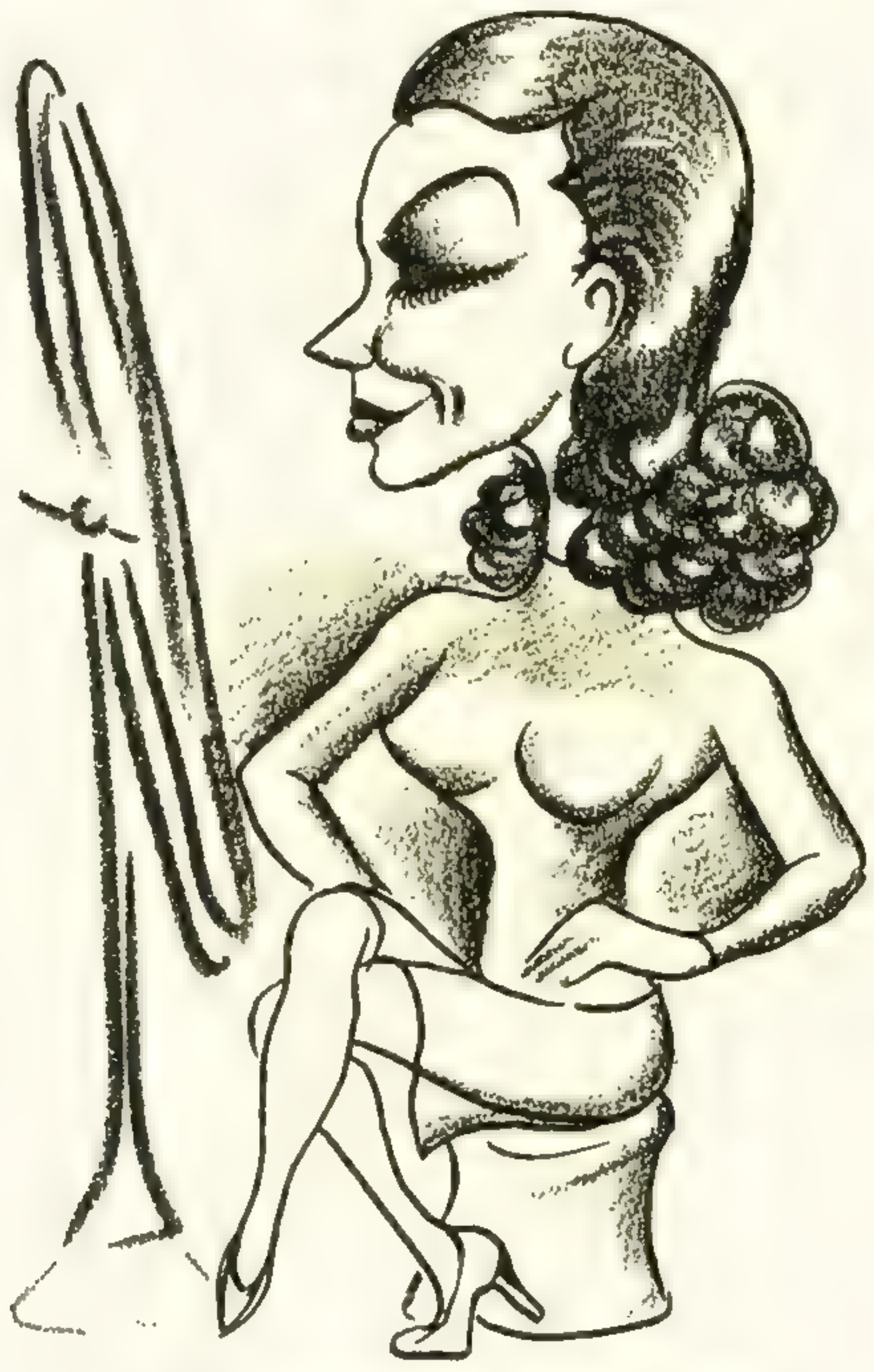
6-*And here's some apparatus*
*For developing the chest . . .*



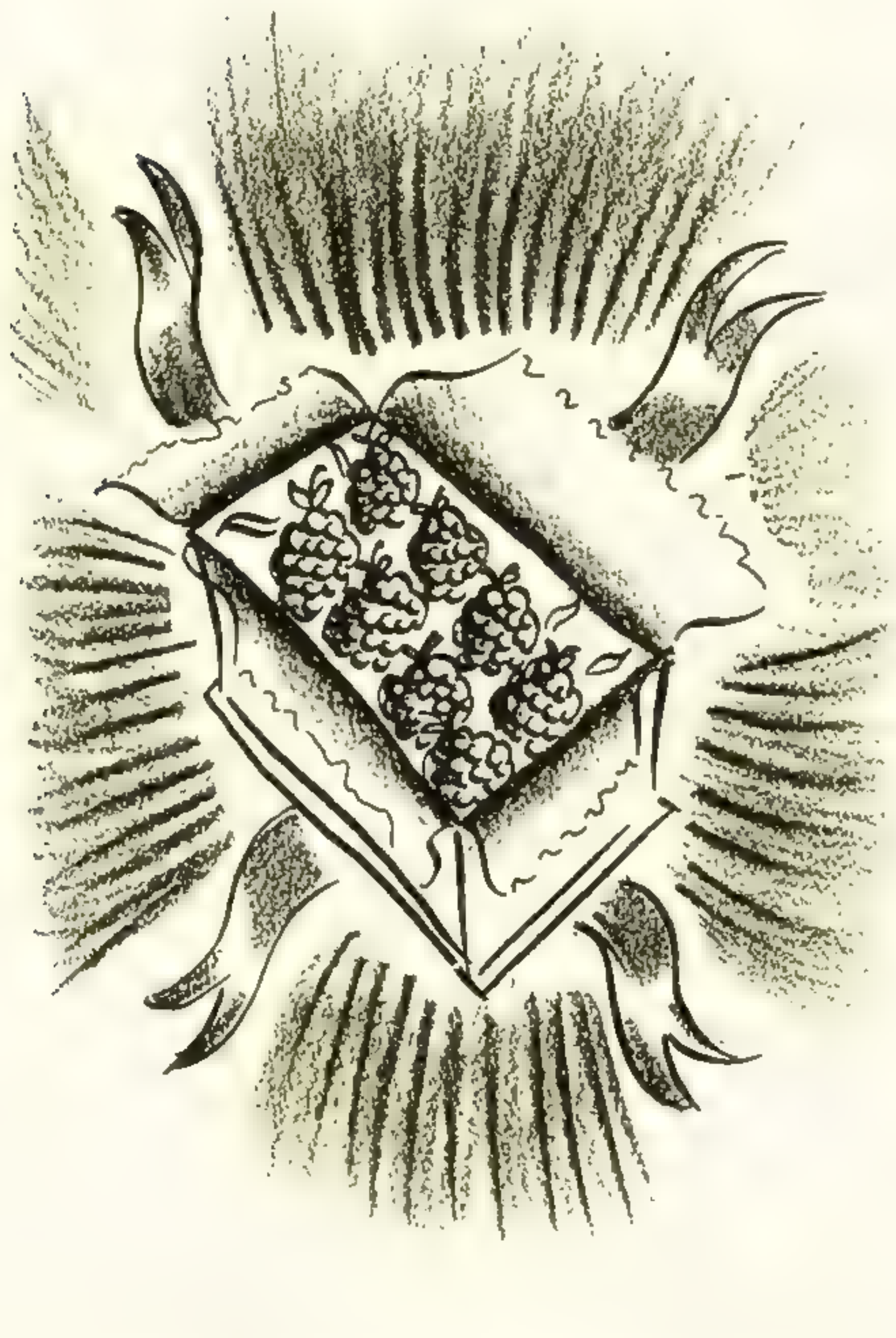
10-*A case of Scotch for Mr. Fields*
*To tint his bulbous nose,*



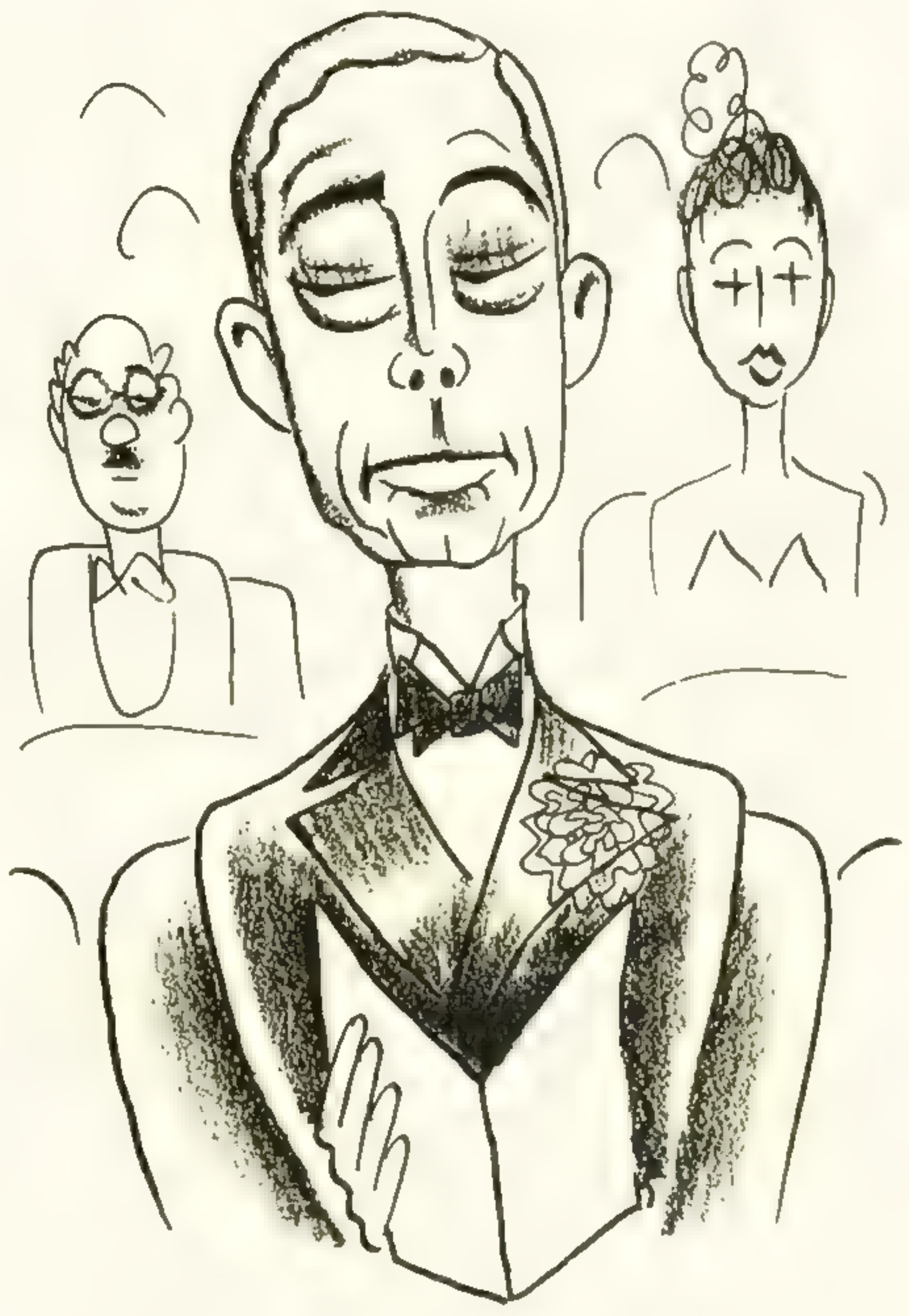
11-*A mammoth pair of spectacles*
*For tiny Billy Rose!*



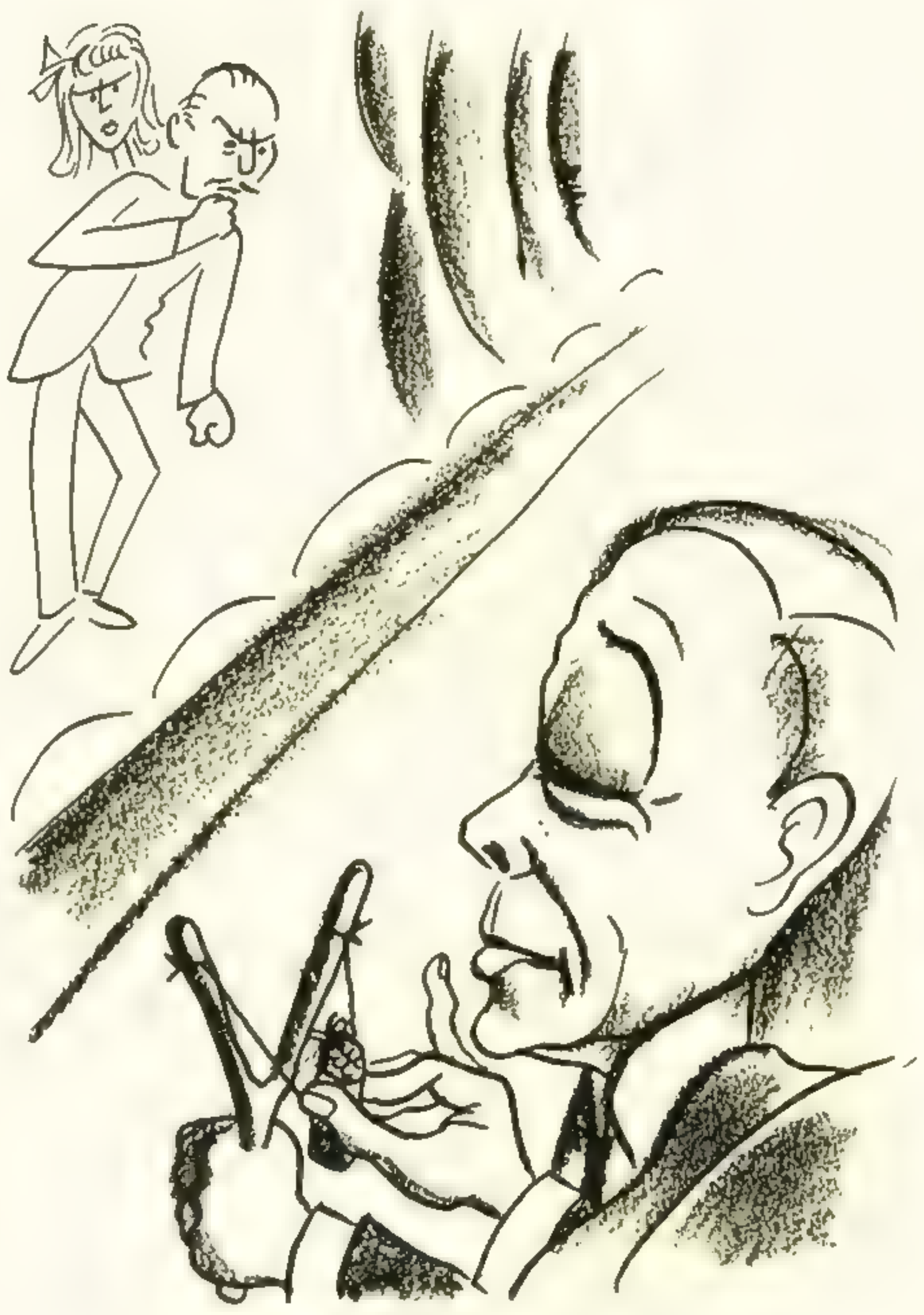
12-*This sweater as you all may guess*
*Is meant for Lana Turner,*



16-*And with this box of* RASPBERRIES
*Our sneak prevue will close . . .*

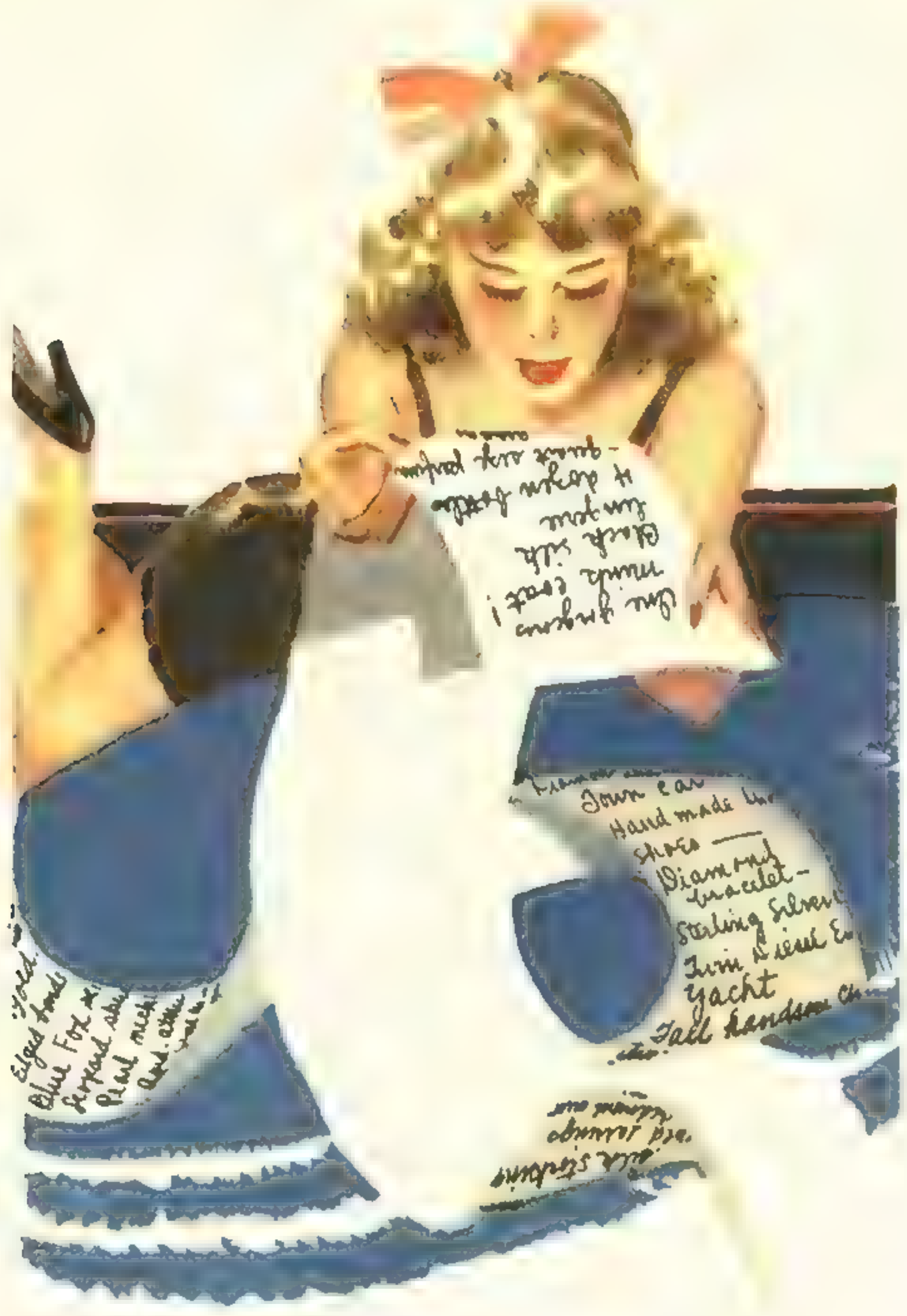


17-*They're meant for George Jean Nathan*

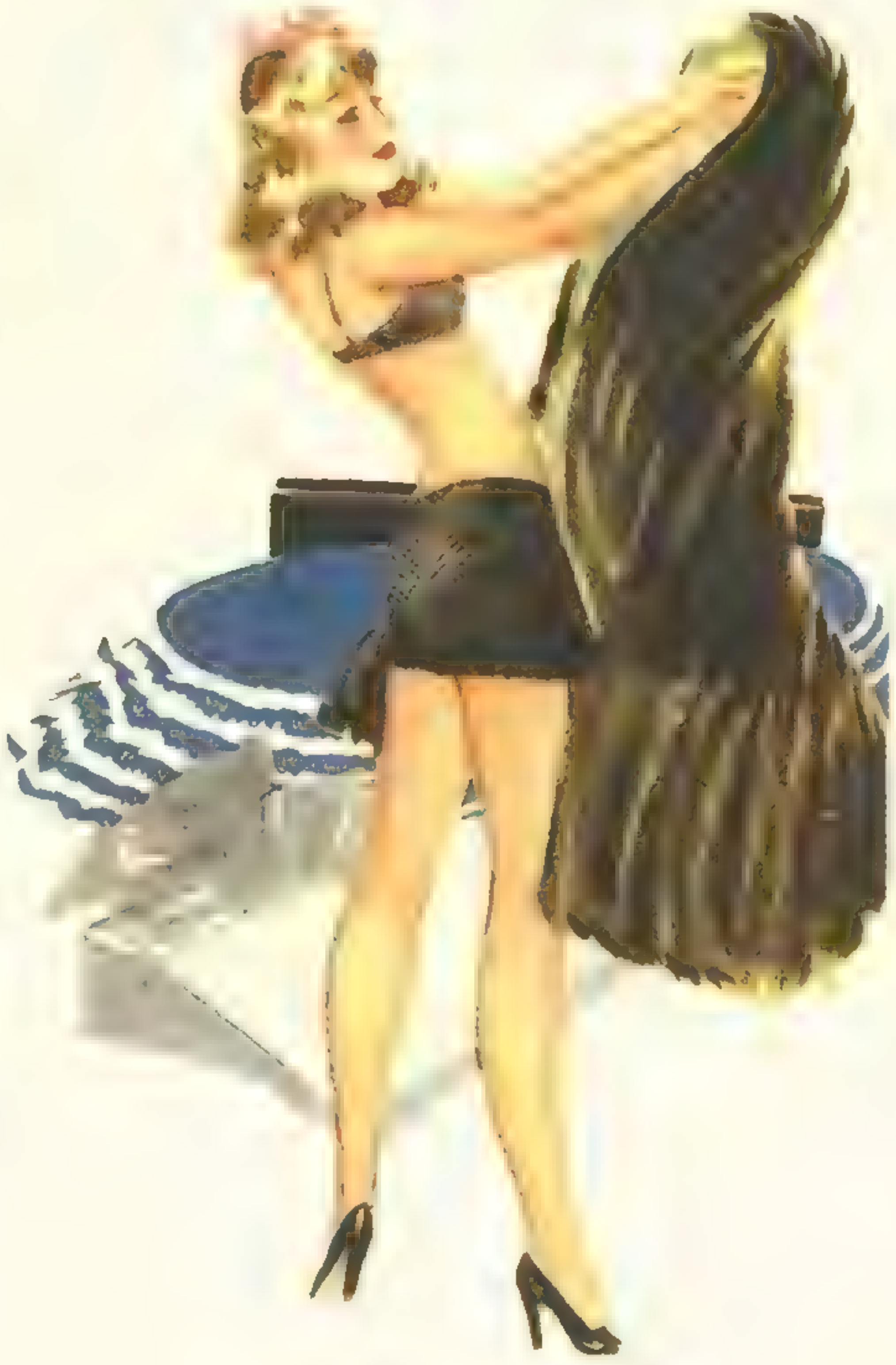


18-*To distribute at the shows!*

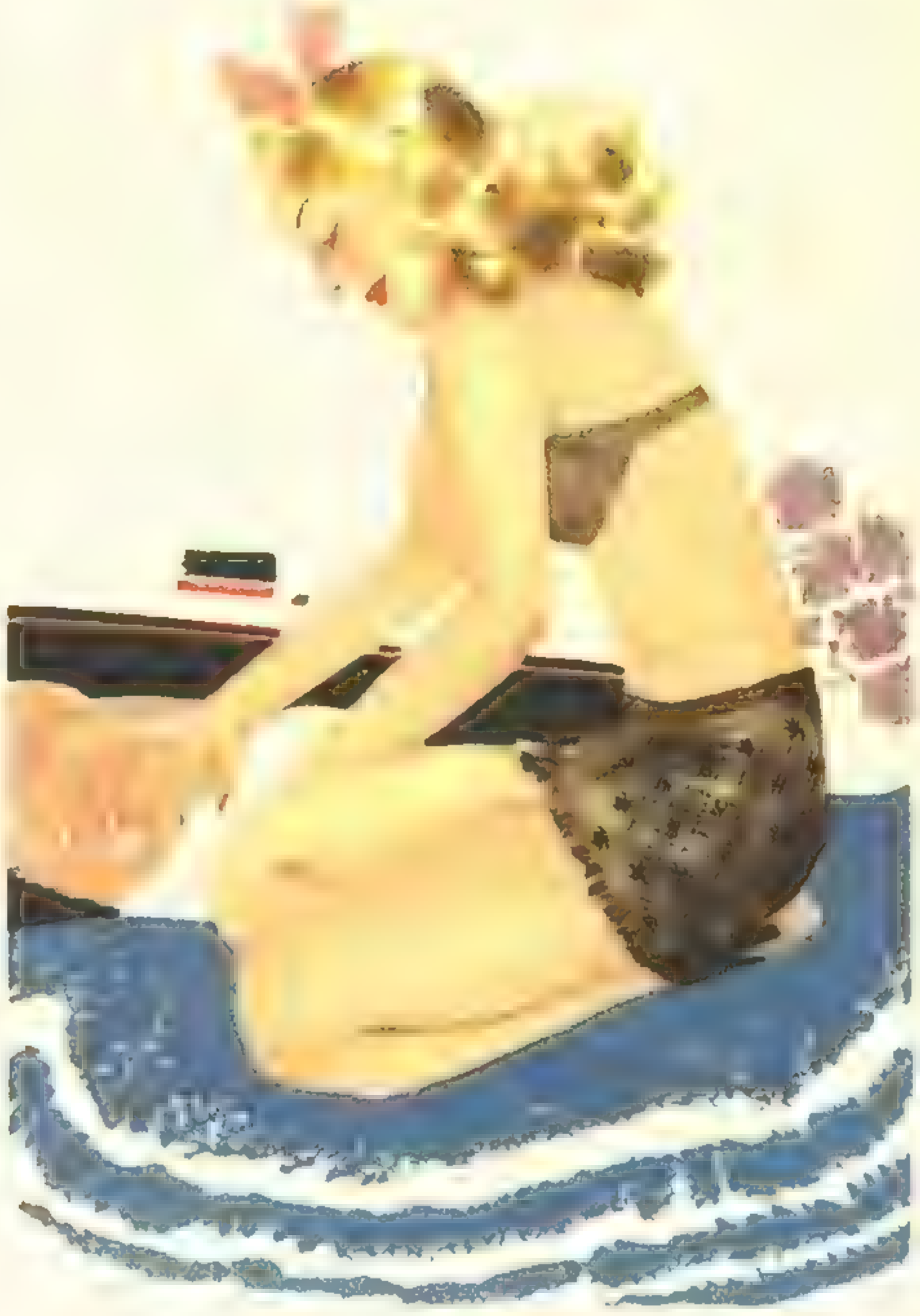
# *A little girl writes Santa Claus*—*by* PHIL STACK—*drawings by* E. SIMMS CAMPBELL


One gorgeous
mink coat!
Black silk
lingerie
4 dozen bottles
Town car
Hand made
shoes —
Diamond
bracelet -
Sterling Silver
Yacht
Tall handsome
Blue Fox

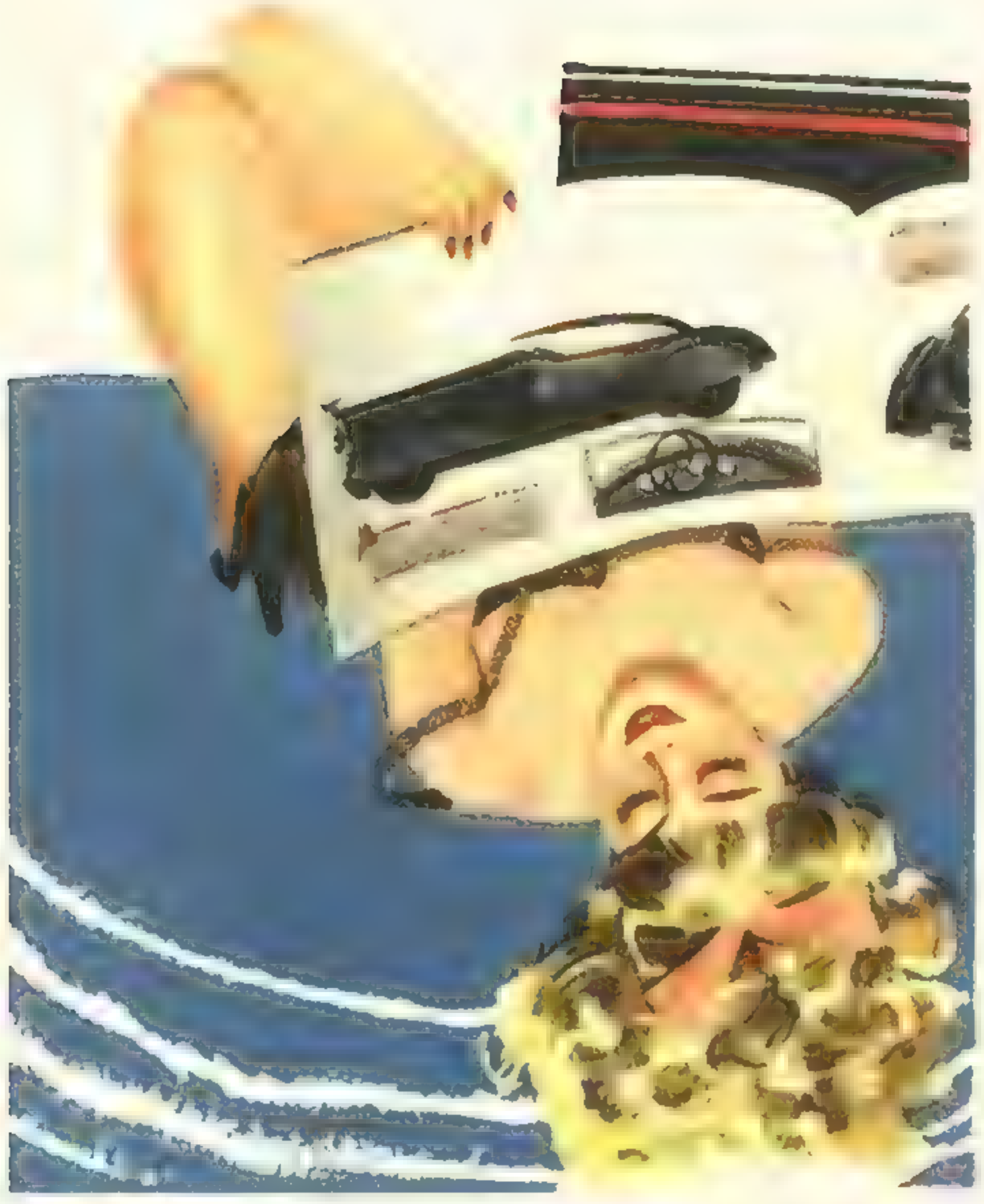
1-*Dear Santa: You will find my list*
*A simple one, I think . . .*



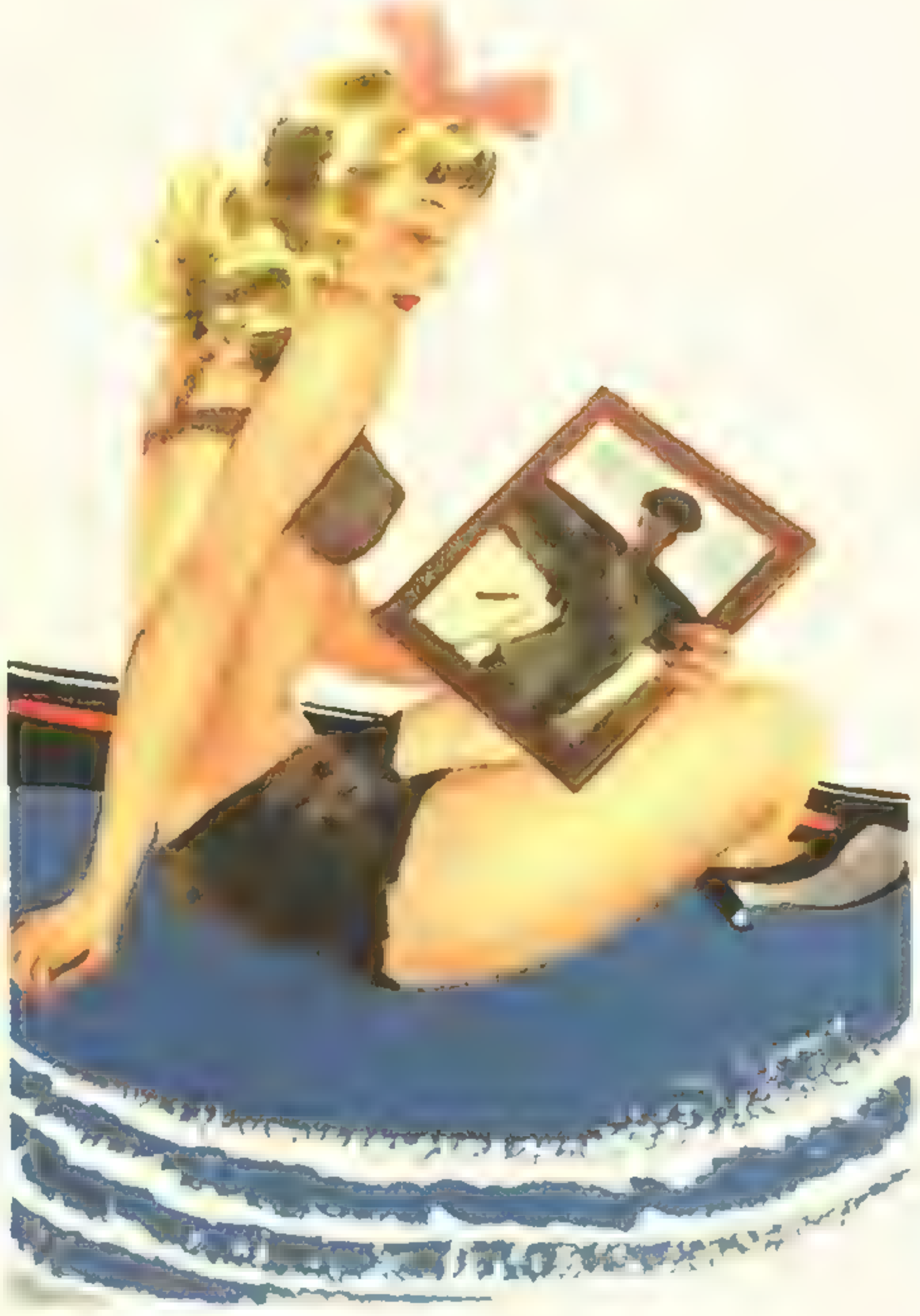
2-*My sable coat is wearing well,*
*But how's about a mink?*



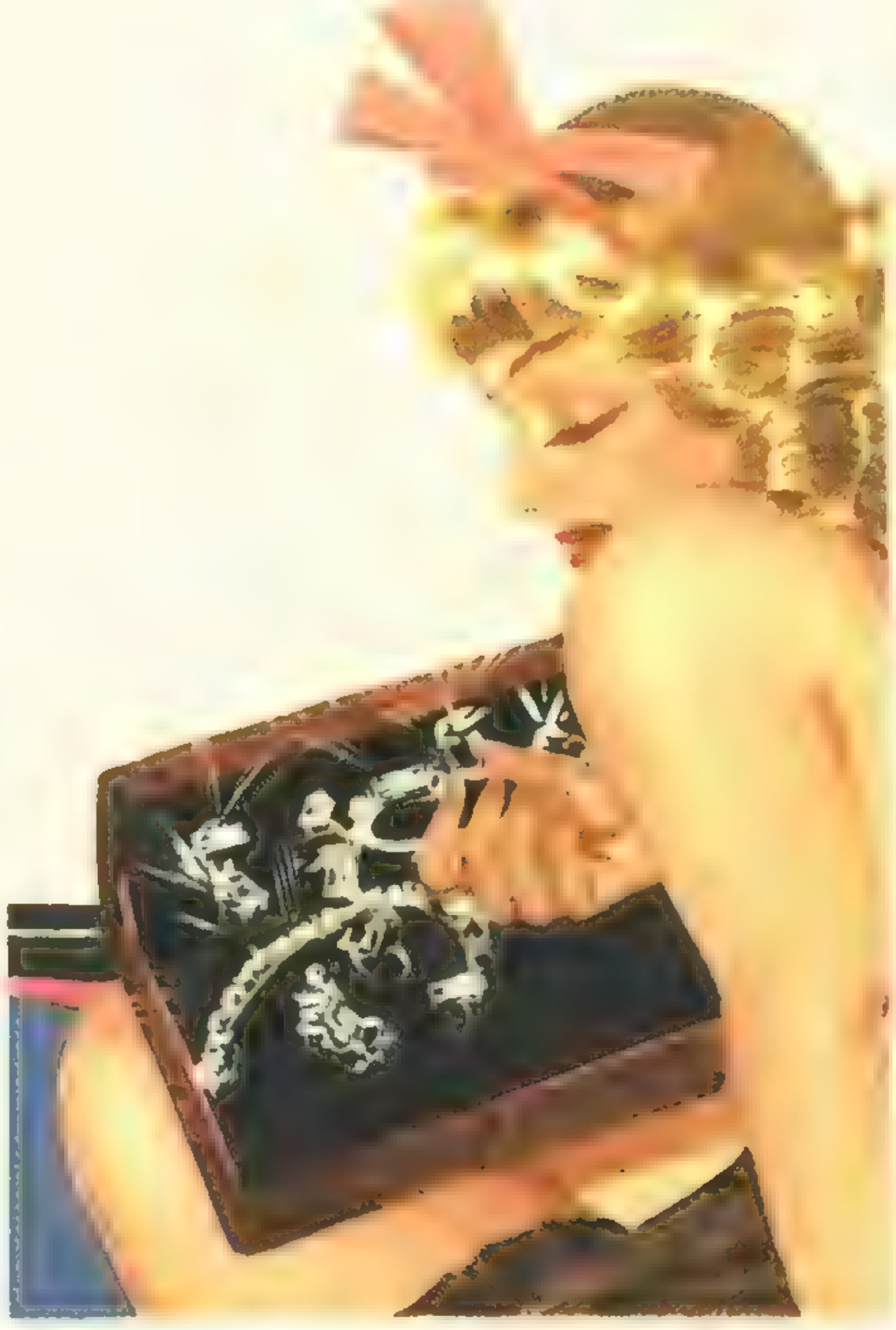
3-*And since you've always been to me*
*The nicest of all Santies,*



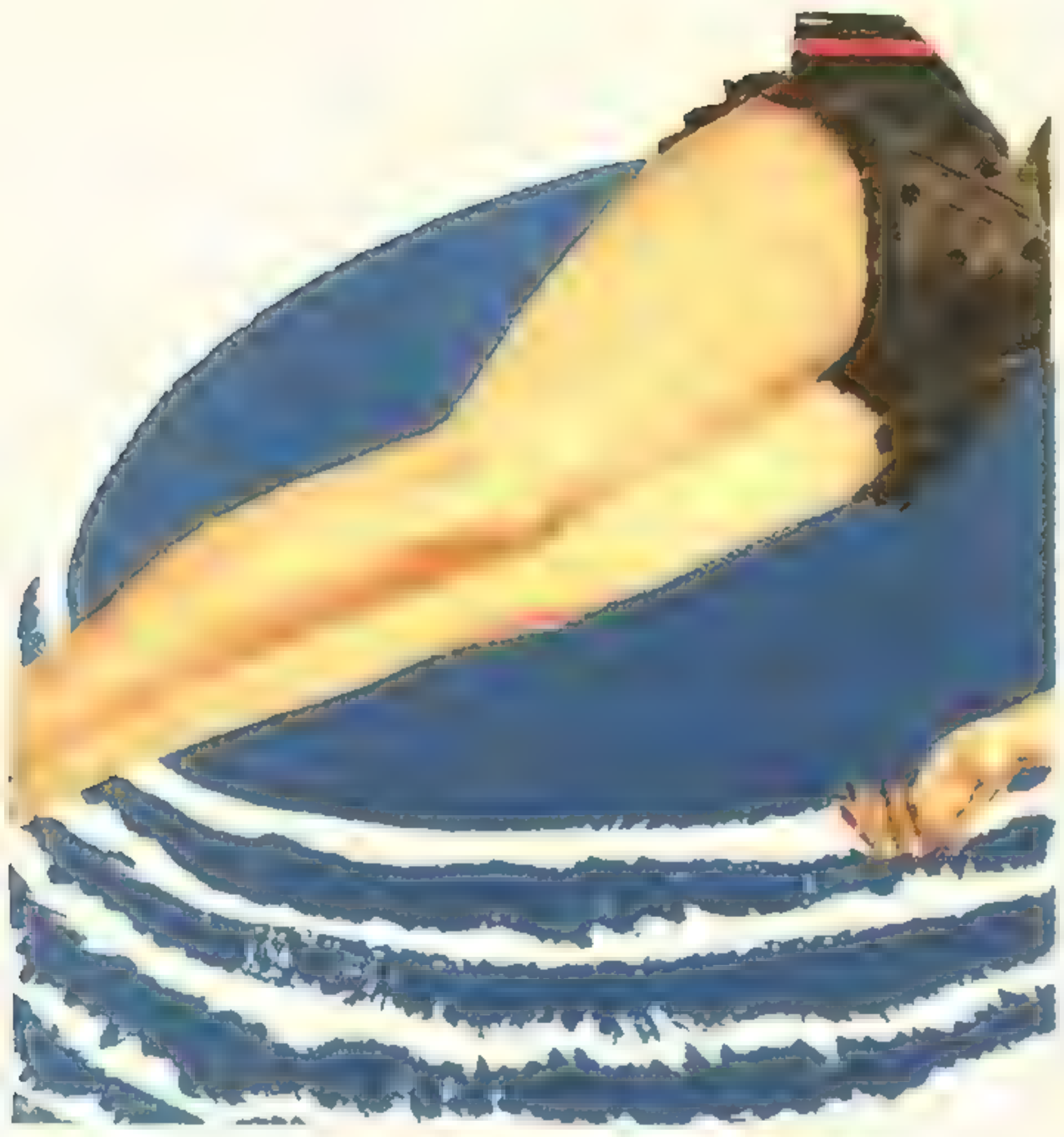
7-*A town car is a knick-knack*
*For which I* REALLY *hunger . . .*



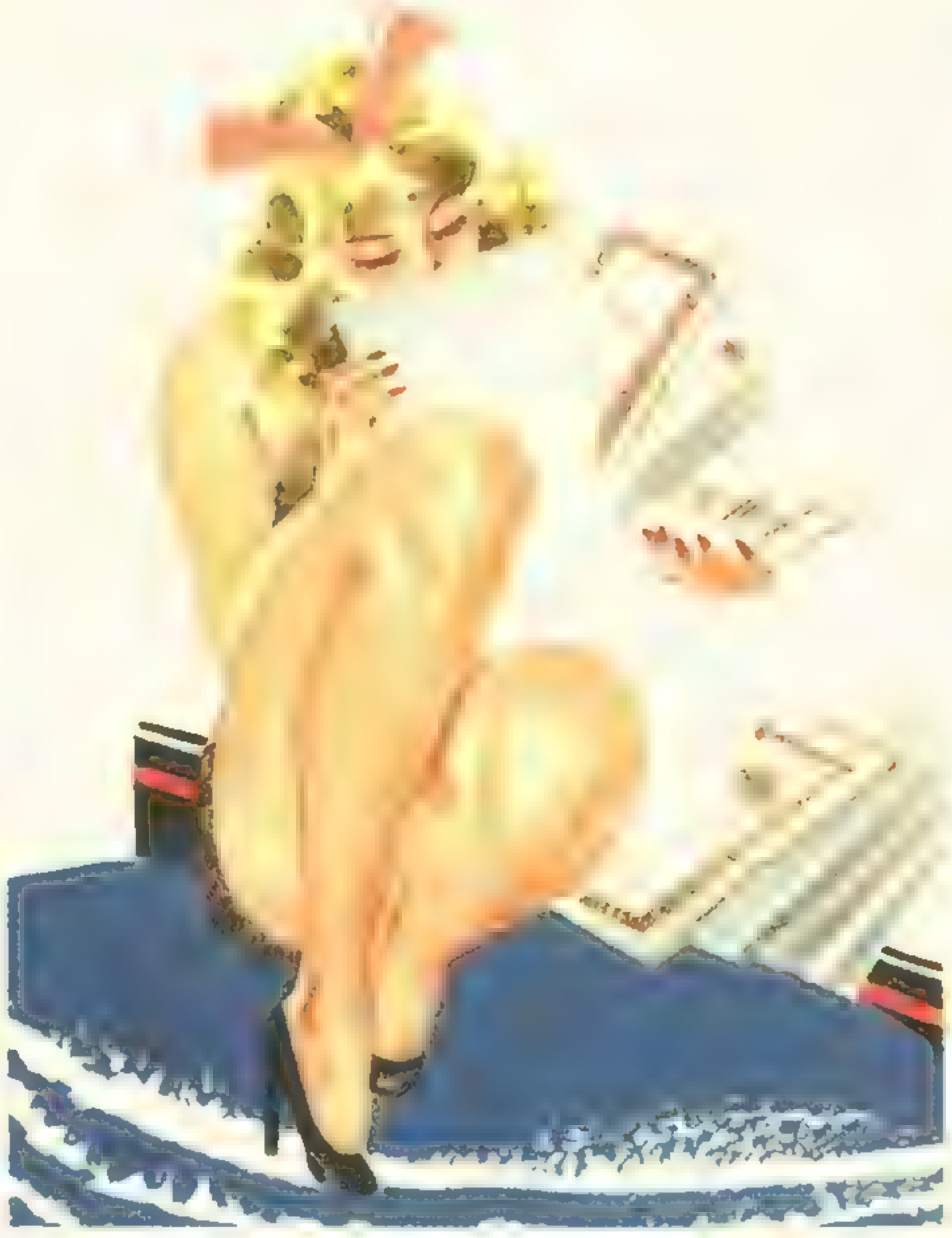
8-*And won't you make the new chauffeur*
*Say, just a trifle younger? . . .*



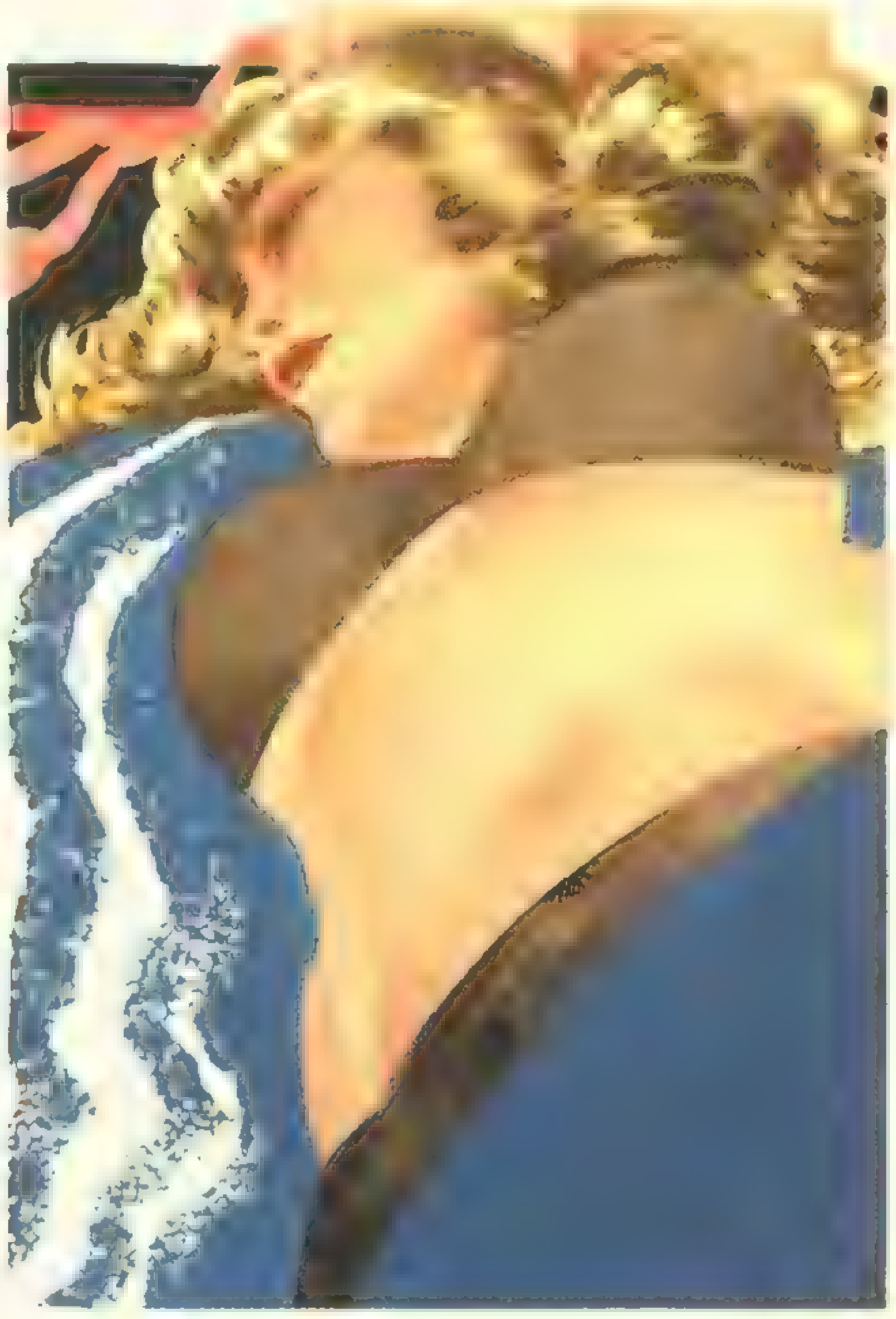
9-*My diamond rings are getting old*
*I wish that you'd replace them,*



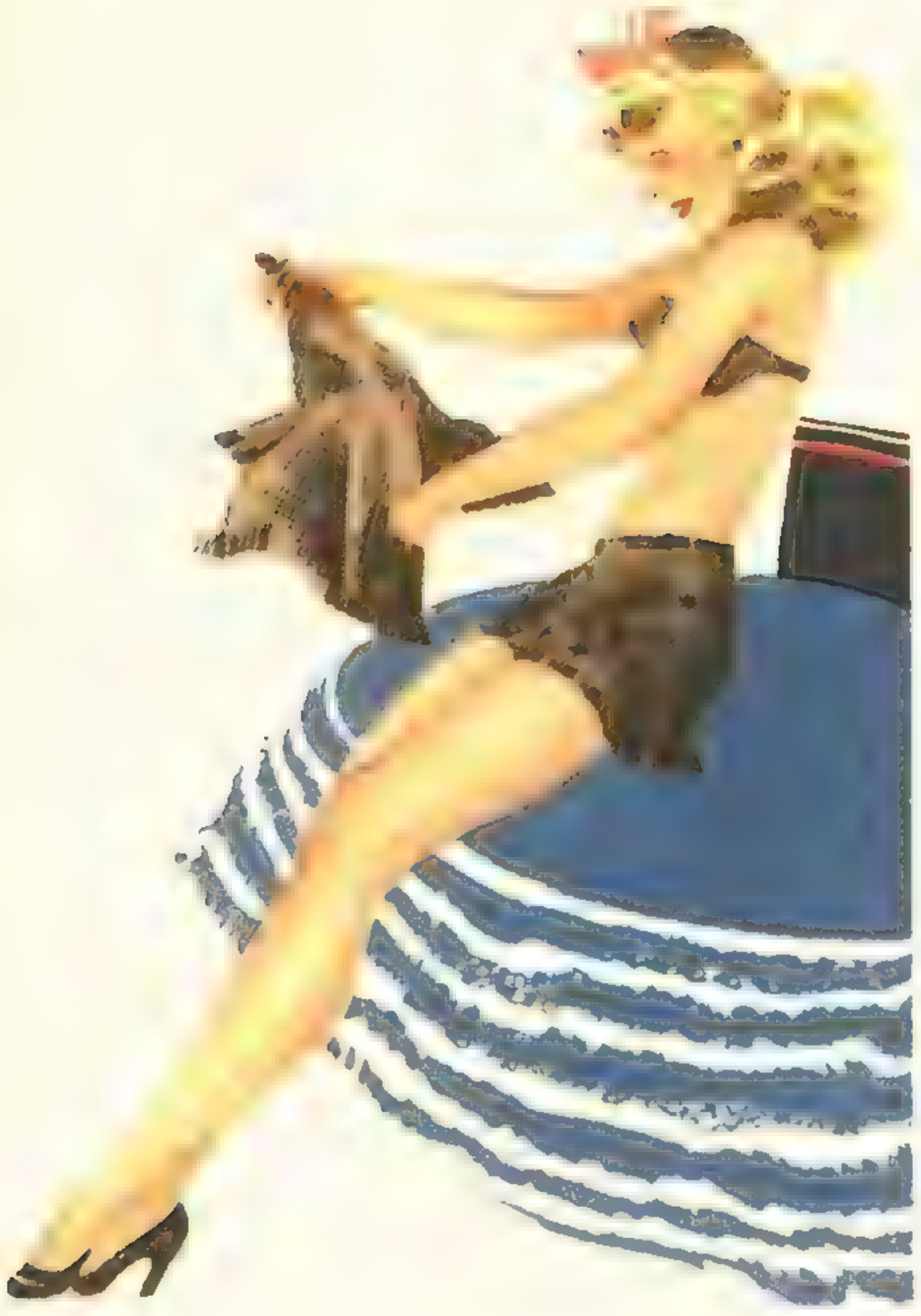
13-*The pace that he is setting*
*Is a strain on his endurance*



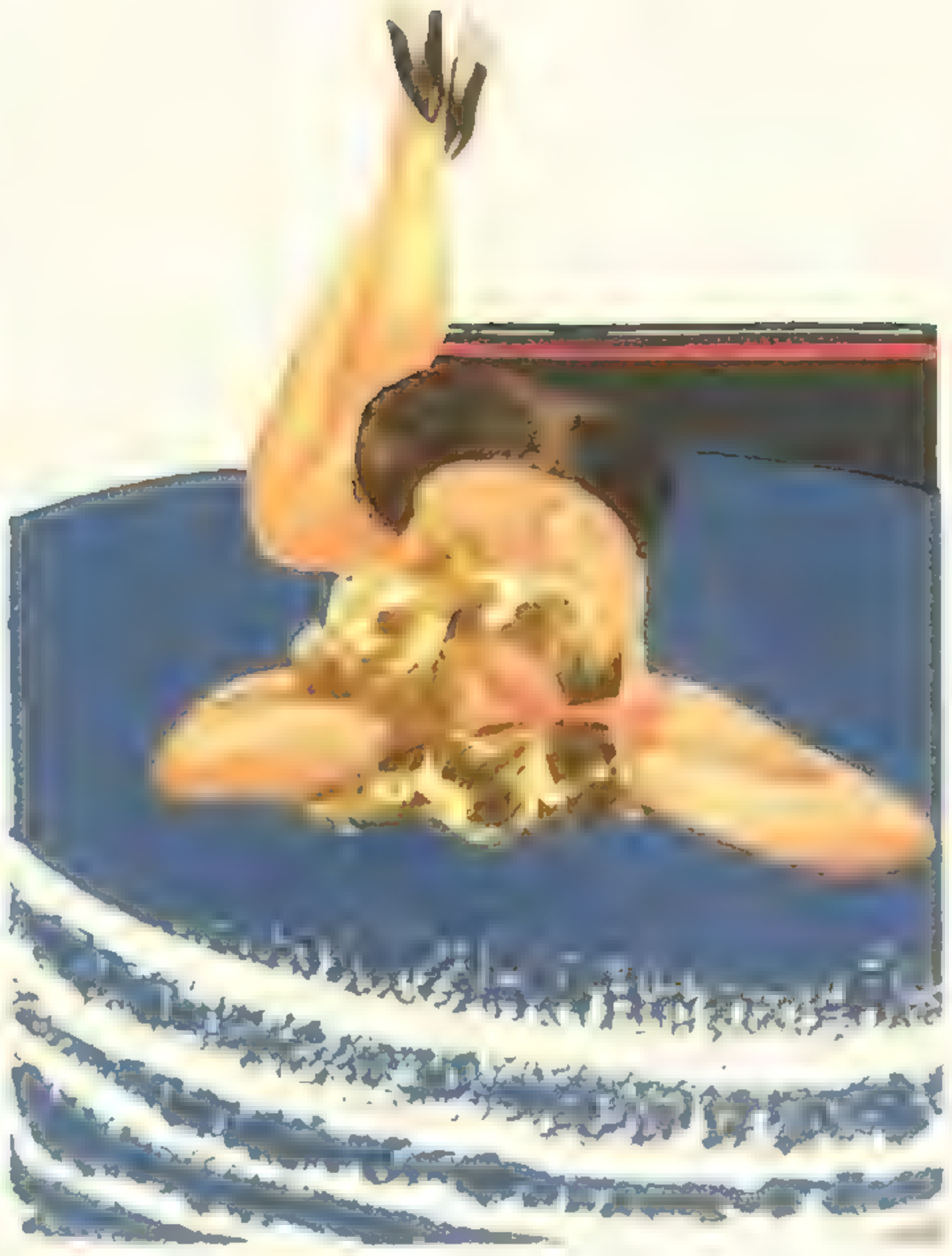
14-*And I'll be really worried*
*(Till he alters his insurance)*



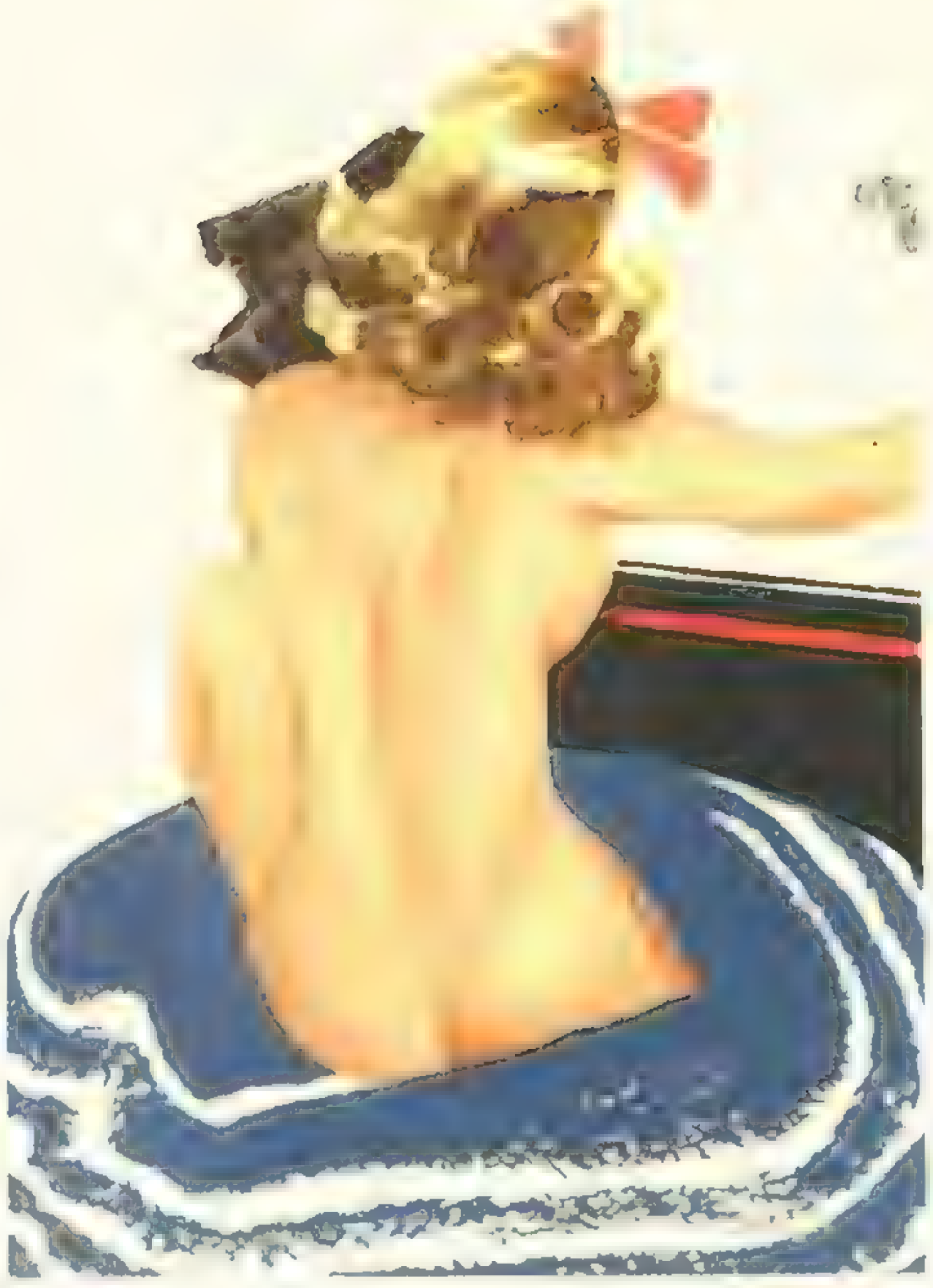
15-*And try to make him understand*
*My very modest wishes . . .*



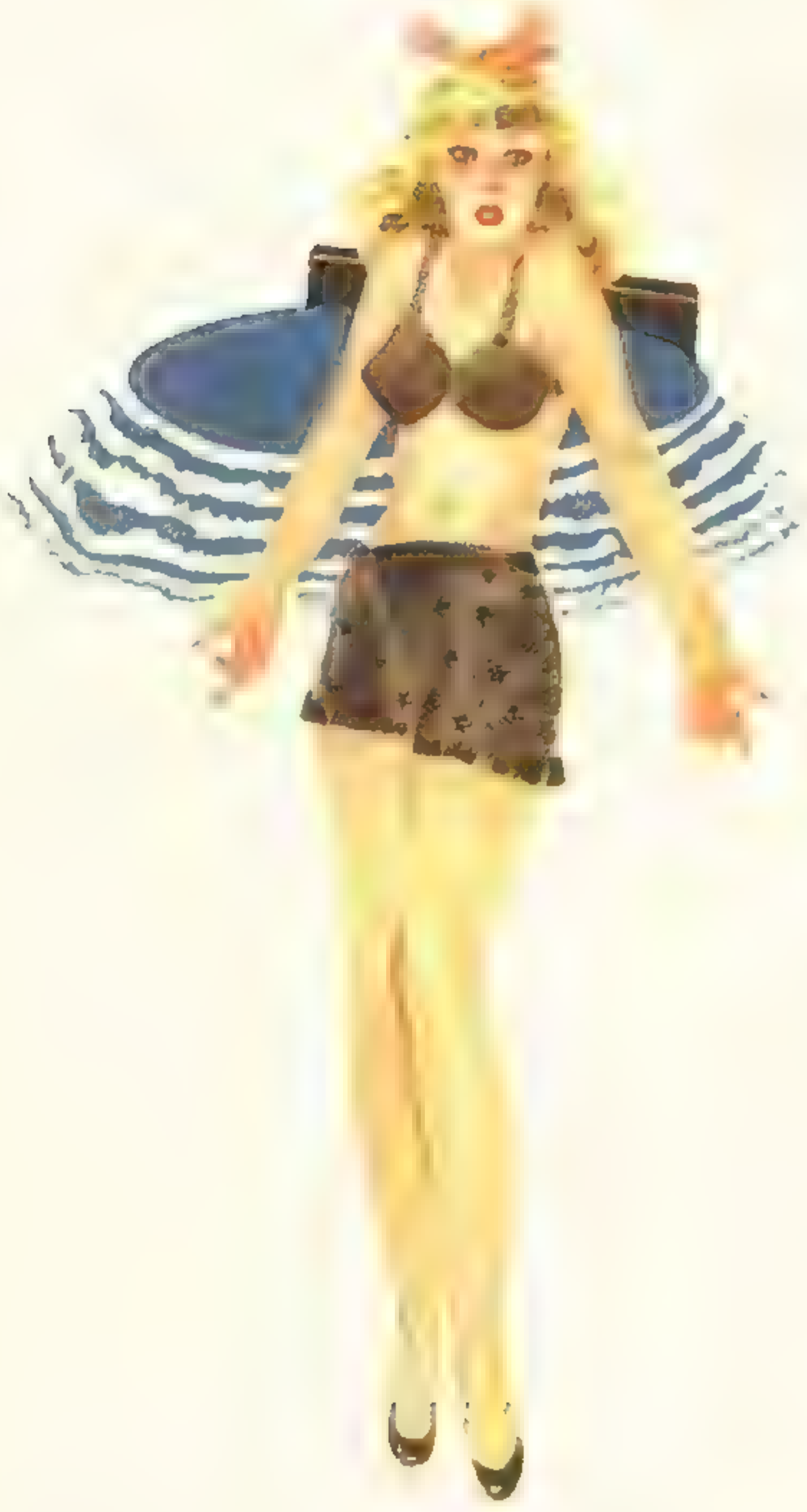
4-*Please send some jeweled zippers*
*For my go-to-meeting panties,*



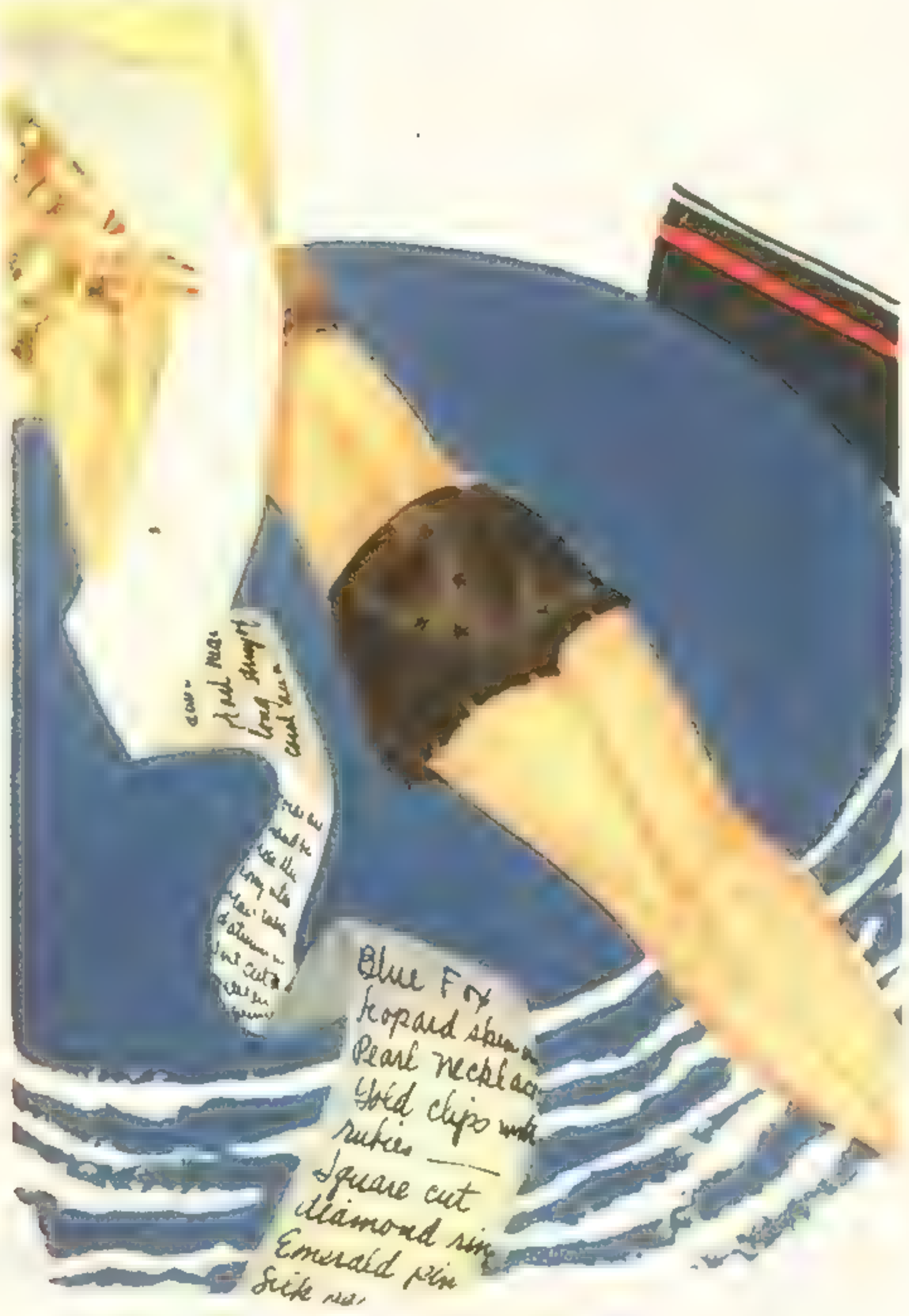
5-*I'd like some black silk lingerie*
*The kind I love to wear,*



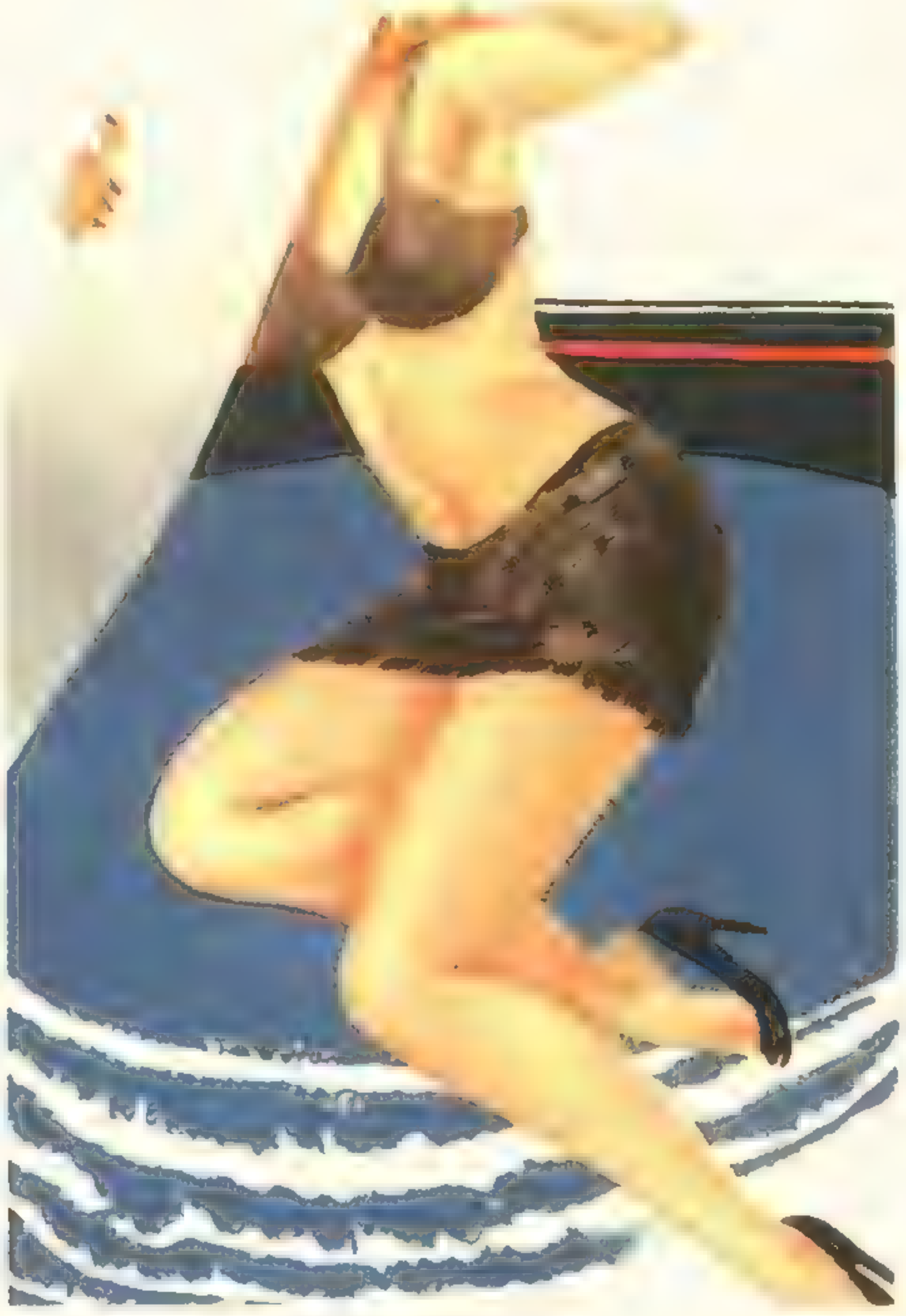
6-*Oh, yes, exotic perfume, too,*
*To sprinkle here and there,*



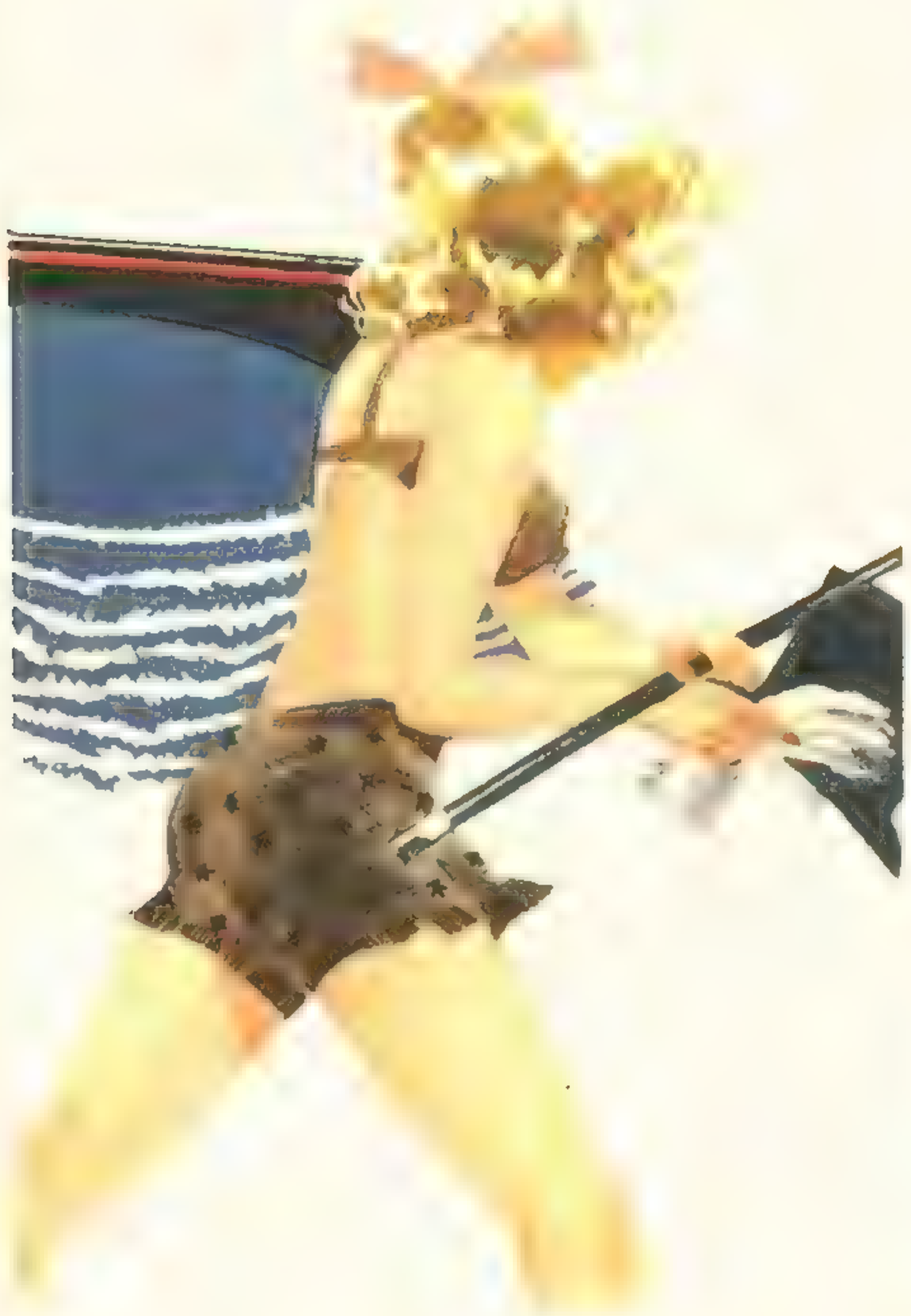
10-*When all my friends have brand-new jewels*
*I'm mortified to face them!*


Blue Fox
Leopard skin
Pearl necklac
Gold clips with
rubies
Square cut
diamond ring
Emerald pin
Silk

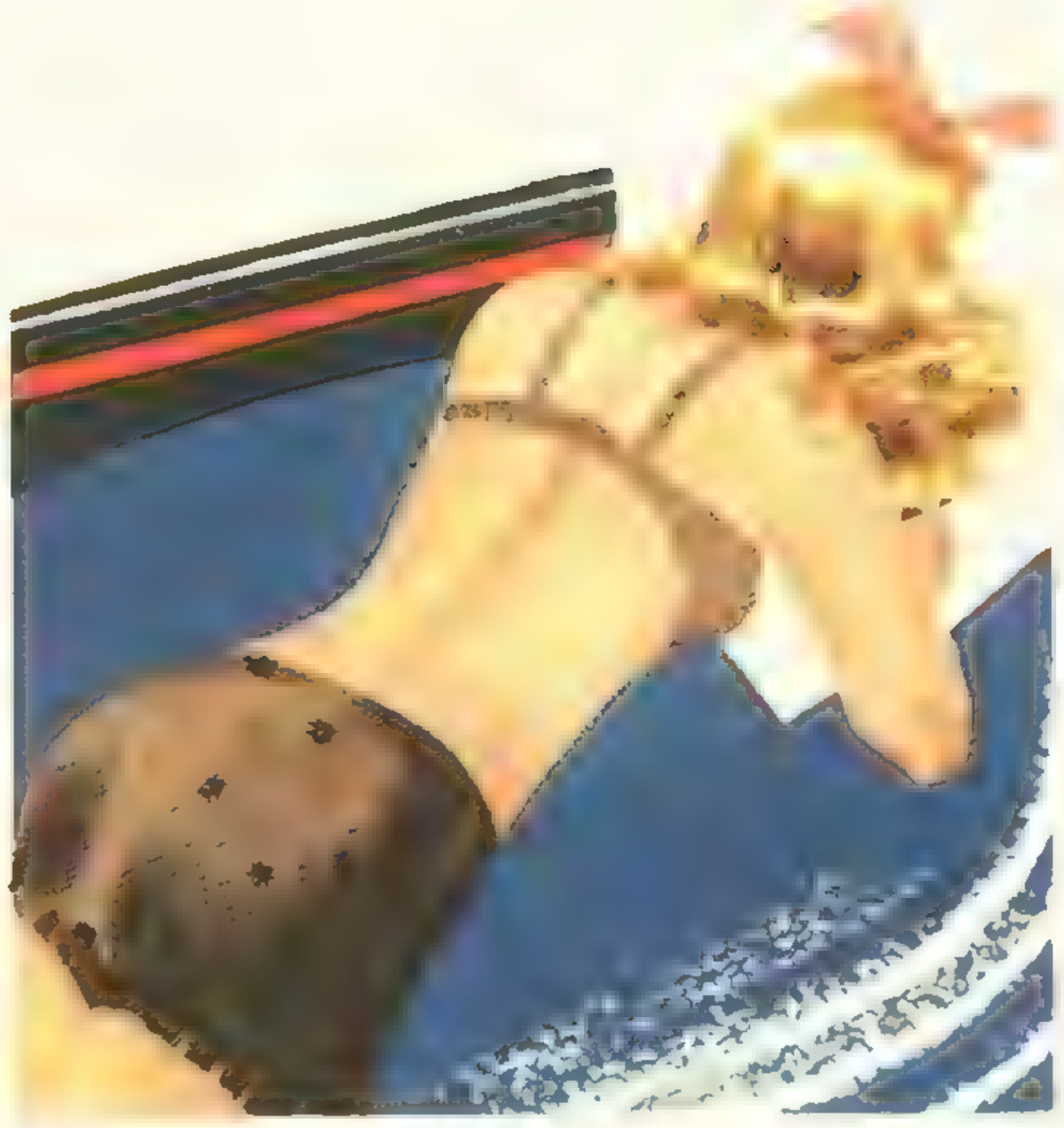
11-*And while I'm on the subject*
*I'll speak for Daddy Dear;*



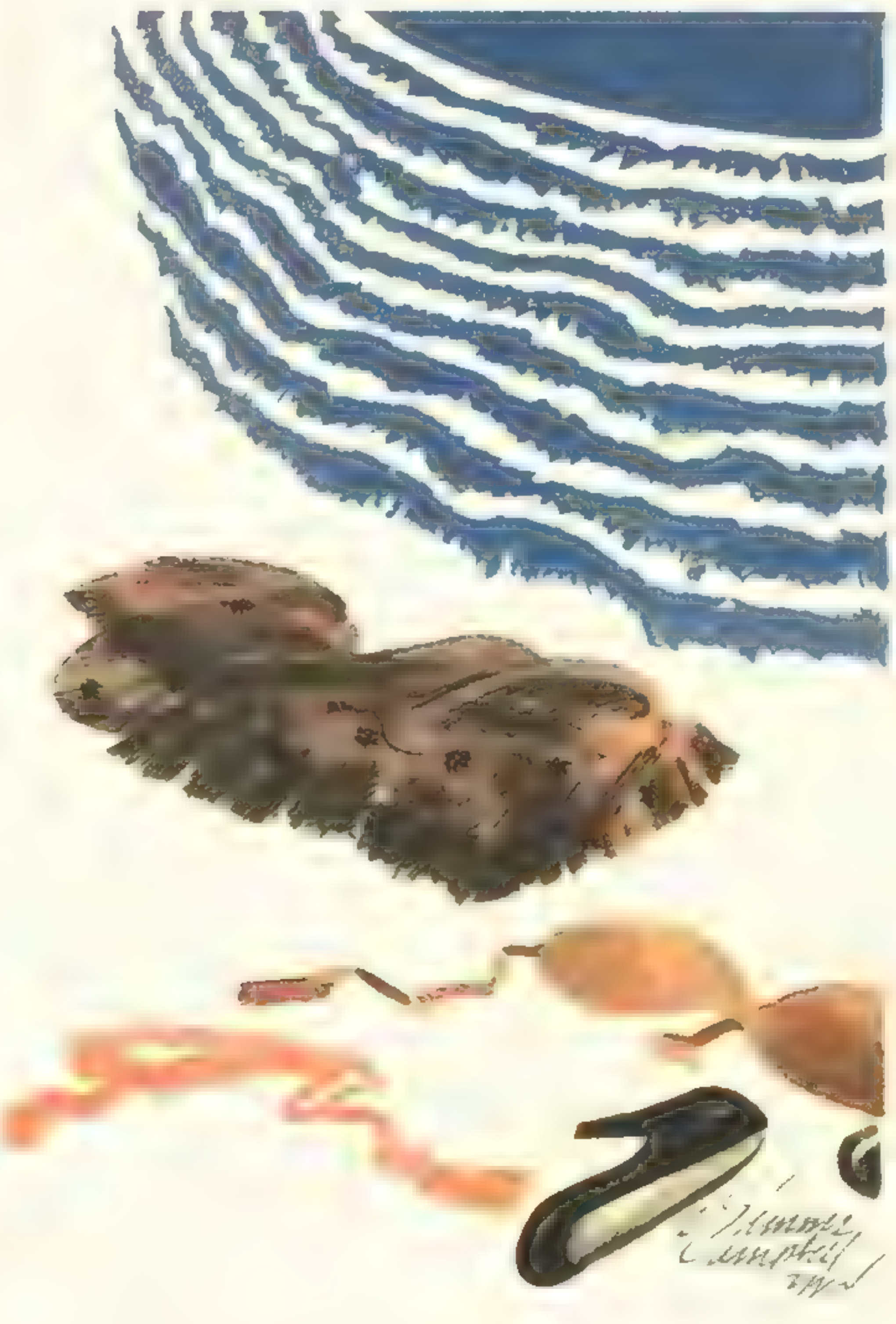
12-*Please keep him in the best of health*
*Throughout the coming year,*



16-*Please send him on some business trips*
*Or make him less suspicious!*



17-*And now I'll close, Dear Santa,*
*With love and kisses, too,*



18-*And in case you're interested*
I'LL BE WAITING UP FOR YOU!

# The Awakening of Jan

### The Irishman roamed his house like a wild horse, and crippled Jan felt quite powerless to get rid of him

### *by* CHARLES O'NEAL

▪ FICTION ▪

℞

Jan, the Polack, was the operator on the high speed lift at the Lucky Welshman mine in Gold Hill. He liked this new job. He had always worked below the surface hustling ore. Now he sat high above the landing level in a chair like a throne. The operating levers were in a row before him, vibrating with the whirling cable drum overhead. Their leashed power rippled through his hands and up his arms to his thick shoulders. He liked the feeling of power it gave him. He could almost get drunk on it. It made him feel like a king with power, quick and despotic, over machines, and men, and ore; everything that stepped aboard his lift. With the touch of his hand he could drop them half a mile into the hot, rifled mountain. Or whirl them upward to the white and windy daylight at a speed that made the miners catch their breath.

He needed that feeling of power now, very much. Since the accident things had not been right with him. Every time he glanced down at his right leg and saw how it ended in a stump, there where his right foot should have been, a panic stirred at the pit of his stomach. When he climbed down from his throne his kingship disappeared. He picked up his crutches and his royalty evaporated. He was Jan, the Polack, again; humble, and crippled.

Before the accident there had been a childlike vanity about Jan. He was intensely proud of his body. It was all he had, in a way. But it was a good body; heavy and strong and white. He liked to show it off in the contests the miners had on their picnics. He liked the appraising admiration in the eyes of the men and women when he stripped to the waist and took a few practice swings with the sixteen-pound sledge. He never minded when anyone scoffed that he was a Greek god from the neck down, but a dummy from the neck up.

Jan was no dummy. He had feelings, thoughts, desires, like any man. He just couldn't translate them into words. Words awed and dismayed him. When he had won his woman he hadn't done it with words; no indeed. Maybe it sounds silly but he had won her by showing off his physique. All through the previous summer when he was courting her he had taken her swimming. There was a nice pool just outside Reno. She seemed to like him better when she saw how other women stared at him.

When the mine reopened in Gold Hill he brought her with him to the ghost town. He called her Luba, for love. They took an old deserted house across the ravine from the mine. They had no neighbors on their lonely hillside, but Luba didn't mind that. She never liked other women. She was moody sometimes, but when she was in good spirits she would put him in the tub and bathe him when he came from the mine. Once he pulled her in with him, clothes and all. She had loved it.

Now he was a cripple, things were changed. His had been just another mine accident. The reopened old ghost mines had plenty of accidents. His right foot had been caught under a loaded ore truck twelve hundred feet beneath the surface. The truck wheel had smashed his foot so badly that the mine doctor had amputated it above the ankle. With the loss of that right foot Jan had lost something else. He had lost his sense of completeness as a man. No woman could love a cripple, he thought. No woman like Luba, anyway.

He was back at the Lucky Welshman before his leg stump had stopped aching. He couldn't bear to sit around the house where Luba could see him. It was humiliating to have her help him into his clothes and hand him his crutches. It was better to loaf around the mine office. When the chance came to be lift operator on the graveyard shift he jumped at it.

* * *

The buzzer sounded in his ear. The shift was coming up now. The woven-steel belt that hoisted the lift began to sing with a greasy rattle about the drum overhead. Jan watched the speeding cable for the mark warning him to apply the brake. It flashed past his eyes and he pushed forward the "up" lever, reducing the speed. At the same time he applied the brake. The brake was failing to take hold as it should. The lift slid to a stop several feet above the landing level.

"Hey!" yelled the shift foreman, "What are you trying to do, you Polack, wrap us around that drum cylinder?"

"The brake, she slipping," said Jan. He reversed the gears and brought the lift back level with the landing.

The foreman stepped out scowling. "You better have it fixed," he said.

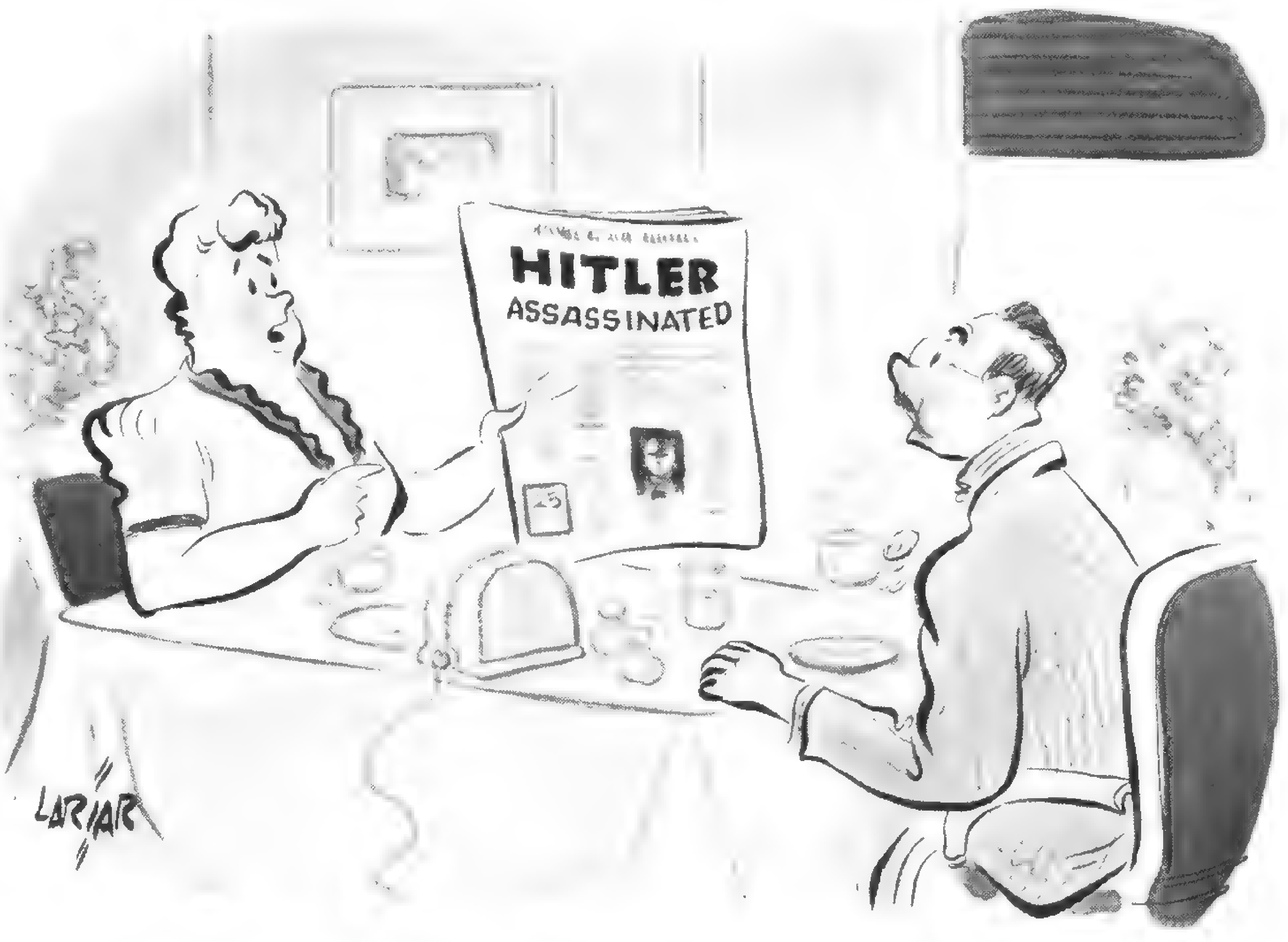
"I done report it," said Jan. He pushed the "down" lever and the lift dropped for another load. When the morning shift came on he warned the man who relieved him.

"Look out dat damn brake. She slipping again."

He took his crutches and vaulted down, waiting his turn to punch out his time card. Then he swung himself outside into Nevada's sharp morning sunlight. He blinked and braced himself against the wind, staring across toward his house. There was someone on his front porch. He needed no second look to tell him who it was. He started hurriedly down the hill. He knew it was useless to hurry but he couldn't help it. The crutches continued to grind sharply against his underarms.

The Irishman was there again. Jan hated him. He hated two things: the wind that

*Continued in center of page 243*



*"Good heavens! Only twenty-five shopping days till Christmas!!"*

# Preparedness, American-Style

## Describing the military activity that has made Oahu the strongest defended sea fortress in the world

### *by* JOSEPH BARBER, JR.

• ARTICLE •

TERRITORY OF HAWAII
1900
UA MAU KE EA O KA AINA I KA PONO

Suppose you lived on a beautiful, sub-tropical island, surrounded by towering coconut palms, flowering shrubs, and glistening coral beaches. And suppose, one fine morning, you were handed this communication:

"The high command announces that last night, aided by rain and cloud-darkened skies, an undetermined number of enemy troops were landed by boats and by parachutes dropped from attacking planes. The invaders are believed to be mingling with the civilian population, with the intention of destroying water supplies, food, communications, electric power, and other necessities.

"The governor has issued a proclamation co-ordinating with the high command all civil organizations and the entire civilian population."

Stripped of qualifying phrases, such as "it is assumed," and "in theory," the communication is reproduced substantially as it appeared recently in the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin.* Thus publicly, did the Hawaiian Department of the U. S. Army inaugurate the opening phase of the most extensive annual maneuvers in its history.

Maneuvers are an old story to Honolulu and the island of Oahu (pronounced O-ah-hoo). It could hardly be otherwise, considering that some 40,000 soldiers and sailors are permanently stationed there, in an area twenty miles by thirty. If you live in the nation's mid-Pacific community, you take as a matter of course the military activity that has made Oahu the strongest defended sea fortress in the world.

But today, as we consider the predicament of the British Isles and as we hasten to bolster American defenses with all the means at our disposal, the military status of Oahu takes on increased significance. For it is the bulwark of our defense in a sphere of periodically heightening tension; it has been preparing for years to cope with blitzkrieg or blockade and has worked out its own solution for some of the problems which rendered hazardous the defense of the British Isles; and it has succeeded in establishing an extraordinarily close relationship between military and civilian elements, which the mainland United States may find itself adopting presently on a wider, if less closely knit scale.

Why is Oahu the bulwark of our Pacific defense?

Because it is the only point from which an enemy, presumably Japan, could hope to launch a successful attack upon our West Coast. If you will look at a map of the Pacific (no map showing the whole area conveys an adequate impression of its vastness), you will see that Oahu is approximately 2100 miles from San Francisco, little more from Los Angeles. Bear in mind that an invader must first overcome the greatest obstacle in a Pacific war—distance. How can Japan, which the U. S. Navy makes no bones about considering as our potential enemy, conquer distance?

Well, the operating radius of the Japanese fleet—that is, the distance which it can go, conduct a campaign, and return—is estimated by naval authorities to be under 2500 miles. Oahu would do very nicely as a Japanese supply base—if it were available. But it isn't, and neither is any other within striking distance. For despite infrequent "scare" assertions of potential supply bases along the Canadian and Mexican coasts, neither of these areas possesses or could be made to possess, without our knowing it, the extensive facilities necessary to service a battle fleet. Even our new base at Dutch Harbor, in the Aleutian Islands, twenty-three hundred miles from Japan and seventeen hundred from Seattle, would not serve the purpose. Besides, our navy is confident that should Japan ever succeed in capturing it while the American fleet was engaged elsewhere, the base could be retaken.

Nevertheless, the navy is not relying solely upon an airtight defense of the inner zone stretching from Alaska to Hawaii to the Panama Canal. With the aid of Congressional appropriations, it is establishing listening posts on Midway, Johnston, Palmyra—a fringe of tiny coral islands to the west of Hawaii, designed to serve as plane and refueling bases. There in the mighty arc sweeping down from Kodiak, Alaska, through Dutch Harbor and the islands just mentioned, is the theoretical boundary of the U. S. main defense zone. And there, in the waters between Pearl Harbor, Oahu, and the islands, take place not only the weekly tactics of the powerful striking force based on Oahu but frequently, in recent months, the complicated maneuvers of the entire fleet.

The important thing to remember, however, is that successful fleet operations in this area—and in the projected outer defense zone beyond, with Guam as the spearhead—are absolutely dependent upon our possession of Oahu and of its superb naval facilities. For Pearl Harbor, once merely a naval coaling station, has been transformed into an industrial base that can do just about everything for warships, except build them. It can drydock our largest warships, refuel, repair, refit, and re-man them. Within its three finger-like locks the entire fleet can ride securely at anchor.

Ever since war broke out in Europe, the officers and men of the 14th Naval District (Pearl Harbor) have been working on an emergency basis, their operations keyed to wartime performance. Stationed permanently at the base is between fifteen and twenty per cent of the navy's total personnel (approximately 17,500 men), headed by a vice-admiral and six rear admirals. This is treble the force of the base a year ago. With the permanent assignment to Hawaii of more than thirty warships formerly based on the West Coast, Pearl Harbor now has half of the navy's heavy cruisers, a third of its new destroyers, the battle force's mine-craft, and scores of new bombers, patrol planes, and submarines.

Week after week, units of the Hawaiian detachment slip out to sea for secret operations. The naval problems with which they are concerned are, of course, never publicly divulged; yet it is known that, among other things, they are constantly endeavoring to cope with special defense problems which have arisen in the European war. Whenever there has been a noteworthy naval engagement, it is a safe assumption that it has received the serious consideration of the detachment—in some cases, such as the running battle between the Graf Spee and British warships, and naval encounters in the North Sea and Mediterranean, re-enactments of the frays have

*Continued on page 224*

# Booby Trap for National Defense

### Why keep our aircraft factories in California, a terrific fire hazard and an invitation to naval gunners?

### *by* JOHN EDWIN HOGG

▪ ARTICLE ▪

IF AMERICANS wish to be certain that this country will go down to defeat in any war of the future, our best guarantee of *Peace at the Enemy's Price*—short of scuttling the U. S. Navy, is to concentrate vital war industries further in areas where the enemy can most conveniently get at them. The U. S. War and Navy Departments have long been well-aware of this. The setting of such booby traps for national security as we have already created, should now, in the light of recent world events, be equally obvious to any alert schoolboy.

Until very recently much of the world was still skeptical of the so-called "fantastic" predictions made a few years ago for military air power by the late newsprint nabob, Arthur Brisbane. Ditto for the late General William E. (Billy) Mitchell, one-time Chief of the U. S. Army Air Service. Now the very Brass Hats who ridiculed "Whizbrain"—who succeeded in getting General Mitchell "kicked-out" of the army, are scratching dandruff and asking: "What about our war industries? Where are we going to put the great plants we'll have to build to turn out 50,000 airplanes and establish production capacity for 50,000 per year?"

With time as a paramount factor in the national rearmament program, the leading aircraft manufacturers assure us that speedy delivery of 50,000 airplanes will best be accomplished by enlarging their present plants in existing centers of the industry. To this the government has serious objections—it is demanding, for the most valid of reasons, that the aircraft industry as well as every other vital national defense industry must be spread out, hidden, tucked away in portions of the country remote from the seacoasts—where we can at least expect to put a military enemy to some slight inconvenience in getting at them.

Of course, every literate American knows most of the big names in the U. S. aircraft industry. But how many of those same loyal and literate citizens have really given serious thought to the military geography of that industry?

Run through the list and note the addresses: Douglas, Santa Monica, California; Lockheed, Burbank, California; North American, Inglewood, California; Timm, Glendale, California; Vultee, Downey, California; Northrup, Inglewood, California; Consolidated, San Diego, California; Ryan, also San Diego. These are just the big shots, excepting some twenty-five per cent of the industry such as Glenn L. Martin, Baltimore, Maryland; Boeing, Seattle, Washington, etc. Boiled down to a single hair-raising fact: Roughly three-fourths of all U. S. aircraft industries are lined up like a row of ten pins for the purposes of possible military enemies—literally on the beaches, along 130 miles of southern California seacoast!

On my desk, as these lines are written, I have a large-scale map of California. Upon it, with a red pencil, I've drawn a ring around each spot which is the location of any part of the nation's aircraft industries. Phew! The map looks like a case of measles, but a glance at it reveals a situation that is a terrible headache for the U. S. War and Navy Departments. To understand what this map shows, one needs only the most rudimentary knowledge of military and naval tactics and strategy to realize that about seventy-five per cent of our aircraft industries could not have been put in more vulnerable positions if the builders had picked the locations with the deliberate intention of seeking the greatest possible risks to acts of military aggression!

Far from being spread out over the huge state of California, these aviation industrial plants are heavily concentrated in the Los Angeles metropolitan area. Those outside this area are scattered along the sea shore of the three southern coastal counties of California. By reason of their position, and as military objectives slated for destruction by any intelligent enemy at war with the United States, they are perfectly arranged for three possible methods of attack: (1) By gunfire from naval ships, (2) by aerial bombing by long-range bombers released from airplane carriers far out in the Pacific or from distant Pacific island air bases, and (3) by aerial incendiary attack directed against the high, seasonal fire hazard of the California forests and watersheds upon which a semi-arid state is completely dependent!

For at least a decade the ever-increasing concentration of the aircraft industries in southern California has been a source of concern to the War and Navy Departments. There have been numerous ugly rumblings in the national capital. Several times Congress has been urged to enact legislation specifying that no more contracts for army and navy aircraft would be awarded to certain manufacturers, if by stipulated dates their plants were still located in California. But nothing has ever come out of such proposals. The airplane factories have continued to grow and expand like an infestation of kraut-weeds—fattening upon military orders and the almost incredibly rapid development of commercial aviation.

Now, with "Blitzkrieg" suddenly injected into the vocabulary of every language—America, last resort of democratic liberty, has suddenly awakened to the ghastly realization that our once "splendid isolation" is gone; that all our previous conceptions of national defense are as inadequate and obsolete as a Civil War musket. Like a man walking into a cageful of drugged lions, only to make the discovery that the effect of the drug has worn off—the price of peace now is war at the present sources of war, or billions upon billions of dollars and resources to be poured into defensive armament. We'd rather put all that money and effort into social services, but unless we spend it now and revamp our entire program of national defense we face the prospect of seeing our country go the route of other now-toppled, peace-loving nations! Short of a miracle we've done nothing to deserve, peace for us has been hurled into a highly precarious balance—and if we succeed in remaining at peace, it may be at a cost in armament more devastating than war.

But since we are already into the armament race, what about our military aircraft factories? The world's largest one, also the largest builder of airplanes for the U. S. Army and Navy is the Douglas Aircraft Company, at Santa Monica, California. This gigantic plant sprawls over some two thousand acres of ground on a low plateau just two miles from the tidewaters of Santa Monica Bay. Santa Monica Bay is broad and

*Continued in center of page 230*

# A Patriotic Short

### Was that a way to treat a man who had owned a swimming pool and lunched with a President?

### *by* F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

• FICTION •

PAT HOBBY, the writer and the Man, had his great success in Hollywood during what Irvin Cobb refers to as "the mosaic swimming-pool age—just before the era when they had to have a shinbone of St. Sebastian for a clutch lever."

Mr. Cobb no doubt exaggerates, for when Pat had his pool in those fat days of silent pictures, it was entirely cement, unless you should count the cracks where the water stubbornly sought its own level through the mud.

"But it *was* a pool," he assured himself one afternoon more than a decade later. Though he was now more than grateful for this small chore he had assigned him by producer Berners—one week at two-fifty—all the insolence of office could not take that memory away.

He had been called in to the studio to work upon an humble short. It was based on the career of General Fitzhugh Lee who fought for the Confederacy and later for the U.S.A. against Spain—so it would offend neither North nor South. And in the recent conference Pat had tried to co-operate.

"I was thinking—" He suggested to Jack Berners, "—that it might be a good thing if we could give it a Jewish touch."

"What do you mean?" demanded Jack Berners quickly.

"Well I thought—the way things are and all, it would be a sort of good thing to show that there were a number of Jews in it too."

"In what?"

"In the Civil War." Quickly he reviewed his meager history. "They were, weren't they?"

"Naturally," said Berners, with some impatience, "I suppose everybody was except the Quakers."

"Well, my idea was that we could have this Fitzhugh Lee in love with a Jewish girl. He's going to be shot at curfew so she grabs a church bell—"

Jack Berners leaned forward earnestly.

"Say, Pat, you want this job, don't you? Well, I told you the story. You got the first script. If you thought up this tripe to please me you're losing your grip."

Was that a way to treat a man who had once owned a pool which had been talked about by—

That was how he happened to be thinking about his long lost swimming pool as he entered the shorts department. He was remembering a certain day over a decade ago in all its details, how he had arrived at the studio in his car driven by a Filipino in uniform; the deferential bow of the guard at the gate which had admitted car and all to the lot, his ascent to that long lost office which had a room for the secretary and was really a director's office . . .

His reverie was broken off by the voice of Ben Brown, head of the shorts department, who walked him into his own chambers.

"Jack Berners just phoned me," he said, "We don't want any new angles, Pat. We've got a good story. Fitzhugh Lee was a dashing cavalry commander. He was a nephew of Robert E. Lee and we want to show him at Appomattox, pretty bitter and all that. And then show how he became reconciled—we'll have to be careful because Virginia is swarming with Lees—and how he finally accepts a U.S. commission from President McKinley—"

Pat's mind darted back again into the past. The President—that was the magic word that had gone around that morning many years ago. The President of the United States was going to make a visit to the lot. Everyone had been agog about it—it seemed to mark a new era in pictures because a President of the United States had never visited a studio before. The executives of the company were all dressed up—from a window of his long lost Beverly Hills house Pat had seen Mr. Maranda, whose mansion was next door to him, bustle down his walk in a cutaway coat at nine o'clock, and had known that something was up. He thought maybe it was clergy but when he reached the lot he had found it was the President of the United States himself who was coming . . .

"Clean up the stuff about Spain," Ben Brown was saying, "The guy that wrote it was a red and he's got all the Spanish officers with ants in their pants. Fix up that."

In the office assigned him Pat looked at the script of *True to Two Flags*. The first scene showed General Fitzhugh Lee at the head of his cavalry receiving word that Petersburg had been evacuated. In the script Lee took the blow in pantomime, but Pat was getting two-fifty a week—so, casually and without effort, he wrote in one of his favorite lines:

LEE: *(to his officers)*
*Well, what are you standing here gawking for? DO something!*

6. *Medium Shot. Officers pepping up, slapping each other on back, etc.*
*Dissolve to:*

To what? Pat's mind dissolved once more into the glamorous past. On that happy day in the twenties his phone had rung at about noon. It had been Mr. Maranda.

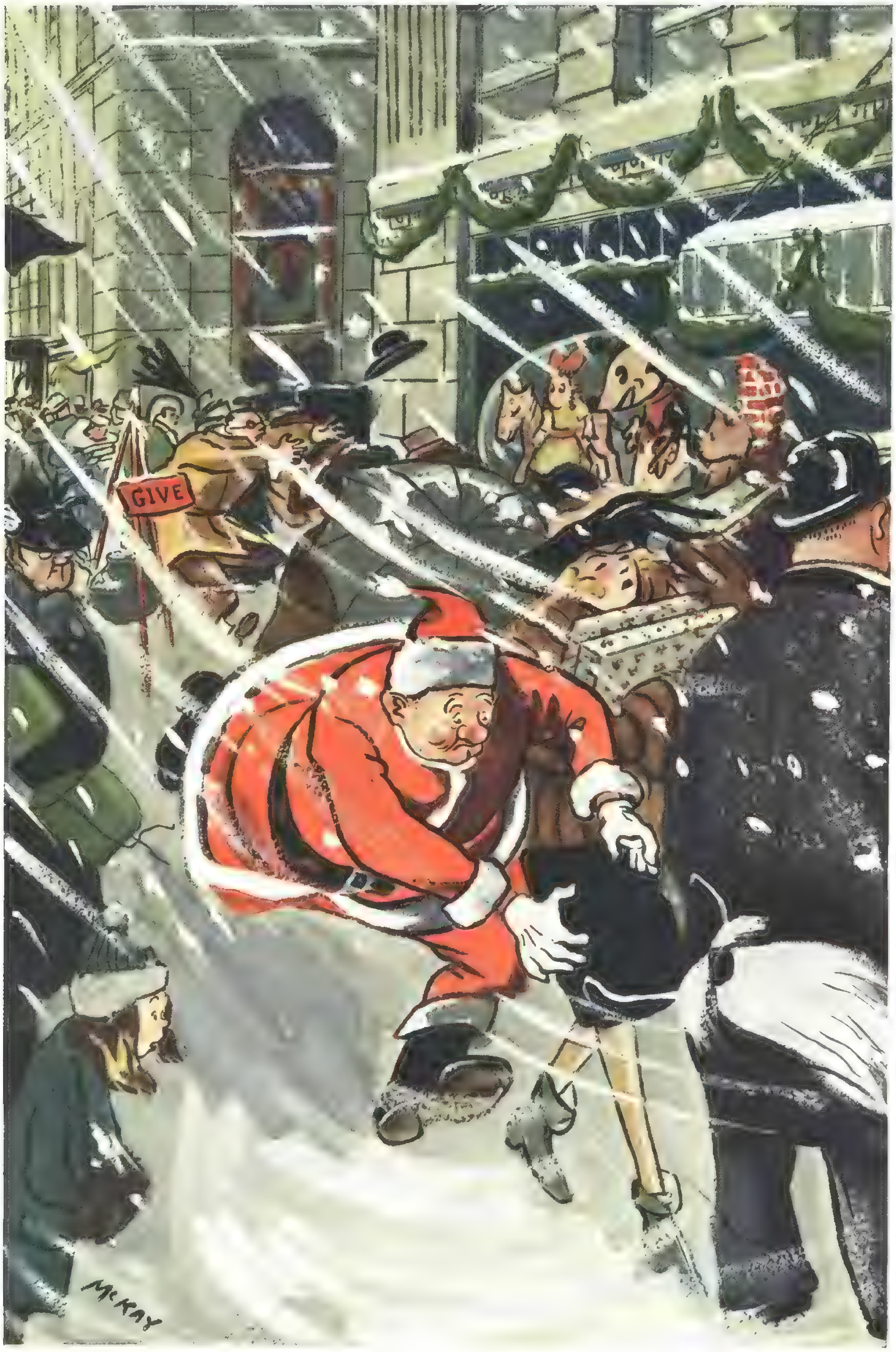
"Pat, the President is lunching in the private dining room. Doug Fairbanks can't come so there's a place empty and anyhow we think there ought to be one writer there."

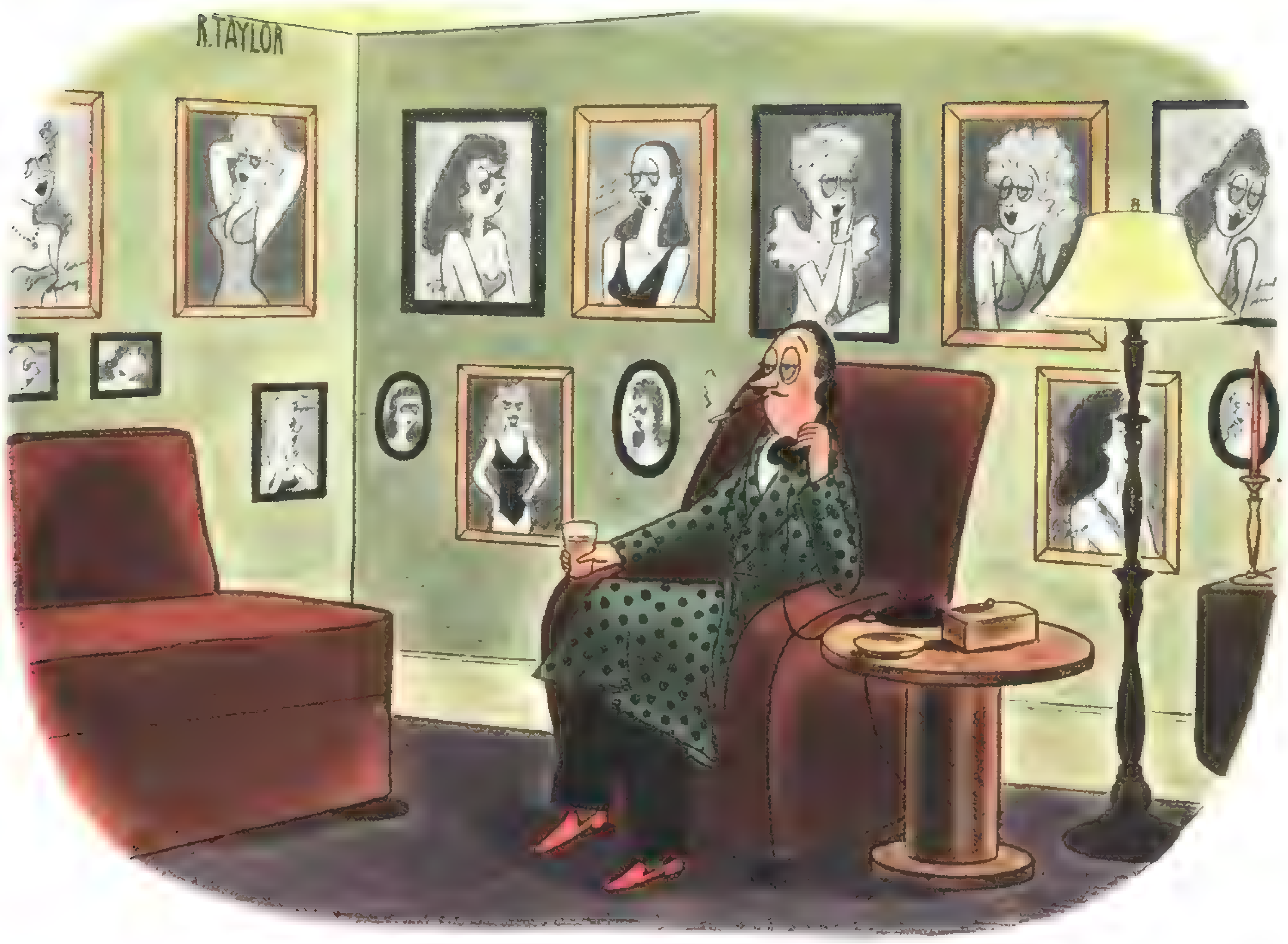
His memory of the luncheon was palpitant with glamor. The Great Man had asked some questions about pictures and had told a joke and Pat had laughed and laughed with the others—all of them solid men together—rich, happy and successful.

Afterwards the President was to go on some sets and see some scenes taken and still

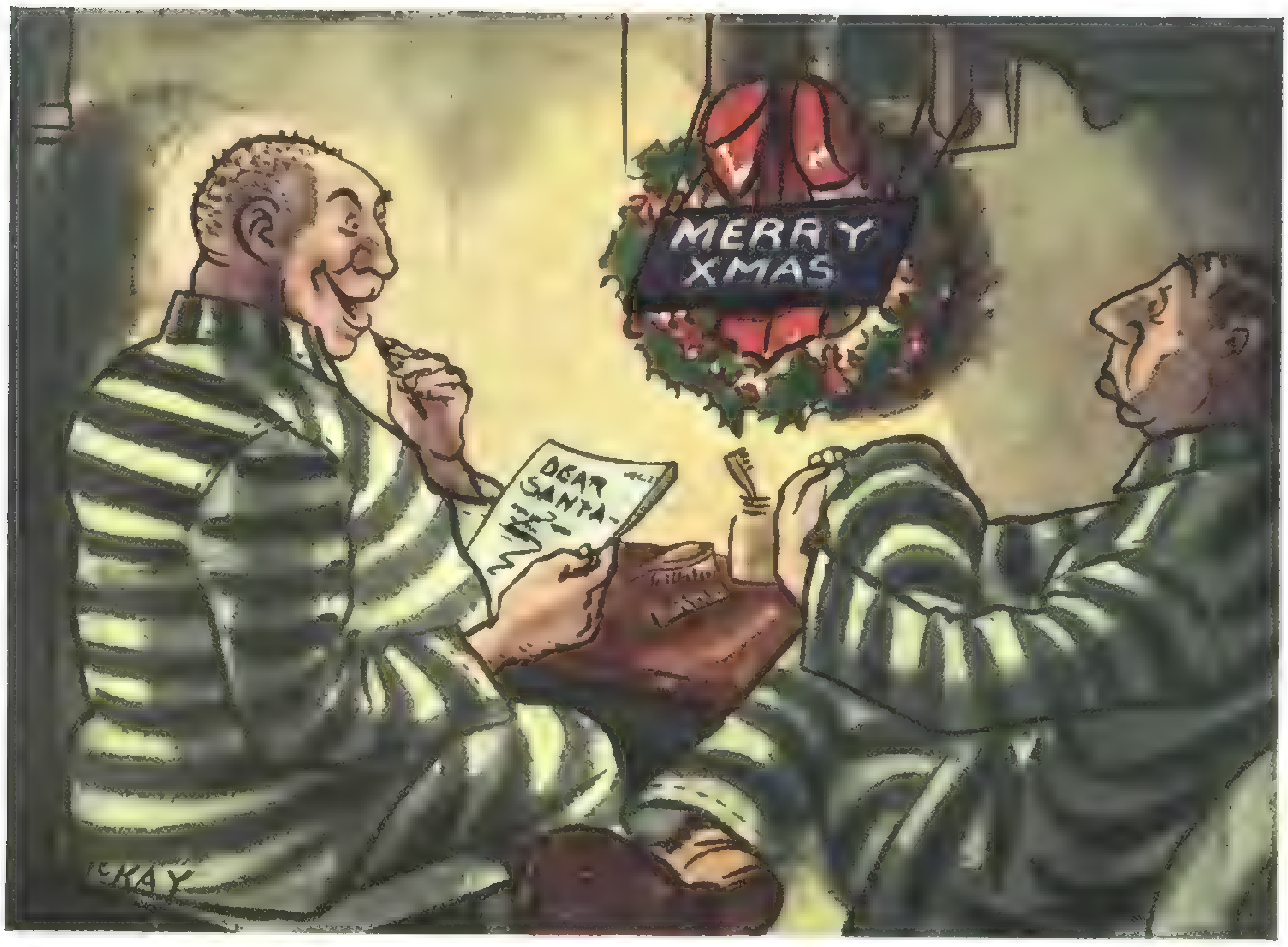
*Continued in center of page 269*

*"You will pardon me, Mrs. Gold, if I don't get up to greet you"*

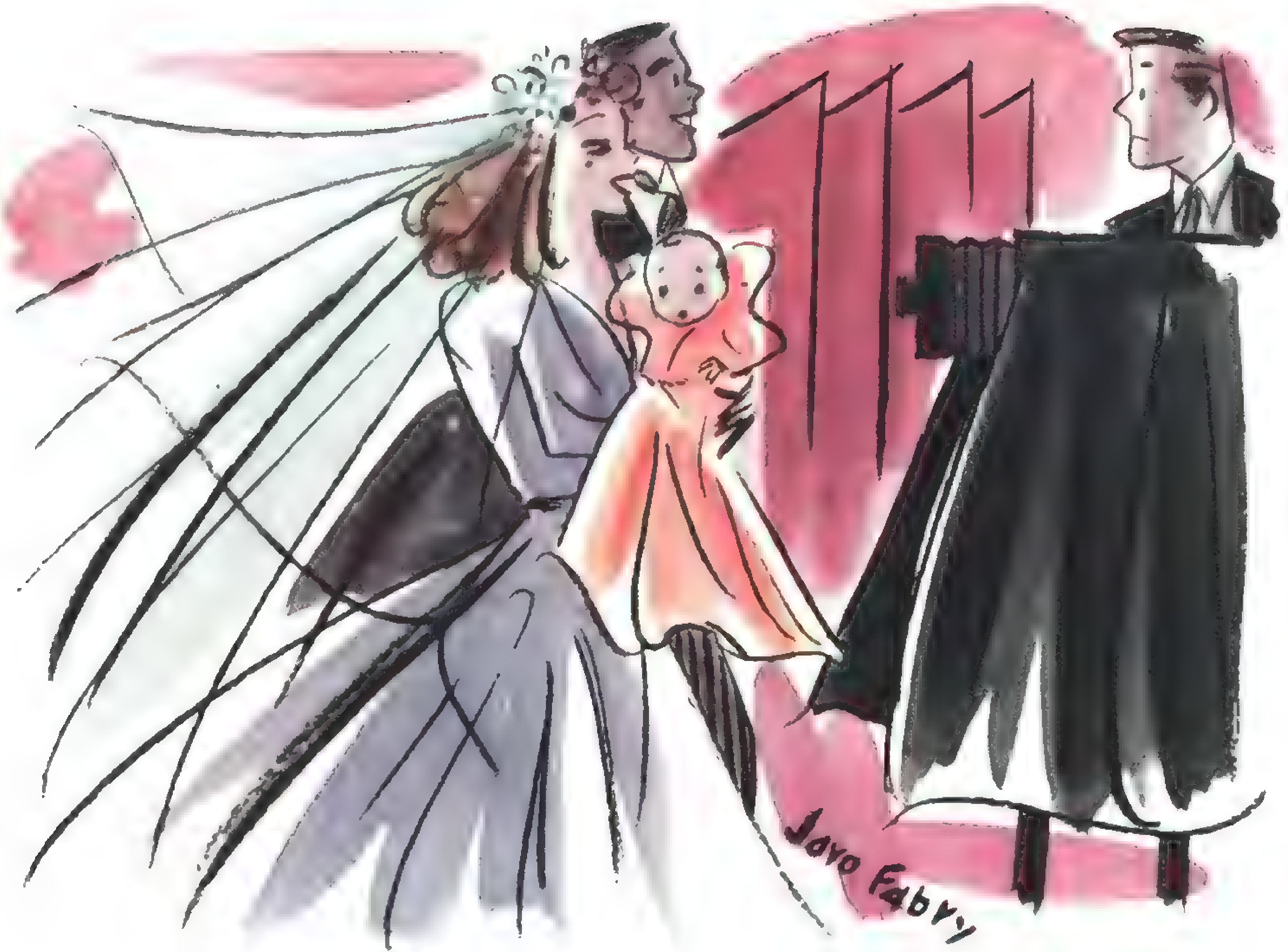

GIVE
McKAY



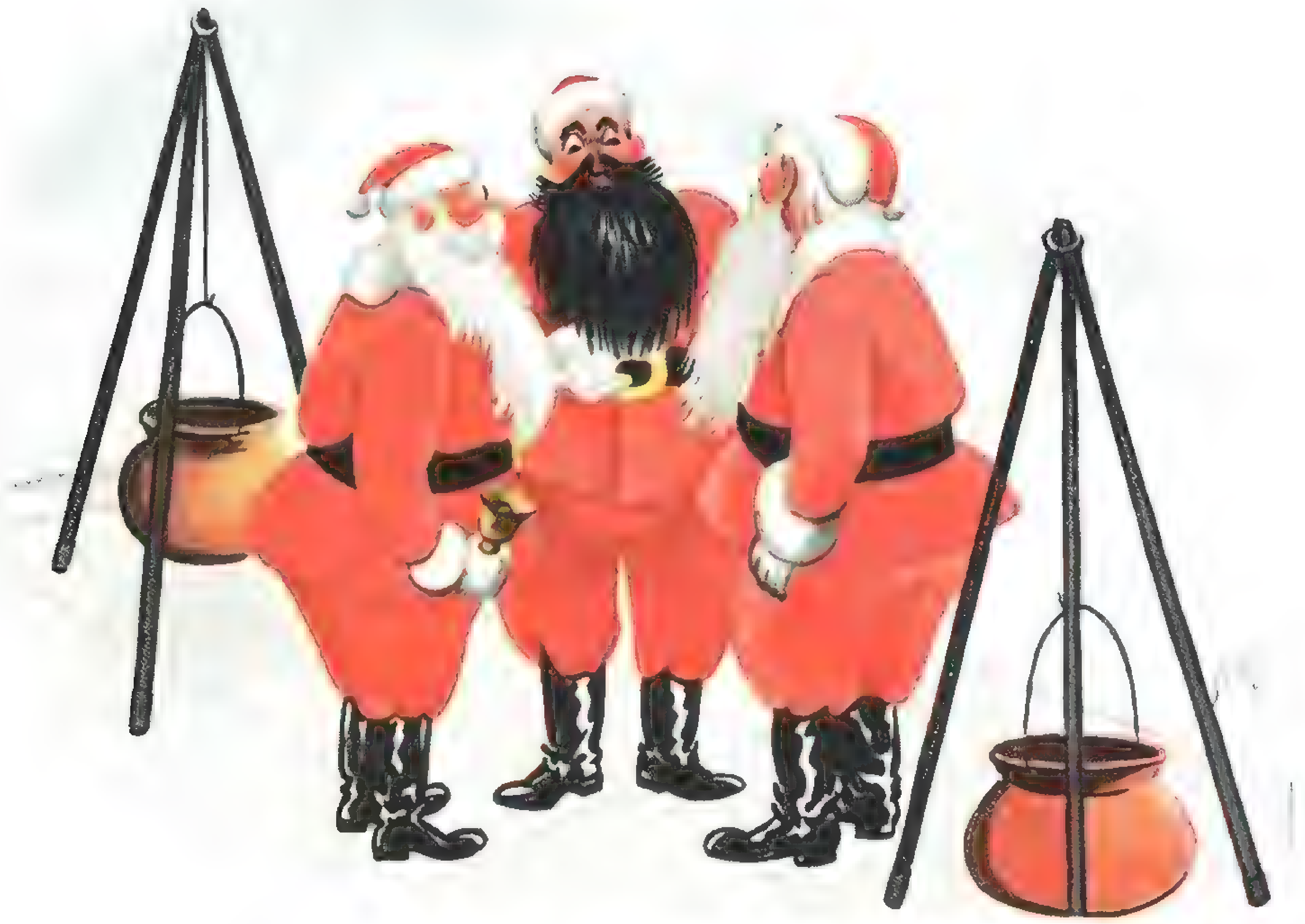
*"Hello, darling, guess who!"*


MERRY XMAS
DEAR SANTA—
CKAY

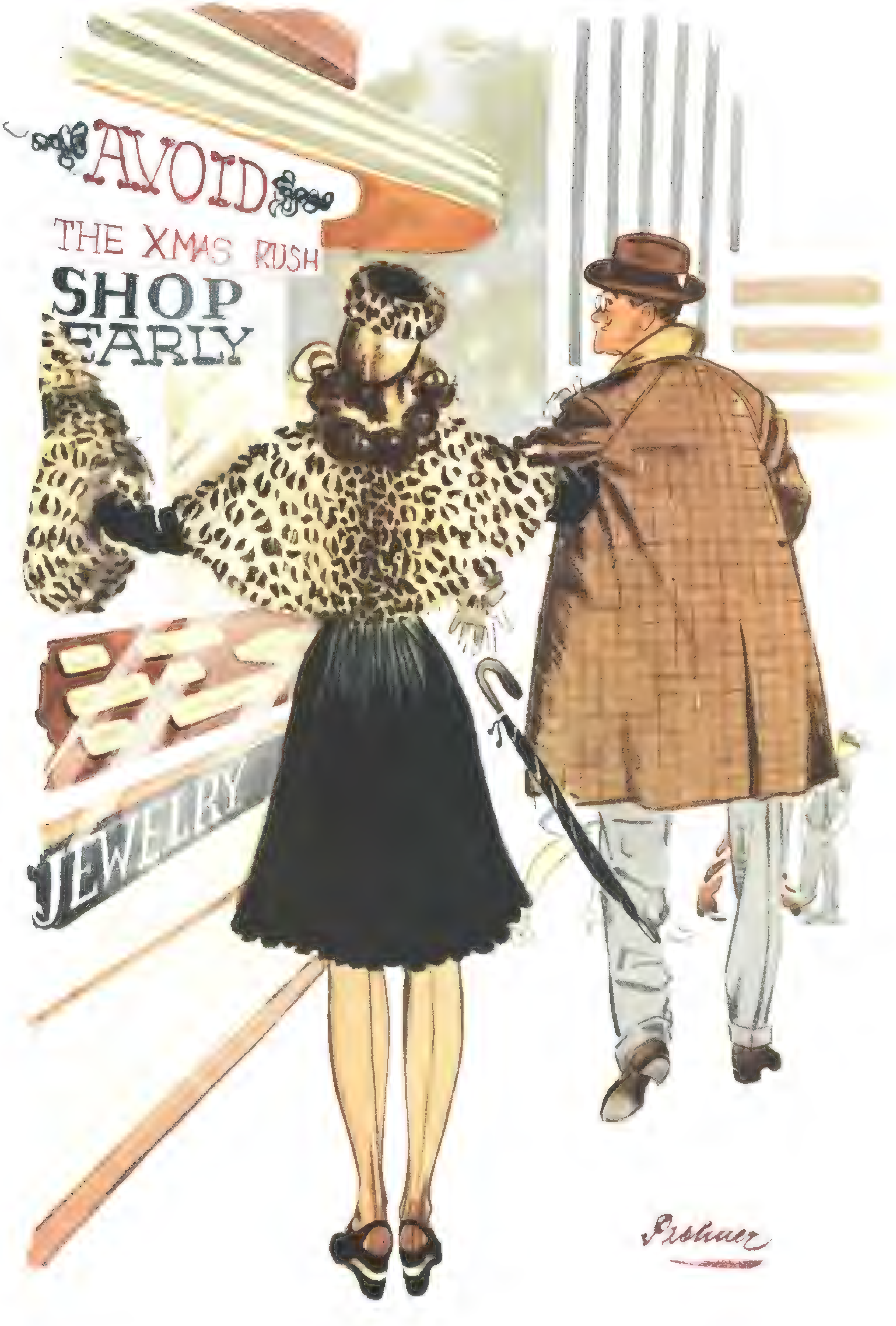
*"I know it's silly, but I've always wanted a top hat!"*



*"We borrowed the baby—I've got a lot of straight-laced friends I want to sever relations with"*



*"Well, it doesn't show the dirt so easy!"*


AVOID
THE XMAS RUSH
SHOP
EARLY
JEWELRY
Prohner

*"Mr. Baxter, darling, wouldn't you like to avoid the Christmas rush?"*

# Stalking the Seal

**He and Sankton were strong enough to risk the journey, but Miller couldn't move till they got food**

### by JIM KJELGAARD

▪ FICTION ▪

CRANSE was certain of one thing: being on the Arctic shore was better than being beneath the Arctic ice.

There had been drift ice about the *Sally G*, but he and Sankton and Miller had lowered the dinghy through open channels without too much difficulty. They had put ashore to hunt, and to bring the last articles out of a land cache before the *Sally G* weighed anchor to sail to her winter moorings at Gibney Island. They were not gone more than six hours. But when they returned the sea was locked in solid ice and only the tips of the *Sally G's* masts protruded above it.

Whatever had struck the *Sally G* had struck swiftly and without warning. None on her had survived. The three in the small boat had three knives, an ax, a rifle, and fourteen cartridges that they had carried from the *Sally G*. They had a harpoon and forty feet of line, a fifty-pound bag of seal oil, and forty pounds of caribou meat from the cache, and an unknown distance to a winter-moored whaling ship at Gibney Island. Now the stick that dangled from Cranse's belt had eighteen notches for the eighteen days they had been on the march.

Sankton, bringing up the rear with the harpoon, ax, and the bag of seal oil, said in a colorless, matter-of-fact voice:

"Miller's down."

Cranse, walking ahead with the rifle and caribou meat, stopped and swung around. The first time Miller had fallen was eight days back. Sankton had been excited then. But for the past four days he had been resentful because Miller had had two ounces more of the seal oil they carried than Cranse had allowed either himself or Sankton.

Miller lay on the snow, his head and shoulders raised by his right elbow on which he leaned. His eyes were closed and his long beard, that had grown faster than either Cranse's or Sankton's, brought out in sharp relief every line of his lean ascetic face. Cranse knelt beside him, gripped his arm.

He said, "Miller!"

Miller moved a little, opened his eyes and smiled. Miller would smile, Cranse thought. A teacher and student who, like Cranse, was paying passage on the *Sally G*, Miller had come north to do a book on the Arctic. His mind and not his body had kept him going these past eight days.

"Don't try to get up," Cranse said calmly. "We'll stay here awhile. Slow and easy 's going to get us where we want to go."

Sankton did not even try to hide his quick scowl. A sailor on the *Sally G*, Sankton was the reverse of Miller in that he was all body and little mind. For the first ten days, when Miller had not impeded the march, Sankton had been cheerful. But now Miller was weak, threatening the safety of all three and, if it was left up to Sankton, Cranse knew that they would leave Miller and go on. But Cranse could handle Sankton.

He said, "Let me have the oil bag."

An ornithologist-adventurer who had studied migratory birds in every unsettled part of the world, Cranse was making this, his first trip to the Arctic, directly from the tropics. The leadership of the little party had gravitated naturally to him.

Sankton took the seal-skin oil bag from his shoulder and threw it down. Cranse picked it up, supported Miller's head on the crook of his arm, and let him sip. Sankton laid the harpoon and the coil of line on the ground and paced restlessly for a few seconds. He whirled on Cranse.

"I don't see why we have to carry that blasted harpoon!" he said irritably. "It's heavy and no good!"

"I'll carry it if it's too heavy for you," Cranse said calmly.

"Nobody said it was too heavy," Sankton growled.

He stood with folded arms, looking down at Miller. Cranse read his thoughts, and saw Miller's eyes fixed on the sailor. Miller too knew what Sankton was thinking.

Cranse said, "If you want to go on, go ahead. Follow the shore line. The broken tundra can't be far ahead. Gibney Island's sixty miles beyond the end of that. Miller and I will follow you when we're able."

"Nobody said I was goin' on," Sankton said sulkily.

Cranse had known what the reply would be. Sankton was afraid, did not dare to pit the strength of his body against what might lie ahead. Sankton could conjure up devils where there were none, and still preferred to rest his fate with Cranse, who at least appeared to know what he was doing. He let Miller relax on the ground and rose to his feet. Miller went to sleep, his head resting on Cranse's caribou-skin jacket.

Cranse walked down to the edge of the ice and peered out. Seals lay about on the ice. Cranse counted fifteen. Polar bears or Eskimo hunters must have been active around here, or maybe this just wasn't a good place for seals.

Cranse counted them again. He looked at Sankton, glowering sullenly and staring across the ice. Sankton was still strong and something to do would help him get his mind off himself. Cranse counted out five cartridges and gave them and the rifle to him.

"Suppose you see if you can get a seal," he said.

Miller still slept and Cranse was glad. Driftwood was piled high on the shore. He gathered a load of it and built a fire to keep Miller warm.

Cranse gathered more of the driftwood, carried it up on the beach, and took the

Continued on page 265

*"Sign, please"*

# Granada, Oh! Granada

## Romantic Lorca had just learned what poetry might mean, and the fee for the lesson was his life

### *by* LLOYD MALLAN

▪ SEMI-FICTION ▪

℞

A small line of autos twisted out on the Padul road. It was early evening, but already dark. Behind lay the city of Granada huddled close as in fear. White buildings showed grey-blue in the night. There were stars in the sky, the Spanish sky that Lorca loved. Seated in the first car between two Civil Guards with rifles he was thinking of the city falling away in the distance. And because he was a poet, a romantic, youthful, great poet, he thought proudly of the poem that at this moment was causing him to be driven out of Granada to his death. Romance of The Spanish Civil Guard. If a ballad of such beasts could be called a romance. Garcia Lorca smiled at the paradox. . . . *Pass if you wish to pass, and mirrored in the head a vague galaxy of misty pistols. . . . Oh, city of the gypsies! Who will see you and not remember?* The several automobiles in back of him were filled with these same Guardias. The Fascists don't take chances with an enemy, even when he is very young and hates them only because he loves the music found in form and color and the laughter of white-breasted women, because he loves people and freedom for the people.

All that day Lorca had been waiting in prison, waiting for now, tonight, for this lonely drive with the heavily armed Guardia Civil. In the morning he had been safe in the French Legation, but they had invented a story about his friend Rafael Alberti needing help and had tricked him into coming out, seizing him immediately. They would probably have killed him then, he mused, if they had thought they could get away with it. But night is more sympathetic to murder.

Eighteen kilometers from Granada, Lieutenant Medina gave the signal for the cars to stop. It was eight o'clock at night and the sky was like blue-black velvet. Medina shoved Garcia Lorca out of the car after the Guardias were all lined up behind the headlights where they couldn't be seen. The stillness was sudden and terrible as Lorca walked calmly out in front of the white beams of the lights. "Pasa prisa, poeta!" snapped Medina. Lorca smiled a little, but continued his steady gait. *Pasan si quieren pasar,* he remembered his own lines, *and mirrored in the head a vague galaxy of misty pistols.* Only this time they had rifles, no less concrete because they were hidden from sight in back of the glaring headlamps. And feeling the rifles aimed at his back Lorca suddenly paused in the middle of the road and abruptly turned to face his executioners. It was such an unexpected move that Medina gasped audibly. But Lorca had not turned to plead with them to spare him. It was instead the last defiant gesture of a great defiant poet.

His voice was strong and firm as he said, "For a thousand years the Spanish people lived as slaves and now that they have their freedom you try to take it away from them." His voice was firm, but he felt like weeping. For so many years he'd loved Granada; city of grown-up children, city of the gypsies. The artless roguery of these people, their careless laughter in the midst of such poverty and oppression that was Spain. He'd wanted to sing this in every poem he wrote, suggest it, trace it in colors. *Green that I love green. Green wind. Green branches. With shadow on the thigh, she sleeps on a rocky ledge. Green flesh, hair green, with eyes of cool silver.* He'd wanted to do this and more; he'd wanted his poetry to be a part of the people's lives. So he wrote his first criticism: *A Romance of the Spanish Civil Guard.* And he was being killed for it; he'd just learned what poetry might mean and the fee for his lesson was his life. Thus he wanted to weep at the unjust irony of it, but he forced his voice to calmness and continued. "I am a Spaniard," he said, "and proud of Spain. We have the most beautiful women and the best wines; we have a great tradition of culture; El Greco, Goya, Cervantes and Lope de Vega. Goya was a revolutionist and hated war!"

"Tirar! Shoot! Shoot!" Lieutenant Medina commanded suddenly.

The Guardias remained motionless, staring at Lorca, not hearing their officer.

Lorca went on as if there had been no interruption. "Who can dance as the Galicianos? Who sings like our people from

***Lorca's Last Poem***

## Dark Night of the Soul

### *by* FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA

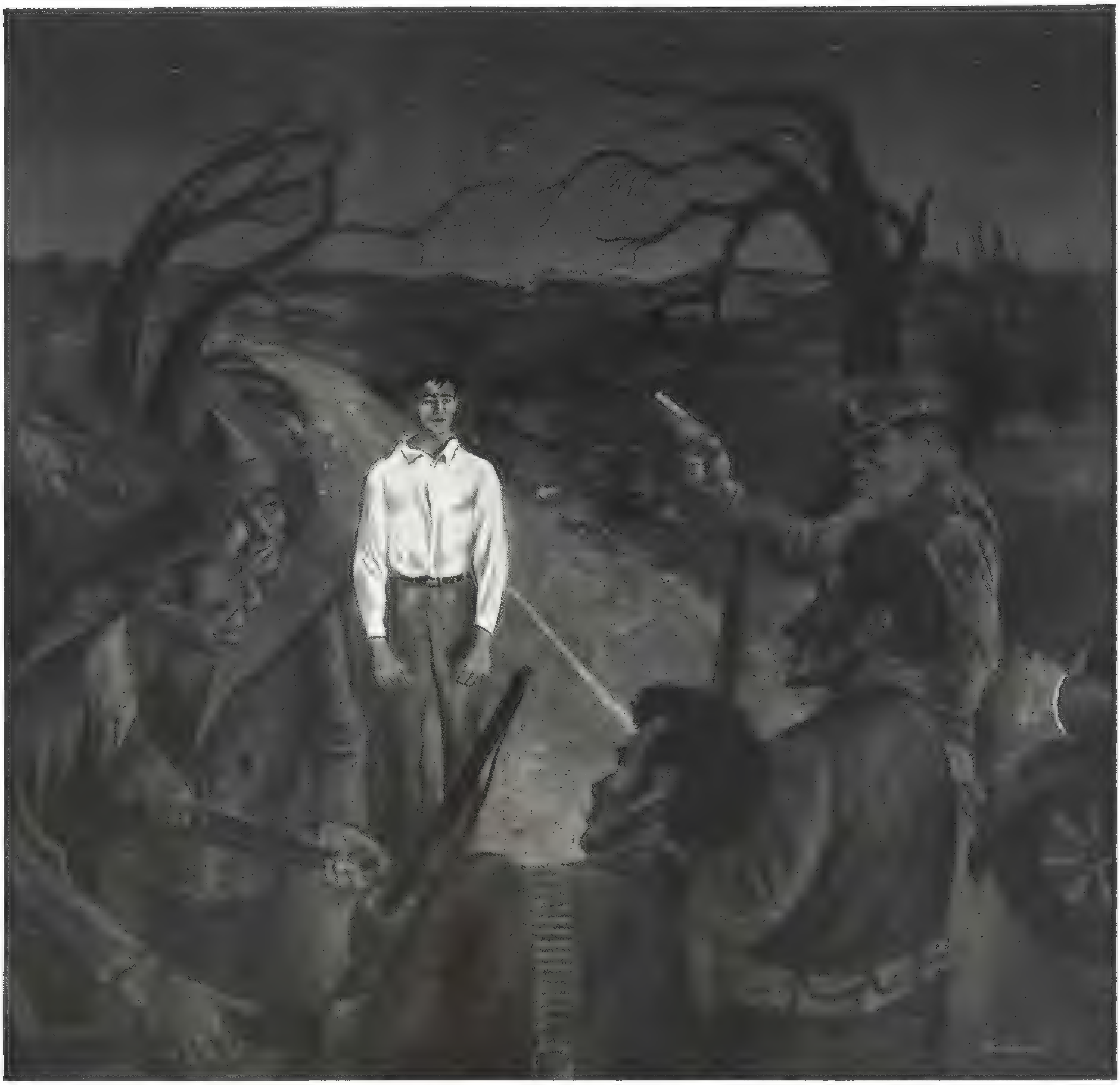
(TRANSLATED BY LLOYD MALLAN)

*Down in my groins, like love, lives death:*
*vainly I wait him to end my poem—*
*a flower withers and is done,*
*while I alone may live without me,*
*yet I strain with desire to go on as one.*

*The wind lives forever. The inert stone*
*never knows this shadow nor seeks its escape.*
*And the heart's warm center*
*does not need the frozen honey*
*that drips slowly from the moon.*

*But I will endure him—look! claw at my veins,*
*tiger and dove on your hoary belt*
*cast a pattern of wounds and white lilies.*

*Still, my madness is only words:*
*then let me live in my quiet night*
*of the soul eternally dark.*



**THE DEATH OF LORCA *by* AARON BOHROD**

Andaluzia? Where is there so much sun and such blue sky? I love Spain, but I cannot understand—sometimes awful things happen, there is carnage and bloodshed. You remember the Inquisition? Such fierceness for so gentle a people. But do not stop me—in those days it was the Moors, not Spaniards, who did the killing. Today, now, you facing me, hiding there in the darkness of lights, are you Spaniards? I can understand the Moors, they are savages, but you! You Spaniards fighting with the Moors against Spaniards! I almost wish to die when I see this, but to die, a Spaniard, by a Spaniard's hand. Ungh!" He spread his arms in front of him as to push away the revolting Guardias. "You are not my people; you are murderers!" As Lorca paused a small breath of wind lifted a few strands of his hair and played idly with them for a moment. The Civil Guards were shifting about uneasily, a disturbance in them they couldn't explain. The young poet standing full in the white glare of the light, his eyes shining, his lips tight pressed as he gazed straight at them as if they were less than animals who had to kill to eat. He could not see them for the lights as he stood there, but they read contempt in his eyes.

"Beasts! Barbarians!" Lorca suddenly blurted forth, overcome with his feelings. He started to say more, but Lieutenant Medina came to life in a rage. He jerked his pistol from its holster. "Cullon!" the officer shouted. "Hijo de puta!" and fired his pistol madly at the poet, at the same time shrieking at the Guardias to beat Lorca.

The Guardias rushed Lorca, beating him viciously with their rifle butts, pounding at him in a frenzy. Several of the Guardias, those most moved by the young poet's words, stood motionless, too horrified to lift an arm.

Garcia Lorca began to run and the Guardias Civil raised the blood-smeared butts of their rifles to their shoulders and fired after him. He was almost a hundred yards away when he fell in the alkaline dust of the road.

As the police approached with intentions of finishing him he twisted painfully round on an elbow and gazed at them. The look in his eyes was the same as before except for the dullness the pain induced. Some of the Guardias dropped their rifles to the ground without noticing that they did, then they all hurried back to the cars. Only Medina remained. He came closer and struck Lorca heavily on the head with his pistol. The poet collapsed, dead. But Medina was not satisfied. In violent rage he shot three barrel loads of bullets into Lorca's corpse, then he walked slowly back to the first automobile, his lips alternately twisting from a smile to angry tenseness.

The beautiful city, love of Federico Garcia Lorca, was eighteen kilometers away. The Guardia Civil started slowly back, leaving the poet's body unburied as a warning to others. In front of Granada, Lorca lay.... *Oh, city of the gypsies! Who will see you and not remember?* ⧺

# Land of the Pilgrims' Pride

**At first the well-dressed couple kept aloof from the crowd at Ellis Island, guarding their isolation**

## *by* ALEXANDER HUNTER

• FICTION •

The woman was born in Prague, the man in Bucharest. Later they lived in Vienna and became Austrian subjects. Then, when the loss of Austria's independence could be forseen, they moved on to Holland. But they were to have no rest there either: at the first sign of the threatening war the couple decided to shift to the more consolidated side of the globe. For a large sum they bought a Cuban passport. Naturally they had absolutely no intentions of going to Cuba; they were going to get off the boat in New York, and lose themselves among the one hundred and thirty million inhabitants of the United States. As a matter of fact, they didn't want to lose themselves at all: they were planning to excel, to find prosperity and success in the New World, which, according to some reports, was no longer what it used to be, but still offered unsurpassed possibilities to a rugged individualist. They didn't belong in the category of desperate modern pilgrims, refugees who did not try to run until the catastrophe had crashed down upon their heads, who had to start out on the highway on foot, leaving all their possessions behind. They were clever and had always forseen the impending trouble. The woman saved her jewelry; the man his money. On the boat they traveled first-class. In the evening they dressed in formal clothes; played bridge; danced; and cut up.

One could not tell by looking, that they had no roots in any country of the world.

Just at the time when their ship docked in New York, the government began to sift incoming foreigners a little more carefully. The couple were not allowed to land. Instead they were taken to Ellis Island, where the newly arrived human cargo was being put through the sieve.

On the island they were led into a court room which was simple and friendly. In the middle of it, behind a desk on a raised platform, sat two immigration officers.

First the couple had to take an oath that whatever they were going to say would be the truth and nothing but the truth. "Why all this hullabaloo?"—the man fumed petulantly. Then, quickly he ran through the labyrinth of his systemically planned lies, lest they should catch him in something.

The officers found it strange that two people, who couldn't speak a word of Spanish and whose clothes, behavior, and way of thinking were unmistakably European, should be traveling on a Cuban passport.

"Where did you get your passport?" one of them asked with official curiosity.

"I used to live in Cuba," the man answered nonchalantly.

"When?"

"Oh—a long time ago. I couldn't give you the dates."

"For how long?"

"Oh, it was quite a number of years."

MEXICO
McKAY

*"Don't let on that we're tourists or he'll soak us!"*

"In what city?" The official persisted.

The man felt the ground slipping under his feet. He didn't know what cities there were in Cuba. As a matter of fact, he didn't have the slightest idea where Cuba was. The only connection he had ever had with the island was with the agent in Rotterdam from whom he had bought the passport. Inwardly he was cursing himself for not having forseen the question. And he began to blabber such nonsense that he himself could feel that he had been caught in a lie.

This was a classic example of attempted illegal entry. But the officers didn't get excited. One of them informed the couple in an indifferent voice that until the authenticity of their documents had been established they would have to stay at Ellis Island.

The guards took them to a huge hall, which was the living room of the involuntary guests of Ellis Island. This hall looked like the waiting room in the railroad station of a medium-sized city. Along the walls were coat racks and shelves loaded with clothes, bundles, and suitcases. And, as if it had been a national holiday, two immense star-spangled banners were suspended from the ceiling.

The woman burst into a hysterical fit of crying; the man felt his head pounding. They were prisoners. Behind them they heard the steel doors click. They looked around in despair. They were surrounded by a crowd of poorly dressed, unkempt, apathetic men and women; these people looked as if they were waiting for a train which had no Pullman cars.

There were Chinese and Negroes. And between the yellow and black colors, all the shades of the white races. Latins, Scandinavians, Slavs, Germans, and all manner of Balkan specimens. Men playing cards in shirtsleeves; women smoking cigarettes; children playing and screaming. Laborers and woebegone individuals on whom one could see that they had seen better days. A shipwrecked crew.

The couple kept aloof from the crowd during the first few hours. Their clothes were still crisp; they were going to guard their isolation carefully. The old inhabitants of Ellis Island registered their presence with dull indifference. From their eyes one could read: "All right, dearies, you're stuck-up now. In three days you'll be just like the rest of us!"

Supper was served at five o'clock in the afternoon. They had to go. Through narrow corridors, where the guards counted the prisoners at iron doors. The day before they had had dinner in the elegant empire dining room of the ship. They ate with real silver at a table decorated with flowers, listening to the subdued music of the orchestra. And

Continued on page 262

# A Swap of Souls

**The Captain said he aimed to save as many white men as he could, he didn't know how many or which ones**

### by HENRY BEETLE HOUGH

▪SEMI-FICTION▪

At sunrise we saw the fronds of coconut palms swinging and splashing against the farthest sky, kicking up a sort of spray of sunlight where the early glint caught them just right. They were soft and bluish at first, but kept turning a deeper green as the ship came on. All the men on the *Enterprise* heard the easy pulse of the surf—there was a steady breeze—and our eyes looked for the white of coral to come up shining on the line of the sky.

The young captain, Josiah Pease, stood with his glass fixed to his eye, and he saw the signal before the rest of us could make it out. We knew something was out of the ordinary when he handed the glass to the first mate, Mr. Athearn, and the two commenced talking in low tones. Pretty soon we all sighted the banner fluttering from a tree which had been hewn into bareness at the top to serve as a signal pole. Whatever that flag was—and we suspected it was made of shirts and coats—it must have been set by white men.

This day was entered in the log of the *Enterprise* as October 30, 1853. We had come down from the North for the line cruise, and had in the ship at the time 1600 barrels whale and 15 sperm oil. We made our position to be latitude 9° S, longitude 157° 49′ W. The island we had raised was, accordingly, one of the Penrhyns, as we knew the group. The chart showed thirteen of them, all small.

Josiah Pease had been master of the *Enterprise* for about five weeks, since Captain Jernegan left the ship sick and three quarters helpless at Lahaina. We had shipped home some oil there, too, 118 sperm and 380 whale, which was not bad for a broken cruise. But now we were going to do better, because Josiah at the age of twenty-two had a name to make and a girl at home he wanted to marry. I had got to be second mate, due to the shift, and was looking alive, I can tell you.

The captain ordered the ship brought in close to the island, and in about an hour we had come to a scant mile from the breakers. There was a swell, but nothing to bother. We looked at that waving signal flag with some anxiety, because this might turn out to be serious business. There had been more killing around some of these islands in the past twenty years than a man cared to think about.

The natives at Baring's Island had killed all the officers and cut up most of the men of the *Ashawonks* in 1835. She was a Nantucket vessel, Capt. Prince Coffin. In 1842 a set of Kingsmill islanders had taken the *Sharon*, and the third mate, Ben Clough, was obliged to take her back single-handed and in blood. The *Triton* was cut off at Sydenham Island in 1848, under the blind of a renegade white man, a beach-combing Portuguese; the crew of the brig *Inga* had been massacred earlier in this very year, 1853, and so had the crew of the brig *Rodolph*, both at the Kingsmill Islands. It was at Pleasant Island that the *Inga's* men were killed. These last two incidents were sufficiently recent to weigh heavily on our minds. The ships and the men who had been put to death were all known to us, too. They were no strangers, but our own kind, many of whom we had seen last at the Vineyard, in church or town meeting.

While we watched, uneasy in spirit, three canoes started out from the island. There was a white man in one of them, but the others held nothing but natives, savage looking fellows, although brown instead of black. The first canoe came fairly close, then circled around the vessel. The second was the one with the white man, and Captain Pease hailed him as soon as this was possible.

"Where you from?" he shouted between his cupped hands.

He had a young voice but he knew how to put authority into it. He was young looking, too, and had a smooth skin under his tan, and a mane of black hair curling down the nape of his neck and at his cheeks. Whatever was to come, the *Enterprise* was in good hands.

"*Brig Chatham* of San Francisco," the man in the canoe called back. "She struck here and went to pieces around the first of January."

"How many of you are there?"

"Ten, all told, at present. Cap'n Snow, the mate, and three men got off in a boat and started for Humphrey's Island in April, and we've seen neither hair nor hide of them since."

"How about the natives?" shouted the captain. "Are they peaceable?"

"You can't rightly call them so," was the reply. "They keep us guarded close. They never saw white men before we struck here, and they believe we came from the sun."

While this talk was going on, the canoes were close to the side of the vessel so that we had to lean over to look down at them.

"Let the natives in the canoe with the white man come aboard," Captain Pease ordered. "Hold those other fellows well off until we see what's to be done here."

We passed a line to the one canoe, and a native took it rapidly enough. The white man started to come aboard, but the savages took hold and would not let him move. It was only by urging one of them along ahead that he was able to get himself to the deck of the ship. In some ways he looked as dreadful as the natives, although they were the hardest appearing characters I had ever seen. He was shaggy with a long growth of hair, and his clothes hung on him in tatters. He said his name was Blair and he had shipped on the *Chatham* at Frisco.

We had scant attention for him at the moment, however, for one of the natives sprang upon the tryworks and pointed his hand upward, toward the sun, and howled like a

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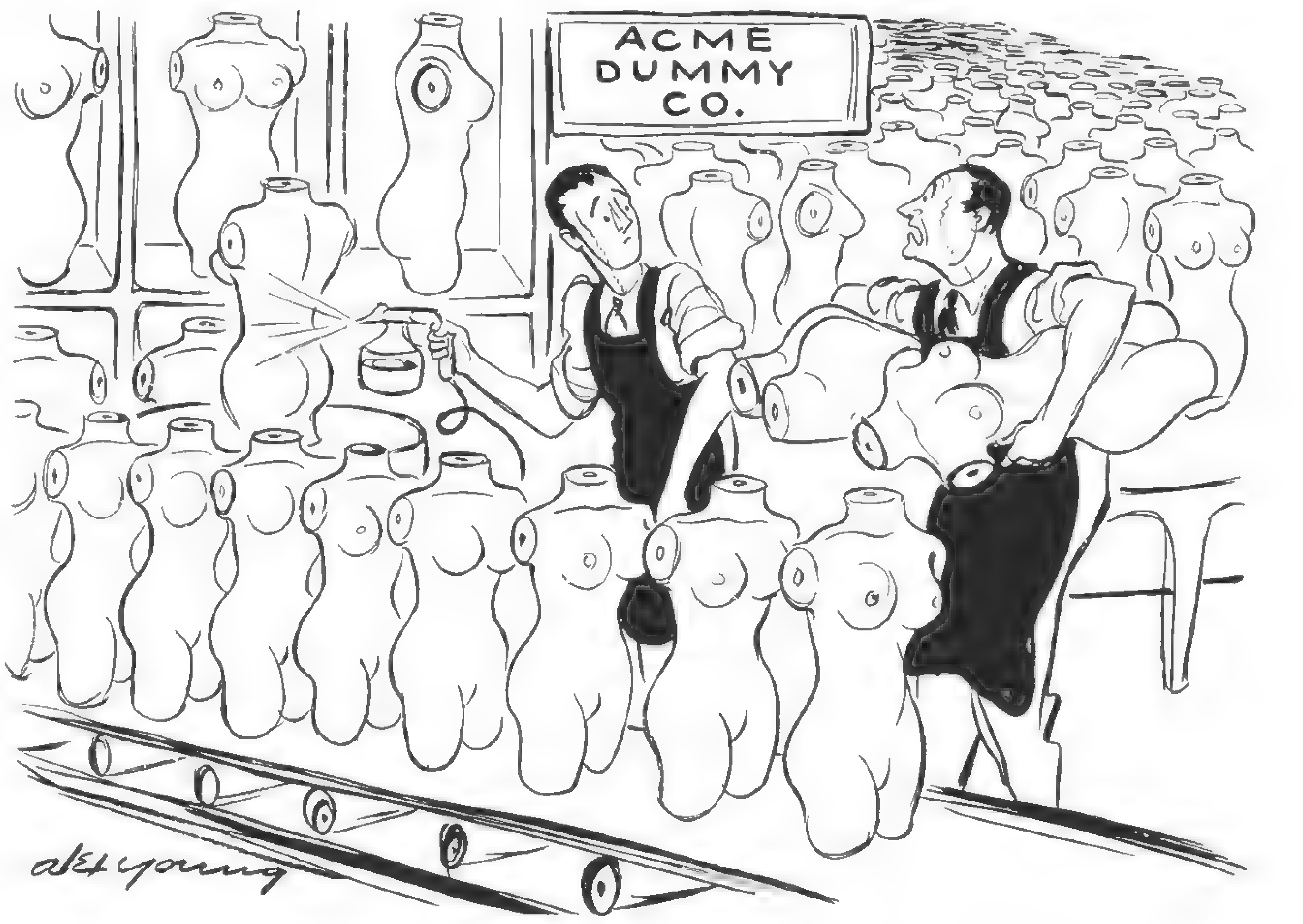


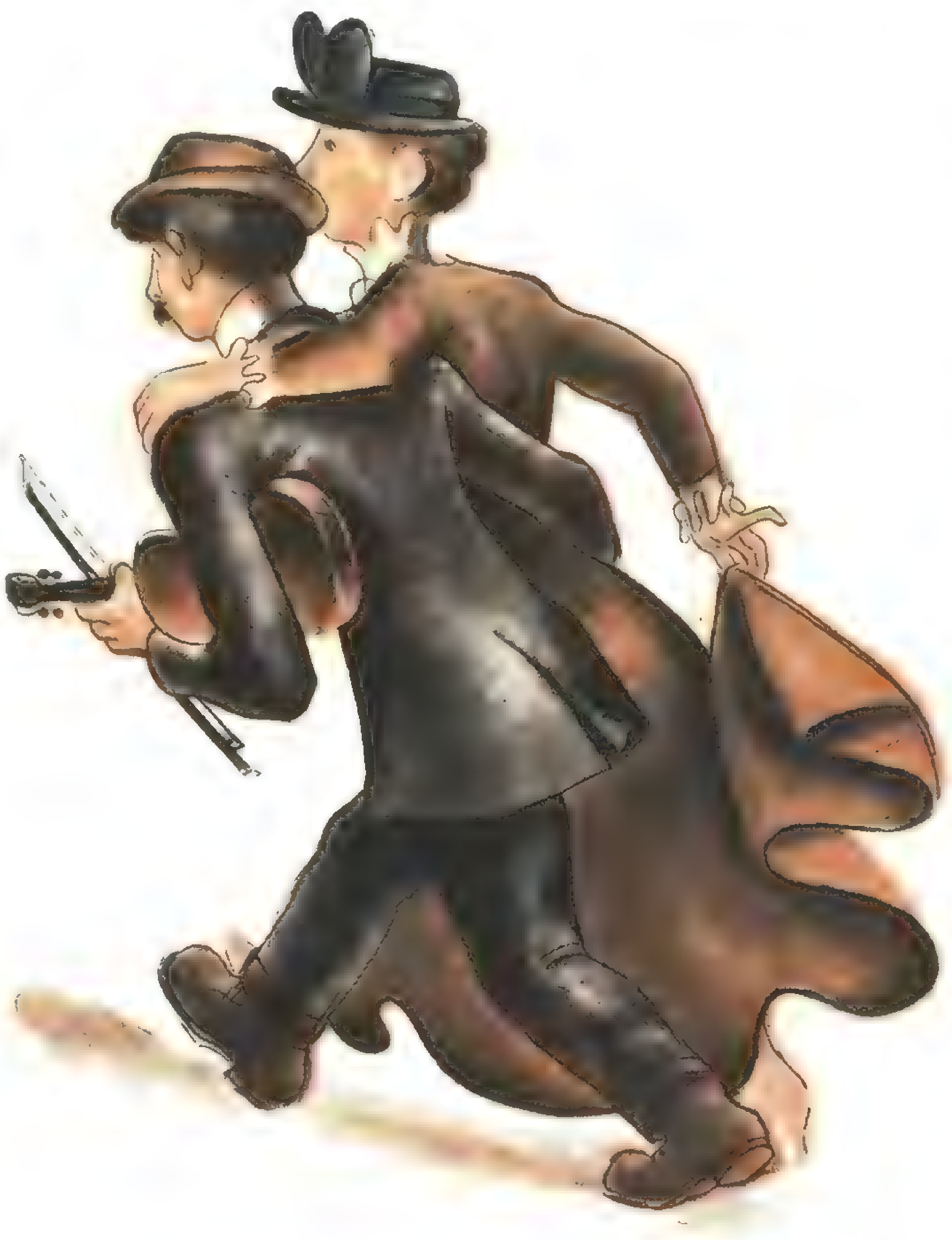
*"Gad, what I wouldn't give to see a pretty face occasionally"*

# The Last Round Up

### When Pa got all lickered up and Ma had only two pints under her belt, she could ground Pa easily

### by JESSE STUART

• FICTION •



Just to be ashamed of Pa and Ma when we went to dances together. I wasn't ashamed of the way Pa and Ma went dressed to the dance. Ma would wear the best dress she had. Ma would look better than any woman at the dance. But it took Pa to dress. He allus looked trim as a rooster redbird in the spring. Pa would allus wear his double-breasted blue serge suit. He'd wear a wild red rose in his coat lapel. If the roses wasn't in season, he allus wore the bouquet of wild roses Ma made 'im out'n paper. I can see him and Ma as they walked over the mountain paths together goin to a square dance, Pa dressed in his blue serge suit with a bouquet of red roses in his coat lapel and his fiddle under his arm. Ma would be holdin onto his right arm with her left hand and liftin her long, sweepin dress with her right hand so it wouldn't get caught on the briars as we went over the mountain paths to the square dance.

I'll tell you what got Pa. It was licker. Pa wouldn't start sawin the fiddle until he'd downed a pint. He'd be just gettin normal when he'd downed a quart. He'd just be gettin right when he'd killed three pints. Then you'd hear some fiddlin. And when Pa got a couple of quarts under his belt, then Pa would want to fight. Ma would have a time with 'im. Ma could hold her licker better than Pa. She would never drink more than two pints all night long. She'd drink a pint with Pa before the dance and then she'd drink another pint during the dance. Ma said a pint made her step lively on the floor. Ma was a good dancer and the boys and the old men allus wanted to dance with Ma.

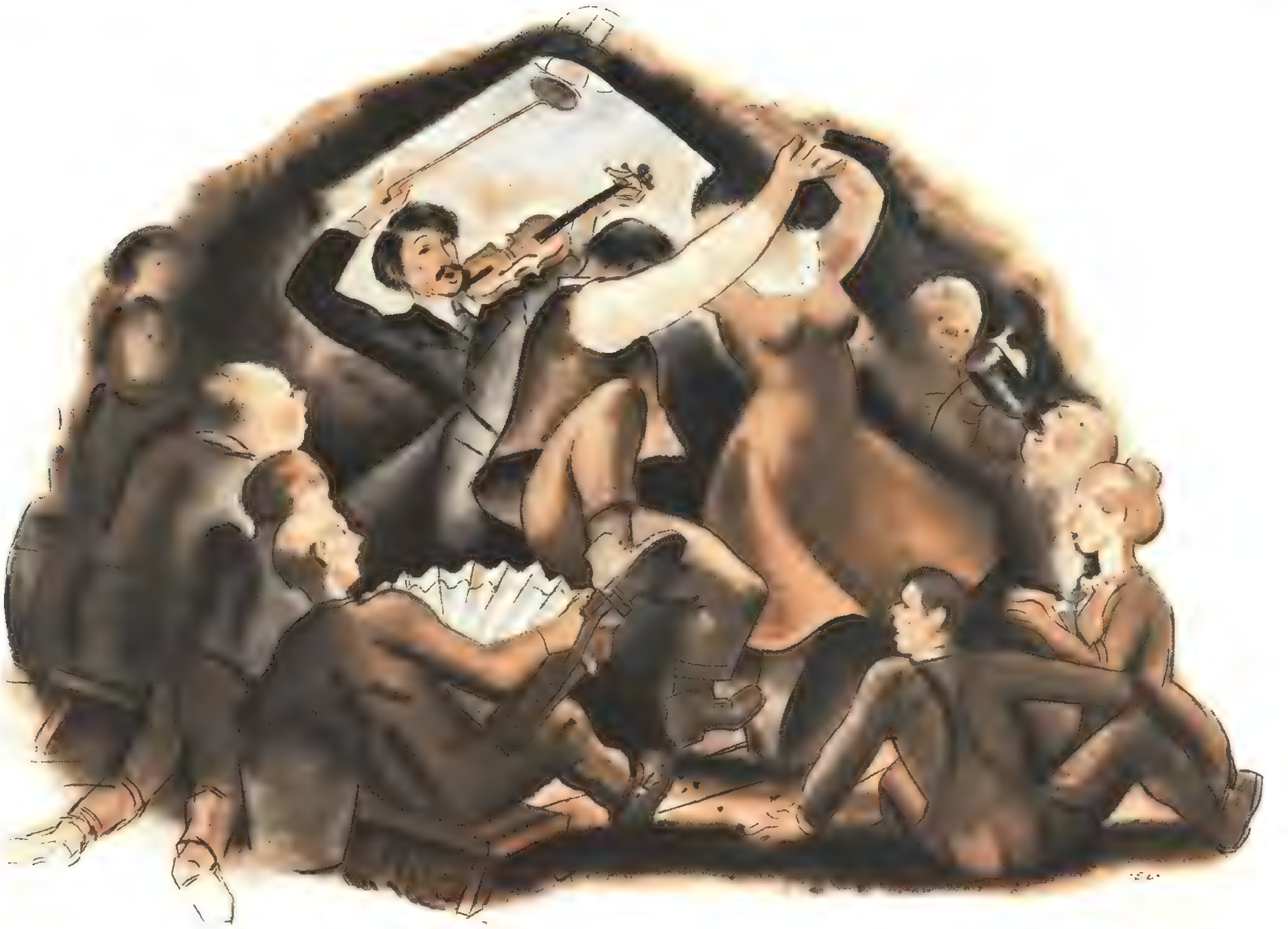
I remember the big all-night dances we had. I remember the big times. I remember how the men gurgled moonshine down their long bull necks. I remember how the fights would start and somebody would shoot the lights out and two or three men would be stabbed layin on the floor bleedin when we got the lamps lit again. I remember how men would get into a fight and pull their guns and the wimmen would run between 'em to keep 'em from shootin it out right on the dance floor. Just somehow Pa allus managed to come out'n the fracases unscathed by bullet or knife. He'd come out lookin fresh as a mountain daisy in the mornin dew. Pa would never fight with men. Pa and Ma would allus get into a fight. Then is when I'd get ashamed. I'd get so ashamed of 'em I'd hold my head. There wasn't anything I could do about it. I'd just haf to say "a fair fight atween you two" and let 'em fight.

If Pa had too much licker under his belt, Ma would allus get the best of him. She'd knock 'im down faster than he could get up. Men and wimmen at the dance would laugh at Pa and Ma fightin. They would think it was great fun to watch Ma knock Pa down. If Pa got the best of Ma, the crowd wouldn't laugh as much. They'd feel sorry for Ma because she was a woman. Ma was a tall woman and she could use her fist like a man. She come from a fist-cuffin stock. She was a Gullet from Rocky Branch. They fit all their lives. That's all Ma ever knowed was to fight. She didn't mind fightin and she loved to watch any kind of a fight, rooster fight, man fight or dog fight. Just so it was a fight, Ma loved it. I can hear her hollerin yet at the fights we had at the square dances. I can see her clappin her hands and I can hear her laughin at the top of her voice.

Ma would dance with so many men while Pa sat in the corner and led the musicians with his fiddle. Pa was one of the best fiddlers in the mountains. When Pa got all lickered up, he would make his fiddle talk, laugh and cry. It all depended on the way Pa felt. The fiddle played the same way Pa felt. I can see him bending over his fiddle with his hair fallin over his fard on the fiddle strings and gettin tangled up in his fiddle bow. I can see Pa pullin on his fiddle bow when it was tangled in his raven-black locks. The music would stop until some of the men untangled Pa's hair from his fiddle bow. That was when Pa was gettin too much licker. I've seen him throw the fiddle bow on the floor and take a whop-stalk and run over the fiddle strings and play the fiddle. That was when Pa was happy. He was showin the dancers how he could play the fiddle.

Sometimes atter dancin all night when we'd start home around the mountain path and the mornin stars would be fadin from the sky, Ma and Pa would get into another fight and I'd haf to separate 'em. They'd try to fight with clubs. I'd get betwixt 'em and they wouldn't fight over me with clubs. I was their only livin child. I had seven brothers and two sisters planted on the Three Mile Hill. Pa called it "That Lonesome Hill." Atter I'd get them to throw down their clubs, Ma would edge around me and ground Pa with her fist. Pa would get jealous of Ma and Ma would get jealous of Pa. They loved one another so that's the reason they fit so much. Pa was a gay man. Ma was a gay woman. They loved their licker and they wanted a good time. They never missed a dance in the mountains. A dance wasn't a dance unless Pa and Ma were there and they wouldn't go unless I went with 'em. I know now why they wanted me to go along. I didn't like licker and I didn't like to dance. Pa and Ma wanted me to go with 'em and take care of 'em. That's all they wanted with me. They knew I wouldn't let 'em fight with clubs and maim each other. They knew if they fit with me around it would haf to be a fair fight. I've kept Pa from ruinin his good fiddle many a night. I've run in just as he started to come over Ma's head with a fiddle.

I'll tell you what hurt me most. It was when Pa was all lickered up with more than



TEMPERA PAINTINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

two quarts under his belt and Ma had only two pints under her belt, Ma would ground Pa somewhere on the mountain path. Pa'd just lay on the path in the moonlight and the starlight and he'd look up at Ma and say, "Totem, you will remember me in 'The Last Round Up,' won't you Baby? We've had sicha wonderful times together!"

"I'll remember you, Dennie," Ma'd say. Ma would look at Pa layin there on the ground afraid to get up; then Ma'd go to weepin.

"Remember me just like I'm layin here on the ground when I'm in that oak-board box, Totem," Pa'd say.

"Yes Darlin," Ma'd say. And Ma'd weep harder.

"See that old music-box is under my arm, Baby."

"Yes, Dennie," Ma'd say. "Please don't say anymore, Dennie!"

"Remember to have the wild roses on my coat lapel, Baby," Pa'd say.

"I won't forget," Ma'd say. "It won't be you, Dennie, unless you have the wild roses in your coat lapel and that blue serge suit that you've worn to all these dances."

"You're right, Baby," Pa'd say.

Ma would go to weepin until you could hear her at the foot of the mountain.

"Just remember 'The Last Round Up' and 'That Lonesome Hill.' "

"Don't talk like that, Dennie," Ma'd say. "You're killin me, Dennie. I can't stand it! You know you have a bad heart."

"My ticker will last me a while yet," Pa'd say. "Long as it lasts, Baby, old Totem and old Dennie 're goin to have their fun! Right up to the day of 'The Last Round Up' Baby! Right up to 'The Last Round Up' on 'That Lonesome Hill.' "

Ma would begin weepin like her heart would break. When Ma went to weepin like this, Pa wasn't afraid to get up. Pa'd get up and brush the leaves and the dirt from his good suit of clothes. He'd pat his fiddle with his hand and pet it. "You ain't hurt are you, Jolly," Pa'd say. "You stick with me through thick and thin and you come out unscathed. You come out without a scratch."

Pa'd lay his fiddle on the ground or give it to me to hold while he held Ma close in his arms and loved her. Pa'd stand and kiss Ma five minutes at a time atter they'd had a fight. I'd have a time sometimes breakin 'em apart atter they'd fit all over the mountain top.

"I do love you, Dennie," Ma'd say.

"I love you too, Baby," Pa'd say. "Totem, you're the only Pal I've got in the world besides my old music-box. I love you, Baby." Pa'd grab Ma again and hold her close and kiss her. Ma'd kiss Pa until finally I'd haf to say, "If we're goin to get home in time to feed and milk the cows you'll haf to stop so much lovin." Pa and Ma'd listen to me. They'd break apart and move along. It would be breakfast time and I'd be gettin hungry. Pa and Ma would walk in front of me. Ma would have her left arm around Pa and he'd have his right arm around her. He'd have his fiddle under his left arm and Ma'd be holdin her skirt with her right hand so it wouldn't drag on the briars along the mountain path. We'd move toward the house.

I can say this much for Pa. He was a good father. Ma was a good mother, too, but she didn't give me the advice that Pa did. Ma'd never tell me not to drink licker like she had. Pa'd say, "Son, look at me. I've had the best time of any man on this earth. But you can overdo the thing. I've overdone it. The old body can only stand so much. It is the old ticker that ticks the time. It don't take much to get 'im out'n gear. Your Ma has handled her licker better than I have. You can do as you please but I'd advise you to take it easier than I have. When I climb a little bank now I can hear my old ticker thumpin my time away like the tickin of a clock. I know it aint goin to tick but a little more time for me. How I wish it would tick the time forever. I hate 'That Lonesome Hill.' I've been there too many times with your brothers and sisters. When my ticker sends me to 'That Lonesome Hill,' I hope it will be a wonderful day for you and Totem. I hope there is a lot of excitement."

Pa and Ma couldn't go to any more dances. Pa's ticker would just let him get out as far as the barn and the woodshed. Winter had come again and the snow kivered the hills. There was a white quilt of snow spread over the land. The land was the color of the stones on 'That Lonesome Hill.' Ma was watchin over Pa. She'd track him around the barn to see that Pa wasn't gettin any licker. She was afraid it would stop his ticker. Once Ma

*Continued on page 279*

# Ty Cobb Says Baseball Is Slipping

### Before the fast ball scores were small, games were closer, every single counted and they fought right up to the finish

### by FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT

• SPORTS •

According to Ty Cobb baseball is threatened by a much graver menace than the farm system against which Judge Landis is now waging war. The greatest player whom the game has ever known, maintains that it is doomed unless the league magnates give up the type of ball which they are now using.

This present type was adopted years ago. The increased elasticity of its yarn winding makes for heavy hitting. It replaced a slower ball which used to give pitchers and infielders more advantage than they now have.

The subject first came up one afternoon when several of us were sitting around a table discussing the latest developments in Judge Landis' spectacular campaign. Three of us had been sounding off at considerable length when Ty said:

"You fellows are right. No doubt about it. But did you ever stop to think of this? The present system of handling players affects the leagues. The lively ball is a more fundamental evil. It threatens the game itself. If things keep on as they are now, if we don't go back to the old ball, baseball is going to lose its place as our national pastime. That's my belief."

With which he departed, leaving us to our reflections, and the writer made up his mind to get this interview.

It is just about twelve years since the Georgia Peach retired from professional baseball. During that interval several million small boys have appeared to play in the sandlots, other millions have grown up to take their places in the queues before park turnstiles. Many of them haven't learned—and in these days since playing has been revolutionized, some of their elders have forgotten—the reasons why he rates so highly as an authority on this particular subject of the lively ball.

Moreover, it is nearly twenty years since the magnates of the two major leagues began fussing with the horsehide cover and the yarn winding. During that interval the average fan has grown accustomed to home runs and batting rallies; it never enters his head that the present game is a comparatively recent innovation, in many features radically different from its predecessor which had been developing for eighty years prior to the change.

Before you read what he had to say, let's look Ty Cobb over, and while we're doing this we'll have a chance to see what happened to the ball. For his twenty-four years as a professional player spanned the last of the old era and the beginning of the new.

That fact in itself ought to lend a lot of weight to his opinion. Add to it the further fact that he had brains and used them. Aside from a fighting spirit, which always kept him on his toes until the last man was out in the ninth inning, he was most notable for his headwork. With him baseball was distinctly a profession, he studied every angle, and, when he quit the game, he says: "I was just beginning to find out how many things were left for me to learn."

The first two-thirds of his long career was spent in the days of close scores when defensive baseball meant much more than it does now. In those days of fielding perfection his records were always near the top of the column.

But his right to comment on conditions which have arisen since home runs and two-baggers took the spotlight becomes greater when one remembers that he led the American League in batting for twelve years. And, in those days, when pitchers held the big edge, when infield combinations were tight and outfielders were able to play the batter for heart-breaking results, a man who earned a percentage of four hundred or better, as he did for several seasons, had to do more than swing from his heels.

He had been playing for sixteen years in the majors when the American League switched to the livelier ball. By changing the nature of the yarn they made it easier for George Herman Ruth and his emulators to blast the old apple out of the lot. The Nationals followed their example. Ty didn't retire until 1928, about seven years after the new era was established.

During the years that followed he has been taking life easy out in California but he didn't take his eyes off the game. On one occasion, not long ago, I happened to mention the name of a promising young player. A week or so before I had asked a minor league club owner and a well-known sports writer about this boy, but, beyond the fact that he was somewhere in the American Association, they couldn't give me any information. Ty said at once:

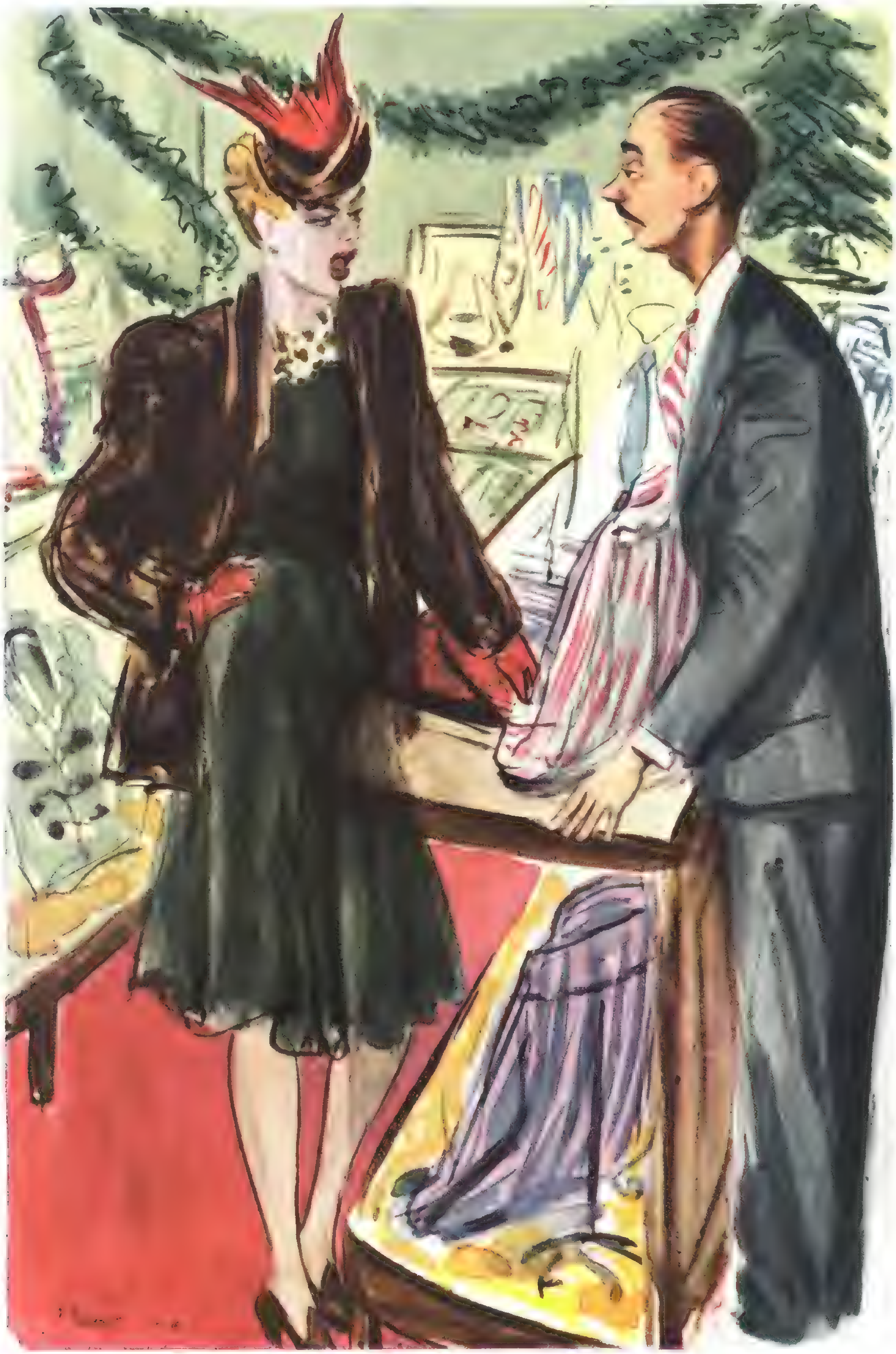
"He's playing with Kansas City. If he doesn't go up to the majors this year or next I'll be surprised." And he went on to tell of another youngster in the same club who looked like a big-time prospect.

So, in 1933 when both major leagues experimented with the ball again—the Nationals adopted a bigger seam to give the pitchers a firmer grip and the Americans loosened the cover in order to slow up hitters—he was still keeping in close touch. And two or three years later when the moguls swung back to more elasticity, there wasn't a fan in any ball park who was more familiar than he with what was going on.

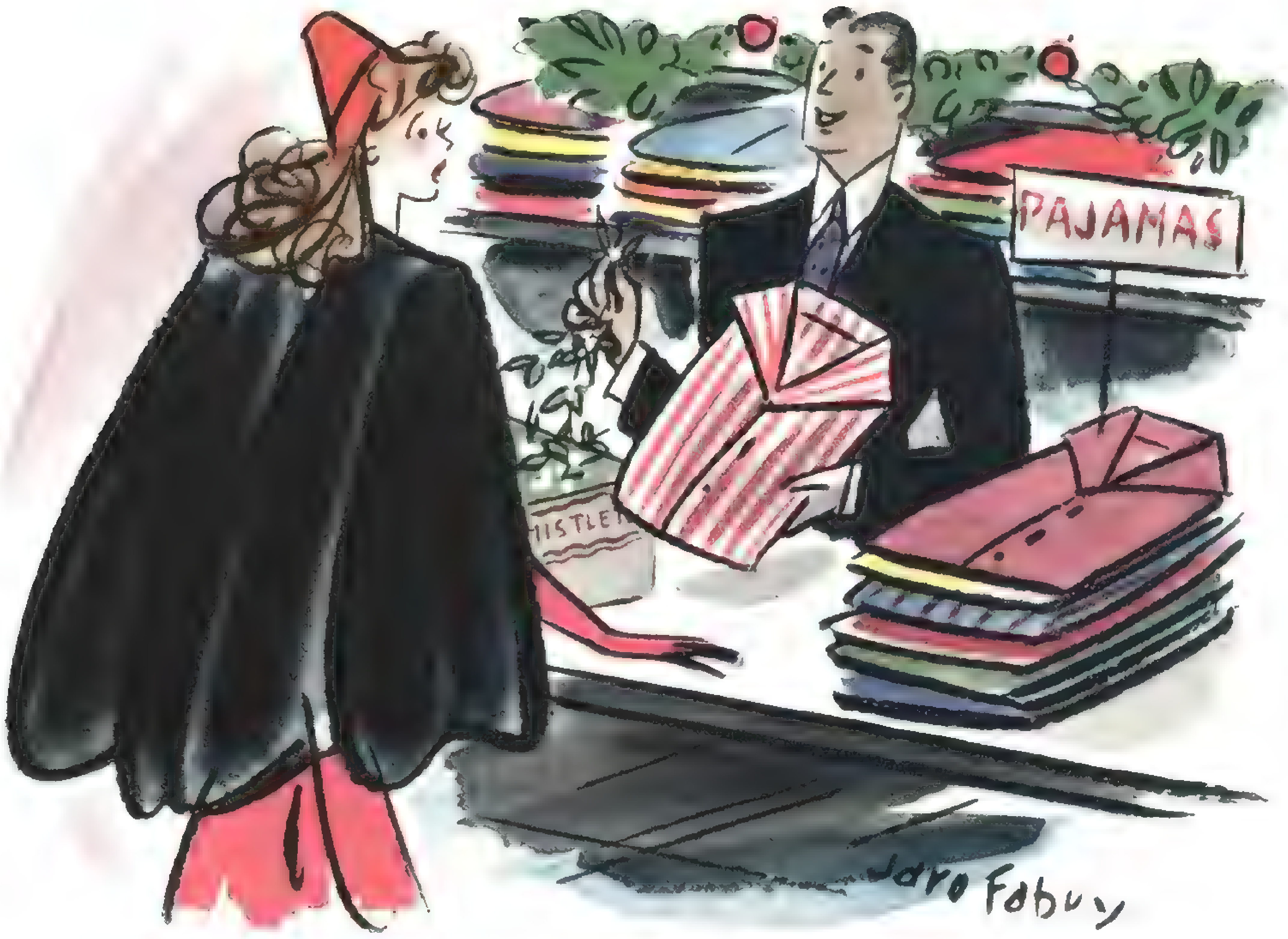
In this business of interviewing you often have to steer your man, sometimes by questions, sometimes by argument. But Ty knew his subject and he was full of it. As soon as we were seated in the sunny living room of his house among the live oaks, he asked:

Continued on page 277

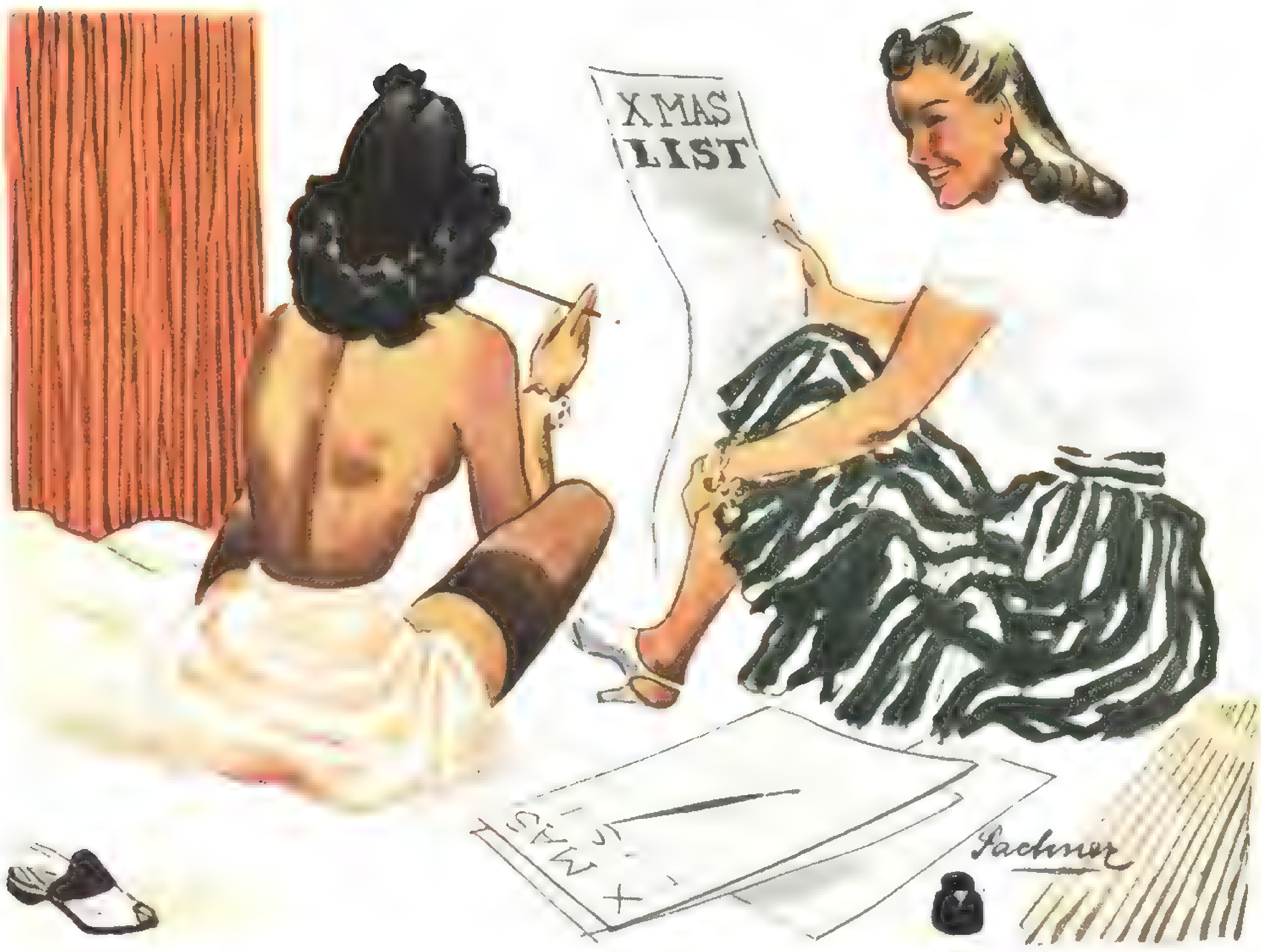
*"Well, boys, I've got a surprise for you . . . crepe suzettes!"*



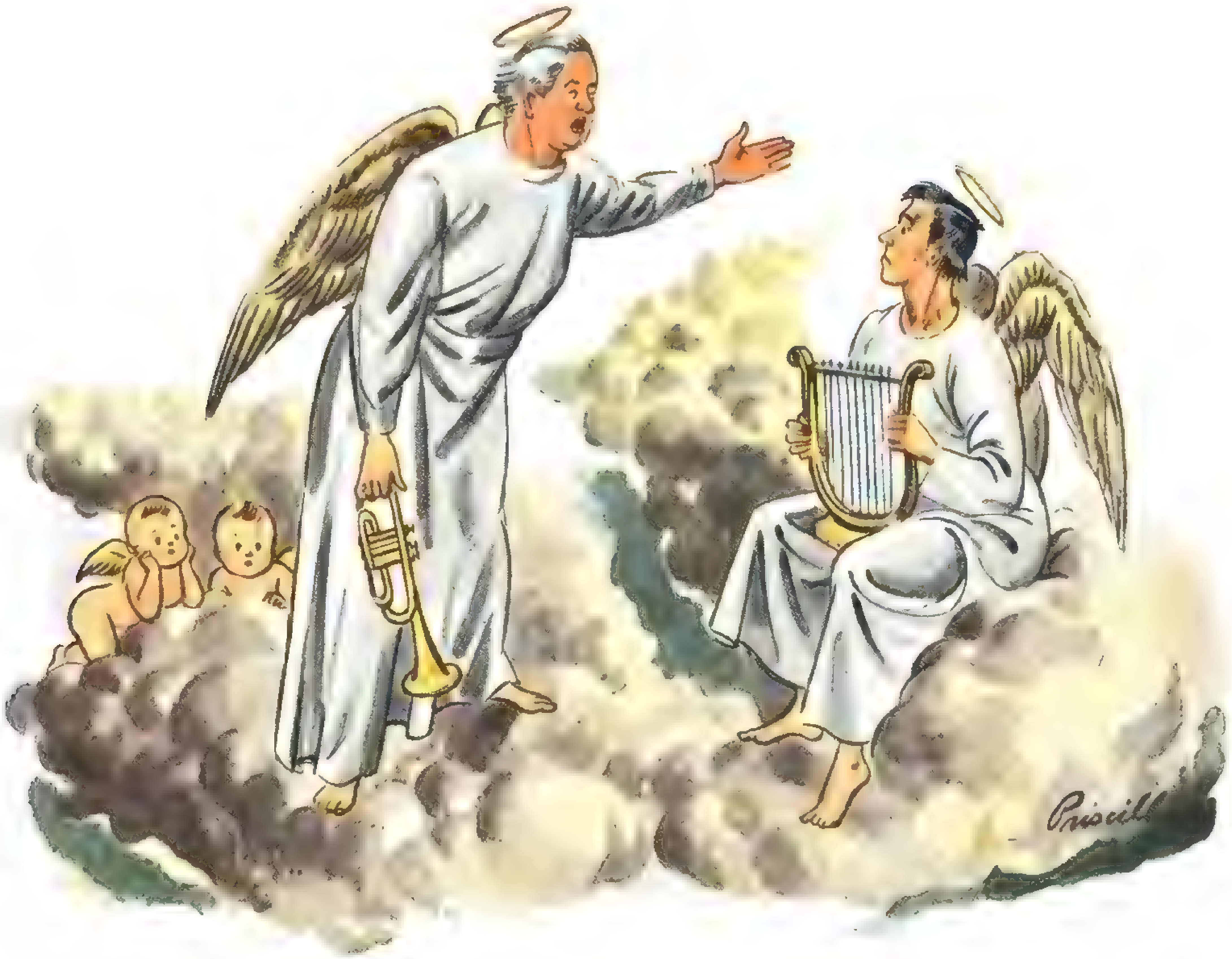
*"My husband started playing the market again so he'll probably need plenty of shirts!"*


PAJAMAS
MISTLE
Jaro Fabry

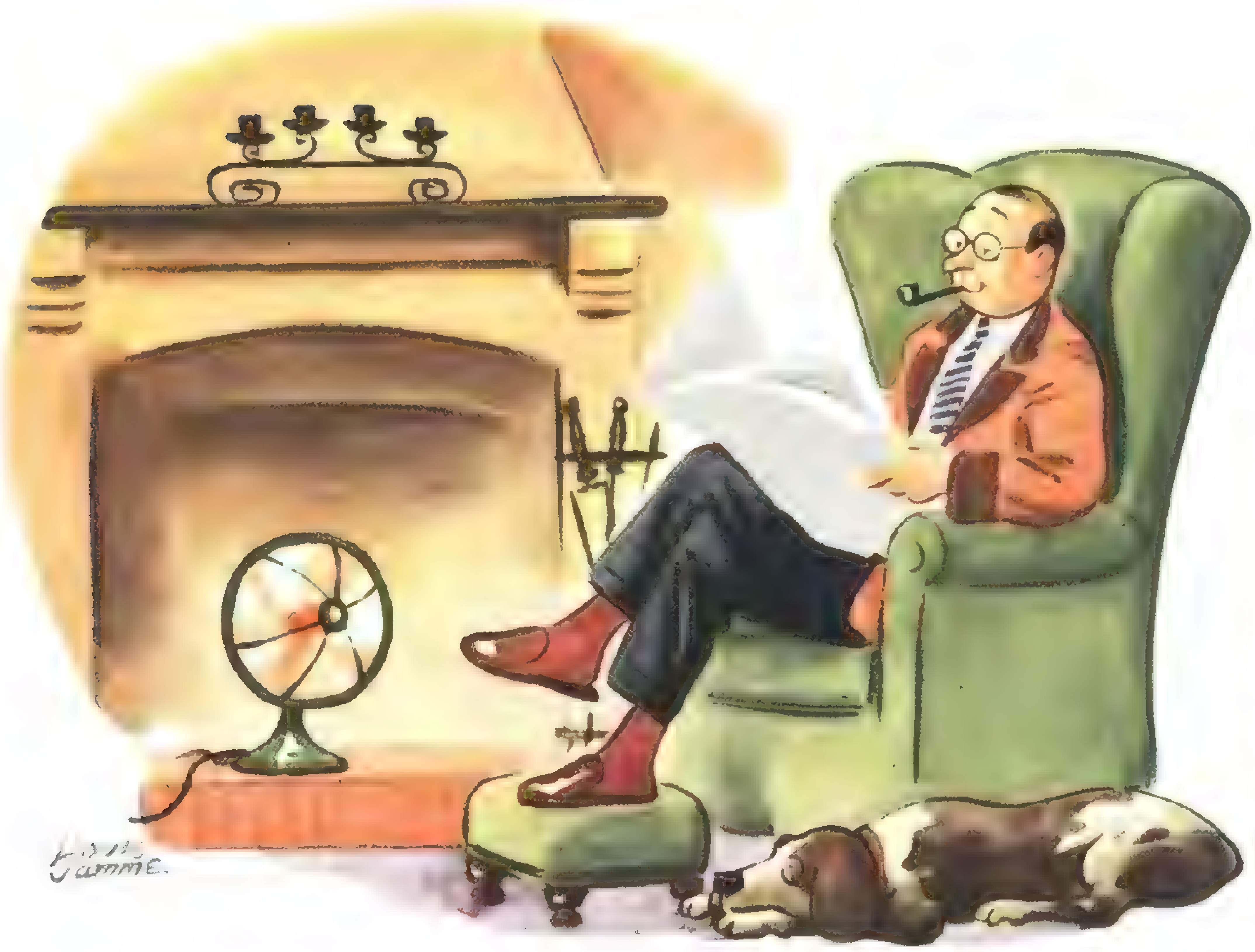
*"With each pair of pajamas we are giving away mistletoe"*

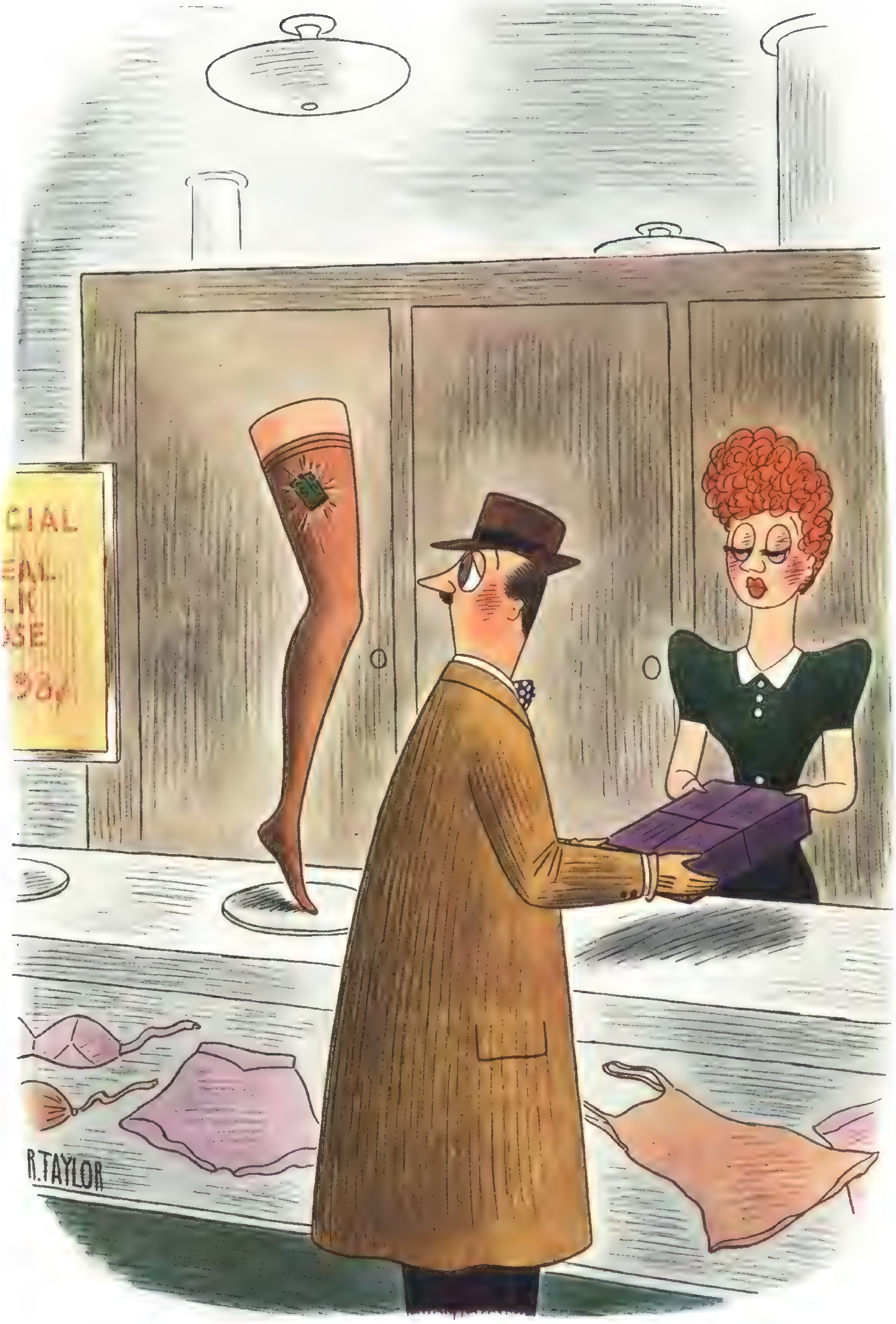

XMAS LIST
XMAS LIST
Sachner

*"Now I mail one copy to Santa Claus and duplicates to Mr. Gelespie, Mr. Tyson, Mr. Salisbury and Major Holbrook just to make sure"*



*"I've looked all over—there isn't a clarinet player in the place"*

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R.TAYLOR

# A Success Story

### Nobody stared at Hunter, because people on the wrong side of the tracks in Los Angeles are polite

### by TIMOTHY G. TURNER

• SATIRE •

Hollywood is a suburb of Los Angeles where some large canneries are located.

They put it up in round, flat boxes shaped like, and about as big as, a cheese.

John Barton Hunter—which was not his real name—worked in one of these canneries. He made money, above two hundred grand per income tax. That is when the making was good.

Back when he was tender, Hunter had been a newspaper reporter, and ever since affected the soft, big-leaded pencils. They dirtied his hundred-dollar suits.

He had been an actor, and still watched what effect his words had on audiences, down to one. He strutted a little when he walked. He pronounced words too correctly. Otherwise he was a good egg.

Now he was a director, and a top one. He made a lot of dough and had night club indigestion.

Lately Hunter had felt another symptom. He couldn't tell just what it was.

Hunter worked, slaved when a picture was in the making, on a vast industrial lot where large, factory-like buildings were spread around as if they disliked one another.

The company planted beds of flowers here and there, but this didn't fool anybody.

Hunter had a bungalow on the lot with an air-conditioned study in it. It was quiet as the South Seas, but this didn't last long. There was a telephone.

Napoleon sent for Hunter. They called him Napoleon because his name was Wassermeyer. That wasn't his real name, either. He was the works.

Hunter didn't hate Napoleon. He just loathed him.

"Johnny," said Napoleon, looking down his long nose at the point of his pencil. The point was sharp.

Hunter again felt that new disorder coming up inside of him. What could it be? Was the old pump out of order? High blood—

"Johnny, you've been pretty damn temperamental lately. Temperamental is a word that comes from temper, don't it?"

"No, temperament."

"Well, what's the difference. I've seen temper and temperament in ham actors and stuck-up directors for twenty years."

"What do producers have?"

"Don't get fresh."

Napoleon rose to his feet, which were flat. He looked very grave.

"Hunter," he said severely, "I hate to do this. But I think you need a rest. I will give you twenty-five per cent of your salary, and you can go and do what you like. When you come back rested up, you can do better work, and maybe get along better with the stars and—with me. I always liked you, Johnny."

Johnny stood up. He was nearly six feet and strong as a horse. Tennis and swimming.

"Wassermeyer," he said, "I don't like you. I happen to know what you did before you got into pictures, and you haven't changed."

"You're fired," yelled Napoleon. "I take back that twenty-five per cent. Your pitchers are corny, anyway. The last one stunk."

They soon got down to monosyllables.

"Ham," said Napoleon.

"Fish," said Hunter.

He slammed the door till it bounced open again. It had been slammed before but it had never done that. It was the door's way of protesting at last.

"Why's your face so red for?" asked Myrna when Hunter met her on the way to his bungalow.

"Napoleon and I have had a conference. Short one. I'm through."

Myrna went into her sympathetic business. She had done it very well in *Hearts and Bombs.*

"You're coming up tonight, you know," she said in her Hollywood-Mayfair voice. "You can tell me all about it then, Johnny."

Myrna had never looked that way to him before. Her bleached hair was no more bleached, her plucked eyebrows no more plucked than always. The face he saw reminded him of a leprous albino.

"No, I won't be able to make it," he replied, rather roughly. "I'm going out of town."

"Gee, darling, is it as bad as that?" said Myrna, dropping her English accent like an evening wrap and exposing the kitchen dress underneath. She came from a small town in upstate New York where her father had a garage.

Hunter went into his bungalow without another brush with anybody. He took a drink. He didn't feel better.

Then that strange, new symptom came up again inside of him. Now he recognized it. It was disgust. He had always been a hearty guy. He had never felt that way before.

Hunter packed some things in a handbag, closed it so emphatically that he zipped the zipper off. He tossed it into a wastebasket, and grabbing up the bag started out.

The destruction of the zipper made him feel better, as slamming Napoleon's door had done.

When he started to drive the car out of the lot, the doorman stopped him.

"Sorry, Mr. Hunter," said Mac, (he was dumb and honest as a doorman should be). "Mr. Wassermeyer personally phoned me not to let that car leave the lot. He says it ain't your car."

Hunter didn't say a word, got out with his handbag, and started to walk toward Hollywood Boulevard. He looked in his pockets and found he had twenty dollars and fifteen cents.

"Well," he said to himself, "the old vulture

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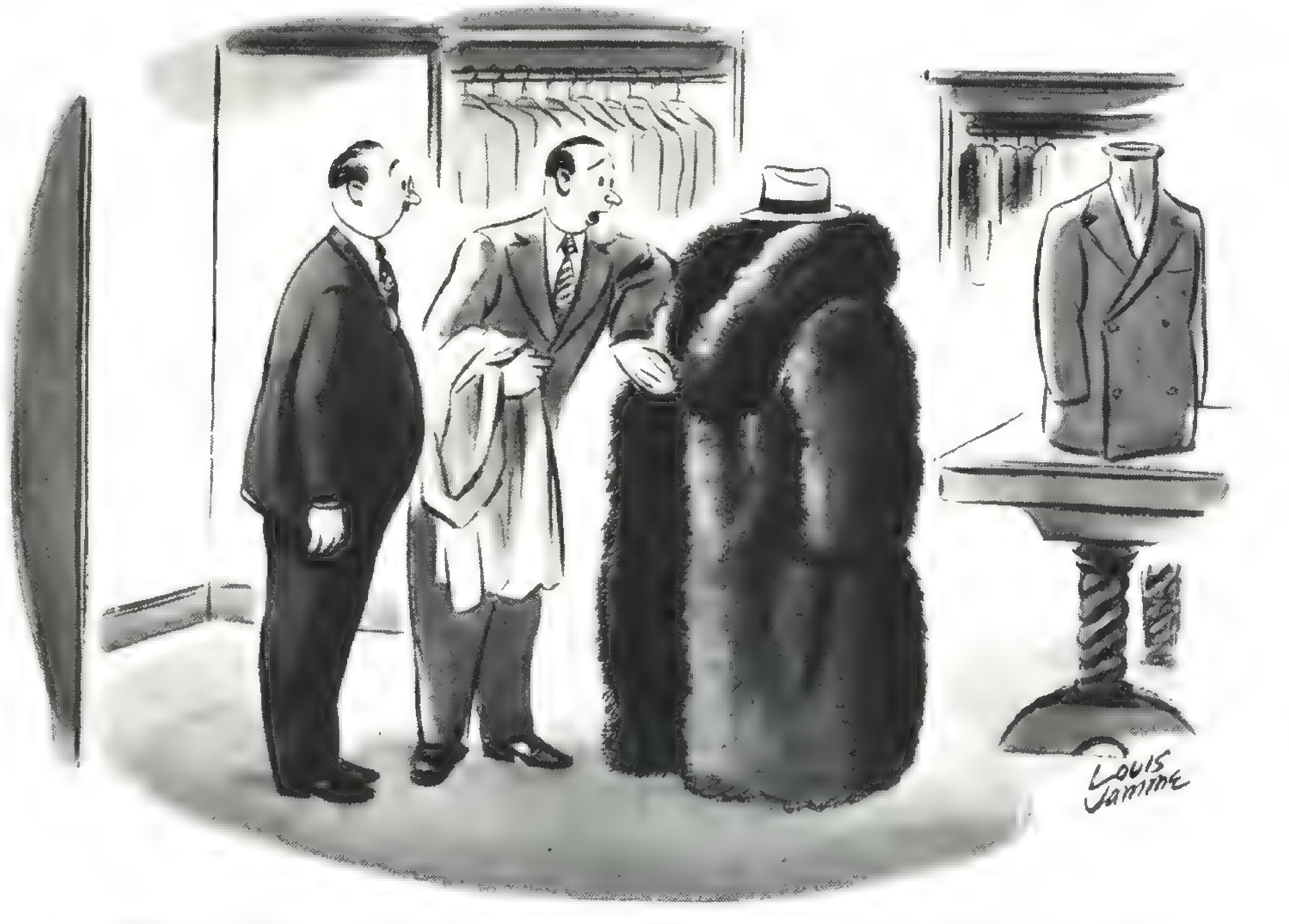


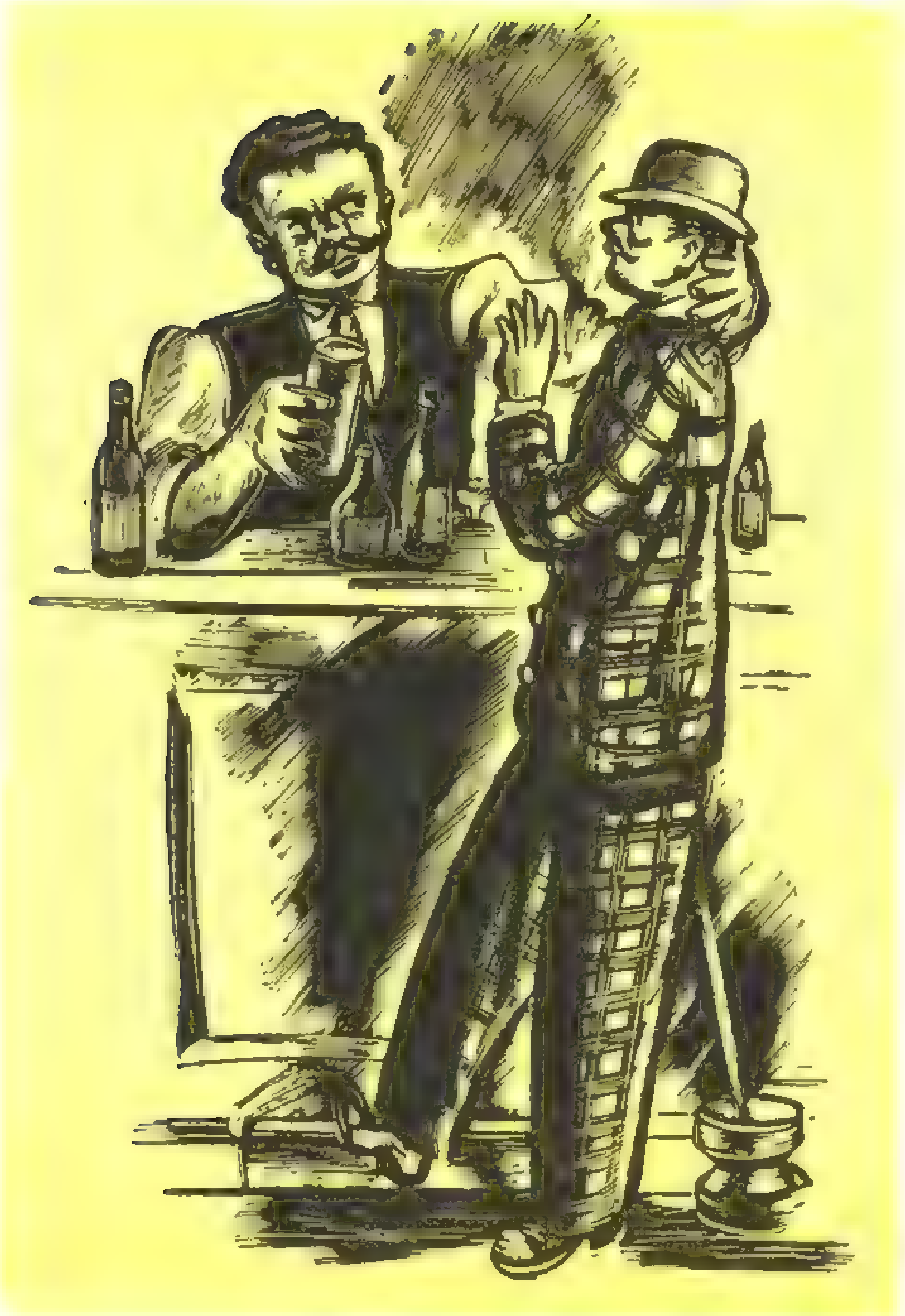
*"But I tell you there was a customer in here, just a minute ago!"*

# Saloon in the Timber

## Big Fred's Humboldt gave the Jacks a liberal education, guarded them from women, bullies, city slickers

### by STEWART H. HOLBROOK

• ARTICLE •



THE most interesting place I ever drank hard liquor in was Big Fred Hewlett's Humboldt Saloon, back in the very tall timber of Western Washington. There were bigger saloons than the Humboldt and many that boasted more brass and mirrors, but not one of them had the Humboldt's flavor. It was unique, and so was Big Fred Hewlett.

Big Fred was a State-of-Mainer. He came to Aberdeen, in the Grays Harbor country on the Washington coast, in the late 90's. He looked the situation over and decided that the hustling raw village was destined to become another Bangor or Saginaw, two of the most famous lumberjack towns on earth. He was correct. Within a few years Aberdeen, and nearby Hoquiam, were cutting a billion feet of lumber every year.

A billion feet of lumber calls for an ungodly lot of logging, and an army of loggers. Big Fred, as they say, drove his stakes, and his stakes comprised the Humboldt Saloon, which he built in that part of town lumberjacks designate as The Skidroad. By the turn of the century the Humboldt was well established as headquarters for the fifteen thousand wild jacks who were cutting the cloud-crashing Douglas fir and bringing it down to Aberdeen's sawmills. It continued to be a loggers' Mecca until 1920 and Prohibition. I will come to its subsequent history a little later on.

When the Humboldt was opened, Aberdeen fairly swarmed with cutthroats and harpies, bent on taking easy and lots of dough from the loggers on their periodic busts in town. If a cash-laden lumberjack didn't "roll" easily, his body might be found in the Floater Fleet for which the murky waters of Gray's Harbor soon became notorious. During a period of approximately twenty years, there just was not any law in Aberdeen to protect the lads who blew their rolls there.

In this den of skulduggery the Humboldt was uniquely honest. Big Fred had a rule that no woman, good or bad, was ever to cross the threshold. So far as is known, none ever did. Nor were any sort of fancy men, card sharps or hangers-on allowed in the place. And when you bought a drink of whisky in the Humboldt you had no need to fear knockout drops. The whiskey, too, was whiskey, and not alcohol colored with tea and flavored with prune juice, which was the concoction commonly served to lumberjacks. Big Fred had his own brand, "Double Stamp" in strength as he called it, or 100 proof, and none other. On every bottle appeared a pleasing likeness of Fred, done in colors, and the same picture graced the cover of the Humboldt's boxes of cigars. Fred was a man who stood solidly behind his wares.

Big Fred's picture hardly did him justice; there wasn't room on a bottle or box for a real likeness. He stood just a few inches under seven feet and is best described by saying he was a moose of a man and letting it go at that. His was a strong face, decorated with an elegant mustache of medium size, black as night. He wore good clothes of sober black broadcloth, a low collar with black string tie, and across his vest was strung a watch chain that was believed to weigh exactly eight ounces. He was a peaceful man, for the time and place, and never looked for trouble, but if he saw trouble coming, he met it head-on.

In Aberdeen at the time was a heavyweight who had once stayed six rounds with John L. Sullivan, and he was something of a local terror. It was his custom to enter a saloon, start at the near end of the bar, and one-two, one-two—he'd knock down the drinkers, one after the other, before they knew what was going on.

Well, one day this plug-ugly reached the Humboldt. Big Fred had heard of him and was ready. As the bully came in, Fred stepped briskly around the end of the bar and came up close. "Listen, you big bum," he said quietly, sticking out his chin. "I'm the first man you knock down in here."

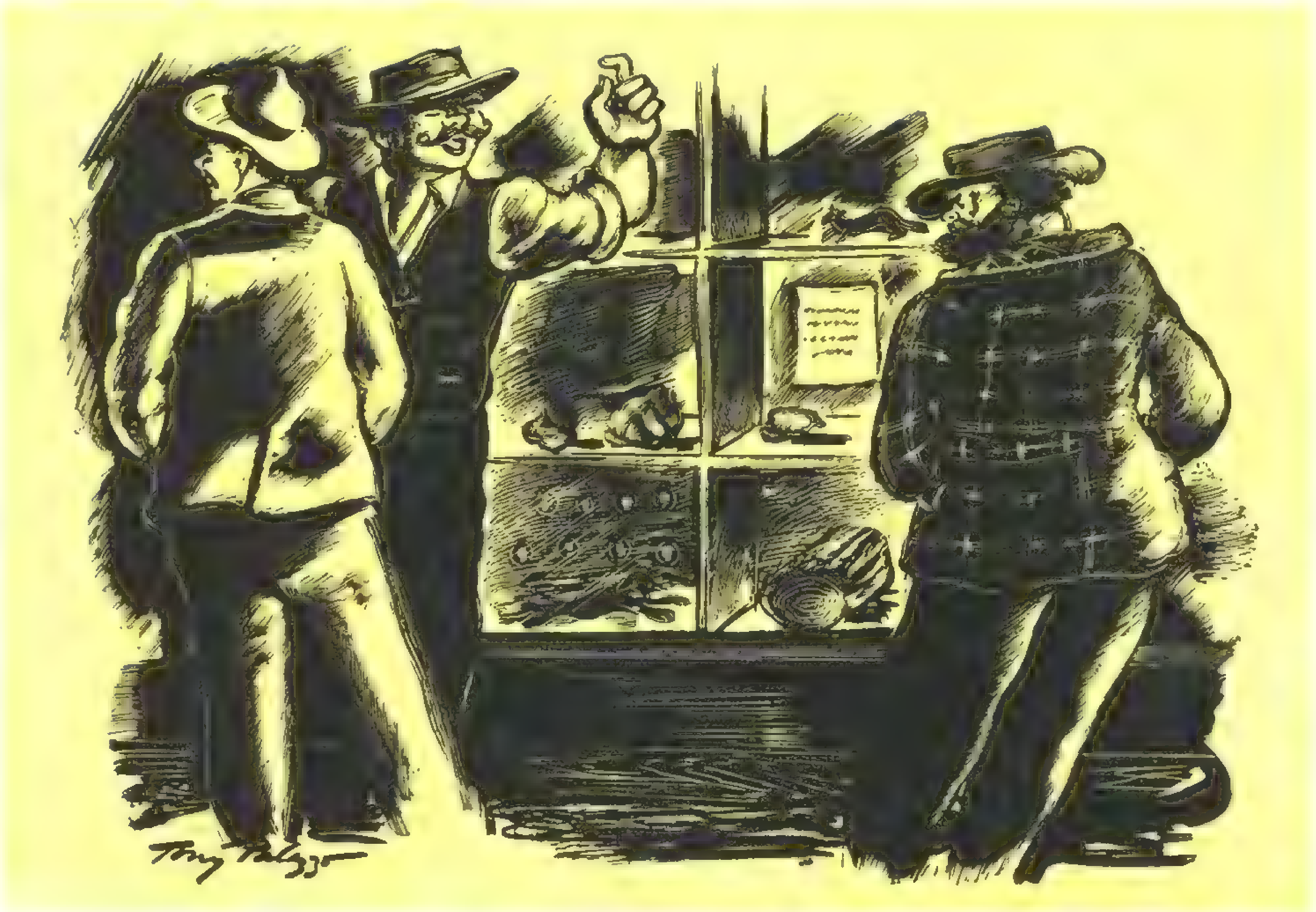
The big boy looked at him, apparently very surprised, but he didn't make a move. Fred went on: "Now, I'll tell you how it is in here. I don't mean to kill you but I'm planning on breaking your arm—maybe both of them. Understand?"

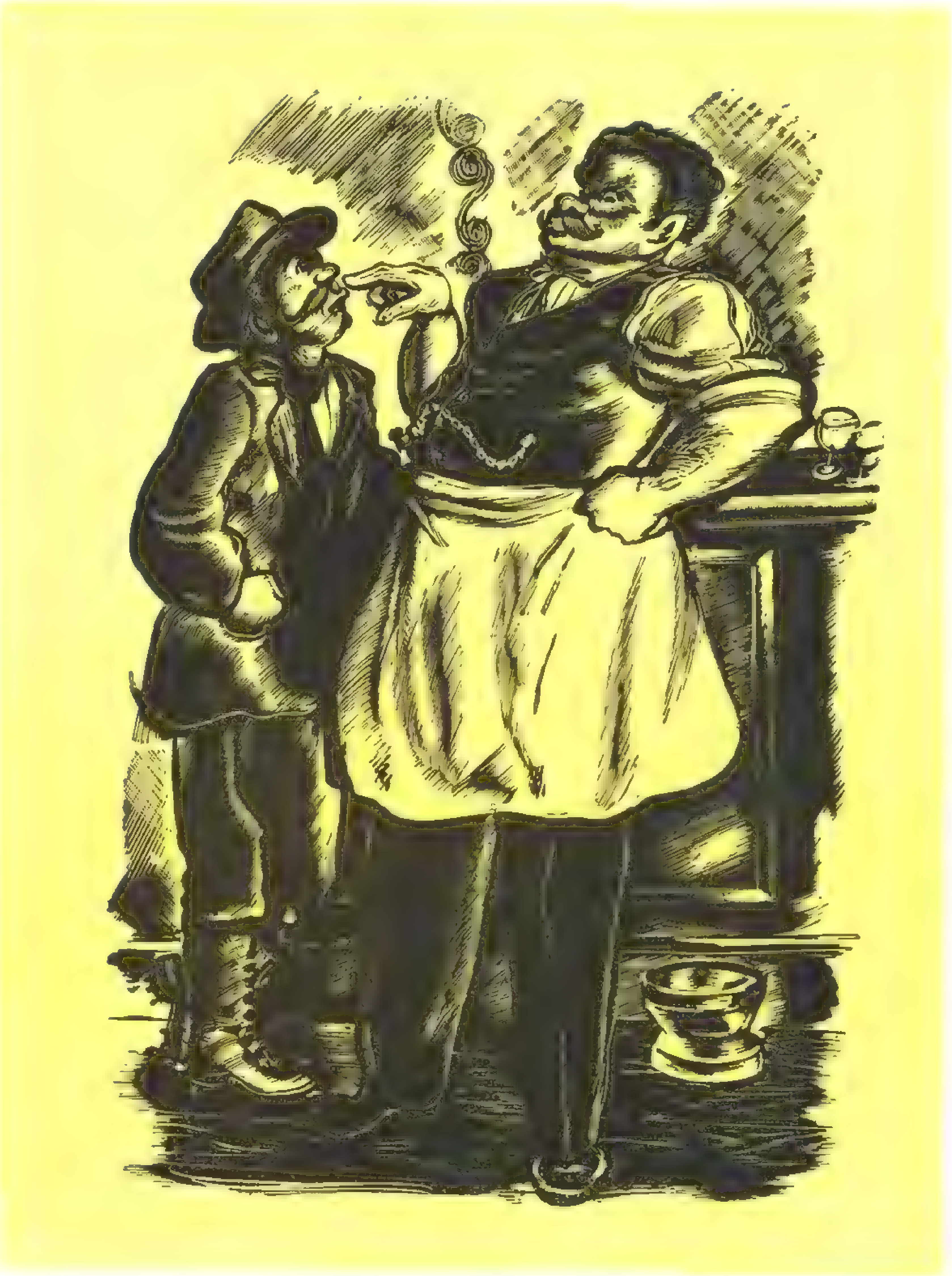
Fred made no move. Neither did the tough guy. The mug who had stayed six rounds with John L. Sullivan laughed nervously, then set up drinks for all hands, and departed.

"I'm glad he acted that way," said Fred. "I don't like no brawling in my museum."

Big Fred didn't like brawling and he didn't like dudes. A dude to Fred was possibly anybody who was not a logger, a sawmill stiff or a sailor, but a dude once got into the Humboldt.

"Bartender," the dude said to Fred. "Mix me a Manhattan cocktail." He couldn't have done worse. In that time and place a man





who would drink a cocktail was considered on a par with a cigarette smoker, which was to say, a degenerate.

Big Fred didn't bat an eye. "What kind did you say?" he inquired politely.

"Manhattan," said the dude.

Big Fred went to work. He bit off a chew of the plug he liked and reached for a bottle. Putting one of the Humboldt's generous beer mugs on the bar, he poured a good shot of whiskey into it. To this he added a slug of gin, another of rum, a dash of real brandy, of bitters, of acquavit, and then filled the remainder of the mug with beer. Placing this dose in front of the dude, accommodating Fred stirred it slowly with a huge forefinger.

"There, mister," he said obligingly, "is your Manhattan cocktail."

The astounded city slicker protested. "That isn't a cocktail," he began. "It's a mess of . . ."

"Drink 'er down," growled Fred, whose growl was like that of a Kodiak bear, just waking up and ornery. The dude drank to the bottom of the mug and went away.

It was one of the little things that made Fred popular.

But it was Big Fred's reputation for square shooting that got the boys coming and held them. Loggers who wouldn't think of entrusting their money to a savings bank flocked into Fred's, cashed their checks, kept what they thought they needed for the night, and turned from fifty to a thousand dollars over to Fred for safekeeping. Fred put each roll into an envelope, marked the logger's name on it, and placed it in his big safe, which had a nice oil painting of Niagara Falls on its doors.

It was common, in season, for this safe to contain as much as twenty thousand dollars, all of it the property of lumberjacks who didn't want to be rolled by the horde of pimps and bawds who infested Aberdeen. Moreover, if one of the boys returned to the Humboldt too plastered to know what he was doing, Big Fred would never allow him to draw more than five dollars. "Come back tomorrow," he'd tell the souse.

Year after year better than $600,000 in loggers' checks was cashed in the Humboldt. There is no record or rumor of a man claiming to have been short-changed. When a man returned to the woods, he took a free bottle of liquor with him, to aid the sobering-up process. Once a week Big Fred made a visit to the Aberdeen hospital, leaving cigars—but never cigarettes—to loggers who had been in woods accidents or had been beaten up in fights. It all paid dividends.

Big Fred and the Humboldt were different in other ways, too. Fred didn't go in for art. He wasn't an art lover and no fat nudes in gilt frames hung on his walls. Fred was a notable patron of the sciences, though. I spent many a happy, and fairly sober, hour in the Humboldt. Some of the boys called it the Congress of Curiosities. I liked to think of it as the Hewlettonian Institution and once told Fred so. He was immensely pleased.

In glass cases along one wall was a respectable collection of minerals from all parts of the world, labeled and classified. These specimens had come in one at a time from fellows Big Fred knew. Fred probably didn't know what "ethnology" meant but his place displayed the tribal garb, weapons and "medicine" of Indians from the Blackfeet to the Pueblo. A galaxy of ordnance included flintlocks, percussion locks, and pistols that had played parts in more or less celebrated murders and holdups. A meerschaum pipe was reputedly one that Cole Younger, the bandit, smoked to while away the long hours in the Minnesota State Prison. There was an Oregon Boot said to have been worn by Harry Tracy, Oregon's noted bad man.

Various freaks of nature were shown in bottles of alcohol. In a discreet corner was a certain part of a whale. Fred did not give this exhibit the prominence it deserved because he had become tired of hearing loggers make the same lewd or envious remarks about it. Stuffed cougars, mink, owls and snakes stared and glared at the customers. There were some pieces of huge bone, thought to have been those of a mammoth, that a lumberjack had come across in a bank of the Hoquiam River. Fred gave two quarts of his best liquor for them.

Another find was made one Sunday by two loggers returning to camp from town. Near a creek they noted a long mossy heap. It turned out to be an Indian dugout canoe. It had been there for a long time and eight inches of moss had grown over it. Nearby was the huge and ancient stump from which the dugout tree had been cut.

The two men went to Fred with the news. The stump was five hundred feet from a road. Fred gave the boys five gallons of liquor to swamp out a trail through the brush and to cut an eighteen-inch section from the stump. The markings on it looked to be those of a stone ax. Fred sent a generous slice of the stump to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C., to learn if possible what sort of a tool had been used in felling the tree, and when. The Institution could only reply that the felling had been done before 1792, when the first metal axes were brought to the Pacific Coast. Until the Humboldt's end, the stump, with the Institution's letter tacked to it, was a prized exhibit in it. Big Fred was inordinately proud of this item. "Shows what a feller could do with a stone ax when he got up a sweat," he used to say.

In time, the Humboldt museum's fame reached far places. Two men from the National Geographic Society spent several days taking pictures of Fred's collections of firearms and bows and arrows. Professors of Yale, Stanford and Cornell came to look at the old bones and other things. A number of times the Smithsonian wrote Fred about this or that. He got a big kick out of these doings for he really took a great deal of pride in his collections.

From time to time Fred spent more money in adding to the museum. From sailors he collected coins from every land on the globe. These were labeled and put into cases. Somebody toted in a hunk of meteorite from Central Oregon. Swede and Finn loggers gave him miniature ships in bottles. Fred gave a standing order to the local photographer to take a picture of every lumber schooner that docked in the harbor. He had over a hundred of them. And just before the last of the bullteams was routed from the logging woods by the coming of locomotives, Fred had the photographer go into the timber and get shots of old Cy Blackwell, the fabulous bull puncher who encouraged his oxen by leaping onto the backs of the rear team and walking the full length of ten yokes, in his calked boots, yelling like a crazed Indian. "Some day," Fred said, "these pictures will show how the boys used to do it."

It was probable that no town of Aberdeen's size could boast a museum to touch the Humboldt's. Big Fred told me in 1930 he calculated he had spent some $75,000 on it, and no one of the items had cost very much. As for Fred himself, he remained a lumberjacks' saloon keeper until the end. He kept peace in his place, he served honest liquor, and he protected patrons not only from others but from themselves. And he set Knowledge before them, too. Many a logger got his first interest in things outside his own narrow world from a visit to the Humboldt.

During its two decades of heyday, the

*Continued at top of page 247*

# Knees Are Bad News

### Accounting for the prevalence of "pigskin knee" and suggesting a way to reduce players' injuries

### by HERB GRAFFIS

▪ SPORTS ▪

VOLUMINOUS data has revealed that football, instead of being mayhem with thirteen rules, is much safer than taking a bath. Vital statistics prove that a virile young man lugging a leather prolate spheroid and butting his noggin against eleven other virile young men takes much less chance of being killed than he does when he enters holy wedlock; gals and guns being as temperamental as they are.

If you want to go to the trouble of diddling with casualty reports you can make a case for football as being safer than reading in bed. Reading in bed a guy always takes a chance of dropping hot cigarette ashes into his navel.

But, in view of all the actuarial material favoring football, it is noticeable that a large per cent of college football graduates bear a wound mark from the gridiron to the grave. This mark is displayed every step they take.

It's the gimp knee, the pigskin stagger, the trigger leg—whatever one of its popular terms you want to call it. And it's a far more extensive sign of athletic campaigning than the notable heel-rocking locomotion of the slug-silly pug.

The knee has driven football club trainers nearly nutty plenty of times. It has thwarted the genius of football's protective equipment makers. Guarding the knee against injury continues to be the squaring-the-circle problem of sports' safety-first drive.

Even if you don't know enough about anatomy to do a neat job of trimming your own nails, you get impressed—maybe scared—by an X-ray of a knee or by the pictures of knee structure the trainers and the varsity M.D.'s have in their doctor books. The joint with its casing looks as delicate and as complicated as the human brain. It is about as important as the brain in sports, for there are athletes who manage to do very well with brains that limp, but none of them ever has done much good with a bum knee. Whenever you see the word "knee" mentioned in a sports story, it's bad news.

Early this year Joe Di Maggio injured his right knee in an exhibition game. He was told by his doctor "not to move a wheel" until he was entirely satisfied the knee had healed. The Yankees couldn't get started. In an Associated Press story of April 30 appeared this prophetic sentence: "The Yankees have missed him sorely, and some critics are satisfied they won't win a fifth straight flag without plenty of help from Joe."

Joe was the usual smacking batter during the past season, but it is certain that he was slower on the bases and fielded in a much scantier area than in previous seasons when he was sparking the Yankees to titles.

The Di Maggio injury has been the most publicized of the cases involving the hinges of athletes' gams, but simply for the reason that knee injuries are so frequent in football that they get no more than a mere passing mention.

George Cafego, brilliant back of the University of Tennessee, was reported, toward the latter part of the 1939 football season, as the victim of a bad knee. Cafego was a valuable piece of football material, so you may be sure his knee got the tenderest expert care obtainable. No coach, no trainer, is going to take chances with the knee of a player like Cafego.

But you know how kids are when they're eager to play football. They'll grit their teeth to dust rather than emit a yowl that lets it be known other kids have put them out of competition.

Cafego apparently did too much work on a knee that needed a long rest. When Tennessee went to the Rose Bowl with Cafego incapacitated, it was a jerky assembly of a football machine. Southern California ran up a 14 to 0 score against the Vols. Tennessee was just another ball club when Cafego's knee was out of the line-up.

The knee is the last frontier of vulnerability to serious football injury. Headgear, shoulder-, chest-, back- and hip-protectors and shoes have been brought to such a degree of safety that they protect not only their wearers but his opponents. According to Jay Wyatt, veteran football official and equipment salesman, more than one hundred different styles of knee guards and braces are used in football. The number is being increased each season. That is pretty plain proof that none of the hundred is the perfect answer. One company has about thirty knee braces catalogued. Special knee braces by the score have been designed by team trainers and doctors to fit specific cases.

Knute Rockne developed one of the early knee protectors. It had a steel brace on the side to be supported. Others have been developed since, that are less cumbersome. However, devising a contraption allowing flexing the knee while providing adequate bracing and protection of the injured portion of the joint area, is a job that nobody has been able to do without constructing virtually an armored casing. Such a sheath becomes a brutal weapon should it be hammered against another player. Hence, it's out. Football legislation applying to protective equipment cares for the interests of all the kids, not merely the wearer of the protection.

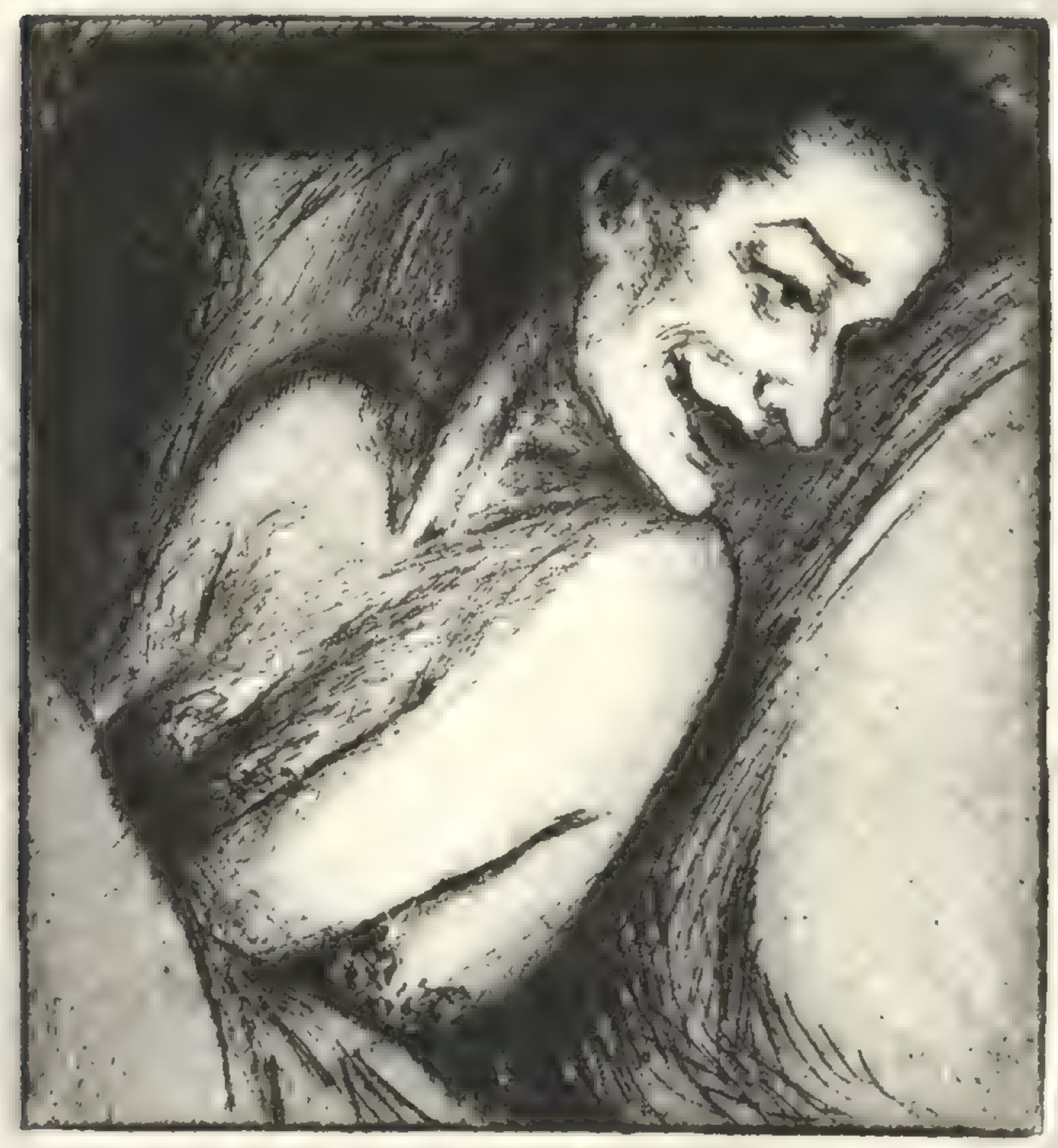
Bronko Nagurski was one of the most popular testing grounds for knee protective equipment. He has a knee that finally got so bad he was even somewhat concerned about it during his professional wrestling engagements. As is generally known, there is a beautiful understanding and wholesome mutual consideration among the grunters. A

Continued on page 254

*"Why don't you get a junior partner, Mister Bryan?"*

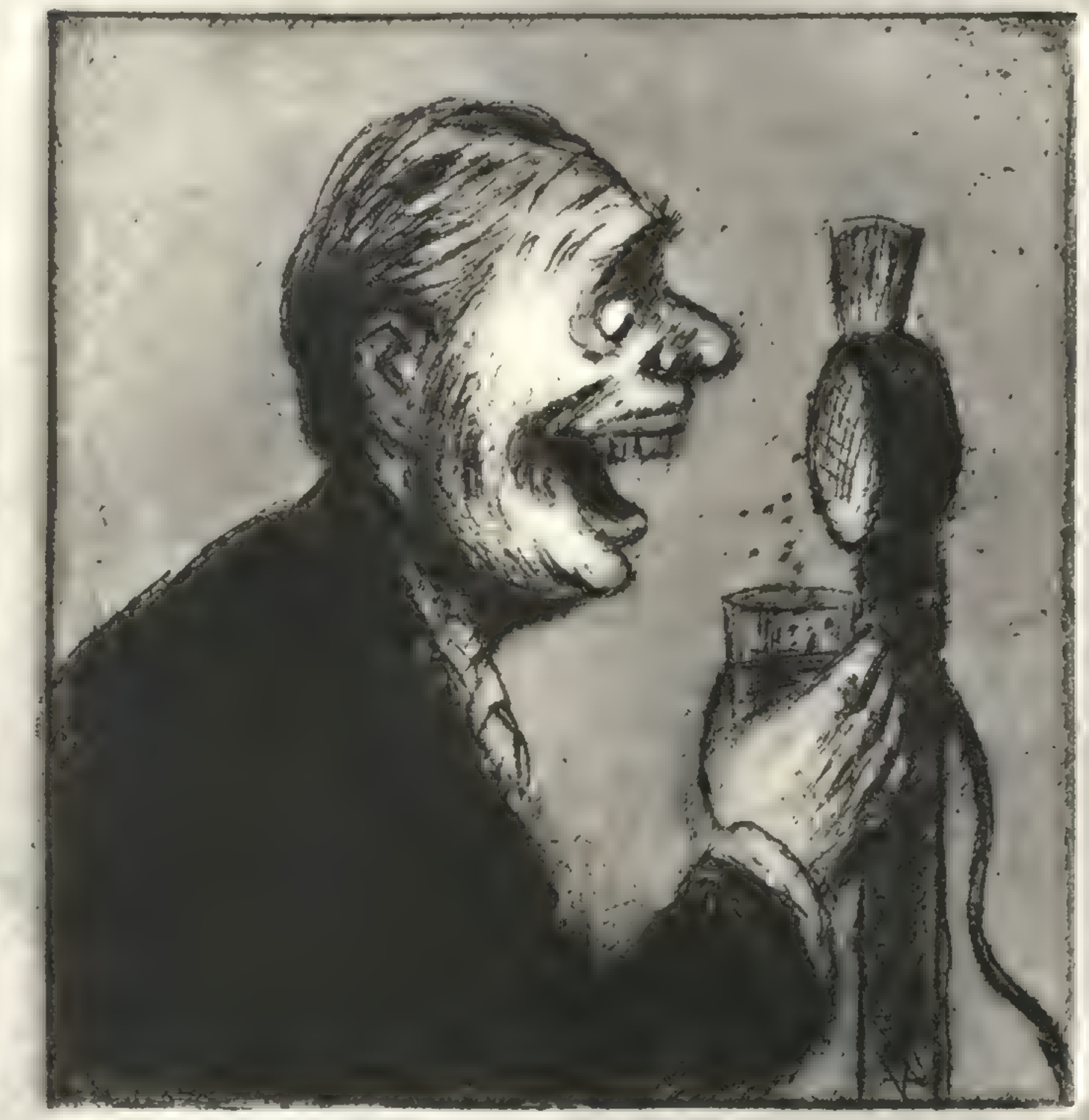
# *Cards You'll Never Find in the Shops—by* PHIL STACK*—etchings by* HOWARD BAER

***For a Wife***



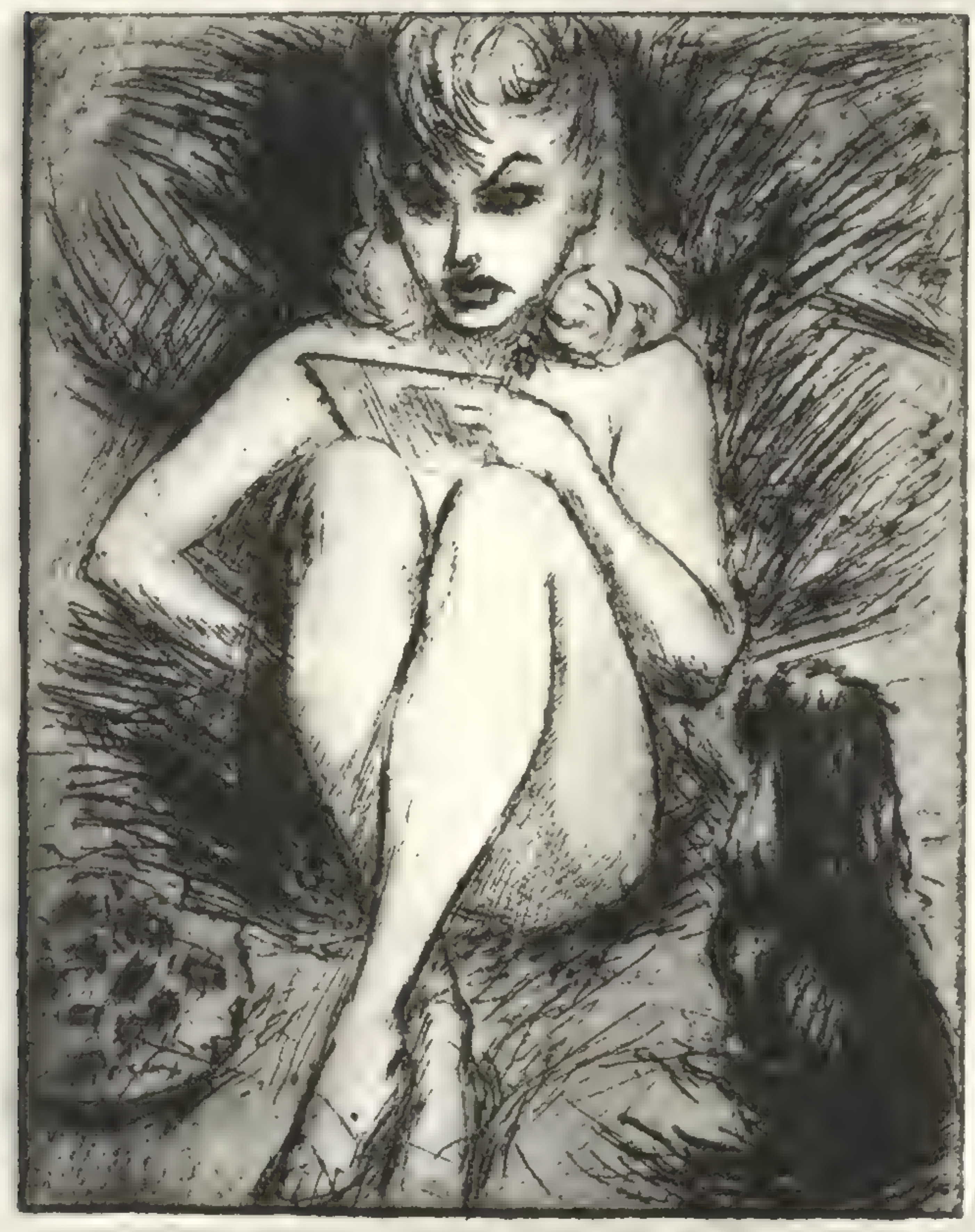
*Yuletide greetings to you, Sweet,*
*Married life has been a treat,*
*You are still my one desire—*
*(Gawd! But I'm an awful liar!)*

***For an Announcer***



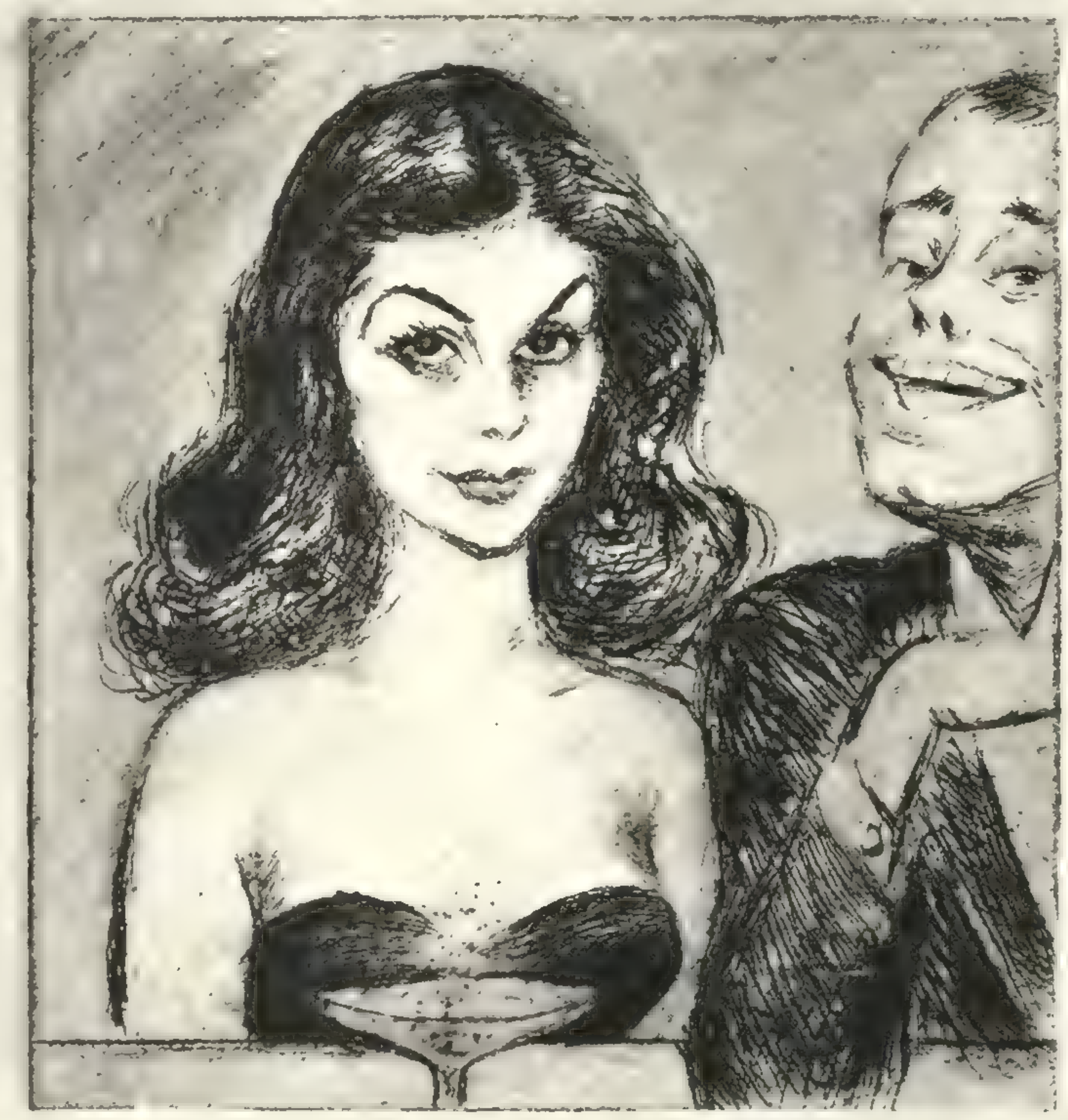
*This wish for you is most emphatic,*
*May Christmas Day be full of static!*
*And may you have to swallow nightly*
*The laxatives you praise so brightly!*

***For a Sweetheart***



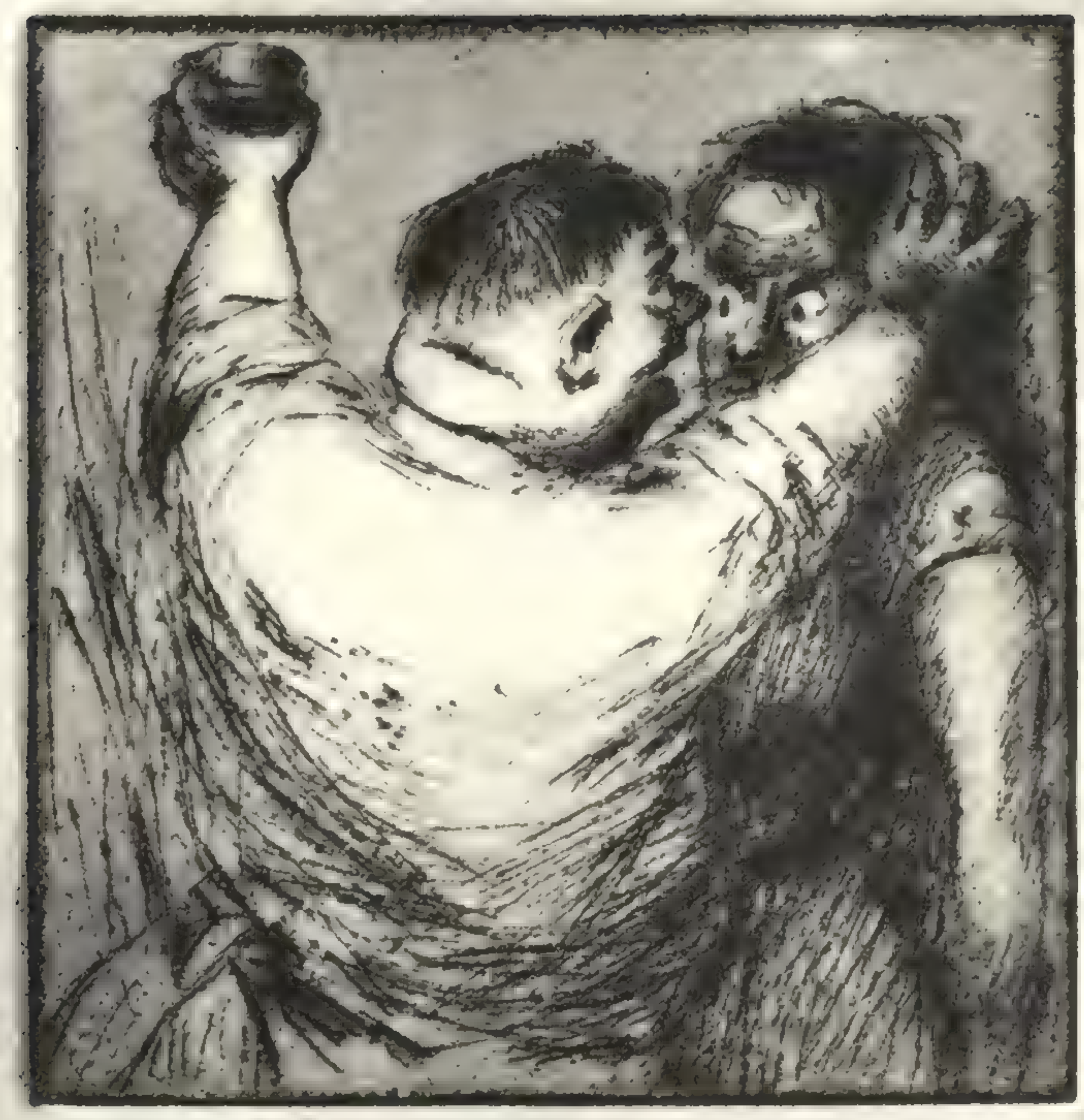
*I would I were a millionaire*
*As Christmas magic fills the air,*
*My bank assures me I am not—*
*Accept this card . . . forget the yacht!*

***For Glamour Girl No. 1***



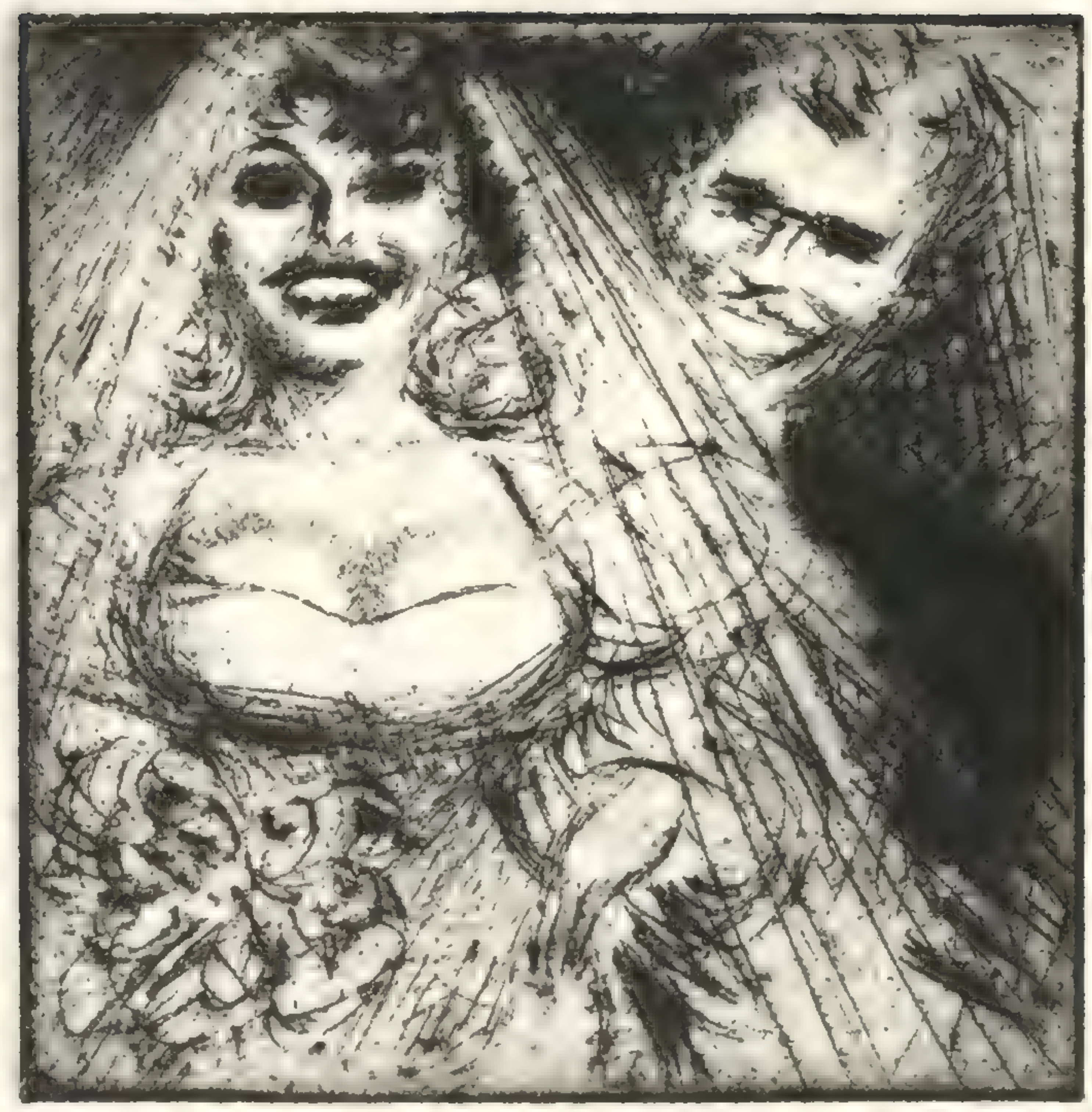
*Santy Claus, but once a year*
*Is in the public eye, my dear,*
*Please emulate this jolly chap—*
*We're sick of looking at your map!*

**For a Bartender**



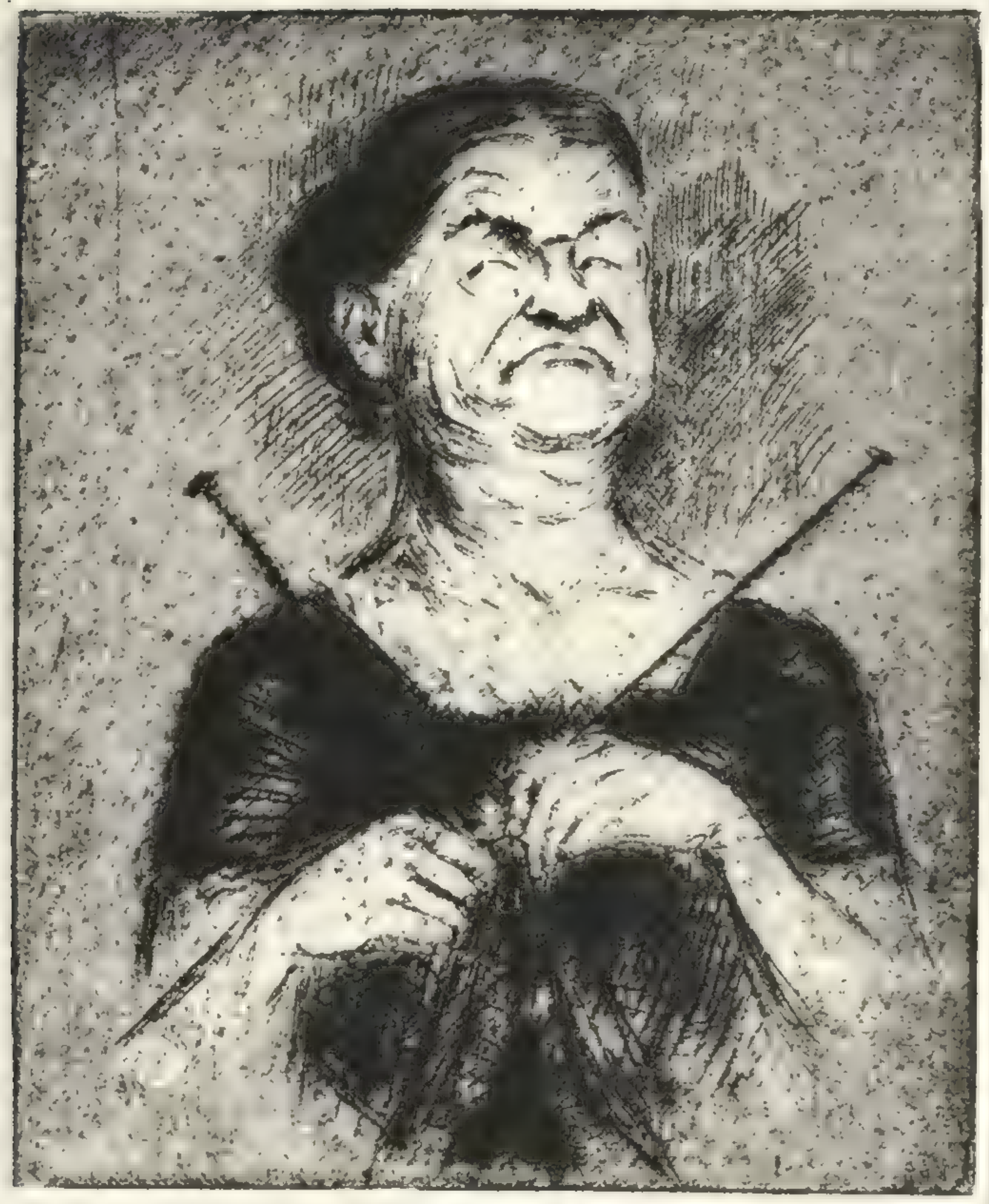
*A blithe Noel to you, good Chum,*
*Your chance for dire revenge has come,*
*Get stewed yourself and tell your wife*
*The sad, sad story of your life!*

**For a Movie Star**



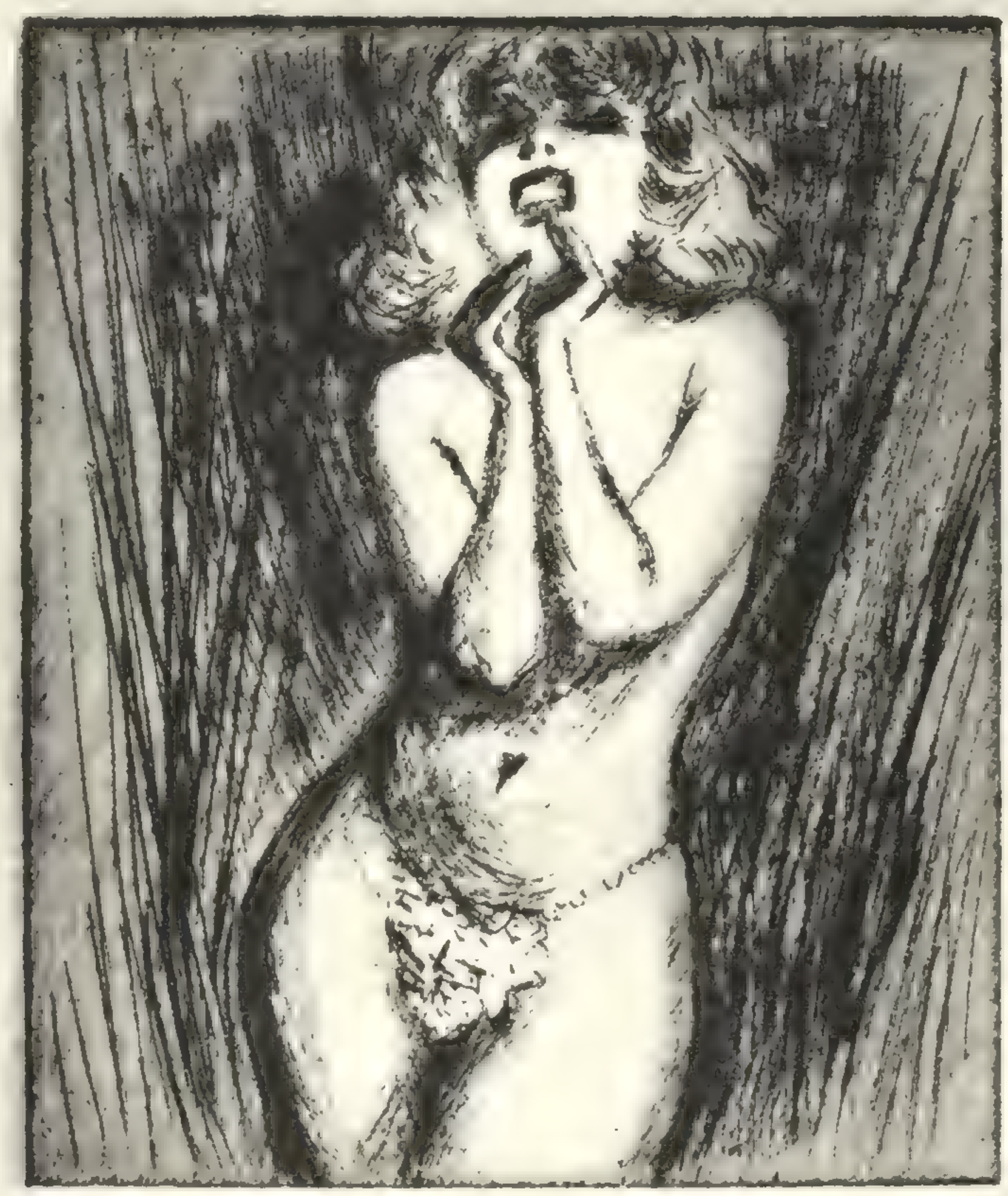
*May old St. Nick be very good*
*To you, the Pet of Hollywood,*
*And in the year of '41*
*May all your marriages be fun!*

**For a Mother-in-Law**



*A wretched Christmas to you, Shrew,*
*May Santa be as mean as you,*
*And when the New Year brawl begins—*
*May all your drinks be Mickey Finns!*

**For a Strip-Tease Dancer**



*A Merry Christmas, ball of fire,*
*May you escape the censor's ire,*
*And may your G-string always be*
*As steadfast as this wish from me!*

PAMELA RANDALL
Hurrell Photograph

# Triumph of Justice

**Mike was in the right, he merely wanted his three hundred dollars, so why should he hire a lawyer?**

### by IRWIN SHAW

▪ FICTION ▪

MIKE PILATO purposefully threw open the door of Victor's shack. Above him the sign that said "Lunch, Truckmen Welcome," shook a little, and the pale shadows its red bulbs threw in the twilight waved over the State Road.

"Victor," Mike said, in Italian.

Victor was leaning on the counter, reading Walter Winchell in a spread out newspaper. He smiled amiably. "Mike," he said, "I am so glad to see you."

Mike slammed the door. "Three hundred dollars, Victor," he said, standing five feet tall, round and solid as a pumpkin against the door. "You owe me three hundred dollars, Victor, and I am here tonight to collect."

Victor shrugged slightly and closed the paper on Walter Winchell.

"As I've been telling you for the past six months," he said, "business is bad. Business is terrible. I work and I work and at the end . . ." He shrugged again. "Barely enough to feed myself."

Mike's cheeks, farmer-brown, and wrinkled deeply by wind and sun, grew dark with blood. "Victor, you are lying in my face," he said slowly, his voice desperately even. "For six months, each time it comes time to collect the rent you tell me, 'Business is bad.' What do I say? I say, 'All right, Victor, don't worry, I know how it is.' "

"Frankly, Mike," Victor said sadly, "there has been no improvement this month."

Mike's face grew darker than ever. He pulled harshly at the ends of his iron-grey moustache, his great hands tense and swollen with anger, repressed but terrible. "For six months, Victor," Mike said, "I believed you. Now I no longer believe you."

"Mike," Victor said reproachfully.

"My friends, my relatives," Mike said, "they prove it to me. Your business is wonderful, ten cars an hour stop at your door, you sell cigarettes to every farmer between here and Chicago, on your slot machine alone . . ." Mike waved a short thick arm at the machine standing invitingly against a wall, its wheels stopped at two cherries and a lemon. Mike swallowed hard, stood breathing heavily, his deep chest rising and falling sharply against his sheepskin coat. "Three hundred dollars!" he shouted. "Six months at fifty dollars! I built this shack with my own hands for you, Victor. I didn't know what kind of man you were. You were an Italian, I trusted you! Three hundred dollars or get out tomorrow! Finish! That's my last word."

Victor smoothed his newspaper down delicately on the counter, his hands making a dry brushing sound in the empty lunch room. "You misunderstand," he said gently.

"I misunderstand nothing!" Mike yelled. "You are on my land in my shack and you owe me three hundred dollars . . ."

"I don't owe you anything," Victor said, looking coldly at Mike. "That is what you misunderstand. I have paid you every month, the first day of the month, fifty dollars."

"Victor!" Mike whispered, his hands dropping to his sides. "Victor, what are you saying . . . ?"

"I have paid the rent. Please do not bother me any more." Calmly Victor turned his back on Mike and turned two handles on the coffee urn. Steam, in a thin little plume, hissed up for a moment.

Mike looked at Victor's narrow back, with the shoulder blades jutting far out, making limp wings in the white shirt. There was finality in Victor's pose, boredom, easy certainty. Mike shook his head slowly, pulling hard at his moustache. "My wife," Mike said, to the disdainful back, "she told me not to trust you. My wife knew what she was talking about, Victor." Then, with a last flare of hope, "Victor, do you really mean it when you said you paid me?"

Victor didn't turn around. He flipped another knob on the coffee urn. "I mean it."

Mike lifted his arm, as though to say something, pronounce warning. Then he let it drop and walked out of the shack, leaving the door open. Victor came out from behind the counter, looked at Mike moving off with his little rolling limp down the road and across the cornfield. Victor smiled and closed the door and went back and opened the paper to Walter Winchell.

Mike walked slowly among the corn stalks, his feet crunching unevenly in the October earth. Absently he pulled at his moustache. Dolores, his wife, would have a thing or two to say. "No," she had warned him, "do not build a shack for him. Do not permit him onto your land. He travels with bad men, it will turn out badly. I warn you!" Mike was sure she would not forget this conversation and would repeat it to him word for word when he got home. He limped along unhappily. Farming was better than being a landlord. You put seed into the earth and you knew what was coming out. Corn grew from corn, and the duplicity of Nature was expected and natural. Also no documents were signed in the compact with Nature, no leases and agreements necessary, a man was not at a disadvantage if he couldn't read or write. Mike opened the door to his house and sat down heavily in the parlor, without taking his hat off. Rosa came and jumped on his lap, yelling, "Poppa, Poppa, tonight I want to go to the movies, Poppa, take me to the movies!"

Mike pushed her off. "No movies," he said harshly. Rosa stood in a corner and watched him reproachfully.

The door from the kitchen opened and Mike sighed as he saw his wife coming in, wiping her hands on her apron. She stood in

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*"I think the break is set for tonight!"*

# An Abstractionist Is Born

### He said the great artist stuff had lost all its kick and he'd paint signs if they paid enough

### by MORRISON COLLADAY

• SATIRE •

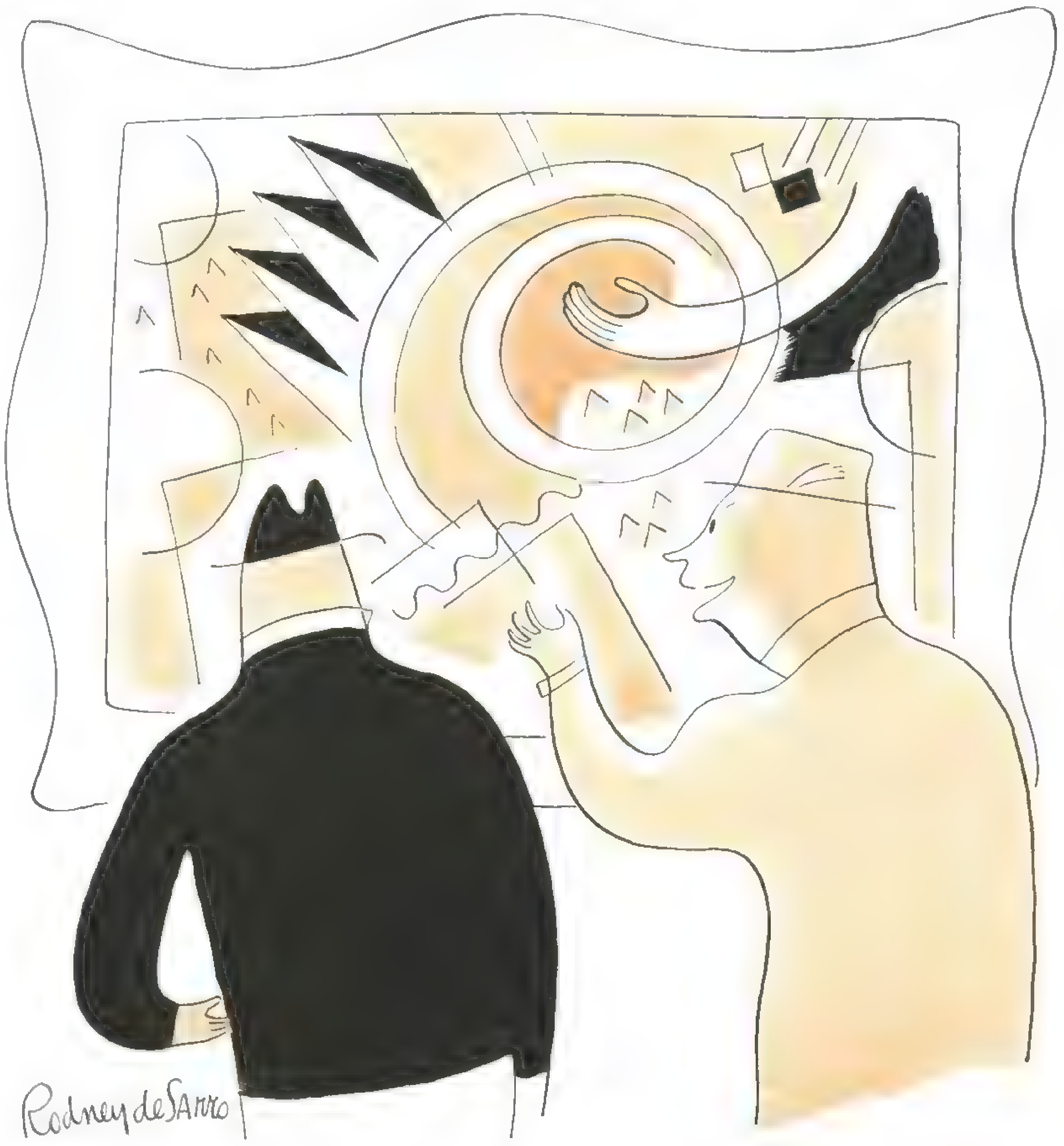
℞

I'VE known Jeffers for years. As a matter of fact, we went to college together. Now he does the art criticism for the New York paper that pays most attention to that sort of thing.

I like him well enough though he irritates me by his calm assumption that all intelligent people are radicals not only in politics but in morals, music, literature and art. I know something about music and I'm reasonably tolerant with those individuals who like, for example, the eighteenth century English composers better than Wagner, Brahms or Strauss. Their taste seems childish to me but as escapist, understandable. But to Jeffers music means atonality. To him at the present moment, Hindemith or Prokofieff is greater than Wagner, Brahms and Strauss combined, with Beethoven thrown in for good measure.

So in painting he has been an enthusiastic devotee of each successive revolutionary school from the post-impressionists down. Today no painting means anything to him except abstractionism or as he prefers to call it, non-objective art. He prattles about such things as "generic truths" and the "architechtonic impact of perspective." Until recently Kandinsky was his deity.

I have no theoretical qualifications to dispute with him on matters of esthetics. I can only claim to be a business man with hobbies about which I have some expert knowledge. My clients call me a public relations counsel: I am a press agent to those persons who dislike me. However, I have made enough money to indulge myself in what is probably the best private collection of French post-impressionists in New York. I have also a number of the modern Americans, including several early examples of Brewster, the subject of Jeffers' latest enthusiasm.



We were walking through Fifty-seventh Street not long ago, Jeffers and I, when he paused in ecstatic admiration before a gallery window containing one of Brewster's latest abstractionist nightmares displayed in solitary state.

"Magnificent!" he exclaimed admiringly. "Why don't you buy it, Aiken? You already have several examples of his earlier period."

"Magnificent faking," I said. "I wouldn't give it house room."

He smiled his supercilious smile. "Not much beyond the chromo stage yet, are you? Remember when we were at college you used to drag me down to Earle's Gallery at least once a week so you could reverently contemplate Hovenden's *Breaking Home Ties?* You'll never really care for a picture that doesn't tell a story."

I grinned at the recollection of those days. It was all true enough. In fact I have still a sneaking fondness for that picture which was exhibited for months to crowds of admiring Philadelphians by a Chestnut Street art dealer.

"You may remember," I said, "that Brewster (he had attended the University of Pennsylvania with Jeffers and me) usually went along and was as enthusiastic as I was."

Jeffers had probably forgotten that, but he wasn't disconcerted. "Brewster kept on developing. But your taste is just what it was when you were eighteen."

Now as it happened, I knew all about Brewster's excursion into abstractionism and for a moment I was strongly tempted to tell Jeffers. However, I didn't. In a sense Brewster had been a client of mine though I hadn't charged him a fee. Not that telling Jeffers or anyone else would have done Brewster harm. His position in the art world is too well established. He was a great painter once and for all I know may be again, when he has made enough money to feel secure.

Lack of money was what scared him and started him on his latest phase. Of course, in a sense I was responsible, but I couldn't foresee how it would turn out. He was my friend and nearly desperate when he came to me. What I advised seemed best at the time. I don't know that even now I should act differently in the same circumstances.

After Brewster left college he studied under some good men at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. When he inherited a few thousand dollars he went to Paris as all art students did in those days if they had the chance. Marvelously enough he began to sell his work before his money was gone. He remained in Europe with a steadily growing reputation. He won a number of awards at London and Paris exhibitions, and the French government bought one of his pictures for the Luxembourg.

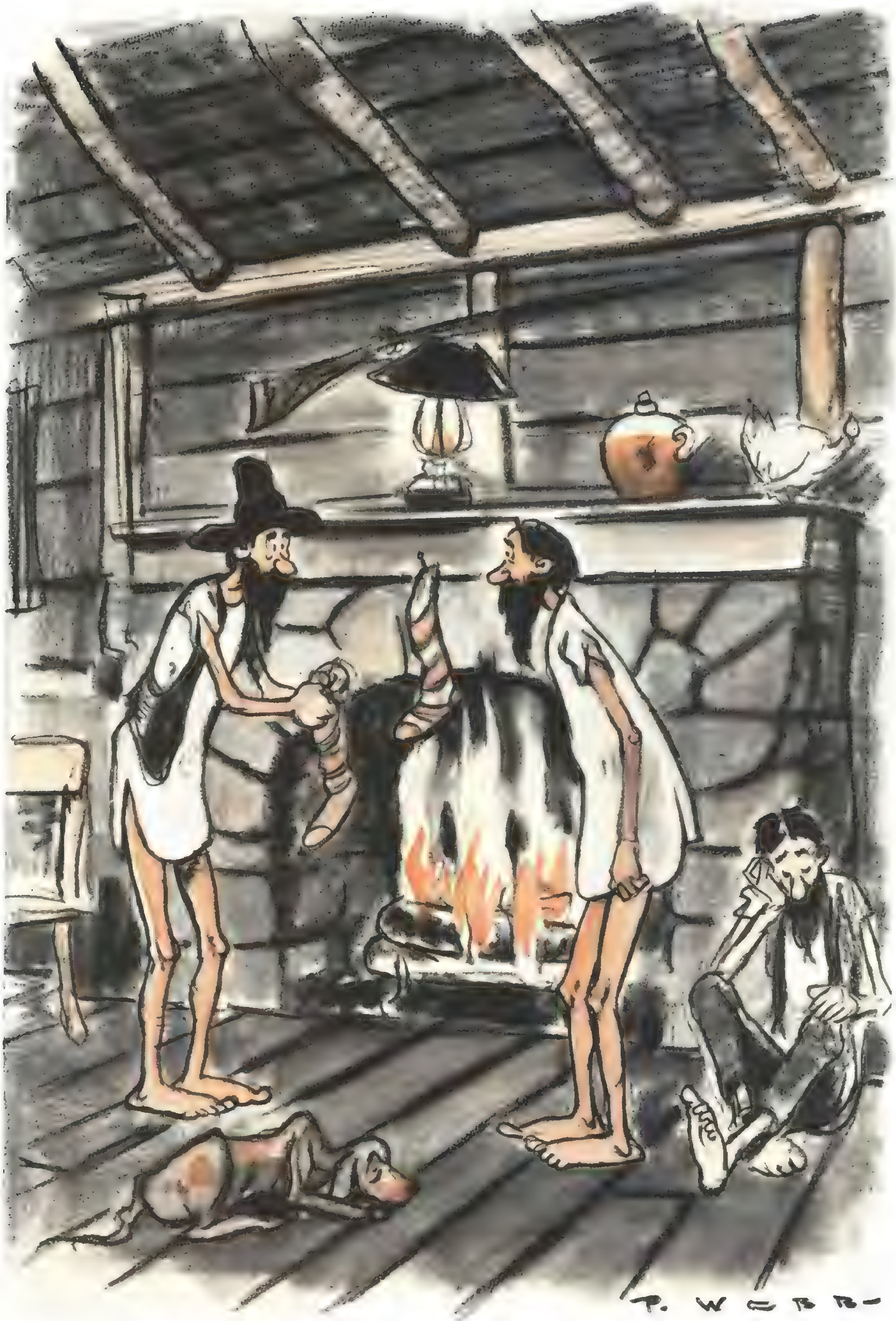
I don't think I overvalued his work because he was my friend. A great many critics shared my belief that he was the finest of contemporary American painters. I visited him whenever I went abroad and never failed to bring back at least one of his canvases.

One day several years ago he appeared at my New York office. The story he told me was, I suppose, that of many formerly successful artists. After the debacle of Twenty-nine even millionaires stopped buying pictures. Brewster, no better business man than the average artist, sat tight until his money was nearly gone. Then he returned to New York. He had just a thousand dollars left the day he came to my office and he wanted advice as to what he had better do.

I think I remember our conversations that day and the ensuing ones well enough to put them down on paper.

"How about doing me a favor?" I asked

*Continued in center of page 273*



*"Shore—Ah knows tomorrow's only Thanksgiving—but who knows, we might oversleep"*

# Ship-Builder in Lilliput

### Before A. G. Law builds a historic ship model, he spends tense, vital hours in research and contemplation

### *by* ROBERT W. MARKS

• ARTICLE •

Mr. Oscar Wilde once said that the value of art is its absolute uselessness; and nowhere is this sage maxim better illustrated than in the finely-drawn ship models of A. G. Law.

Law has been listed as one of the foremost ship model makers in the world—or, in other words, a ship modeler's ship model maker. His masterworks are in miniature, like those of the Persian and Mughal painters. Law could with the greatest of ease inscribe the whole Declaration of Independence on one hemisphere of a BB shot.

A commercial artist by profession, he took up model making as an anesthetic, during the first depression. Lack of space made it necessary for him to scale down the structures of all his barks—until every passing mosquito, by comparison, seemed as massive and menacing as a giant bomber.

Law holds that if ship models are to maintain their rightful place in home esthetics, they have to be scaled to fit the room—as any attempt to reverse this procedure might cause a kind of cancer in the cell structure of the average apartment house. A six-foot model, for example, in a four-foot room would be what the economists call "a contradiction."

Further, a fine model requires a glass case as a permanent safeguard against rigging-improvers and finger-pointers; and should these cases grow to awkward proportions, little living room is left for the ship models' collector. And the collector, it should be remembered, is a *sine qua non*, if not *persona grata*.

The first model Law attempted was that of the *Ark Royal*, flagship of Sir Walter Raleigh. The *Ark Royal* was built as a full-hulked model, and mounted on the usual cradle. This was a stereotyped job, with no trace, as yet, of the distinctive Law touch.

But simultaneous with and parallel to the urge to build ships, Law nursed another compulsion: "a burning desire," as he puts it, "to draw and imitate old pirate charts."

"One day," said Law, "the happy thought suddenly dawned on me that these two branches of the arts might be combined. They belonged together—so why not let them complement each other?"

Forthwith, he delved into the Ford Collection of Maps, at the New York Public Library, unearthed enough data for the reconstruction of a seventeenth century map of the English Channel, executed this in water color, slammed it on a board, gouged a hole for Mr. Raleigh's bark—and behold, the *Ark Royal* floated neatly at anchor in home waters.

Evolution, meanwhile, proceeded on its relentless way. It became necessary to redesign the *Ark Royal's* protective case, now that it rode on a map. In undertaking this job, Law hit on another happy thought: why not include a drawer in which to keep some chronicle of the ship and its times?

Now, the making of ship models calls for a curious and distinctive psychology, like playing chess. It is not only "the thing in itself" that is important, but the history, the lore, the tradition, and scholarship behind the thing. Before Mr. Capablanca decided on his responses to the Queen's Gambit or the Ruy Lupez, he probed the answers every master had used, from Morphy on; and before Law tackles the problem of a historic model, he spends tense and vital hours in research and contemplation.

The charm of any art embraces the flights it impels the imagination to make; or, as Mr. Pater put it, "Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself is the end."

* * *

In the unique form Law has chosen to present his work, not only is the spirit of the original ship captured with precision of craftsmanship and microscopic accuracy, but the documents and literature pertaining to the subject are carefully stored, between tooled-leather covers, in a kind of model-maker's counterpart to "Davy Jones's Locker."

The model of the *Sea Witch* shown on these pages, is accompanied by an autographed first edition of Alexander Laing's novel of the same name; the model of *The Bounty* brings with it a first edition of Nordhoff and Hall's *Mutiny On the Bounty*, carefully rebound in accord with the style in use in England—*circa* 1788. While neither of these books are what might be called source material, they come close enough to make the significance of these ships clear to all landlubbers and Goths.

The same theme argument applies to the maps. The *Sea Witch*, for example, rides at anchor, sails hanging in the clewlines, just north and east of "Habana," Cuba. It seems that on this very spot, on March 26, 1856, loaded with Chinese coolies, the proud *Sea Witch* took fire, and attempted to repeat Mr. Charles Lamb's experiment involving the first roast pig. To the tender-minded, this model may seem like anything but a happy icon for a gentleman's study: but there it is. History is history; and who are we to tamper?

*The Bounty* rides serenely at anchor (her sails also in the clews), off the island of Otaiti. And this, as every follower of Charles Laughton knows, was just before those awful days of the October Revolution, when Captain Bligh put to sea in an open boat—and Christmas Island sprang up to prove to purists that miscegenation is a rather healthful diversion, after all.

With the exception of the *U. S. S. Constitution*, all of the models shown here were purchased by the late Robert L. Hague, a collector of marine art, and have since been presented by his estate to The Mariners' Museum, (Archer M. Huntington's reposi-

*Continued at top of page 236*

*"Well, it works!"*

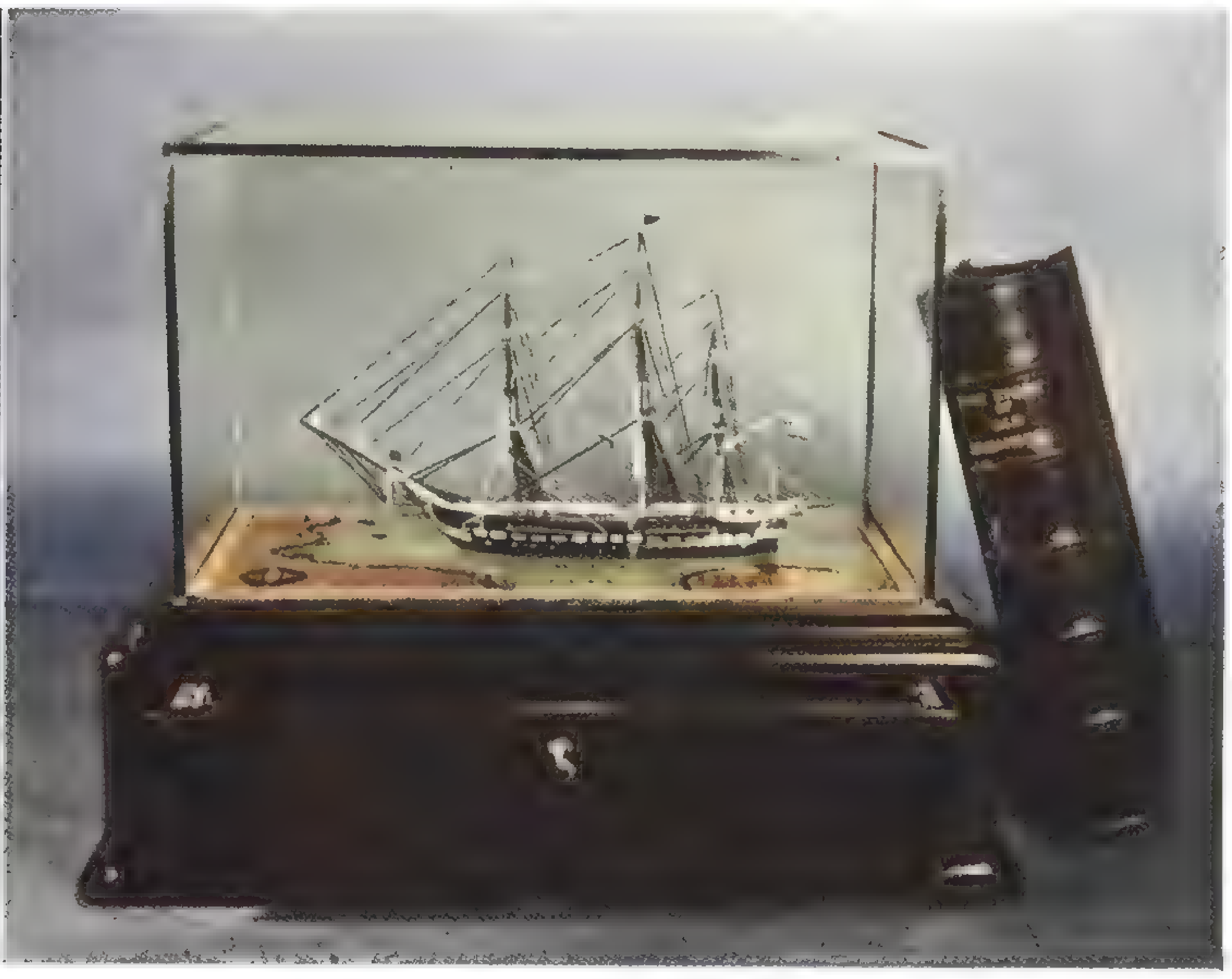
*U. S. Frigate,* **CONSTITUTION**

*Clipper Ship,* **SEA WITCH**

**ARK ROYAL**

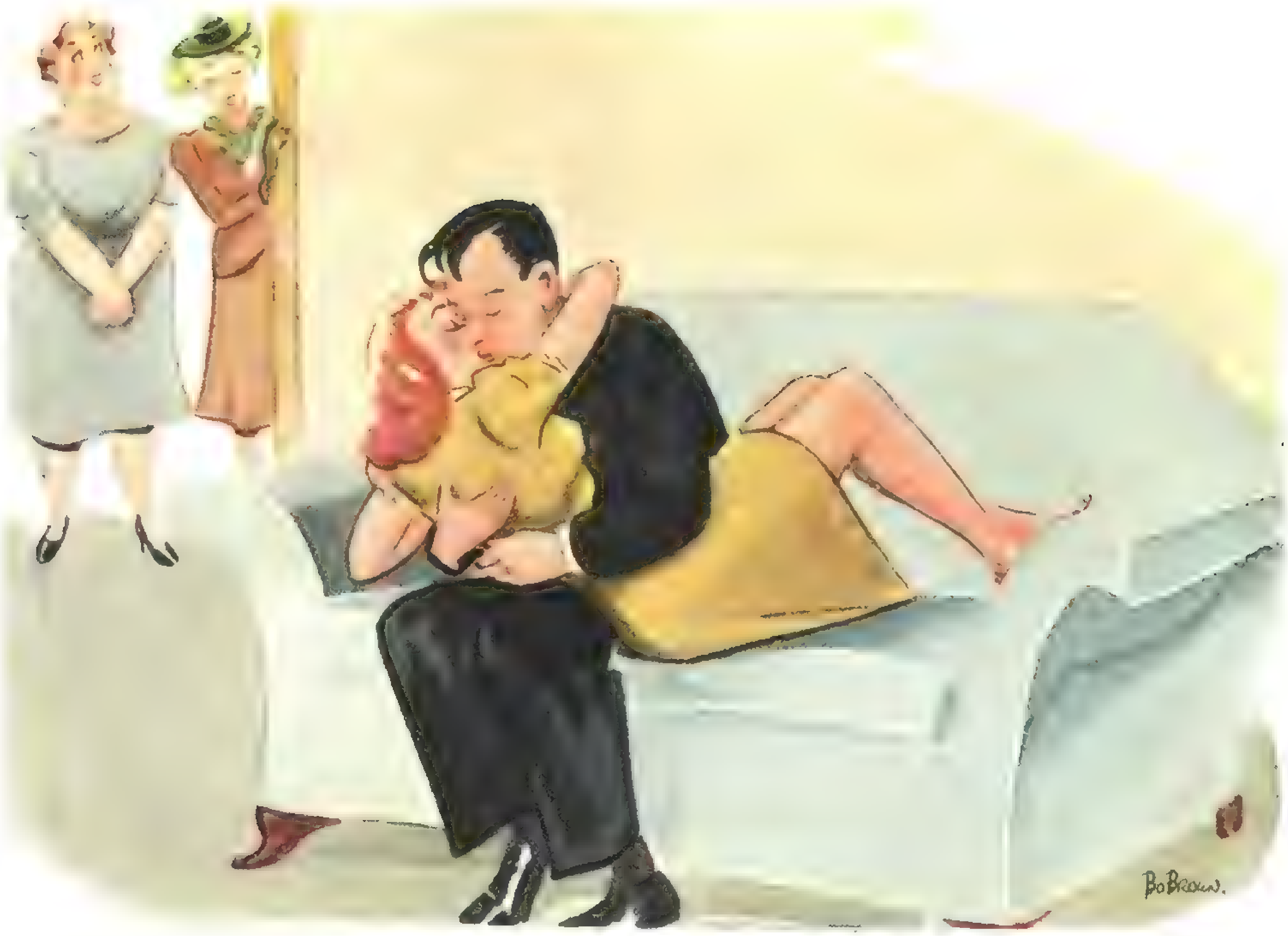
**H. M. S. BOUNTY**

*Clipper Ship,* **FLYING CLOUD**

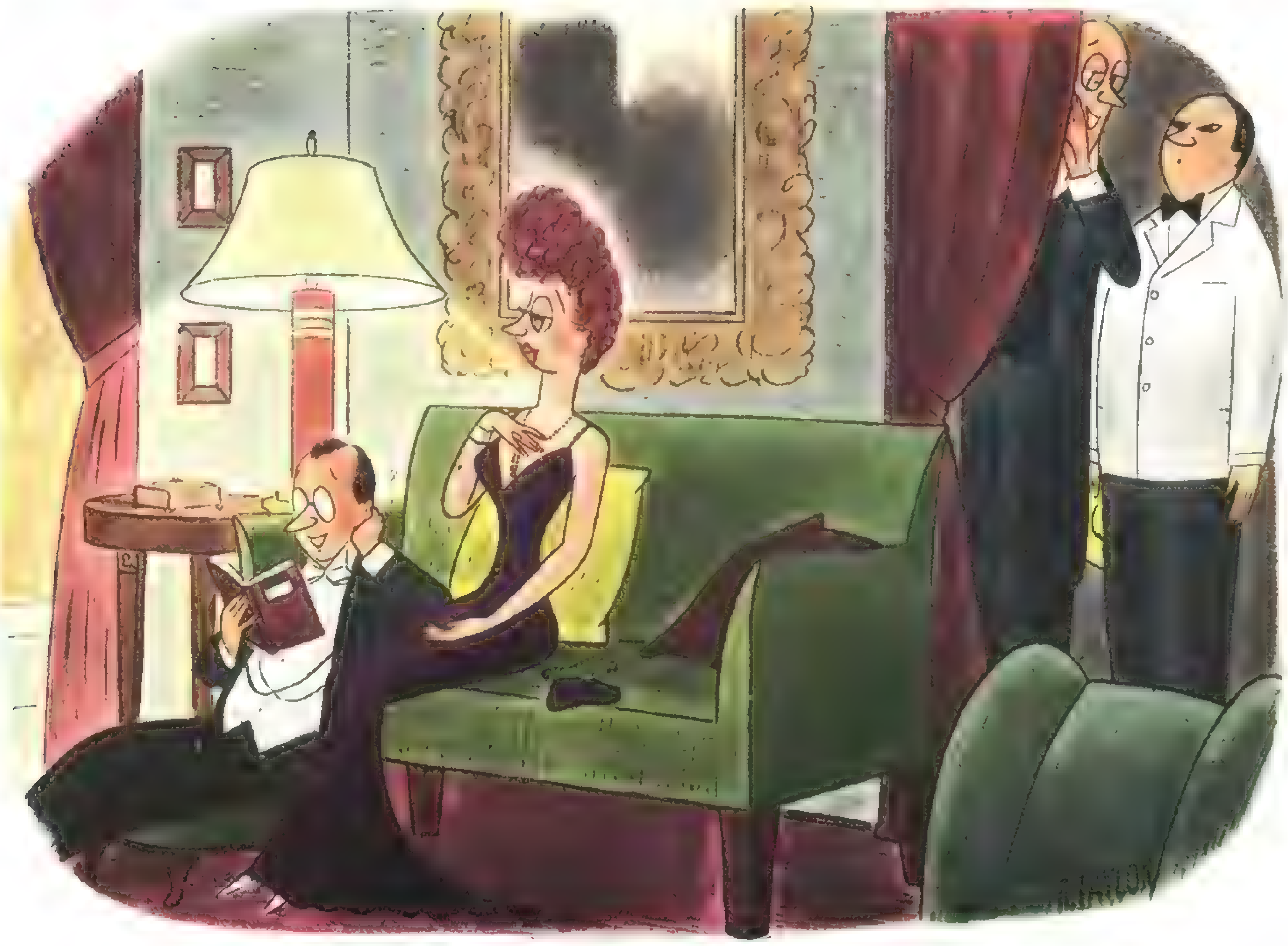


*U. S. Frigate,* **CONSTITUTION**
*(With book to show size)*

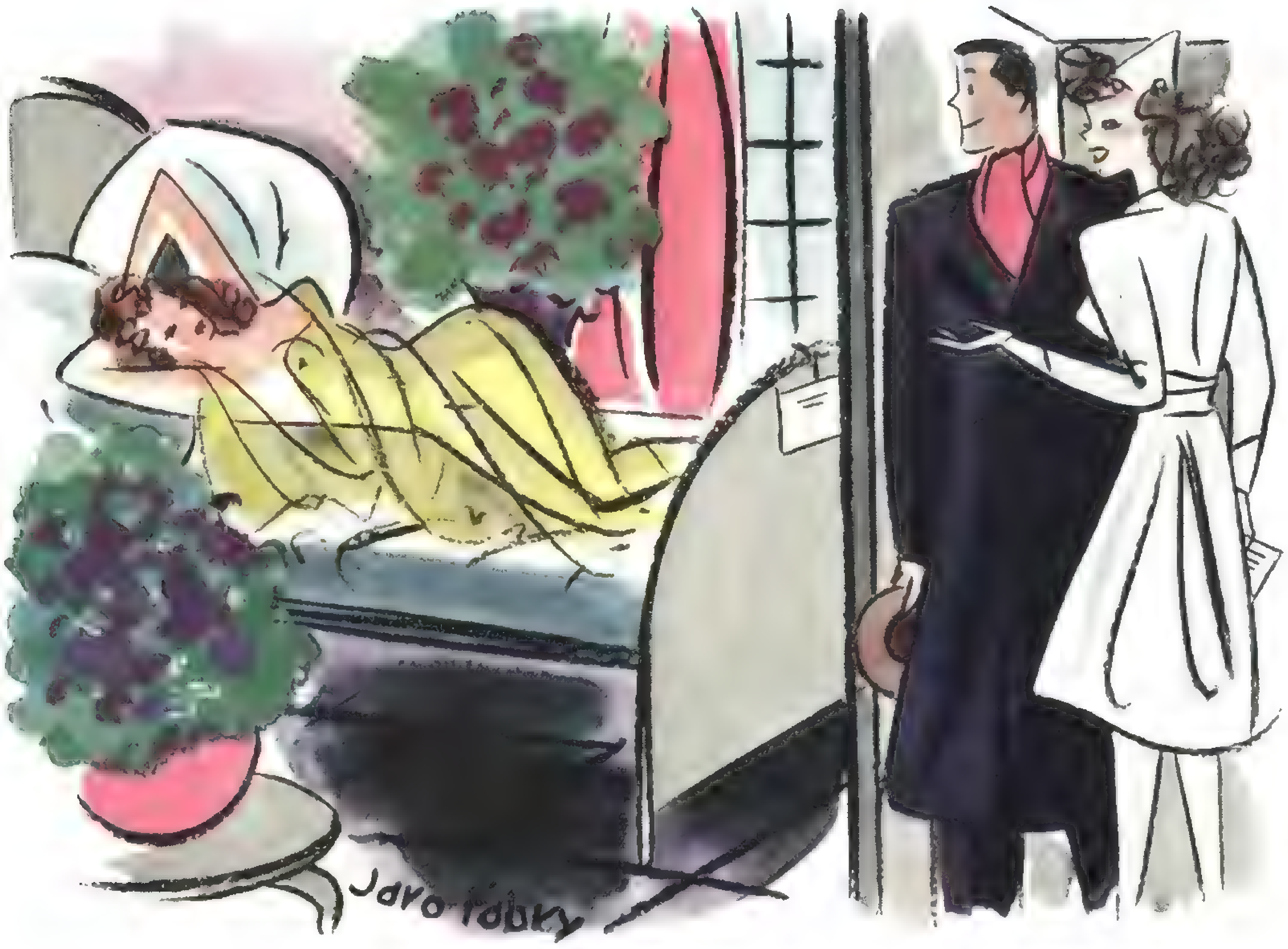
## MINIATURE SHIP MODELS *by* A. G. LAW



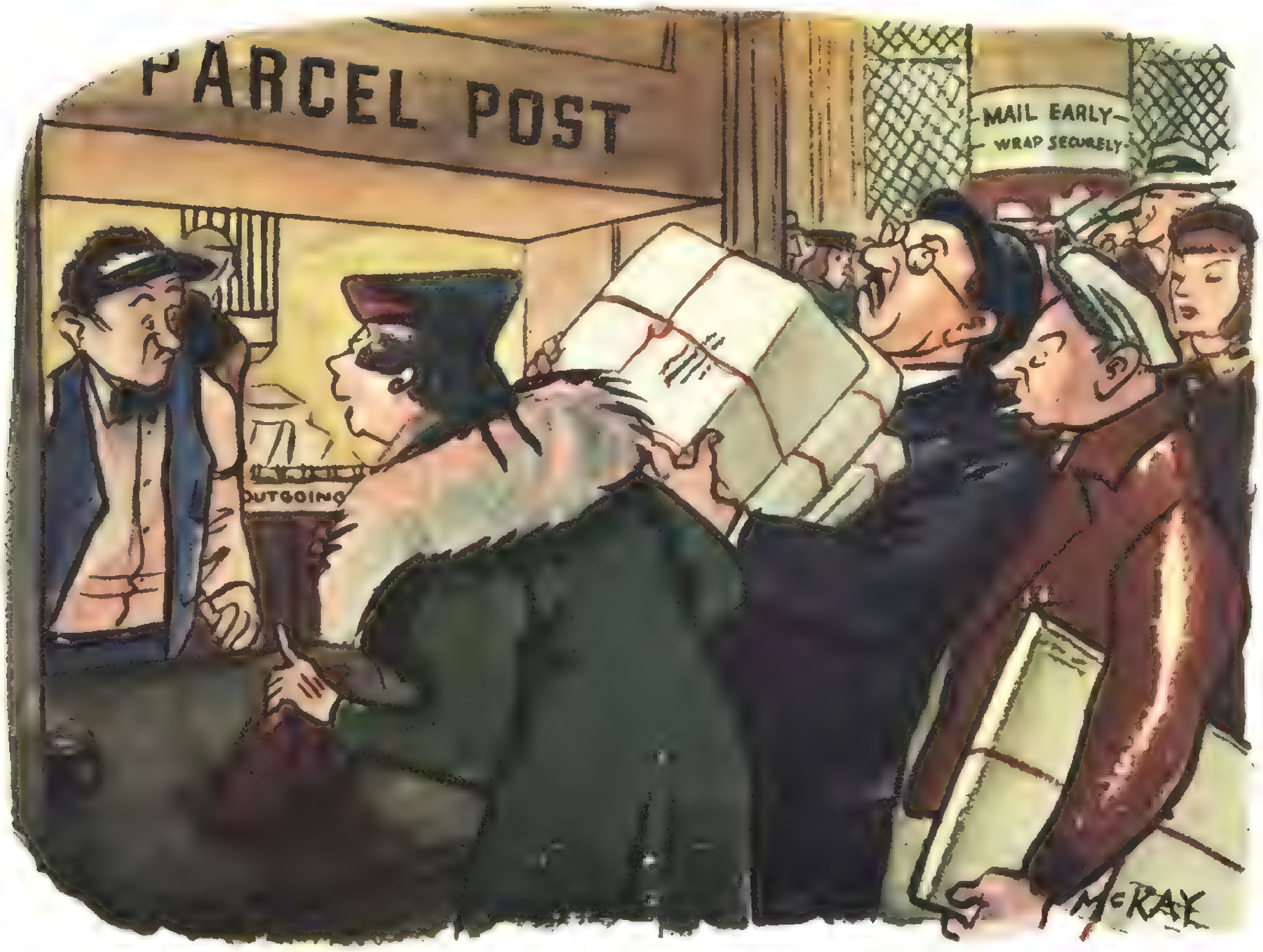
*"I'm so glad Doris doesn't smoke!"*



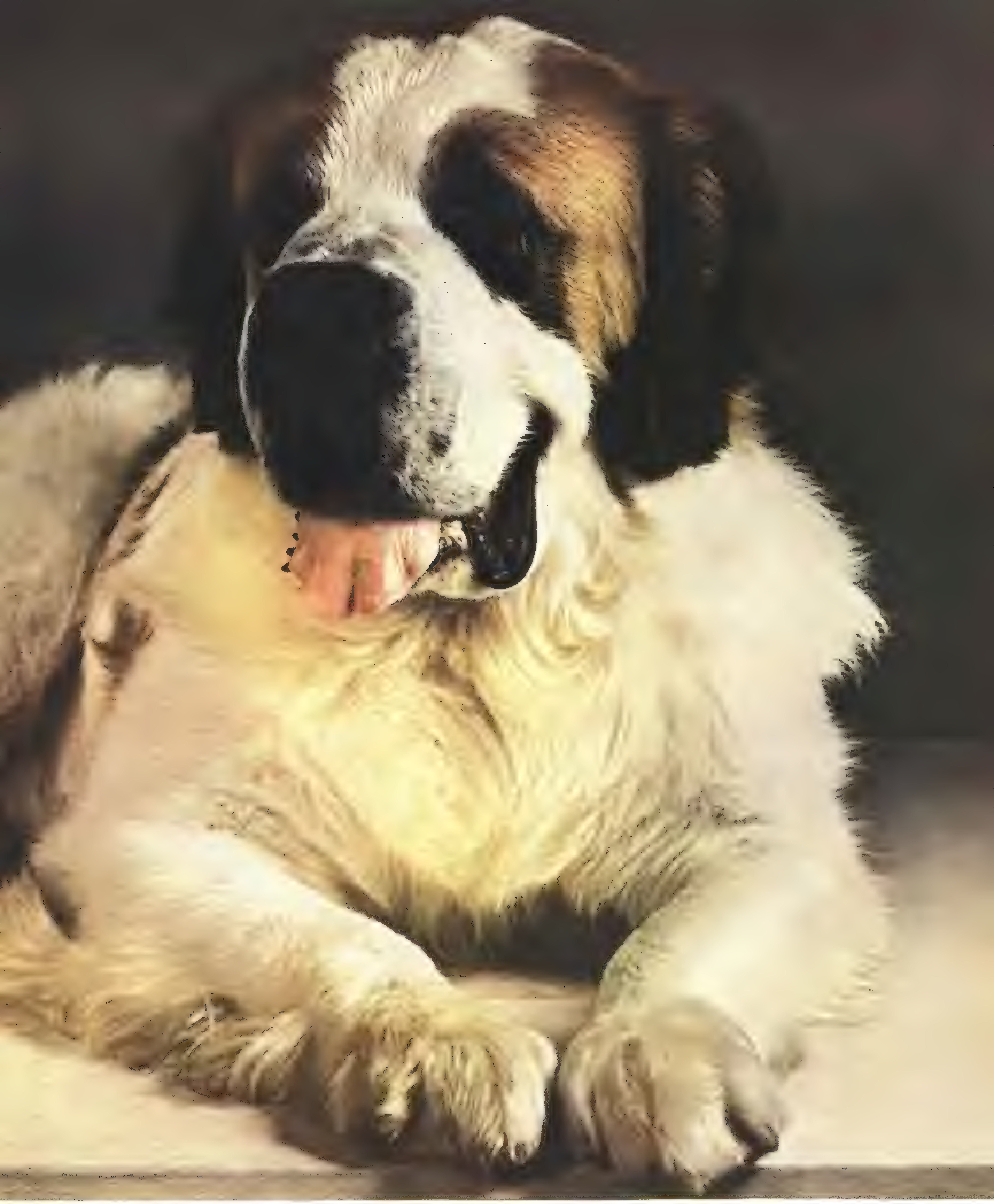
*"He's lulling her into a false sense of security!"*


Javorfooky

*"Oh, it's nothing serious, Miss DeVere is just here for observation"*


PARCEL POST
MAIL EARLY—
WRAP SECURELY
OUTGOING
McKAY

*"It's wrapped in white paper and tied with a red ribbon. I forgot to put the address on it"*



CHAMPION BASIL V. WALDECK OWNED BY THE WALDECK KENNELS

PHOTOGRAPHED IN COLOR BY HENRY WAXMAN

## SAINT BERNARD: BOY SCOUT OF DOGDOM

An inestimable debt is owed the Alpine Valleys of Switzerland—ancestral home of the Saint Bernard. This breed has earned its world-wide fame in noble and self-effacing service to the distressed, under guidance of the resident brothers at the Hospice in the Alps founded by the monk Saint Bernard de Menthou. There is no certainty as to just when the breed was introduced to its career. But the first authentic recording of its heroic deeds was in 1707. Undoubtedly many outstanding instances of its unswerving devotion to duty have been overlooked and lost to romantic history. But all through the years, and today, the Saint Bernard's rescuing instinct is paramount in his make-up. And he is still endowed with a keen nose and an extraordinary sense of direction. It has never been necessary to train him for his work. And in the old days, because of this, he was known as the "Sacred Dog." It was supposed he was endowed with a sixth sense which enabled him to anticipate danger and save unwary travelers from the tragedy of avalanches. Originally a shorthair, the Saint Bernard was crossed with the Newfoundland. This increased his size and weight and gave him a long coat. The Saint Bernard is a working dog and happiest when busy. But if he can't guide Alpine travelers through the blizzard he will content himself with the role of nursemaid. And do a thorough job of preventing the family's youngest from straying out of bounds.—*By* CHASE HERENDEEN

# None But the Brave

**Bub named his cock Jack Dempsey cuz Pa lowed him to be the best man and bravest fighter ever was**

### *by* BUCKLIN MOON

FICTION

UNTIL now, the morning that was soon to emerge ghost-like from the night, it seemed to the boy Bub that he had never really lived, that everything before was merely a shadowy dream. He lay still on his cot in the little lean-to off the kitchen listening to the clean corn husks murmur in the mattress when he moved his hand, like leaves stirred by the wind. Outside was quiet as within, save for the gentle whispering of the palmetto scrub, and even that so low he had to listen for it.

He wanted to get up, so desperately that he could almost taste it, but he knew that it was yet night and he must wait at least until he could make out the dim outline of familiar objects in the room. Even then would be too early, really, but he could tell his father it had seemed morning, that he had been fooled by the light which came even before the sun. Other mornings perhaps he might have gone back to sleep, even forced himself to, but on this day he must not miss a single moment, must rather compress into twenty-four hours as much as had gone by in the twelve winters before.

Then hearing a cock crow close by, he raised himself up in bed quickly as though released by a spring and his whole body tensed. Head thrust forward slightly he listened intently and soon the false dawn was alive with crowings. Now it was no longer possible for him to stay abed and he swung his feet up over the cot and down to the floor, footing impatiently for his overalls on the worn planking.

That was Jack Dempsey, he said to himself, hit didn't belong to be no other. Hit was his crowing I surely could tell anywhere. Hit was him that set off the others to heralding the dawn. His voice I'd surely know above all others.

He pulled on his overalls, walked barefooted to the window and quietly crawled through. He felt the sand cool to his feet as he walked across the open space toward the chicken coop rearward of the sheds and he could tell, if only by smelling, that the day would be good.

He went to the edge of the coop and called softly; "Jack Dempsey." The gamecock came to his call and he deftly unlatched the top and put his wrist down inside, waiting until the bird took daintily to the perch. Then he carried him away from the others to the box under the big chinaberry tree where he so often sat in the hot of the noonday sun.

"Jack Dempsey," the boy whispered, "hit's that day come, the day I reared you fer. Today we going to Ora Vister to the cock tourneymount and Pa says I kin put you in a main. He's going to pit you hisself, but I'll be bound to be by where you kin see."

Suddenly he took the bird to his chest and held him tight for a moment, remembering when the cock was but a small fistful of fluff and given to him by his father to do with as he pleased.

"You don't belong to let me down," the boy went on in a low voice, "how when I keered fer you so. I gived you the name of Jack Dempsey cuz Pa lowed him to be the bravest man that ever lived and the best fighter ever was."

His right hand sleeked down the bright feathers along the long low back and with his other hand he felt the deep broad chest. And he thought of the name again and how its choosing had been so hard.

Now it was almost sun up and he could see hushed pink clouds to the east. The cock crowed once more and he could feel the sound develop, almost like a bellows, under the hand at the bird's chest. He reached in his pocket for the food he had secreted there the night before and fed the cock from his cupped hand.

* * *

When Bub started back towards the cabin the sun had already buckled up through the sky and chinned itself up over the tall tops of the thickly bonneted pines. As he walked along he jumped a covey of quail and stood watching them boil up out of the palmetto scrub and plummet off through the woods. From the squat chimney of the cabin, smoke curled skywards and the fresh wood smell of the burning hardwood made him quicken his steps.

His father was standing by the stove, bare to the waist, the sparse muscles of his body rippling as he broke eggs into the big iron skillet, already full of cooking bacon.

"Morning, Bub," his father said. "Up early, ain't you?"

"Hit ain't late," the boy agreed, then hastily, "I didn't belong to sleep late this day. I reckon all I had on my mind was bound to waken me early."

The smell of the cooking food permeated his being and suddenly he realized with a feeling of surprise how hungry he was. He walked nearer the range and stood, caught halfway between shyness and the sudden need of sharing the day with another.

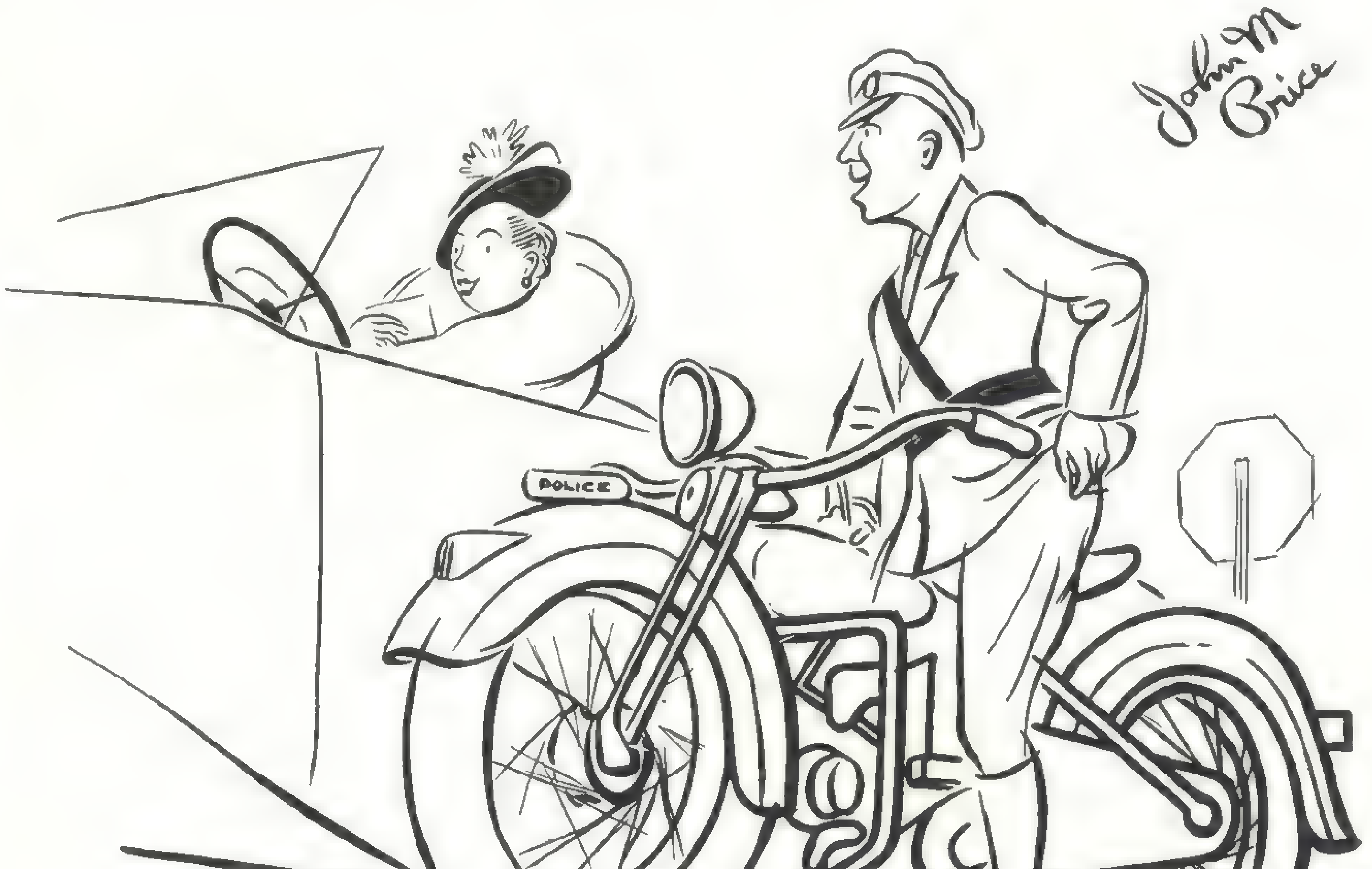
"Kin I holp, Pa?" he asked.

"Ain't much to do, Bub. Iffen you've a mind to, set out the table and draw the chears. Hit won't be overly long now."

The table set, the boy stood waiting until his father brought over the food, then they sat down as one. He helped himself to grits, then spooned on two eggs and hot bacon gravy to top the whole. With his knife he cut loose the dam of egg yoke and watched it flow slowly out to meet the corn bread where he had placed it in just the right location on his plate.

"I been to see Jack Dempsey," he said,

*Continued in center of page 255*



*"No mam. It ain't for a policeman's ball and it ain't for a raffle—guess again"*

# The Sun Sets on the East

## While Eastern scribes plug Eastern football, track, field and tennis, Western schools bring home the bacon

### by AARON DAVIDSON

▪ SPORTS ▪

It is reliably reported that when the University of Chicago took its formal step in de-emphasizing football, several Eastern college executives clapped hands and shouted "huzzah!" by way of approbation.

"Good!" they chorused. "This is a forward step worthy of emulation by all colleges concerned with the cultural future of their student bodies. Now, perhaps, the undergraduates can control the game and find more time for concentration on their studies. We must follow this lead in de-emphasizing major sports."

Had some of the Western sports chroniclers overheard these remarks or read the college executives' minds, they probably would have uttered an irreverent "horsefeathers!" for it's their confirmed belief that the East had de-emphasized major sports years ago, though involuntarily, through injudicious competition with Western and Southern contestants.

And not only in football has this de-emphasis taken place, but also in practically every other sport national in character in which playing and training facilities are equally available. In some of the sports the eclipse of the East has been almost total. These include track and field, tennis and, to a lesser degree, basketball and rowing, despite the preponderance of Eastern contestants in the latter endeavor.

Politically, the East is still strong, with considerable voice in A.A.U., the Olympics (an Easterner has been head coach of the Olympic team for a generation, though he has not developed a star at his own school for years), tennis and golf matters. Several years ago this golf dictatorship nearly wrecked the prestige and usefulness of this august links body when the New York bigwigs named a Walker Cup team conspicuous by the absence of one of the country's leading amateurs. The suspicion audibly voiced in some quarters was that he was ignored because he had been born and bred on the wrong side of the railroad tracks of a midwestern metropolis. The collective face of this golf tribunal must have crimsoned when, a couple months later, this ostracized youth whacked his way to the finals of the national amateur, advancing over the prostrate forms of three Walker Cup men, and on the following year bagged his biggest game—the U. S. Open. The young man's name is easy to guess: Johnny Goodman, who since then has become one of the golf tribunal's darlings.

When the test of skill has been on the playing field instead of political skullduggery, the East has not only abdicated leadership in most sports but has been all but nudged out of the picture.

Let's take up the sport that makes fanatics of us all—that makes us lose our dignity, decorum, vocal cords and a few days' wages in betting on our sentimental favorites.

Forty years ago and even after the turn of this century, it was considered heresy to mention Eastern and Western football in the same breath. Eastern football was so superior that sectional comparison was like comparing Man o' War with Mark Twain's jumping frog. For example, the All-American team of 1899, as named in *Harper's Weekly*, did not include a single non-Eastern collegian. For the sake of stirring a bit of nostalgia among some of the Eastern oldsters, we will name them:

McBride, Sparke and Stillman of Yale, Daly and Campbell of Harvard, Reiter, Hillebrand and Poe of Princeton, and Overfield, Hare and McCracken of Penn. Total score: Yale, Princeton and Penn, 3 each; Harvard, 2; rest of country, 0.

Likewise, the 10 teams rated highest nationally were all Easterners.

The pendulum swings to the present. The football mighty are now in the West and South. Whereas in former years the East dominated All-American selections, the 1939 mythical team included but one Easterner, Drahos of Cornell, at tackle. The outstanding player of the year was Nile Kinnick of Iowa, and with him on the team were seven other Westerners and two from the South.

The Associated Press selection of the ten ranking teams included but two Eastern schools, Cornell ranked fourth and Duquesne, tenth. The Williamson method of rating honored only Cornell, at No. three, as Eastern representative of the nation's first ten.

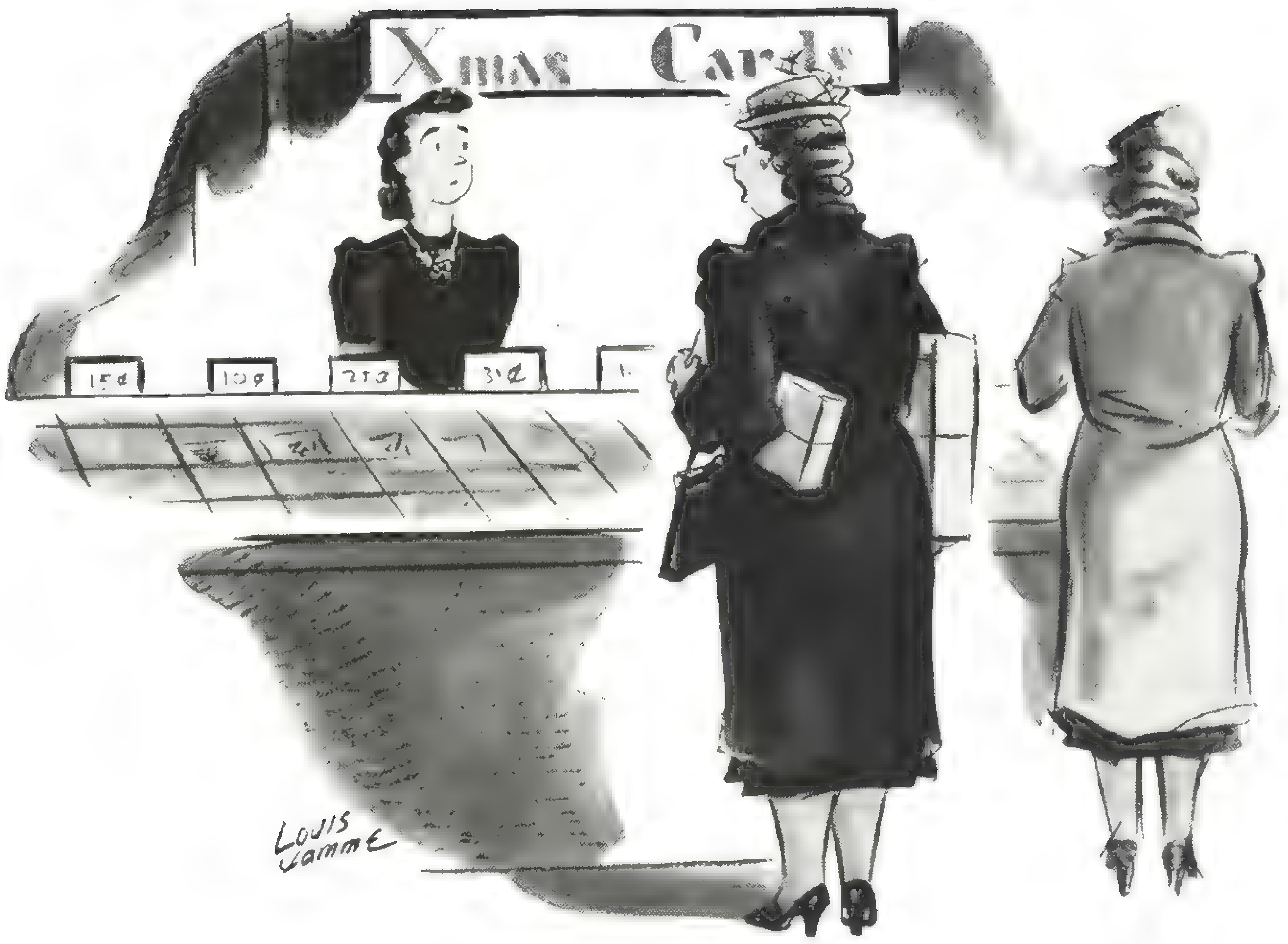
The year 1939 was stressed as the most recent example. Other years of the immediate past have shown results just as typical of the rising tide of Western supremacy that has engulfed the East.

A true explanation for the swing of the pendulum—and this pendulum is not likely to swing back—is hard to find, but some rational approaches may be made toward one. In the final analysis, the blame or credit may be laid to the door of radio and the press, with their mobile spotlights that have searched out talent rather than sticking to traditional locales. This spotlight has helped to focus interest locally, build up greater attendance, resulting in larger stadia with improved training and coaching facilities, with the consequence that inflated local pride is causing the best home talent to remain at home or neighboring campuses. But even before radio with its national hookups turned attention to the big Southern or Western games, forces were at work to deflate Eastern prestige.

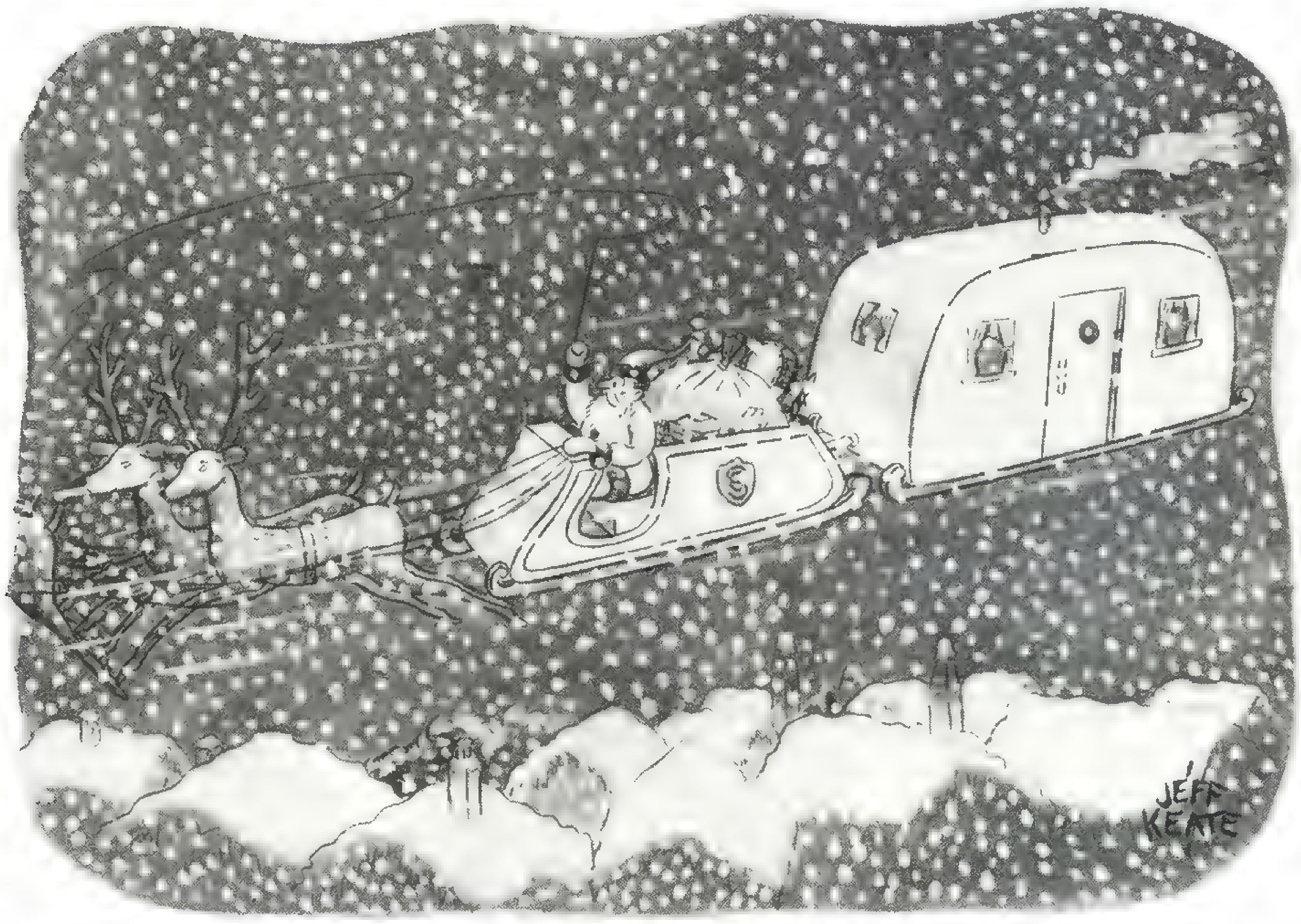
In those ante-bellum days, when fathers, raising strapping sons with promise of gridiron glory, wanted to bask in reflected fame, they sent their hopefuls to large Eastern schools where they could come within the visual range of such men as Walter Chauncey

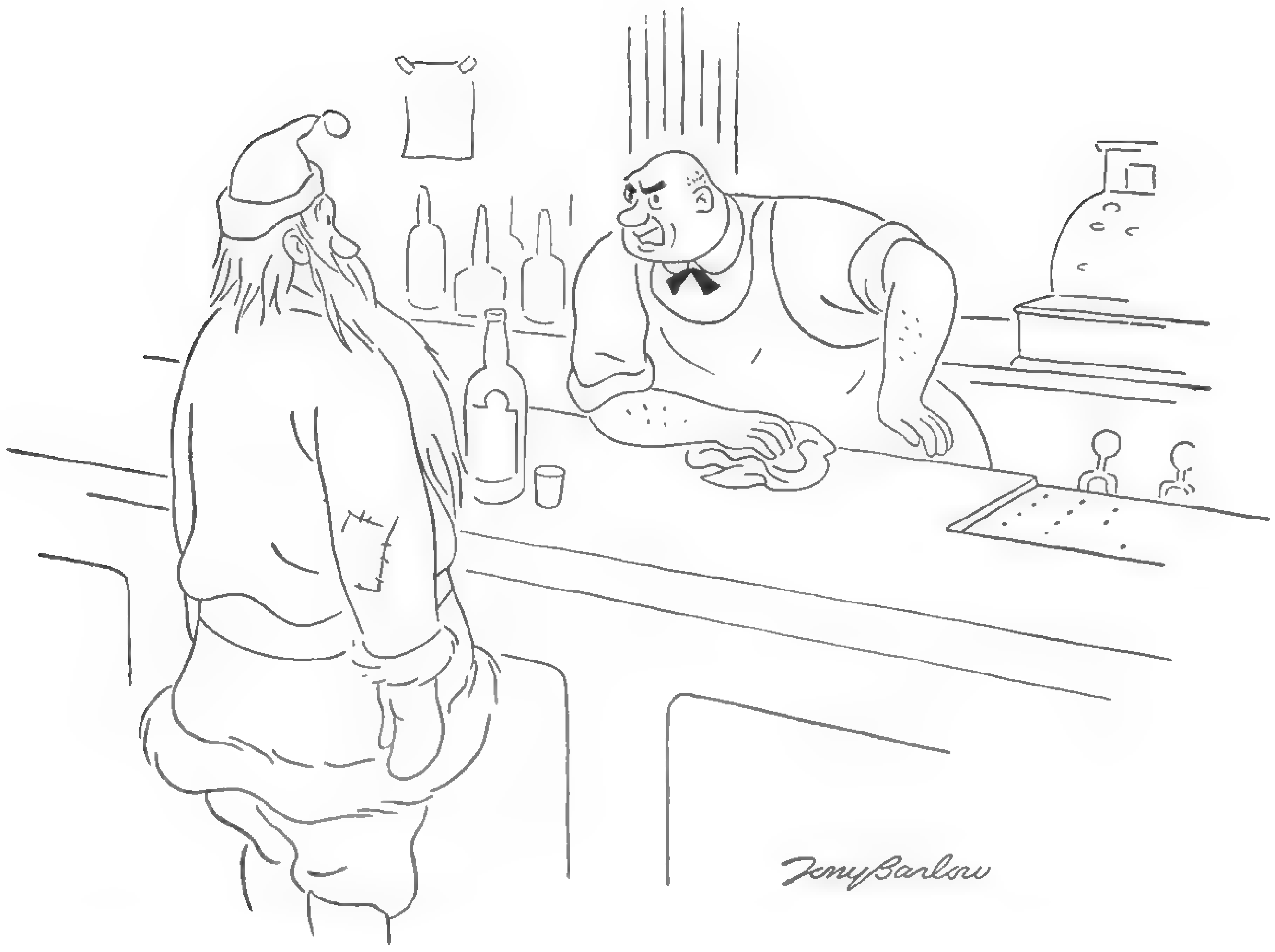
Continued on page 275

*"Daughter, couldn't I have done that for you?"*

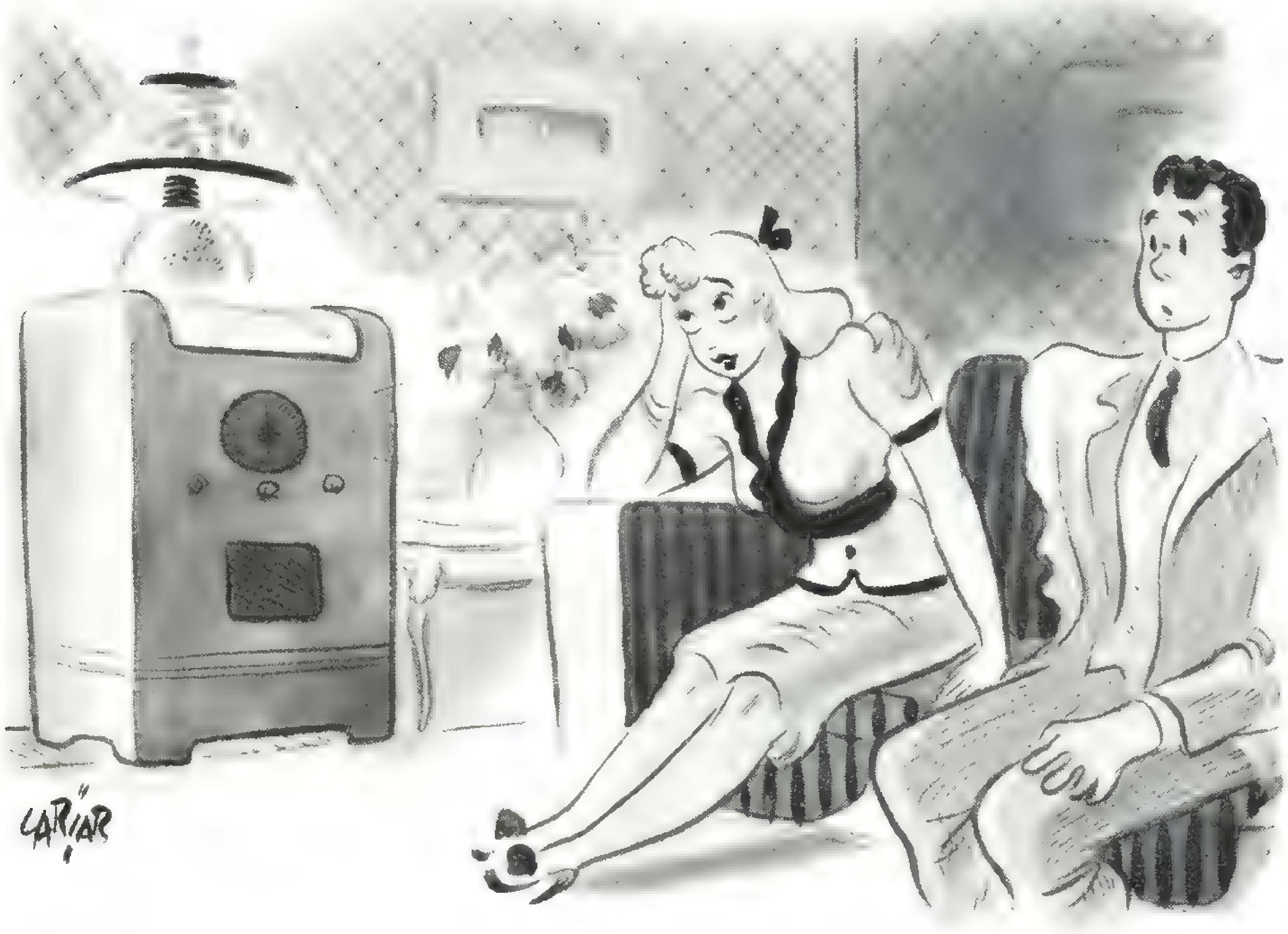

Xmas Cards
Louis Lamme

*"I want some especially nice cards . . . the kind that take the place of presents"*





*"Never mind remembering me on Christmas—let's have the money for those drinks"*



*"Boy! Doesn't that music just make you want to dance at the Casino to Joe Salkin's orchestra with three floor shows nightly and no cover charge at any time?"*

# Your Uncle Nick

### Tin Pan Alley calls it "corn," but Nicholas Horatio Kenny writes more smash hits than any other lyricist

### by SIDNEY CARROLL

• ARTICLE •

A READER of the New York Daily *Mirror*, a tabloid, once invented a violent fate for his enemies. He would place them all, if he could, on a ship that never touched port except to take on supplies. The supplies would be nothing but spinach, the only item of food on the menu. Not content with such a monstrous ordeal, the Daily *Mirror* reader went further. Every passenger on the hell-ship would be forced to read nothing day and night but the poems of Nicholas Horatio Kenny.

The idea may have been ingenious but its inventor was a short-sighted fellow. A steady diet of the poems of Nick Kenny might represent a fate far worse than death to him, but he did not reckon with the fact that there are millions of people to whom Nick Kenny is Shakespeare, Shelley, and the Golden Treasury. There would certainly be some of these among his enemies.

There is no more popular poet alive than Nick Kenny, and certainly none more prolific. Only Edgar Guest can rival him in published output, for Kenny has published a poem a day for approximately thirty years. Although the real figures are impossible to determine, it is safe to say that Kenny has written about eleven thousand poems. Besides his poems he has written countless newspaper columns, innumerable letters to editors, radio programs without number, and two novels which have never been published. One of these novels belongs distinctly to the conversation-ran-high-wit-flashed-gay-laughter-rang-through-the-room school of the novel, and so it will presently be made into a moving picture.

Although Nick is large and tough and possesses a voice that is famous for its similarity to the sound of coal going down a chute, his poetry and his philosophy mark him quite clearly as the Ella Wheeler Wilcox of his generation. Beneath that bluff exterior there beats a heart that palpitates in something approximating iambic pentameter every time he sees his two little girls at play or ponders the beauties of mother love. Kenny is a sucker for mother love. He knows, too, what barriers a poet must overcome, for he has overcome them all and made poetry pay him handsomely. He can describe his own position with unflinching candor. "I was born a hundred years too late," he says. "In those days a poet was somebody. Today a poet is a jerk."

His place in future anthologies is a fact that lies not in the power of his contemporaries to compute but it is indisputable that his position is unique in one great respect. He is the most practical poet who ever dwelt either on earth or in Elysium. Common sense has motivated his every move up the ladder. "I went into journalism," he says, "because I had to get my poems published. So I got my poems published but I found out there was no money in it. So I became a song writer." Kenny is either wrong or unduly modest when he places his birth one hundred years too late in the scheme of things, for Kenny's poetry is perfectly attuned to the requirements of the popular song of today. Had he been contemporary with Keats he would never have written pop tunes. But at the moment he is the most successful song writer in America.

To compare his lyrics, as lyrics, with those of Lorenz Hart or Ira Gershwin is to miss the point. The real point is that Kenny writes—with all sincerity—for popular consumption. Tin Pan Alley calls it "corn." His publishers call it money in the bank, for in late years he has caught the public fancy with more disarming regularity than either Hart or Gershwin, or, for that matter, any other living lyricist. In the last two years he and his brother Charles, who is his collaborator, have trounced all Tin Pan Alley records by turning out six smash hits in a row. No other team has been on the Hit Parade so often in so short a time.

Nick—he likes to refer to himself as "Your Uncle Nick"—has been a songwriter for fifteen years. In his life, to date, he has written perhaps two thousand songs, about one hundred of which have been published. A partial list of his hits includes *Carelessly, While a Cigarette was Burning, Cabin of Dreams, Gold Mine in the Sky, Little Skipper*, and *Make-Believe Island*. Not one of these songs sold less than one hundred thousand copies of sheet music. At the American Society for Composers and Publishers (Ascap), where rewards are doled out to composers on the basis of their hit-producing capacity, Nick is graded "B." This guarantees him an income of about six thousand dollars a year aside from the juicy part of royalties from his publisher. If he keeps heading the Hit Parade as consistently as he has done in the last two years he will certainly be elevated to grade "A," that exclusive circle which numbers such composers as Rodgers and Hart, Jerome Kern, and Irving Berlin. This will guarantee Nick a side income of anywhere from sixteen to thirty-two thousand dollars a year. This sort of thing, though it may be corn, certainly ain't hay.

Nick made no compromise with his art when he turned to popular song. The poems he had been writing every day for all those years were exactly the sort of thing that radio-minded America wanted to hear—especially if set to music. In his early youth he could write a stanza like this:

If I could write a line or two
Give some drab life a brighter hue
And raise the veil from tired eyes
And make them open with surprise

Continued on page 259

*"Come, come, Wilson, a good student doesn't trace!"*

# For a Hexless Xmas

### Thea Tyler, stylist and authority on costume jewelry, tosses some pointers on Yule-bribing to the questing male

### by MARK ASHLEY

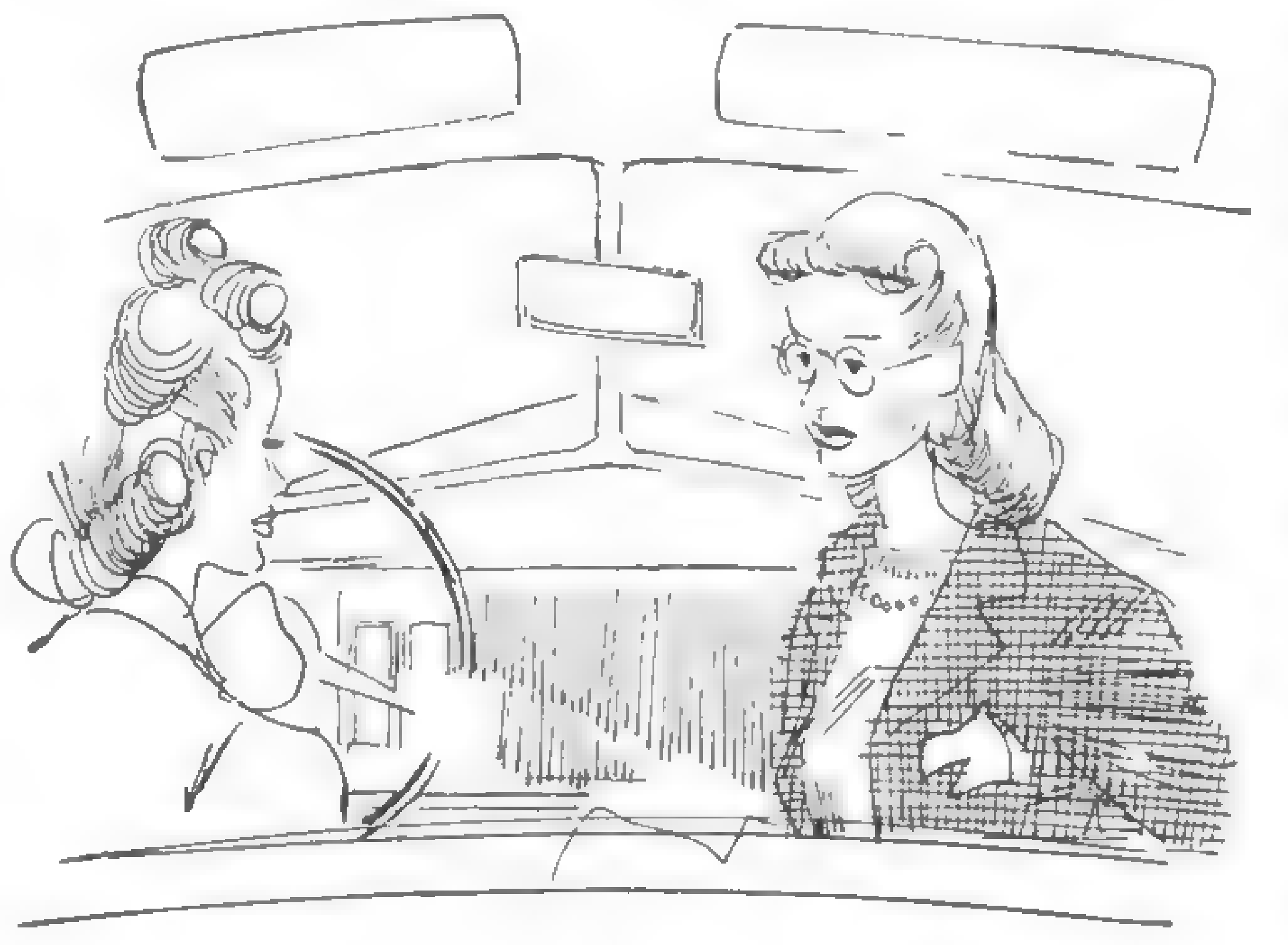
▪ ARTICLE ▪

*Thea Tyler*

THE week before Christmas is a special kind of Purgatory. Suddenly, you come to the realization that you have been living all year in a man's world, a fool's paradise—and that you are tragically ignorant of the multitudinous things that make the world go around, like earrings, necklaces, bracelets, and G-strings.

Christmas shopping has sent more men to Matteawan than any other single thing—outside of paresis. If you buy the wrong thing, you're gone; if you buy the right thing out of season, you're gone; and if you don't buy anything at all—you're out of the running.

Christmas has sent sober men to drink; and has made strong men cry like hyenas. Designed originally to bring peace to earth and spread good will among men, it has smashed up homes, diminished the birth rate, and relegated good will to the Salvation Army's Poor People's Christmas Dinner.



With these sociological figures in mind, Esquire turned to an expert in the Yule-bribe field, Miss Thea Tyler, a well-known jewelry stylist, designer, and fashion authority. The following is an abstract of her artful dicta:

Axiom 1: Styles in jewelry change with the style in dresses, as well as the style in women. This means that you have to watch out for the tie-up; in other words, don't give a dowager a nose ring.

Now it seems that dresses this season are both severe and feminine at one and the same moment—like Katharine Hepburn. This can mean a lot of things, if you know your Freud. It's the old go away closer game.

A number of multi-duty knickknacks spread out smoothly in such expansions of the fig leaf: *to wit*—simulated emerald, ruby, sapphire and topaz bracelets, necklaces, lapel pins, and floral sprays. These go equally well on hats, dresses, bags, or the French maid.

If the girl is of the startling type, like Lucretia Borgia, the larger the stone the better—on the theory of sweets to the sweet. If she is more subdued, albeit subtle, try the same things, but with smaller stones. In spite of the surgical sound of these recommendations, stones are the thing, nowadays.

Steer clear of old-fashioned filigree work, says Thea Tyler. A girl's bosom is no place for bridgework—and that's where many men go wrong. Or can it be that it is Miss Tyler who is naïve?

Don't be afraid to give your girl earrings. Ears are the best place in the world to hang a lot of claptrap. But one word of caution is in order: look the ears over first—a lot of girls don't wear lobe-pinchers.

In general, the larger the earring the better—within reason. This still isn't Ubangi territory, and it's best to stop this side of hundred-watt bulbs—particularly if the girl has a small face. Measure the face. If it seems short to you, or narrow, or pinched, buy small earrings, or fix the face.

Steer clear of pendulata. This isn't the year for hanging participles; and a girl who tinkles like a chandelier is often looked at with raised eyebrows—if not askance. Concentrate on a single stone of good quality—like the Mogul diamond.

A combination of synthetic gems and rhinestones is very much in order—if you like that sort of thing. And, in this connection, two maxims are in order: (1) the so-called jewel should be kept in modest proportions, and (2) very little if any metal should be showing. What metal there is should be Rhodium plating to forestall the critical woman's notion that "Spring is here when Christmas jewelry starts turning green."

* * *

An item of big importance this fall, is gleaming gold—just as it was in Cleopatra's day, and any other day you care to mention. (Only we have in mind gold plate—which is slightly more available.) Gold is very happy by itself, with copper, with silver, with silver and copper, or with Miss Ginger Rogers. It is probably happiest in the last instance.

Have a look at some of the gold lariats being thrown around town, this season. These are available at $3, with a matching bracelet at $2. They come in a variety of styles, suit every form of girl, and can be twisted into anything from a pretzel to a hangman's noose. They lend themselves to both sentimental ties and graceful executions.

Another wonder-working item is the gold "flexible" bracelet, preferably an inch and a half wide. The most popular form of this is plain—gold often being considered an end in itself, like seduction or a good drunk. Gold flexible bracelets are also available, and desirable, splattered with rhinestone or flashing jewels. Prices run from $1 to $15.

A most subversive and inexpensive present, at the moment, is a little piece of fol-de-rol called, cryptically, a "Wishing Box." This is a square box decorated with various-colored jewels, and fastened by a chain to a multicolored barpin. Attached somewhere is a rhyming *double-entendre* telling what you can get if you put something or other in the "Wishing Box." The box is said to be a wonderful place to stick phone numbers, subway nickels, cigarette ashes. Costs $2, and would make even the female Jukes and Kallikaks look sophisticated.

Lapel gadgets are also to be listed—particularly those in the form of jeweled flowers. These give a Blessed Damozel effect—if there are any girls left who can fit in the picture. (Iowa, awake!)

* * *

About pearls: it is said you can never go wrong with pearls, a cliché more punned against than earned. The only requirement here, is that you go to a good fishery, otherwise you'll buy the girl a boomerang.

If the girl has a good gather-ye-rosebuds figure, and points it up well in soft, fluffy, let's-go-a-Maying sweaters, give her a single-strand necklace—the center pearl being no larger than the pea which disturbed the famous princess through seven insulating mattresses. Check on the clasp; be sure that it's sterling silver filigree.

If the girl is more *soignée*, try a combination with rhinestone ornaments. This may set you back $7 to $10.

If you are buying for a dowager, stay clear of twists. (This point, however, is academic—and inserted only to make sure every contingency is covered.) Twists are knockouts on lusty, prancing, high-spirited girls—girls for whom the Russians said, "Forget not thy whip." Play safe with two or three strand affairs, terminating in a small clasp.

Pearl earrings, although delightful alone, are usually given with bracelets to match. In such cases be sure you get a match: women spot these little deviations as quickly as you'd spot a man in full evening dress with a red tie.

Pearls come in several shades, cream, shell pink, ivory, jewelers white, and so on; and (a) is just as gauche with (b) as a hare-lip would be with the wrong shade of lipstick.

If you want to go in for genuine old-fashioned sentiment, buy an almost-clumsy, large-link, gold-plated bracelet. You can get these with "I love you," or some such nonsense engraved on it. A smart-alec touch recommended for the Goths and Vandals is a tag saying "If lost return to so-and-so." You can insert your own name or Tommy Manville's.

For the Back Bay clientele, large, 1890, entwining monograms are always in order.

Another idea, on the sentimental side, takes us back to the bosom business—providing, of course, that the girl has one. A massive, single-jeweled pendant, dropping right in the pleasure grove of Kublai Khan, is supposed to write sentiment with a handsome flourish. (And this suggests, somewhat malapropos, that this is an exotic place to put something for "Indian Giving.") The "drop" can be synthetic aquamarine, emerald, sapphire, or ruby.

It's a simple thing to go rhapsodic on breasts—or even berserk, for that matter. It suffices to say that few parts of a woman's anatomy lend themselves to decoration with such ease, or with such magnetic effect. If the decolleté costumes of ancient Crete were still in vogue, much more could be done in this direction. But since the winter's fashions stop short at the Marie Antoinette line, this province must perforce end with pendants.

One word more: have a look at the jeweled drop that is hung on an invisible chain. With a worthwhile girl as a subject, this magic talisman will heliograph a mesmeric spell inviting all love, all liking, all delight, "to drown itself in endless night." $3 to $5—a trifling sum for Venus' own flytrap.

* * *

Look out for watches—particularly wrist watches. For some curious reason, in that sly argot of women, wrist watches mean serious business. Give a girl a wrist watch, and before you know it you'll be pacing the floor nights, bouncing some yodeling and slightly sour baby. You'll have in-laws on your neck; and that voice once so musical and dulcet will have graduated to a perpetual nag.

Of course you may argue that "this" is the one exception to an age-old rule; and you are certainly entitled to your own brand of illusion. Well, it's your life anyway.

On the other hand, why not try a wrist watch; maybe you can get away with it. Look at Henry the Eighth.

* * *

If the girl wears sports clothes a large part of the time, give her a lapel watch—with the idea that she is old enough to know the time of day. One of the most accepted models is wafer-thin and of satin finish gold plate, running from $5 to $10. The back is for engraving—and here, again, you can go either haywire or conservative as desired.

The octopus style of monogram is generally indicated.

Now an imaginative and symbolic deviation from the bread-and-butter watch giving can be found in the gold-filled "snake" bracelet. This, in brief, is a kind of Argentine lasso.

One end of a coiled spring holds the watch. The spring, itself, coils around the victim's wrist like a boa constrictor around a mongoose. Costing $10 to $17, this combines utility with urbanity, and urbanity with safety.

A few general rules for Greeks bearing gifts: A fine shop is closer to a girl's heart than pearls of great price.

Be sure you buy her a label.

It's a pretty hard thing to fool a modern girl: she can spot chic at the drop of a hat—and nothing else can possibly do.

Contrary to the usual notions, chic is no more expensive than non-chic; it costs no more to buy your trinkets at the best emporiums; all of which is a fancy way of saying "either do your job up brown, or go back to the Limehouse and kick the gong around."

Doing it up brown refers to *savoir*, not *l'argent*.

Be sure to ask for gift wrappings which cost nothing but the asking.

These wrappings are quite something, these days; they can make a herring look like a piece of Tang Dynasty jade.

Special price removers will remove the price; junior industrial designers will create your package.

The result will look like the combined creations of Tiffany and Señor Salvator Dali.

If you want you can even have the gift delivered on some remote date, such as All Hallows e'en, Shrove Tuesday, or Messalina's birthday.

All in all, give generously, subtly, and suavely—or as Theodore Roosevelt once put it, "Walk softly and carry a big stick." ⵑ

# Million Dollar Flame

## Getting a load of the Jonker prompts research on other diamonds, from the Koh-i-noor to your lady's solitaire

### by JAMES REMINGTON McCARTHY

• ARTICLE •

The man across the table caressed the black velvet case fondly. Yet there was a suggestion of hesitancy in the eyes. "This is a million dollars," he said. Slowly his long, thin fingers lifted the lid: fire leaped out of the white satin plush, the fire of many colors from the depths of a crystal blue-white pureness. You could only stare at it in amazement, dazzled and breathless.

The man smiled. "Go on, take it in your hands," he said. "It won't burn you." It didn't burn. It was cold to the touch.

This was the Jonker stone, the largest diamond on sale anywhere today, the biggest chunk of the third largest ever discovered by man. It was suspended from a necklace gleaming with smaller stones. Holding it, you hardly paid attention to the statistics that rolled off the tongue of the man across the table; you had to ask him about that later: "125 carats . . . perfect cut . . . worth even more than a million, if you ask me . . . see those stones in the necklace? Baguettes . . . sixty of 'em . . . worth in themselves at least $15,000, but we're throwing 'em in for good measure."

Don't misunderstand. I wasn't thinking of buying the stone. I work for a living. Three-and-a-half room apartment. The kitchen needs new linoleum but we're putting that off until next year.

The landlord says they may have to raise the rent five dollars a month because of the war. I wasn't thinking of buying the stone.

But Mr. Frey, who is chief assistant to Harry Winston, one of New York's leading importers of precious stones, had invited me in to see it. Yet he had to know who you were first; he had to know that your job was to write about diamonds and precious stones. He had to know you were an upstanding, reliable citizen in spite of the fact that you didn't have a million dollars in the bank. And even then you were surveyed skeptically in the anteroom through an iron-grilled window and after your face and necktie had been studied, a button was pressed and the door opened, then you peered into another iron-grilled window and another door opened, and finally you were sitting in an austere, wood-paneled room with massive old walnut furniture, including a Louis-the-Something table, across from you which sat the youngish, rather good-looking, rather critical-looking Mr. Frey.

"Don't mind telling you," he said, "that you ought to feel flattered. The last time an outsider—well, let's see, just a few weeks ago Brenda Frazier wore it around her neck."

That was something: me and Brenda Frazier. But it wasn't all. It had taken a long, dramatic and precarious journey before it had reached this room. From the time a poor peasant had found it six years ago, lying dull and greasy looking, in the alluvial diggings of South Africa, it had been contemplated enviously by three maharajahs and two European princes. A number of leading citizens of the United States had considered it possessively. It had been rumored that Brenda Diana Duff Frazier herself was its potential purchaser. But now it rested on the table, a great cold flame burning eternally.

*"There's a mink, from a rat, on a cat!"*

Strictly speaking it was not *the* Jonker, the largest—No. 1—of twelve cut gems that came from the original stone, which weighed 726 carats. The others—the Jonkerettes—weigh a total of 232 carats—from Jonker Diamond No. 2 which weighs 41 carats, down to Jonker No. 12 which weighs 5½ carats. All but Jonker No. 1 have been set in rings and sold, half of them to what, until recently, was known as European royalty.

Normally, all the stones, including No. 1, would have found their way into the British Crown jewels, for that was almost an unwritten law of the trade until recently. Such was the course of the famous and larger Cullinan, discovered in 1905 and weighing 3,025 carats, bought by the government of Transvaal and presented to King Edward VII. (The two largest of the stones into which it was cut are now in the royal sceptre and the British Crown.) Only the accident that the Jonker diamond turned up on private ground, not belonging to affiliates of the Diamond Corporation, threw it into the open world market and made it possible for an American dealer to acquire it.

It seems that for eighteen years a tall, spare, bearded South-African farmer and prospector, Jacobus Jonker, had fought a hopeless fight against poverty and hard luck. At sixty-two, as always, he seemed on the brink of fortune (all diamond prospectors think they are). But it seemed to elude him. With a wife and seven children to support he felt that he had reached the end. He decided to give up the fight and settle down to the life of a small farmer on his plot of ground in Elandsfontein, Pretoria.

But on the night of January 16, 1934, his luck turned. There had been a lashing rain and windstorm. When it died down, a native was put to work on a bucket of gravel, some of which had been washed up by the storm. He found a dirt-crusted stone about the size of a hen's egg. With eternal hope in his heart he scrubbed it clean and his eyes nearly popped out of their sockets.

"Good baas, (master) I've found it!" he said. He had. That night the treasure was put in a stocking and tied around Mrs. Jonker's neck, for she hesitated to leave it in the possession of her husband. She went to bed, though she didn't sleep, and the men folk kept guard at the door of their poor hut with loaded revolvers. Next morning it was

*Continued in center of page 287*

# Esquire's carnival of ideas for Christmas-giving

Our annual grab-bag of Christmas gift ideas for Esquire readers. And, as befits the season . . . the girls, too, get a nice break from Esquire, as well as the men. You'll find our suggestions on the next six pages. The horn, bells, poinsettias and deer on *this* page are just our art director gone artistic . . . or maybe we're wrong.

Paul Rand

## Apropos parties

Before you fling open the gatefold to our gift-fest—here are two cues which may be helpful when you start assembling your own cast. One: Well-known things in a new form are often more original, more welcome than entirely off-the-beaten-track novelties. Two: The gay spirits of Bacchus are an indispensable concomitant of Holiday conviviality. That's why we have scattered them over the top of our No. 1 picture. And here we go paging the other stars of the show. 1. Carryabout radio, feeds on house-current, too . . . 2. Pottery mugs hold one and a half bottles of beer to fit a man's thirst and palm; sling your thumb around the peg . . . 3. Jingle-bell shaped linen cocktail napkins . . . 4. Crystal bowl, silver-handled horn implements, for the ceremony of salad-mixing . . . 5. Silver-plated vacuum ice-bucket with glass lid; oversee your supply without letting warm air in . . . 6. Authentic Chinese tea-caddy, transformed into electric clock; brass-inlaid pewter and teak-wood . . . 7. Handturned cherrywood cheese set; hails from West Virginia . . . 8. So do the barrel-shaped salt and pepper shakers . . . 9. Silver-plated jigger with bottle opener that leaves caps unharmed for closing bottle again . . . 10. This silver-plated jigger can do another trick; push, and the liquid flows alongside spoon into your glass; both: silver-plate . . . 11. Edvard Hald, Sweden, designed the set of heavy crystal . . . 12. Pewter clock of perfect proportions; its rear side is no seamy side . . . 13. Air-conditioning outfit en miniature; devours unsightly, unscently cigarette stubs . . . 14. Squeezing part of the citrus-squeezer comes off; so do juice sediments which otherwise would require considerable dishwashing drudgery . . . 15. Cocktail shaker, unusual but not gadgety; the last three silver-plated . . . 16. Chimney highballs, for real long drinks and a host who wants to partake in the conversation . . . 17. If he's counting the hours till the yachting season is around again, give him this clock of polished brass . . . 18. Also reminiscent of seafaring men, a crystal decanter with Viking boat . . . 19. Docile alligator crushes nuts between his jaws; carved wood . . . 20. Scoop: Trend to have things that look like something else has embraced ashtrays; silver finish . . . 21. Traveling game set . . . 22. Tempered-steel carving knives for any size roast; sterling handles . . . 23. Sterling silver canapé dish, and . . . 24. Martini spoon, both designed by a craftsman who has his niche at the Metropolitan museum . . . 25. Leather cigarette set; ashtray with a wire-net top.

## Boudoir foibles

We think that it is decidedly more *fun* to give than to receive. That is, if you don't buy anything that happens to strike your own fancy at the time, but try to conjecture real wishes, pick up unconscious hints, sleuth for innermost desires. It's a sort of parlor game or puzzle—and women are particularly appreciative of a correct solution. Perhaps your answer is in one of these: 1. Even a Kodachrome cannot do full justice to the manicure set; if you lift the lid it plays a charming old-fashioned tune . . . 2. Solving the age-old problem of how to scrub one's own spine; a tub-side soap-stand, giant soap-bowl, long-handled brush . . . 3. Mr. and Mrs. Penguin—in papier-mâché—hold powder puffs with decorative dignity, dustproof and easy-to-reach, too . . . 4. A fitted short-cut to glamour . . . 5. Toilet water amphora "L'Aimant" . . . 6. Nothing more flattering with gems, furs, glistening evening lights than a gold brocade bag . . . 7. Also brocade, the combination address and engagement pad . . . 8. "It's You," perfume—a lovely little bric-a-brac when emptied . . . 9. Pin-morocco leather vanity case with raising tray; red inside and out for protection against lipstick traces . . . 10. Hostess gown of rayon . . . 11. Scented sachets and clothes-hangers worthy of her fineries . . . 12. "Ecarlate de Suzy," perfume . . . 13. "Pink Party," a bevy of dainty preparations especially designed for the teen-age girl . . . 14. Compact and efficient outfit for the embellishment of finger-nails . . . 15. Perfume "Confetti" in a distinctive flacon . . . 16. A manicure set to match luggage; cowhide, saddle-stitching; and steel implements that can be sharpened again and again . . . 17. "Bellodgia," an enticing fragrance . . . 18. This sterling compact in twine-and-tag design could say "A bundle of loveliness," while . . . 19. the palette vanity may spell: "You're pretty as a picture" . . . 20. "Pretexte," a perfume that has It . . . 21. Give her the precious rustle of silk in this moiré scarf . . . 22. Two-tone gold bijoutry that does things to and with an austere dress . . . 23. Her initials cut out in the pendant of a gold bracelet, or . . . 24. engraved into the lid of this composition vanity, transparent and resplendent with reflexions . . . 25. Multiple strand cobra set; it's heavy costume jewelry this year . . . 26. Huge mirror, comb, rouge, powder, lipstick and cigarettes—these protected by glass—are the ordnance of a gold-finish vanity that can effectively pinchhit for an evening bag . . . 27. You'd never guess, but it's a talcum powder, "Candy Cane."

## Caprice nocturnal

Injunction to male gift-givers: Forget, at any cost, forget your male rationalism when you go out to get these: 1. "Lazy Susan" deploys five perfumes on a revolving stage . . . 2. Wistful velvet pony, trained to play a little tune, to keep her company if she ever feels like: 3. "A Bird in a Gilded Cage," trio of fragrances . . . 4. Blue sharkskin fitted kit holds everything . . . 5. The electric vibrator brings the exhilarating tingle of Swedish massage, in spare moments . . . 6. Three tempting scents in a quilted coffer . . . 7. Crepe de Chine scarf, embroidered . . . 8. Cologne "A Bientôt," with atomizer, dusting powder, bath salt . . . 9. Suede mules, a gift that perhaps suggests a more intimate footing . . . 10. Face powder, dusting powder, Cologne, in clean-cut plastic receptacles . . . 11. Behold snuglier silk-stockinged legs if you give her these . . . 12. Sachet—the silken nosegay that goes into her lingerie chest . . . 13. "Tzigane," a perfume on the wicked side . . . 14. "Friendship's Garden" bath salt, powder, toilet water . . . 15. "Nikki," perfume . . . 16. A wisp of a slipper in satin and silver leather . . . 17. "Orchidée Bleue" . . . 18. "Possession" . . . 19. "Danger" . . . 20. "Duchess of York"; four glamour bringers . . . 21. Beauvais chiffon handkerchief to titillate woman's sixth sense for fabrics . . . 22. Not for the man bent on utilitarian gifts, but so lovely; Old Rose silk pillow . . . 23. "Blue Grass" Gift Horse, toilet water and knickknack for the dresser table . . . 24. A glittering costume pin . . . 25, 26, 27. Sterling-and-enamel cigarette case, vanity and lighter that will go equally well with an evening gown or tweeds . . . 28. "Apple Blossom" doll; head of soap, body holds talcum powder . . . 29. Vanity and cigarette case of soft, pleasant-to-the-touch gold kid-leather . . . 30. "Bermuda Oleander," a perfume . . . 31. Pine bath elixir, and . . . 32. "Jacologne" bath bouquet . . . 33. Six feet of gold beads make a queenly chain . . . 34. "L'Heure Bleue," a perfume . . . 35. Red-gold, stone-incrusted bangle that radiates glamour . . . 36. Three gifts in one; when the occasion requires, the costume brooch comes apart and makes two clips . . . 37. Sachets . . . 38. Never mind if this rhinestone pin looks somewhat sumptuous; it's the style . . . 39. Clever metal necklace that simulates a scarf . . . 40. Sterling pocket mirror with handle, for more graceful make-up exercises in public . . . 41. No woman has enough white kid gloves . . . 42. Atomette perfume dispenser . . . 43. An elegant compact . . . 44. Luxurious brocade mules.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY BARRETT GALLAGHER

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Blended Whiskey
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American Wines
Bourbon
Gin
Rum
Scotch
Champagne
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## Domestic things mostly

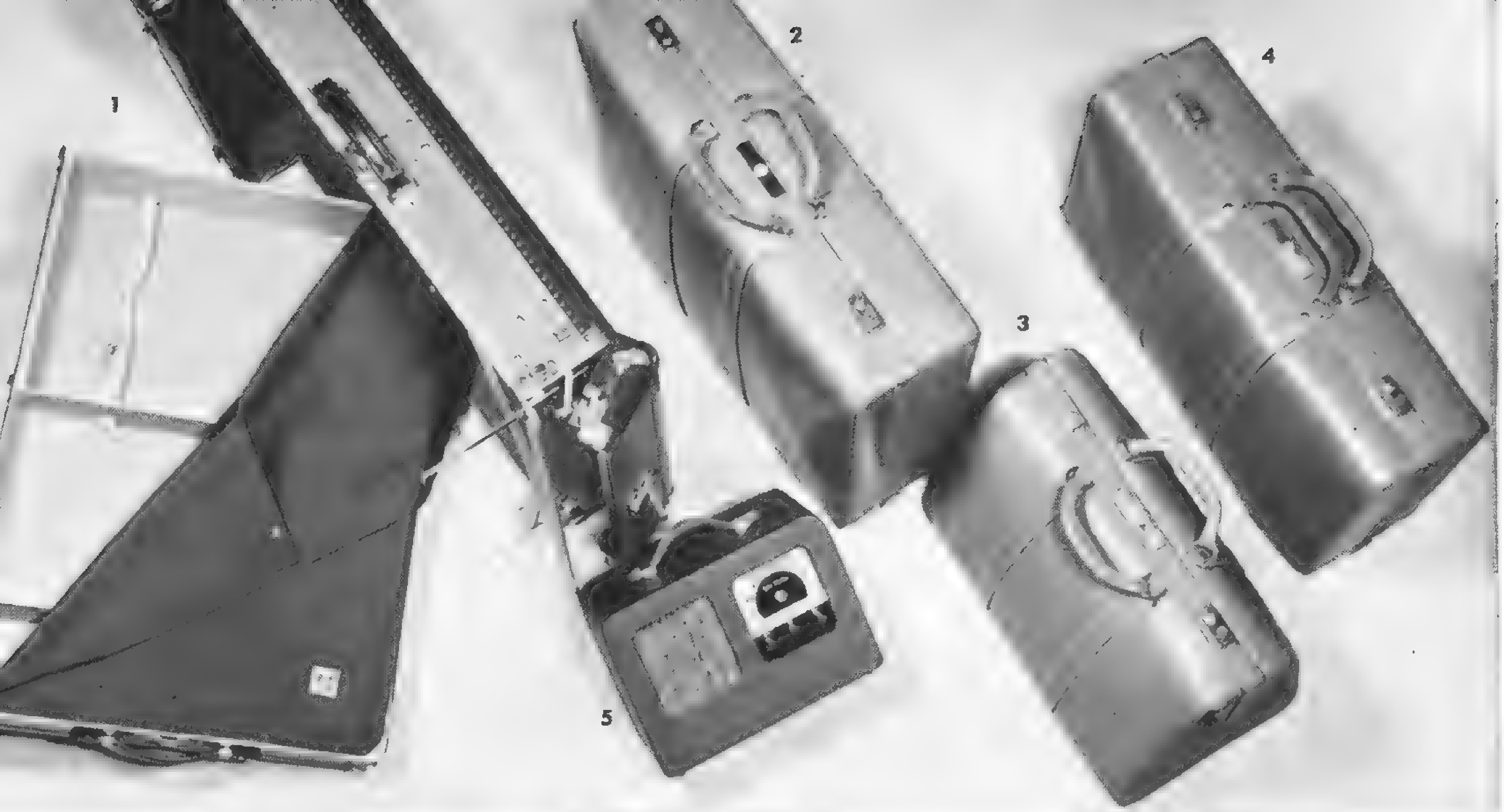
Possession of the implements for good grooming does not yet make a perennially dapper-looking groom. But it is a strong incentive. 1, 2, 3. Three scions of venerated electric-shaver families . . . 4. Self-tidying chromium ashtray; a turn of the revolving bowl conveys the stubs under the covered part and a gliding pad keeps the tray polished at the same time . . . 5. After-shave lotion in leather-clad flask . . . 6. Men's Cologne, scent of Russian leather . . . 7. Space-saving travel-clock in a pigskin case . . . 8. No spoiled snapshots with the exposure meter . . . 9. Motion pix camera with high-speed f/1.9 lens and all the other trappings . . . 10. Shaving mug and lotion for a man . . . 11. Badger brush, Lucite handle . . . 12. Military brushes, fitted with Brazilian rosewood . . . 13. Two shaving fresher-uppers . . . 14. Cigarette box with hand painting . . . 15. Bath Cologne . . . 16. Highlander Cologne . . . 17. Fabric cigarette case in American Service colors, U. S. Artillery shown . . . 18. Shaving helps in sparkling-white plastic containers . . . 19. Pen and pencil set; very Chairman-of-the-Board . . . 20. Double-headed electric shaver . . . 21. Most cases are ivory-white now . . . 22. Black glass pen-holder set . . . 23. Billfold of California saddle leather that boasts traces of healed scars, scratches and branding-iron marks; they give proof of unadulterated leather . . . 24. Shaving set in nautical attire . . . 25. Aladdin's lamp in a table lighter . . . 26. Pipe-set of selected grain . . . 27. Men's lotion decanter . . . 28. The air-cooled pipe is the invention of an honest-to-goodness university professor . . . 29. Shell Briar pipe, Duke of Windsor's own . . . 30. Motion picture camera with 3-lens turret; the device permits close-ups of wild animals at a distance as well as wide-angle pictures of interiors . . . 31. A departure from the conventional scissor design; with paper knife, in leather case . . . 32. Imported shaving brush . . . 33. Razor that speaks a weighty word for the traditional school of shaving . . . 34. Pottery shaving mug and lotion . . . 35. Two shaving aids . . . 36. Gold-finish-and-enamel table lighter; the little torch can be handled like a match . . . 37. A Cologne of grassy, woody smell . . . 38. No loose parts to hide under the bathroom radiator with this one-piece razor . . . 39. Shaving brush, handle of ivory . . . 40. Early American shaving preparations . . . 41. Collect autographs on your cigarette case; diamond-pointed pencil is attached; sterling, of course . . . 42. A brace of shaving adjuncts . . . 43. Candid camera.

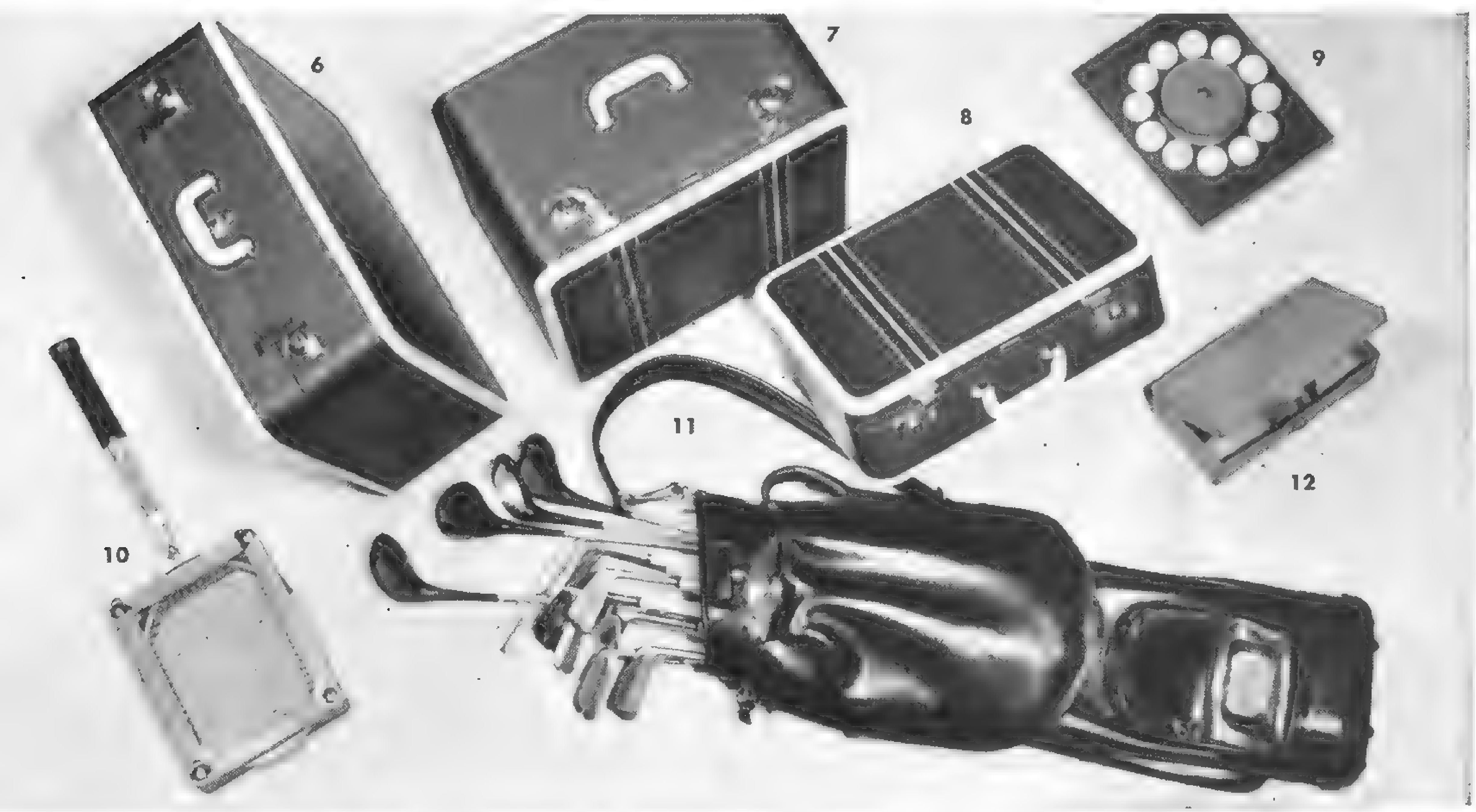
## Emphasis on sport

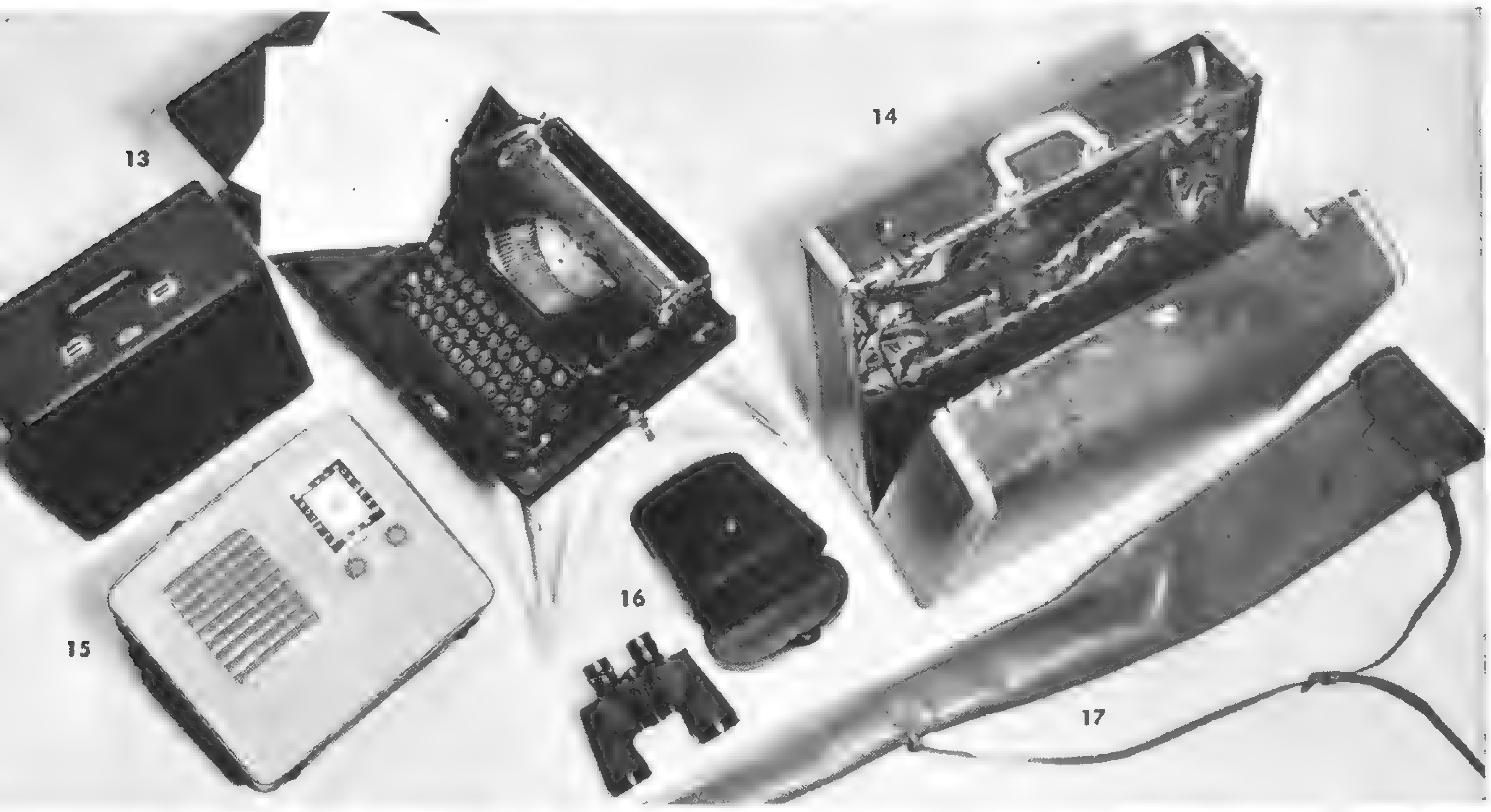
Give him these, and you give health, recreation, he-mannishness. 1. First thing you know he'll open the back lid and wonder at the miracle of compactness and efficiency that brings sound out of the nowhere into his palm . . . 2. The same radio, in an outdoorish pigskin version . . . 3. Everything but the kitchen-sink to make the picnic a well-table-mannered event; China of plastic, silver of chromium; wicker case . . . 4. Tea for two, and sandwiches, in a duffel designed for skiing, hiking or spectator use . . . 5. Add these colorful wool socks in timely snowflake design to your list . . . 6. Two slide-fastener-closed partitions make this a practical short-trip bag; light in weight . . . 7. Trap-shooting is a solo-sport with this .22 caliber rifle that has the trap attached to the barrel, thus eliminating the necessity for an attendant . . . 8. Every man that can walk without crutches can use the slide-closed cotton jacket with warmth-retaining knitted neckband . . . 9. They're invisible in the picture, but the woolen pull-over has long sleeves; grand for skiing . . . 10. Luxurious is the word for the shearling slippers; luggage-space permitting they would be the thing after a day of strenuous skiing . . . 11. Leaving snow-blanketed shores, here is a reel fit for boating the granddaddy of the whole tuna family; ball-bearings, free spool clutch, automobile brake lining . . . 12. Sheffield trapper knife with embossed and laced sheath, an all-round outdoor necessity . . . 13. Ski-lodge etiquette forbids stomping of heavy ski-boots over wooden floors; also, of course, for the skier's own comfort, these soft-leather-soled, knitted wool Opanks . . . 14. Balls and tees in an escutcheon-embossed little chest; when emptied, it is just a neat case that can be used around the living room . . . 15. All accessories are in a very masculine wood-grain finish; they can really be used, as proves the military brush which is of imported quality . . . 16. A standing invitation to "rough it," be it on snow-slopes, by a brook or in fowl-teeming marshes is the tartan patterned flannel shirt . . . 17. Most men are short on ties that go well with the bold designs of country clothes, like the preceding shirt; hence, such knitted wool ties are thoughtful gifts . . . 18. Hand-carved mallards come in various sizes and thus, used as a wall-ornament, produce the depth-effect of a rising flock; other birds, too . . . 19. Knitted golf-club mittens that prevent scratching of clubs in the bag . . . 20. Off-center slide-fastener makes lapel of this cotton jacket convertible.

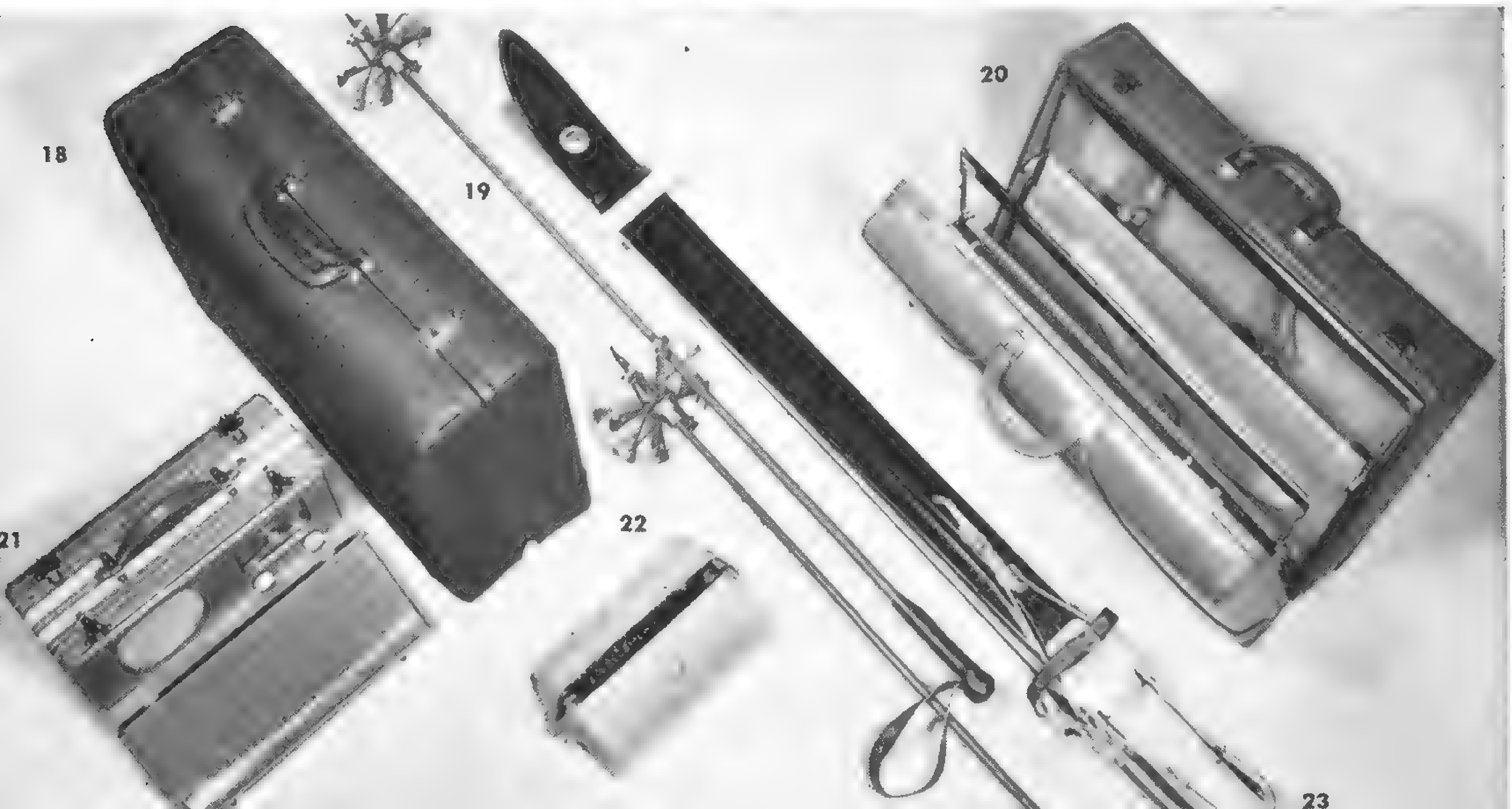
## Fashion bounty

Here is a chance to prove that you pay attention to his personality. Try to attune your gift to the garments he has and likes. 1. Black patent-leather mules with wedge heels . . . 2. Ribbed green lisle half hose with clocks . . . 3. Blue mixture half hose . . . 4. Grey and yellow Shetland striped woolen half hose . . . 5. Blue broadcloth shirt with attached collar . . . 6. Monogram crystal cuff links with tie clip to match . . . 7. Red, yellow and blue regimental-striped red silk tie . . . 8. Pulley design wooden bookends . . . 9. Voluminous reasons to keep you at the fireside on wintry nights . . . 10. Grey felt snap brim hat or a hat gift bond . . . 11. Hand-stitched grey mocha slip-on gloves . . . 12. White broadcloth shirt with attached collar . . . 13. Plain gold collar pin . . . 14. Royal Artillery pattern silk tie; gold tie clip with cut out monogram attached . . . 15. Solid colored blue silk robe with satin trimming . . . 16. White and blue striped oxford cloth shirt with attached collar . . . 17. Blue crocheted silk tie . . . 18. Gold tie clip with monogram . . . 19. Plaid woolen tie . . . 20. Chessmen's set of solid ivory in leather case with green velvet lining . . . 21. Blue soft leather mules . . . 22. Military brush and manicure set in leather case . . . 23. Black pearl dumbbell design evening dress set . . . 24. Blue stone jewelry set . . . 25. Blue silk pajamas with dark red piping . . . 26. Box of fifty cigars . . . 27. Set of white linen handkerchiefs with colored embroidered initials . . . 28. Automatic snap lighter . . . 29. Cigarette holder that condenses tar from smoke; resting on large-size alligator wallet . . . 30. Tooled gold lighter . . . 31. Paisley pattern silk muffler in reefer shape with fringed ends . . . 32. White-gold-finish key chain with initials . . . 33. Cigarette holder with cigarette smoke strainer; plastic . . . 34. White-pearl evening-dress set with gold edging . . . 35. Yellow herringbone weave woolen muffler with fringed ends . . . 36. Set of border striped colored linen handkerchiefs . . . 37. Regimental striped elastic webbing suspenders with garters to match . . . 38. Red and black striped elastic webbing suspenders with clip ends . . . 39. Leather suspenders with garters to match . . . 40. Red, yellow and blue silk tie with paisley designs . . . 41. Alligator belt with leather-covered buckle . . . 42. Natural shade pigskin belt with monogram tongue buckle . . . 43. Braided brown leather belt with leather-covered buckle . . . 44. Natural pigskin belt of wedge shape with tongue buckle . . . 45. Chevron elastic braces and garters.









# Graciously kitted

Perhaps Esquire's staff is, of nature, romantically inclined, but in us luggage always evokes thoughts of wide valleys, palm-trees, sleepy hamlets flashing by, pith helmets—all the beckoning glamour of all the travel folders, brought one step nearer to reality. Sturdy luggage makes an entirely masculine gift. It is a fitting present for the career-bent go-getter. And—considering the economical side—a piece of luggage, given at Christmas, helps the recipient to save his cash for the vacation proper if and when the vacation arrives. After this brief for the merits of luggage as a Christmas gift, let's settle down for a description of the things on this page: 1. No calisthenics to pack the odds-and-ends part of the washable canvas four-suiter; it unhinges and can be conveniently placed on a table . . . 2, 3, 4. How to strike up travel acquaintances and influence hotel receptionists is a problem answered by this hazel pigskin set . . . 5. Portable radio with low-drain tubes; they preserve the life of the battery . . . 6, 7, 8. And why not luggage as a gift for a fair lady? Red lightweight canvas, ivory trimmings and handles . . . 9. Golf balls resting on an enticing square of simulated lawn; putting cup too, to change a living-room into a green . . . 10. Imported tennis racquet; walnut overlay nine-piece frame . . . 11. Accurate aim through a patented T-square that is printed on the heads of the clubs; hooded bag with a wealth of pockets . . . 12. A natural cowhide kit, hospitable to toiletries, accessories, even fishing tackle . . . 13. Move his study outdoors with the typewriter that has a writing table, legs and all, concealed in about one inch extra height . . . 14. Streamlined and well-balanced for easy carrying, this synthetic rawhide ladies' case . . . 15. Portable radio built to withstand the hardships of life in the open . . . 16. American-made binocular 7 x 35, very lightweight . . . 17. The soft-leather case contains a .22 rifle with micrometer rearsight and gold-beaded frontsight . . . 18. Tough as the Java buffalo from whose hide it is made, this black suitcase . . . 19. Ski-poles don't necessarily have to go with skis to make a welcome gift for a ski-addict; this model with palm-fitting handles . . . 20. What the well-pressed suit will wear to arrive in the self-same condition; an ingeniously fitted two-suiter . . . 21. For better reception the antenna of this portable radio comes off; attach it to the nearest tree, or, with the suction cups, to the window of a railroad car . . . 22. A handy toilet kit . . . 23. Skis with cable-binding, instructors' choice.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LEON DE VOS

# Modern Sporting Rifles

### Specifying barrel lengths, rifle weights and calibers for all types of hunting, with a tip for shooting game in motion

### *by* MONROE H. GOODE

▪ ARTICLE ▪

THE true gun fan is a queer duck. He loves his shooting irons more than some men love their wives, and he may lavish upon them more affection. Possibly you will grasp the seriousness of his malady when we tell you it is even more deeply-rooted than that of the butterfly collector, the fly-fisherman, or the stamp collector. Now that we have the species identified, we shall hurry on.

This spasm on sporting firearms, which might be tagged a powwow on "fall rifle creations" or "advice to frustrated sportsmen," was conceived for the real "gun-nut" and not for the genus homo who, the minute he barges into a gun shop, comes down with an acute attack of buy-ology.

We have learned a lot about sporting arms in the last few years and more about military arms in the last few weeks, and when "finis" is written on the current blood-bath in Europe, you will witness a deluge of fresh-hatched sporting arms.

One hundred years ago a rifle was practically a social outcast unless it could sport a barrel of 48 inches or thereabouts—nearly as long as a fishing pole. Shotgun barrels were almost as bad. Custom and other factors made for long barrels. Long barrels were necessary to give time for the complete combustion of the full charge of slow-burning black powder, to increase the sighting radius, (as accuracy of aim is in proportion to the distance between the two iron sights), to afford ample weight for steady holding, and to neutralize recoil, and muzzle blast, and finally to "make her look like a sure 'nuf gun." But the rifleman paid a stiff price for these real or fancied assets. Long and heavy rifle barrels are unwieldy, cumbersome, and slow-pointing, and these qualities quite offset the advantages in the other direction. New powders have altered the whole rifle-shooting setup.

Many high-intensity rifle cartridges developed with special powders have their own characteristics as to rate of burning, and they are very sensitive to changes in barrel lengths. Barrel lengths of 24 inches are standard for velocity tests of sporting arms; and for barrels a few inches shorter or a few inches longer, the velocity of high-power rifles varies from 20 to 40 foot-seconds per inch; in barrels under 20 inches the ratio increases greatly.

Usage has decreed these lengths:

Small-bore (.22 caliber) rifles for hunting and tin-can shooting, 20 to 27 inches, with 24 inches as the best compromise.

Small-bore target rifles, 28 inches.

Standard rifles for medium and big game shooting, 24 inches. If the rifle is to be carried largely in a saddle scabbard, 20 to 22 inches is best.

Extra-long-range hunting rifles such as the new .300 Winchester Magnum, 26 inches.

Big-bore (.30 caliber) target rifles such as the Winchester Bull gun in the .300 Magnum, 30 inches.

* * *

Rifle weights have undergone just as radical changes as barrel lengths. When the West was young and crude, the sturdy pioneer saddled himself with a ponderous arm weighing 16 to 25 pounds, and in his iron grasp it may have been as wieldy as a baton—not so with his puny offspring.

If perchance our hero happens to be a big game hunter with a yen for snooping around over stilted mountains after bucks that seem to be on transcontinental tours, and dotes on inhaling his fresh air on the hoof, he will need a lot of courage even to think of juggling an anchor-like arm in the high stretches where the air is thin and the grades are steep. Mountain scaling is a sport for youth—well, at any rate not for the Nimrod who has passed mile Number 40, or who happens to be a bottle-scarred veteran with little regard for girth control. In those rarified vacuums that seem constantly to pursue you in the high country, a heavy rifle wears you down to a nubbin.

Light equipment with more miles and more fun, and less fatigue is immeasurably preferable to heavy stuff with less miles, less fun and more fatigue. So, choose a lightweight, portable rifle, with medium-length barrel, even if it cannot be held as steady as a heavy one and even at the cost of increased muzzle blast and recoil and decreased velocity.

Weights of hunting and plinking .22 caliber rifles should vary from five to eight pounds, depending upon the strength of the shooter and the type of shooting; special chuck or prairie-dog rifles, 9 to 12 pounds; informal .22 caliber-target rifles, 8 to 10 pounds; special match-target rifles, 10 to 12½ pounds, depending upon the brawn of the shooter.

Standard big-game rifles: 7¼ to 8¼ pounds; if to be carried in saddle boot, 6 to 7¼ pounds.

Extra-long-range, scope-sighted rifles, for special types of hunting, mainly sheep and goat rifles, 8½ to 9 pounds. This is not the rifle for the ordinary hunter but for the expert Nimrod who knows what it's all about.

#### .22 CALIBER ARMS

More changes are taking place in the various lines of .22 caliber rim-fire rifles than in any other. Here are a few of our observations:

Slide-action rifles have lost their grip. Their accuracy is of a low order as a rule, and there have been practically no improvements since they were first introduced nearly forty years ago. A scope cannot be used to advantage on those with top ejection, and this has proved a serious handicap. Speed of fire is about their only excuse for existence.

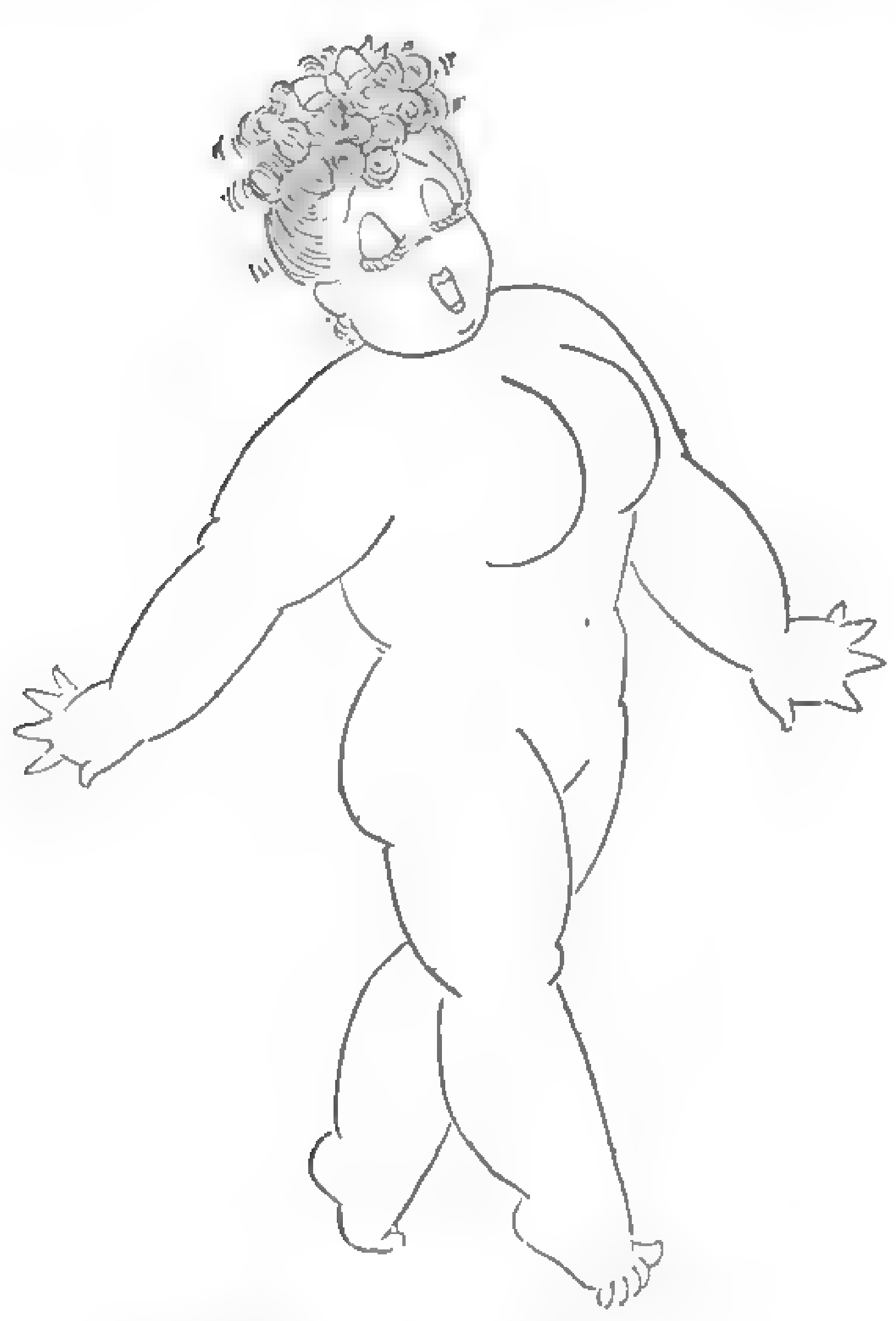
Bolt-action repeaters and automatics have revolutionized .22 rim-fire rifles. They put

*Continued on page 285*

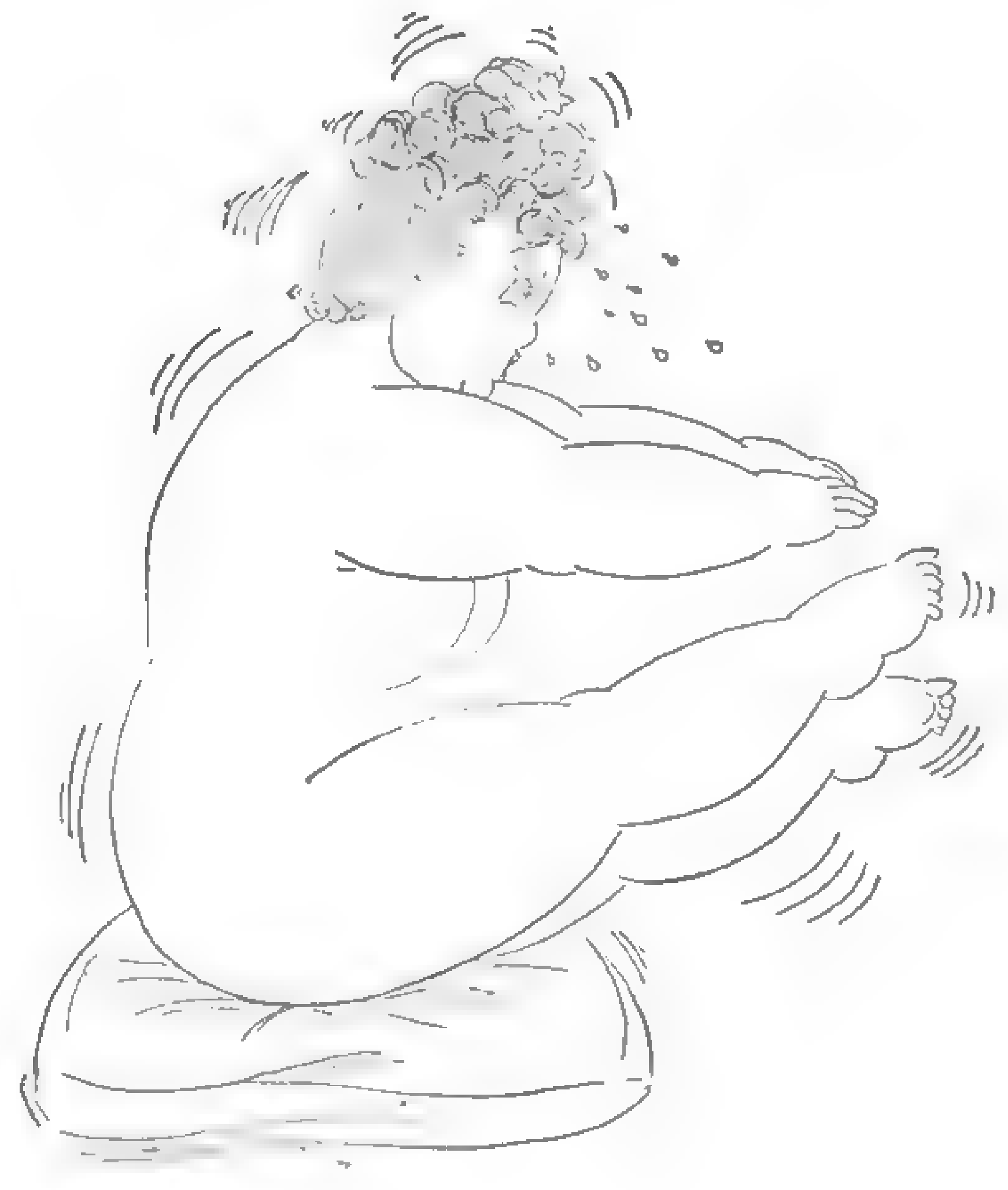
MARRIAGES
OBITUARIES
GEORGE WOLFE

*"Henry! Your ashes dear"*

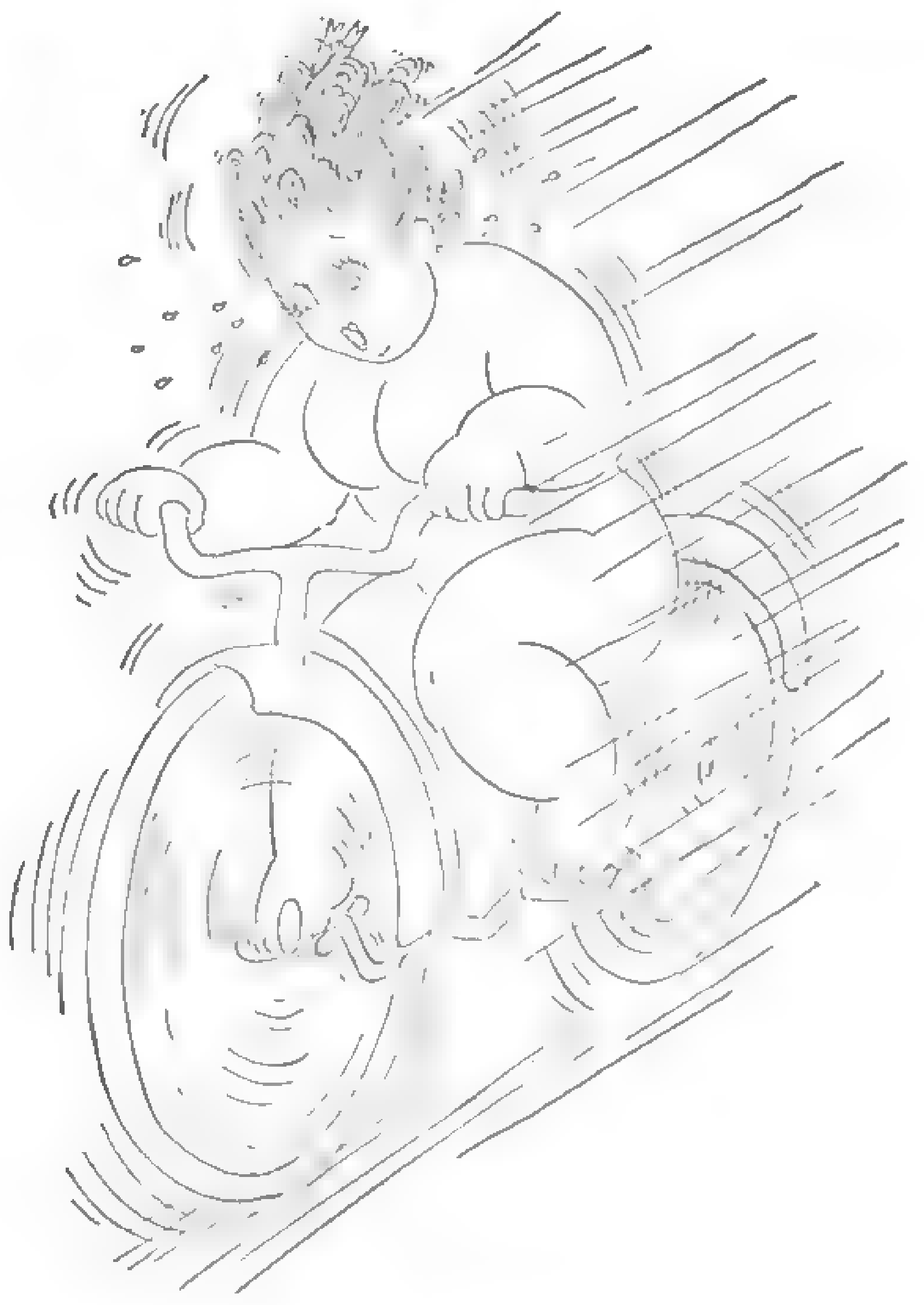
# CECELIA... *Success Story of a Cherub*—by PHIL STACK—*drawings by* M. A. GAUG



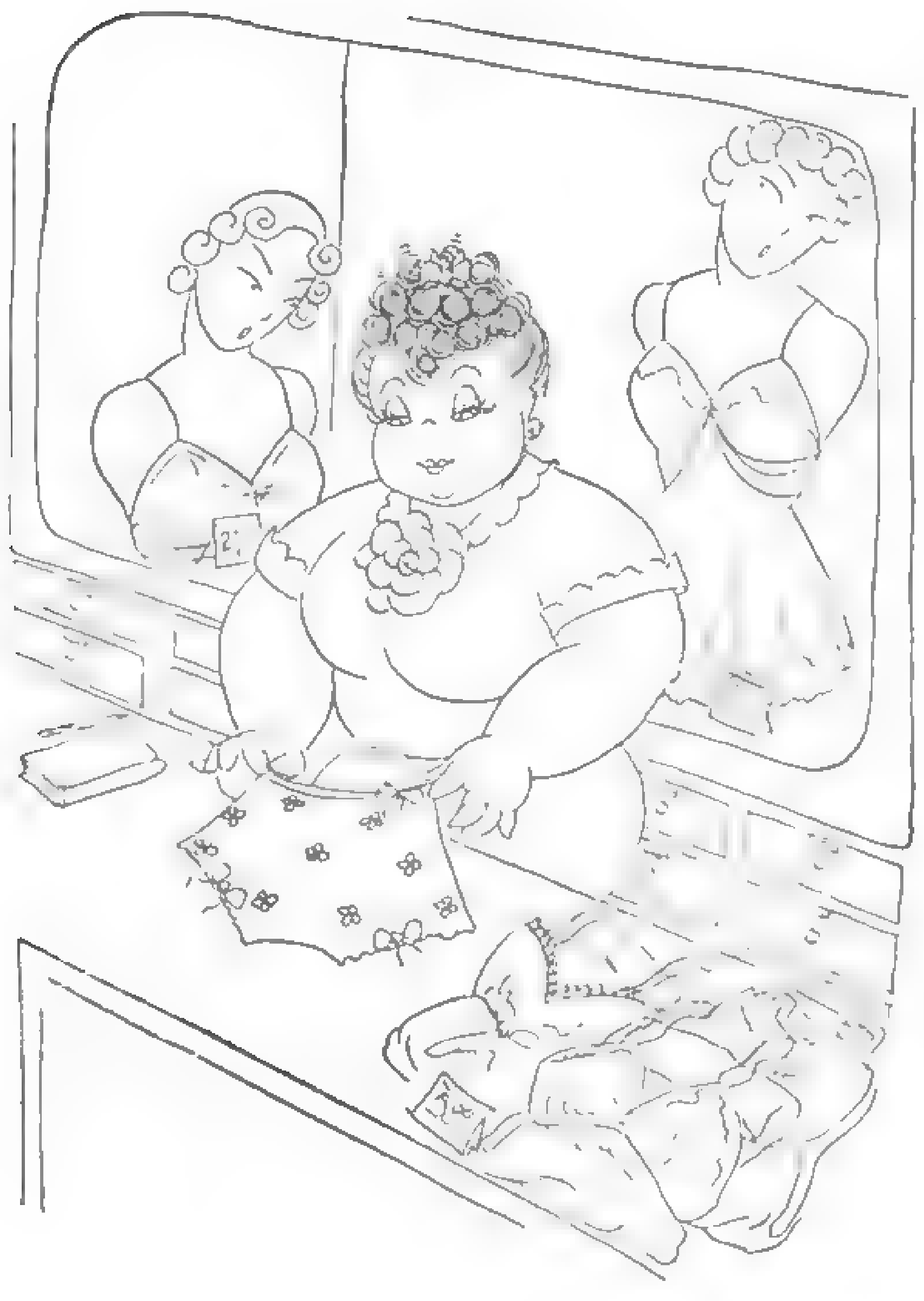
*1-Cecelia was a chubby minx*
*Who cried aloud at Fate*



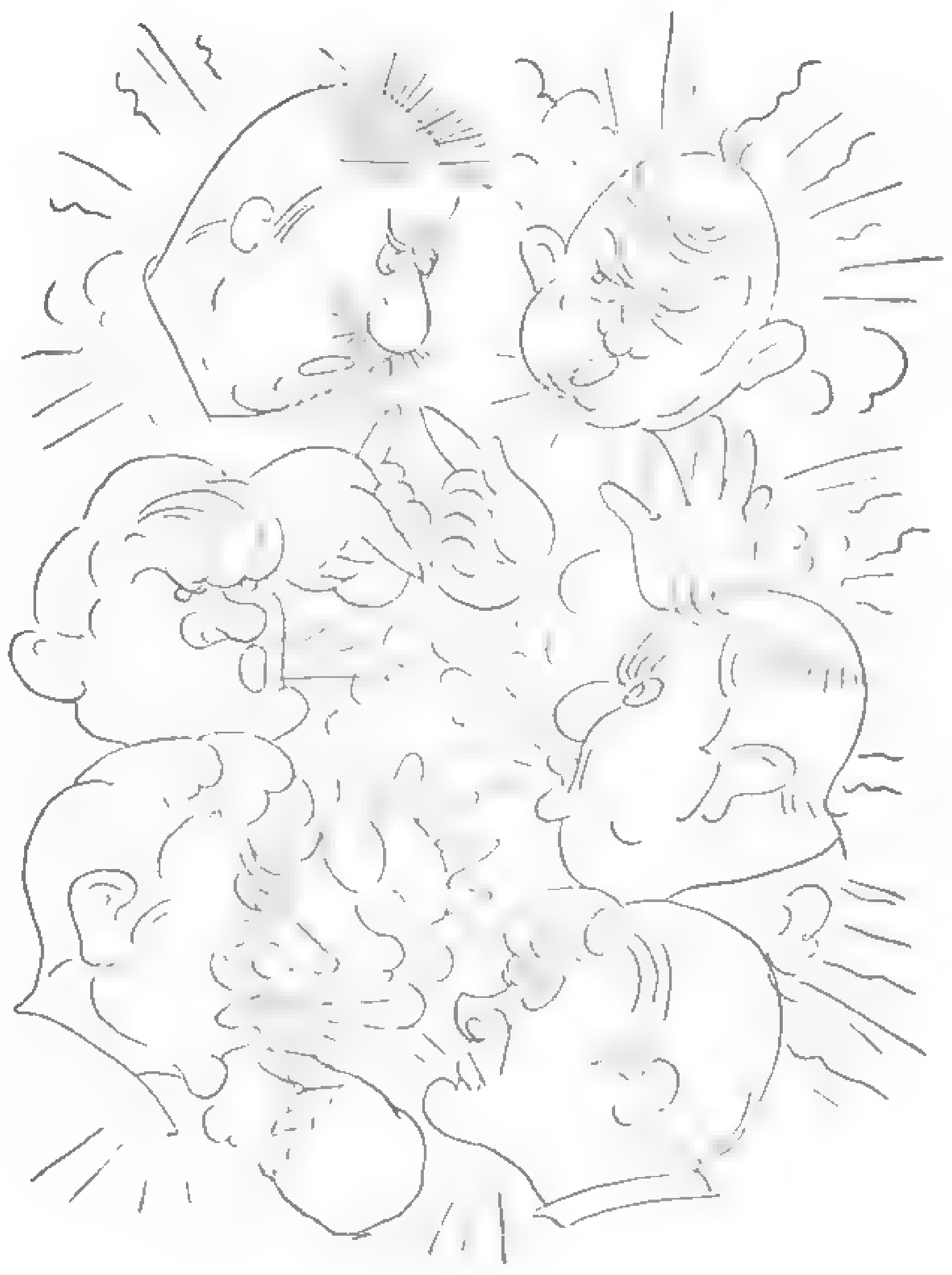
*2-For piling on her chassis*
*Such a lot of extra weight!*



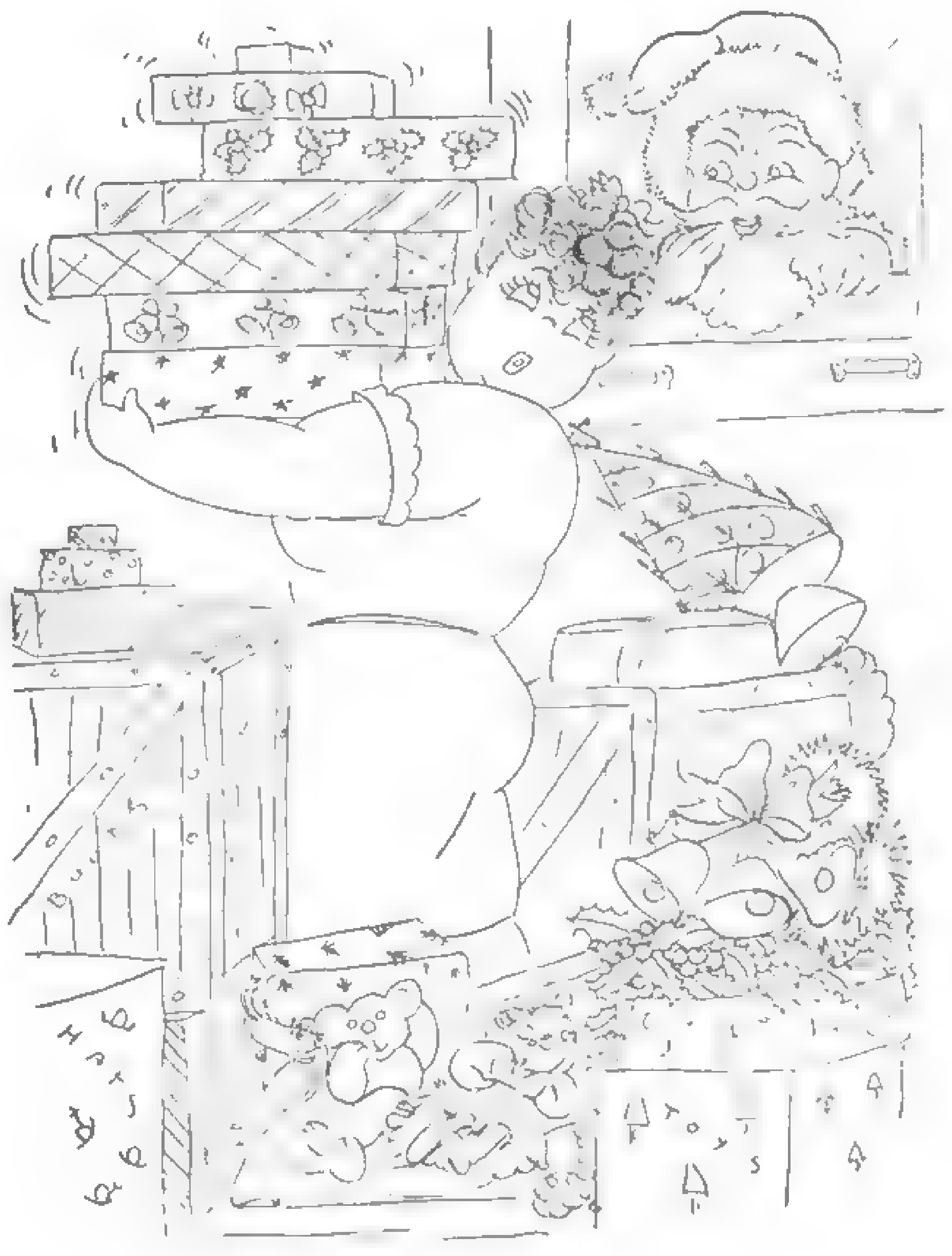
*3-She did her daily dozen*
*And she pedaled all around,*



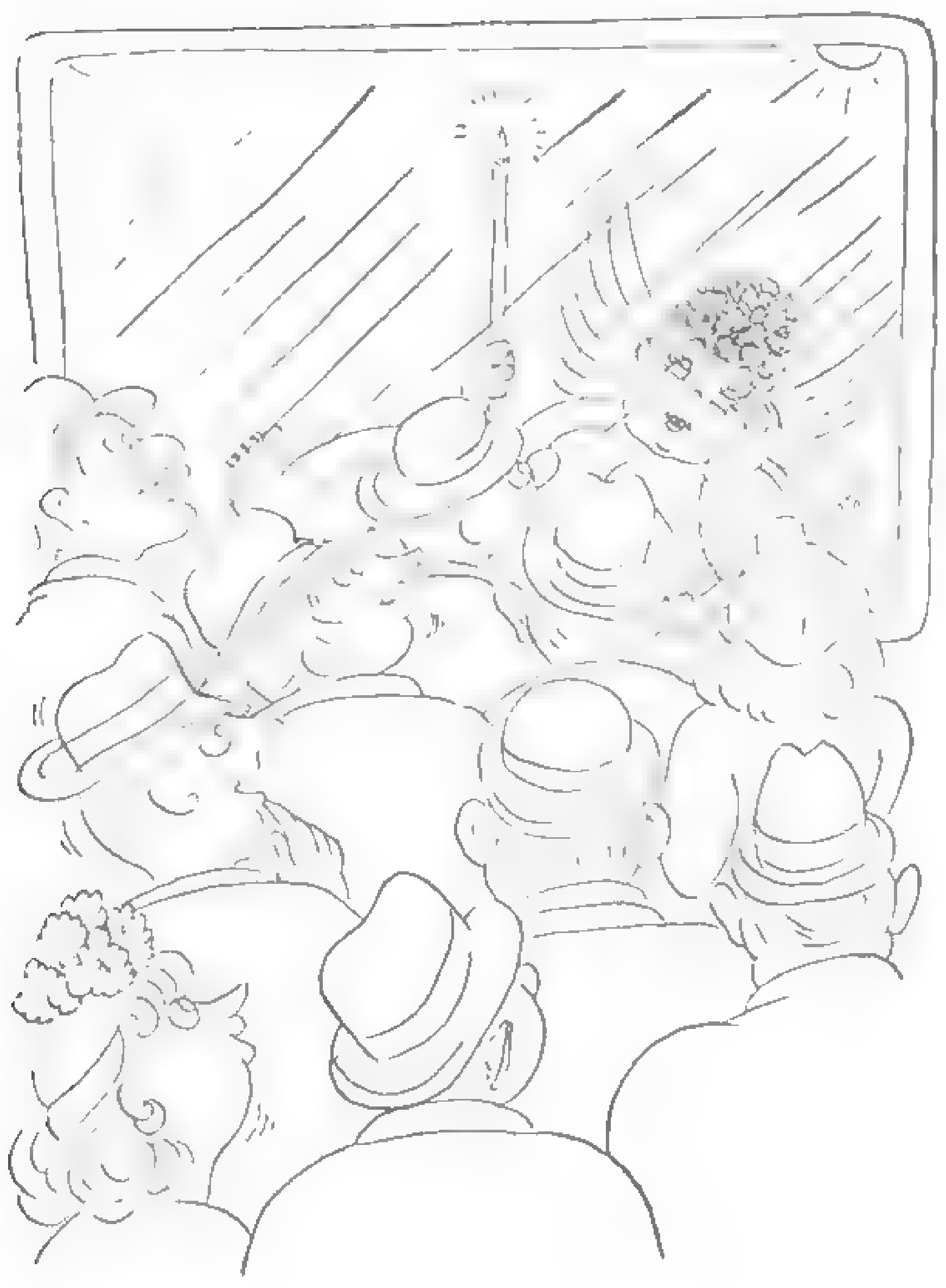
*7-Now in the big department store*
*Where our Cecelia toiled*



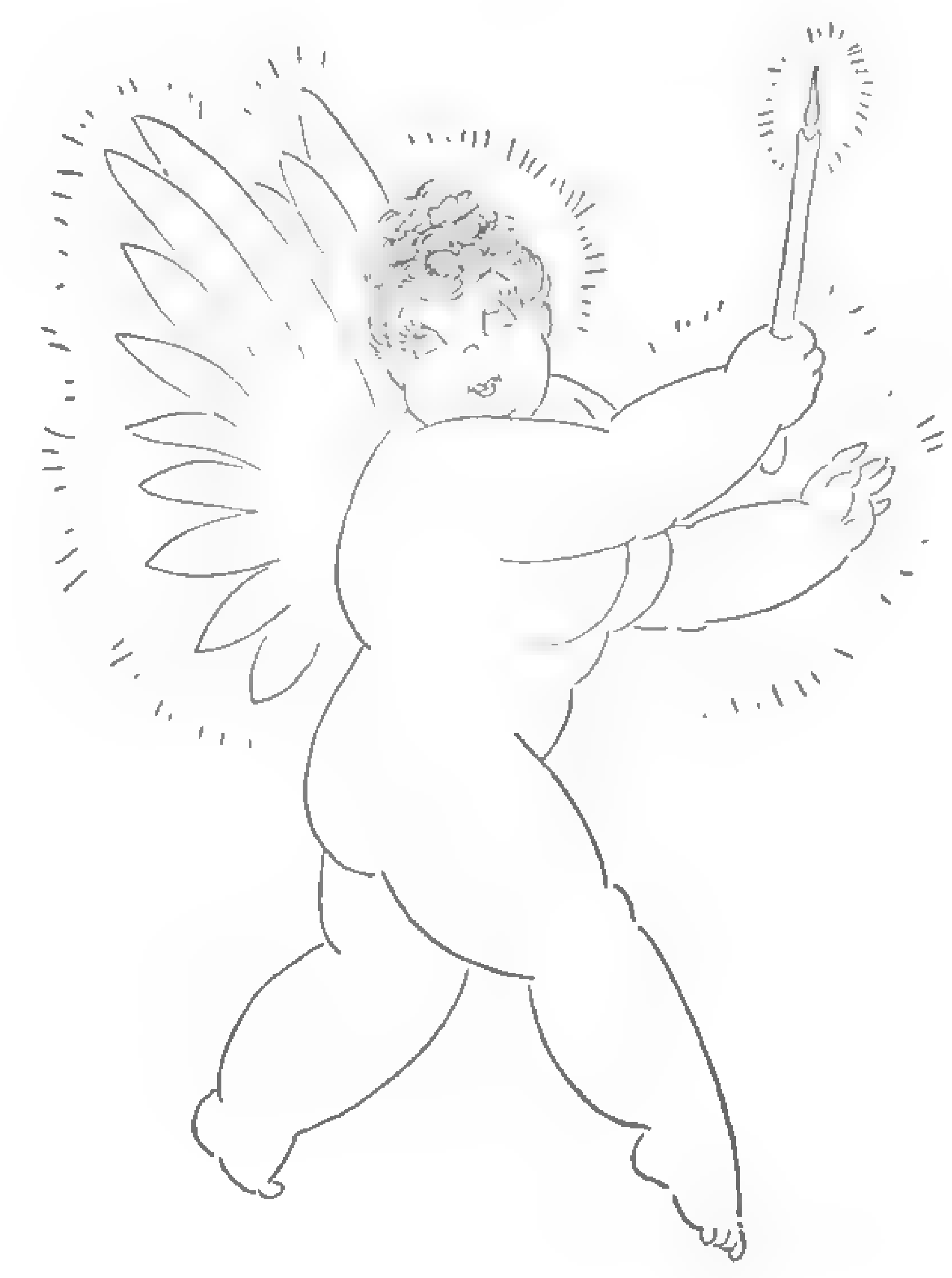
*8-The window-dressing experts*
*In a battle were embroiled!*



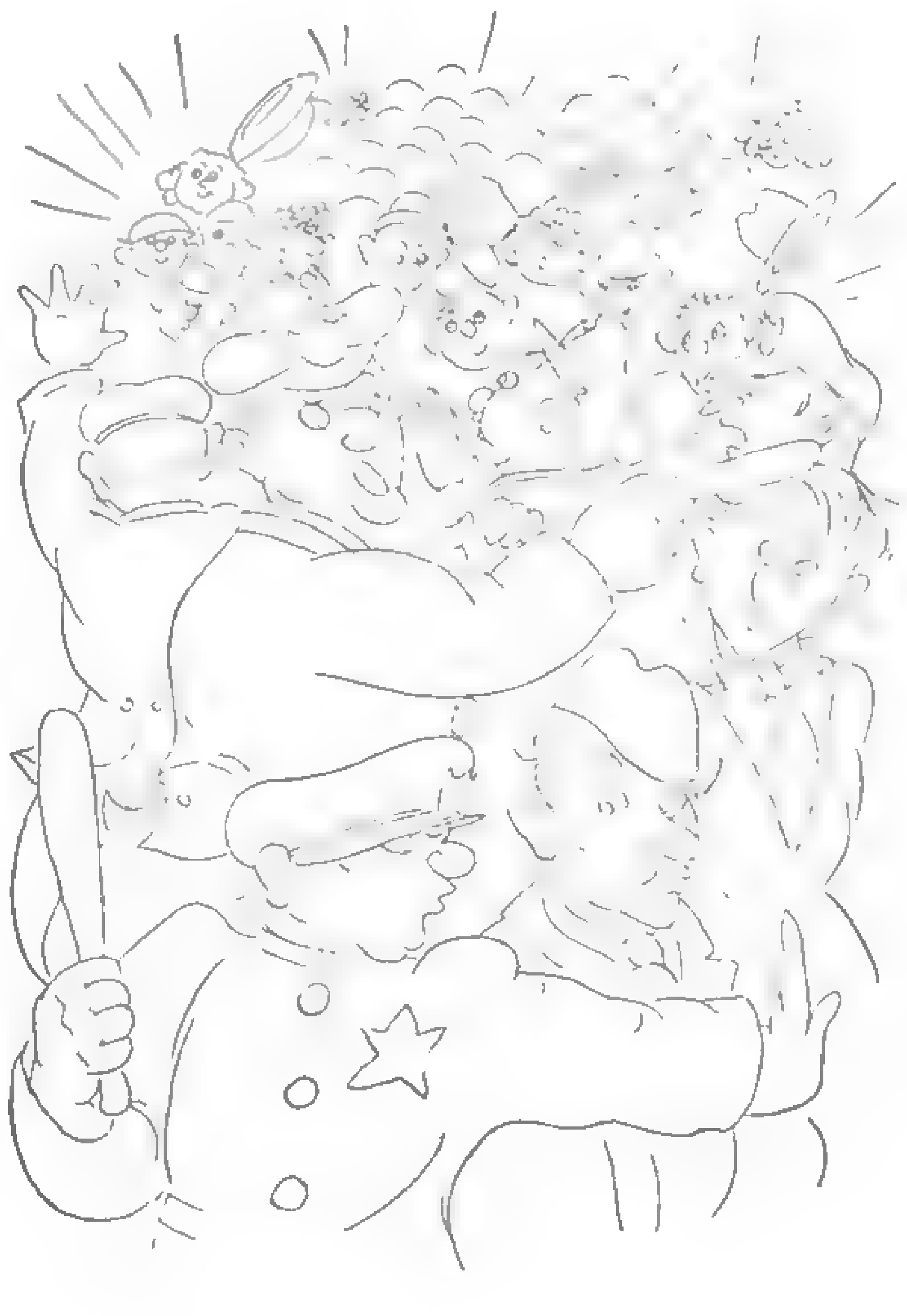
*9-For Christmastime was drawing near*
*And things were in a tangle,*



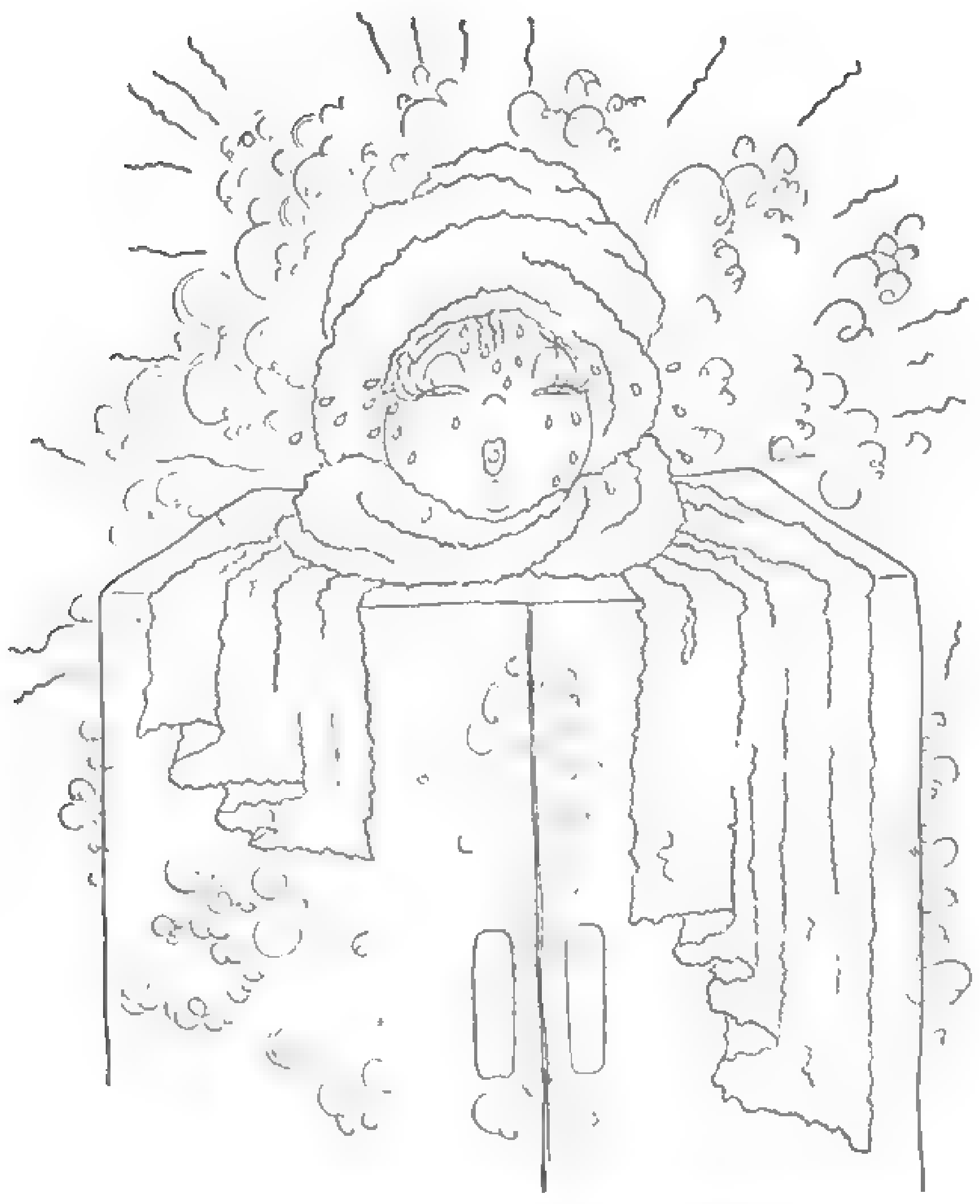
*13-Next morning in the window*
*Our Cecelia could be viewed*



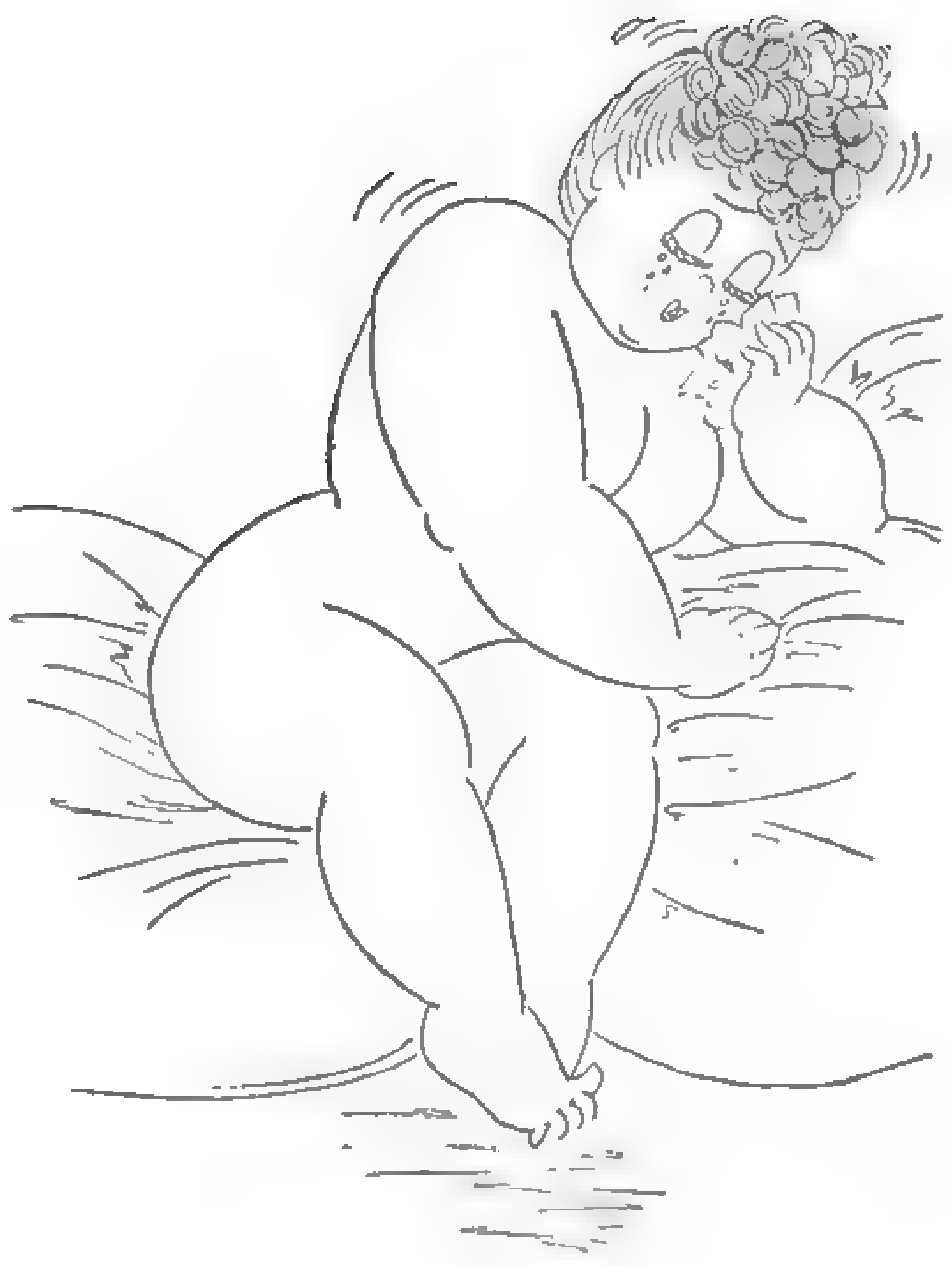
*14-In the role of Christmas Cherub*
*And* COMPLETELY *in the* NUDE!



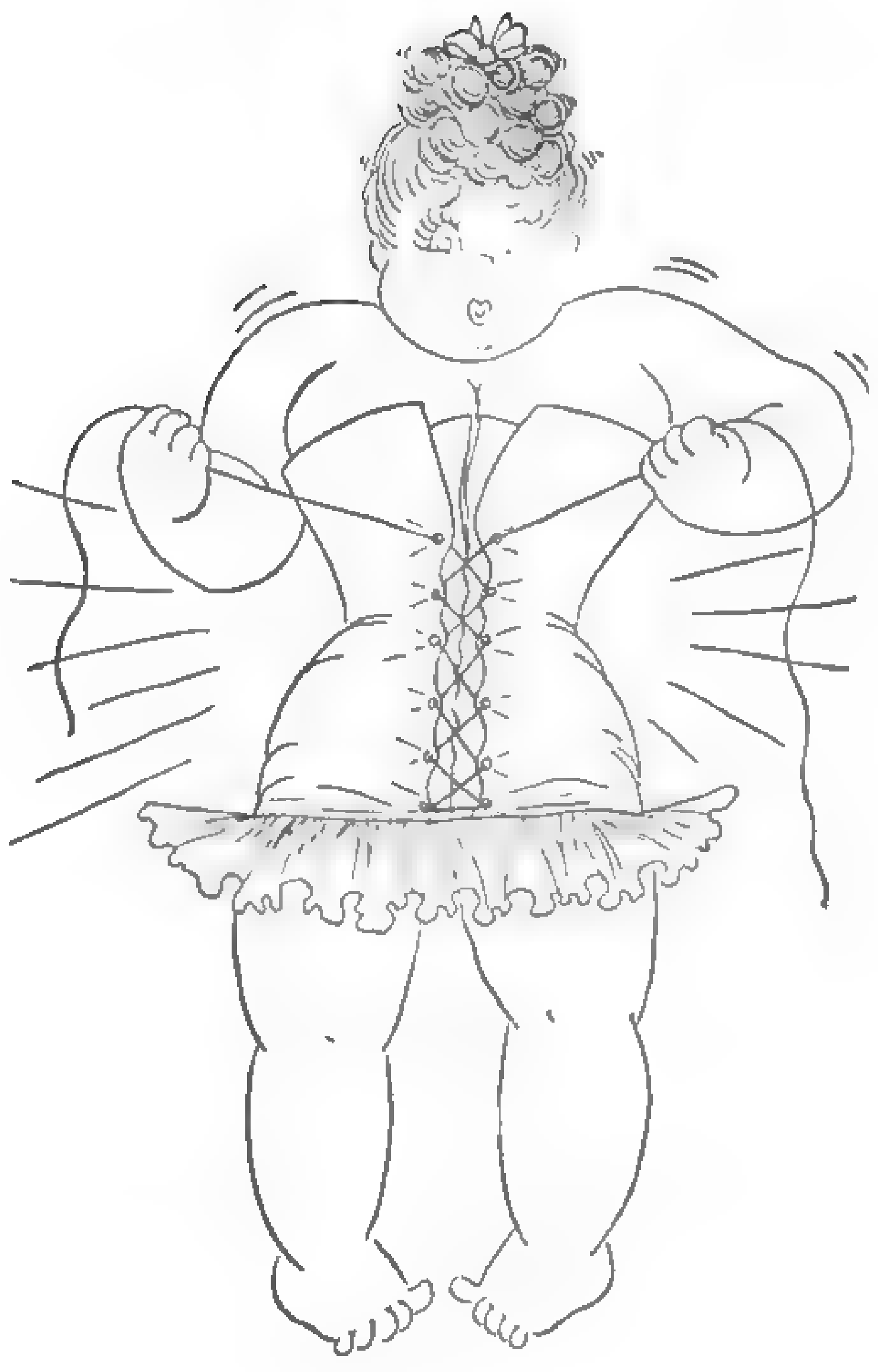
*15-They had to call the Riot Squad—*
*They had to rope the Square!*



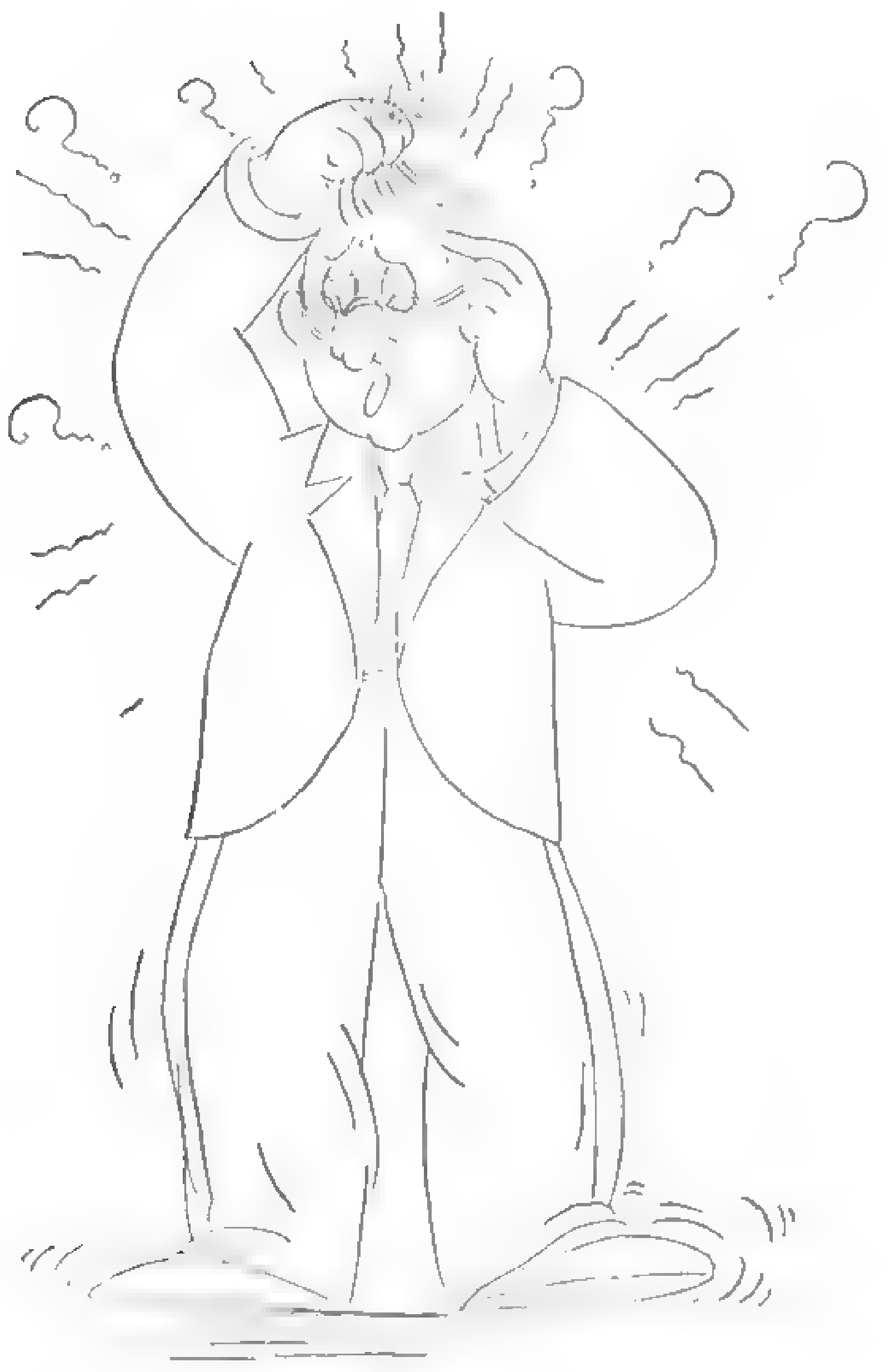
4-*She patronized the Turkish Baths*
*And never lost a pound!*



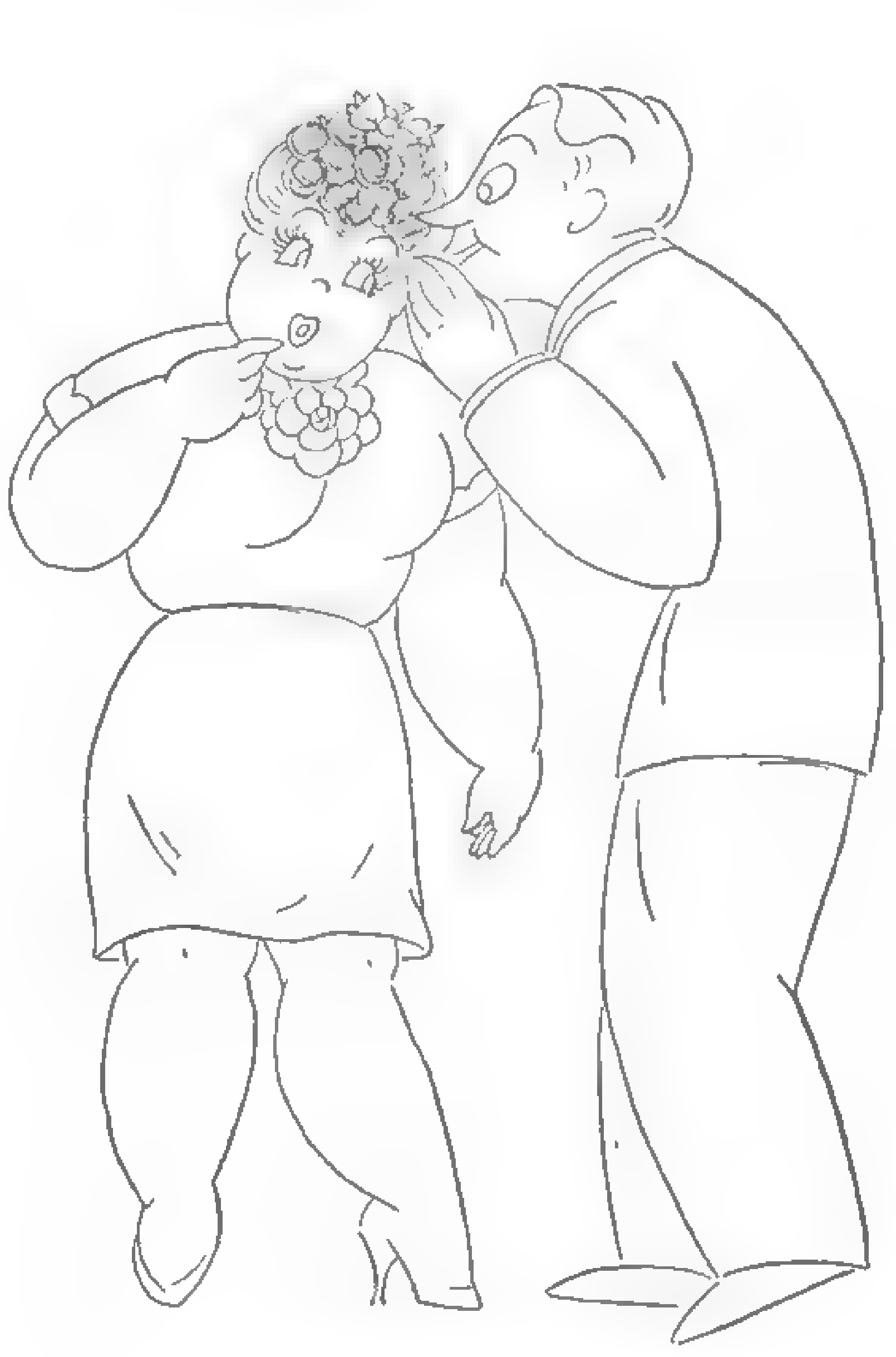
5-*So poor Cecelia felt she'd be*
*A total flop for life,*



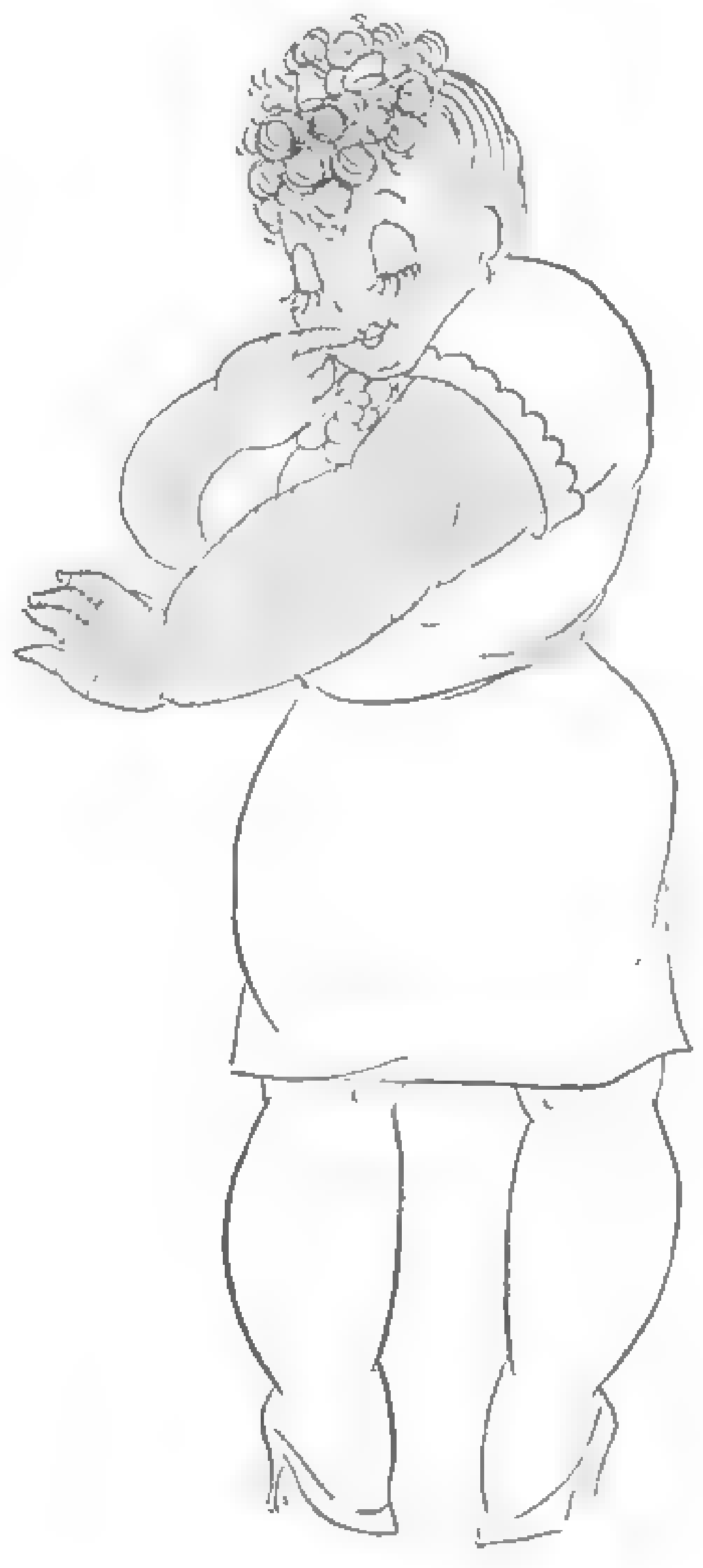
6-*She thought the stronger sex preferred*
*A somewhat weaker wife!*



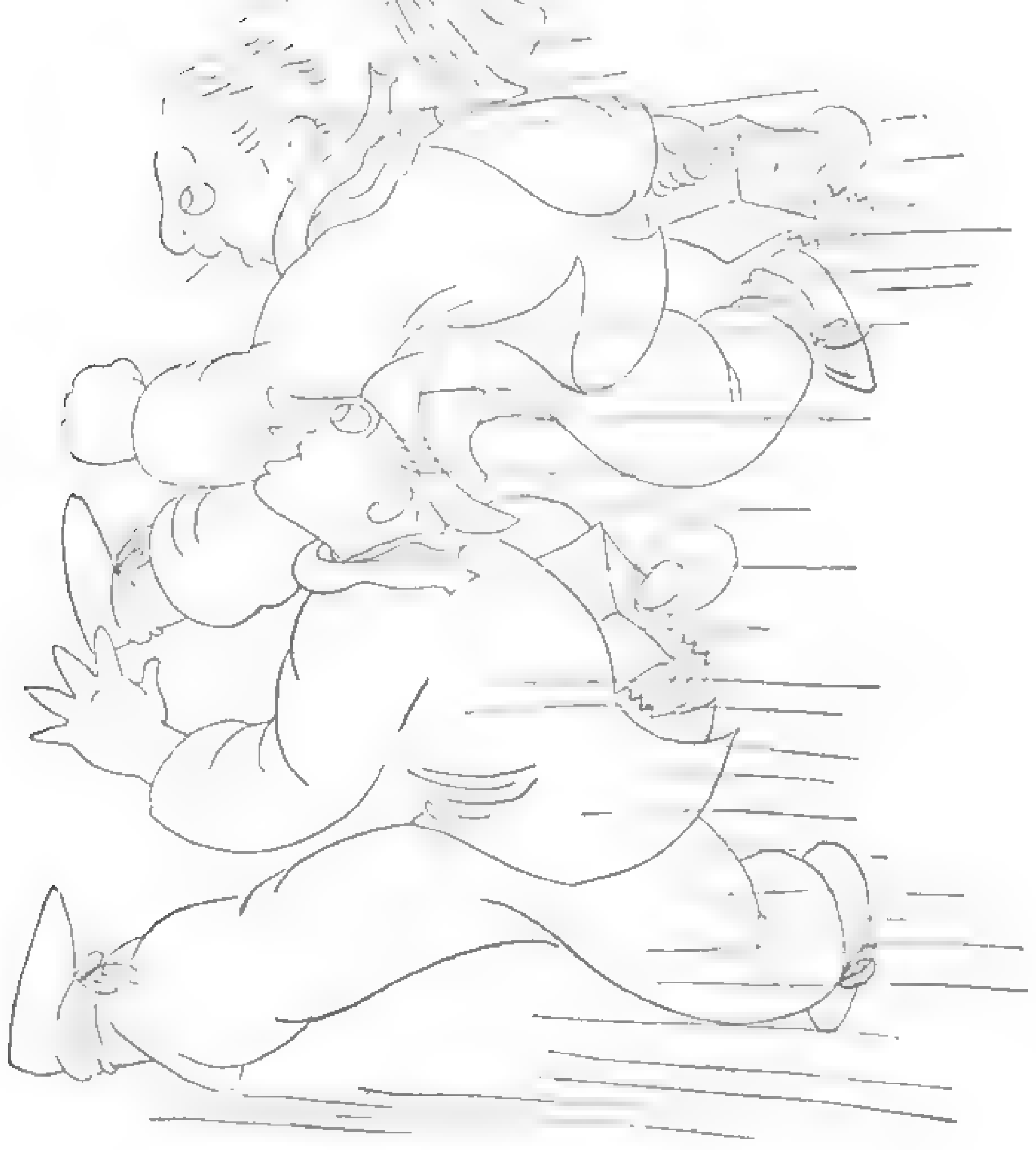
10-*They couldn't get the crowds to come*
*Unless they got an angle!*



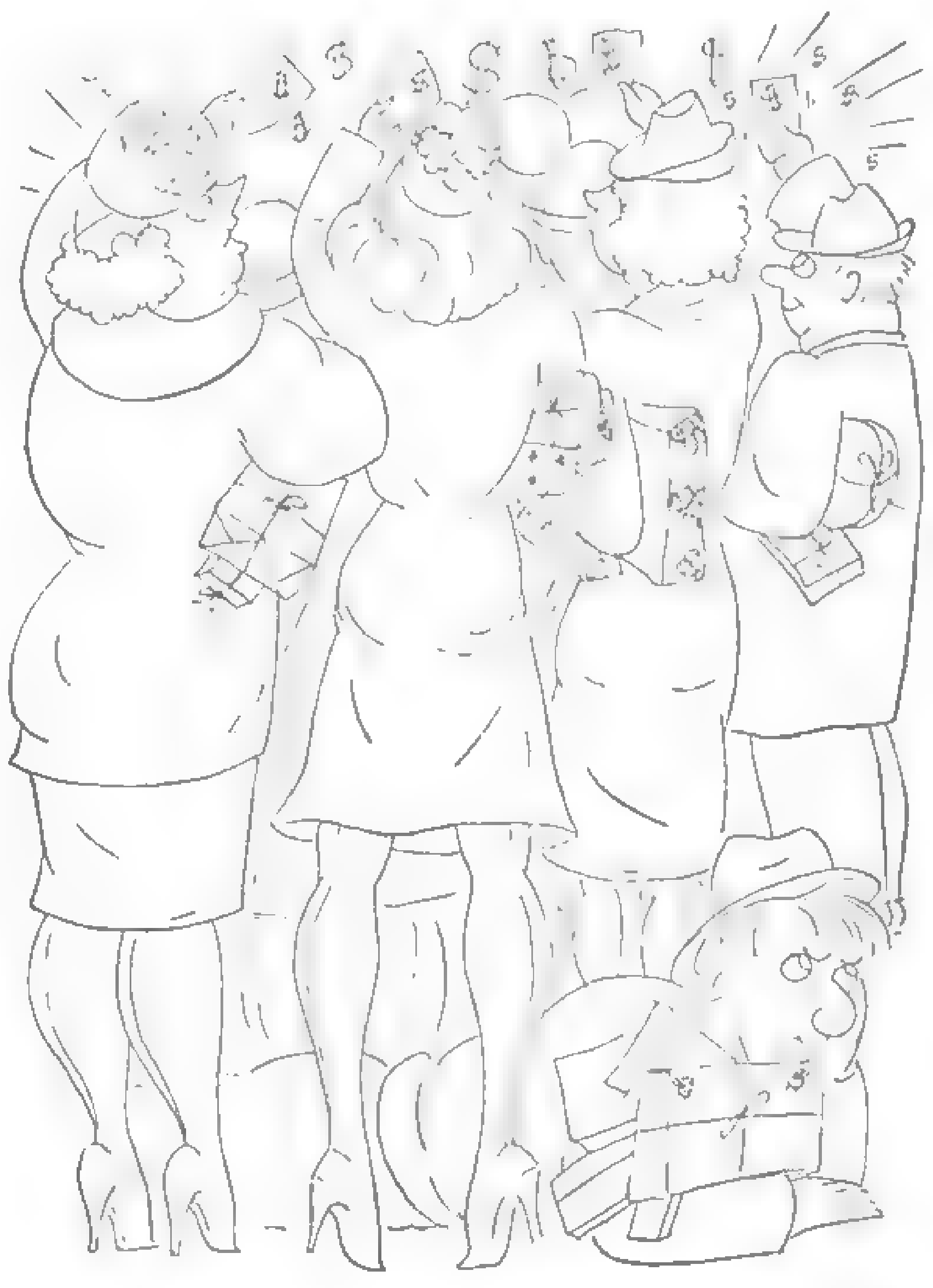
11-*Then someone spied Cecelia*
*And whispered in her ear . . .*



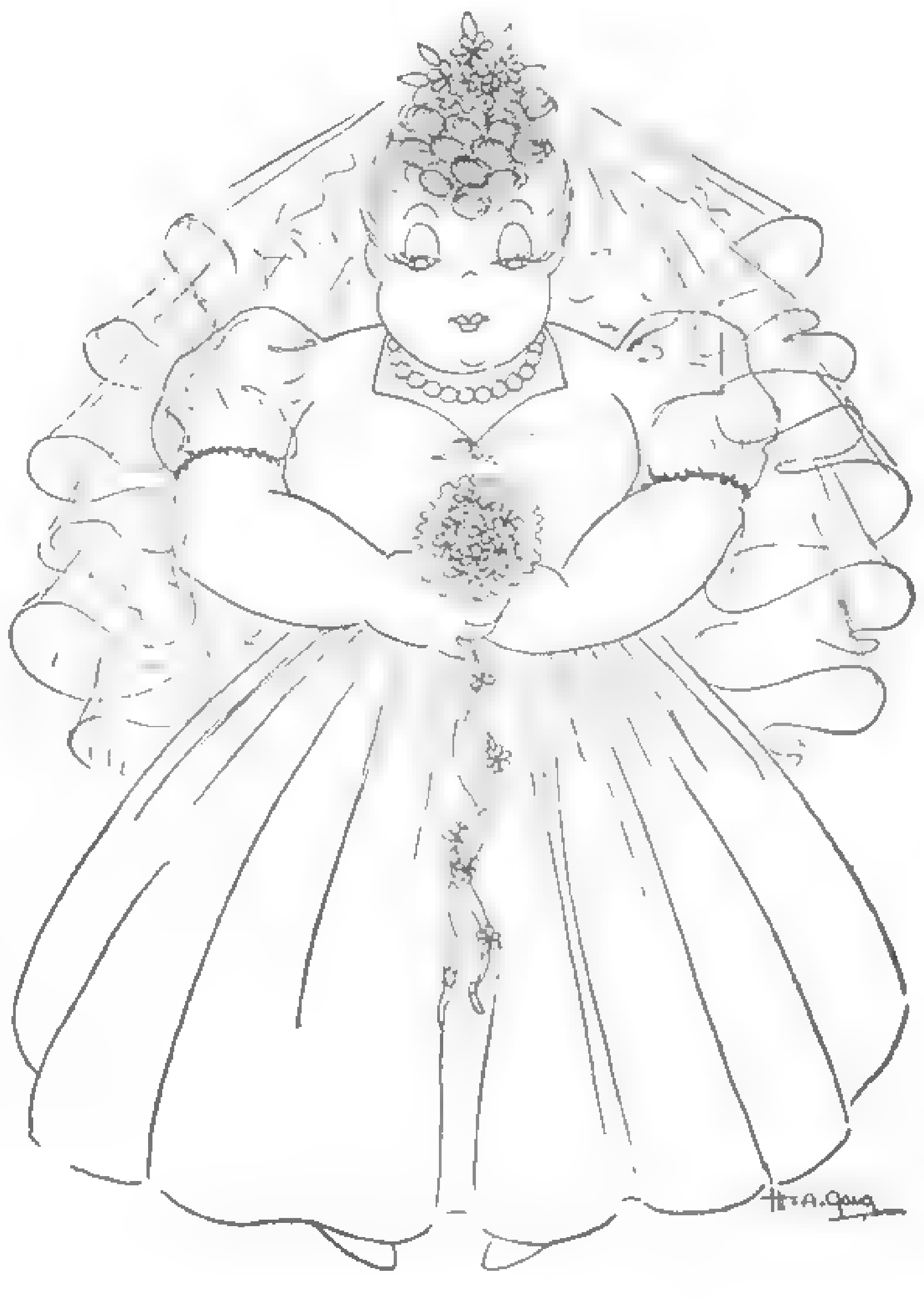
12-*You should have seen that darling blush—*
*It ran from here to here!*



16-*Photographers came flying—*
*Competition tore its hair!*



17-*The crowds were so phenomenal*
*That sales began to soar*



18-*And plump Cecelia soon will wed*
THE OWNER OF THE STORE!

# Quarterbacks Should Pay to Get In

**So dominated by tradition is this little Napoleon of the gridiron, his problem is essentially not thinking, but remembering**

### *by* FRANNY MURRAY

▪ SPORTS ▪

The immortal Rock brought his 1930 Notre Dame Ramblers to play Pennsylvania in a game that was widely heralded as Brill's Revenge. The great blocking back had played one year of varsity football at Penn and then transferred to the South Bend institution. Marty Brill doing wrong to his first love was the magnet that drew some 73,000 spectators into capacious Franklin Field in Philadelphia.

There was a tousle-haired kid in that throng, however, to whom the Brill-Penn duello was only one of the major attractions. I was a kid quarterback in high school at the time and a double fistful of hard-earned dimes, nickels and pennies had gone over to a ticket speculator for fourteen inches of board seat. I was there to watch Frank Carideo, toast of the country's quarterbacks.

I was almost breathless when the Irish first took the ball. Like a half-feathered eagle, I watched Carideo call the signals, saw the Notre Dame backfield come out of its T formation into the box. A flash of a passed ball, a fake and Big Joe Savoldi went hurtling through the Penn line for nine yards. Second and one. Instinctively I called the next play, along with thousands of other second guessers in the stands. Another play through the line, of course.

Again the signals, the shift and the play—but it wasn't a buck into the line. Instead, Carideo faded a step or two and shot a quick pass right down the unsuspecting middle.

The most sacred rule of quarterbacking had been broken; the first amendment to the gridiron's constitution had been written on that play. Passing in a situation like this was unheard of.

The only thing to justify Carideo in this wholly unorthodox procedure was that the pass was completed for a good gain. The Penn team was as completely confounded as the amateur quarterbacks in the stands. The backers-up had come crowding in to reinforce the line and had got only a double handful of fake.

Today, more times than not, with one yard to go on second down, the college quarterback will hand his opposition the Carideo—a pass. It is now standard equipment on most football machines.

Since that exciting day at Franklin Field, I have gone through three years of varsity football competition at Pennsylvania and one year with the Philadelphia Eagles in the National Professional League. In those years, while my team has been on the defense, I have constantly studied the enemy quarterback and his tactics in every situation. Part of it has been my business in defending my zone, but it has also been a delightful avocation. I am still waiting for the second amendment; still waiting for some unorthodox quarterback to give the expected a kick in the pants for the entire sixty minutes of a game.

Big-league infielders, grumbling slightly at the reluctance of scorers to give the third baseman errors on anything hit in his direction, sometimes say, "That guy ought to pay to get into the park." For a slightly different reason, it is my candid opinion that the little Napoleon of the gridiron ought to pay to get into the stadium.

That is not meant in scorn. But the theory that the quarterback has to do all the thinking for the team, in addition to carrying out his regular assignments of passing, running and blocking, is something of the bunk. I feel sorry for him, for he is laced so tightly into the strait jacket of tradition that he can hardly call his soul his own, let alone his head. His work is cut and dried for him. Those thousand wires running into the deep convolutions of his brain get their electric current from other sources.

He is coach-dominated in all his sleeping and waking hours; he is system-dominated throughout a game; he is dominated by weather and the time clock; by the score, position on the field, the down and yardage to go; and he is dominated by that great character-building axiom: "Always shoot a play at an opponent who's hurt." His problem essentially is not thinking, but remembering.

Let us look at the sawdust in that familiar statement that the quarterback must know half a hundred plays and a thousand individual assignments and be able to reach down in the bag and bring up the right combination on every play. A football offensive may be that comprehensive, but the quarterback need not sprain his brain over the immensity of it at any given point.

There is the Big Fuschia team kicking off to our heroes. Let's share the field general's burdens briefly. The halfback takes the kick-off on his three and runs it back to the twenty-two, a good run, ending up near the right sideline.

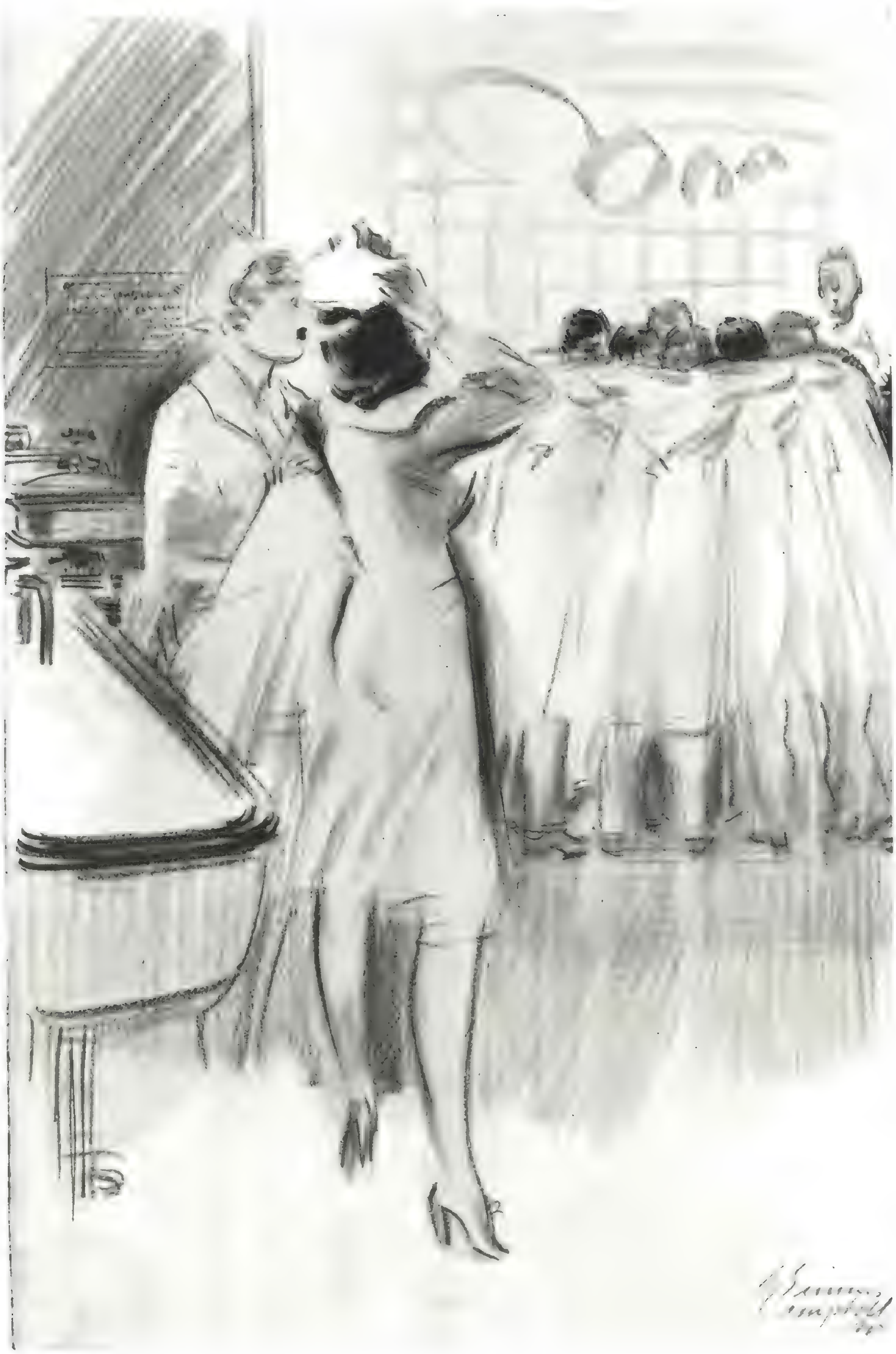
Little man, what now?

Which of those half a hundred plays to call?

It is simple. No forward or lateral passes so early in the game and so near the home goal line. Too dangerous. The coach has given three or four scoring plays to be run only from the enemy's twenty-yard line or closer. They are out of the question now. Being close to the right sideline, the plays outside right tackle would be jammed up too easily. The coach hasn't said to kick on first or second down, so those plays are thrown out of consideration. Some of the plays that involve intricate and multiple ball handling behind the line—it's too soon; the players are still nervous and a fumble at this point would be fatal.

It is smart to be orthodox, so if the first feeling thrust at the opponent's line doesn't

*Continued on page 282*



*"Those internes played football together in college"*

# The Cruise of the *Lola Montez*

### The little Spic had said to pay no attention to anything strange that might happen on the voyage

### *by* LOUIS PAUL

• FICTION •

They say there are only a couple of other American double eagles with that date, he said. Ship's captain made me a present of it a few weeks ago. She was the *Lola Montez* (that's what they called her, anyway) out of Tampico, and I hadn't any choice in the matter. A fellow by the name of Marquis had talked me into doing some picture and text stuff in Chichen Ítza. After we'd spent all the money we had, we found out the American magazines that were interested had already covered it and the ones that hadn't wouldn't touch the stuff with a ten-foot pole.

Marquis swapped his cameras in Campeche with a redheaded Scotsman for a steamer ticket to British Honduras—he'd heard of a newspaper job open down there—and I unloaded our negatives of Mayan ruins on an American tourist for fifteen dollars and an unblocked panama hat. I bummed my passage to Tampico on a fishing boat owned by a Georgia Negro who had no particular awe of white skin; he worked the hell out of me, but I was glad enough to make Tampico because of the numerous oil tankers running in and out of there. My fifteen bucks were used up, though, before I found out I had to have a seaman's ticket to get a berth on a Company tanker.

Tampico's all right if you sleep and eat on a tourist steamship and have your passage booked out of the place. But for an American on the beach with a limited knowledge of Spanish it's not so good. This seaport stinks of fish and oil. The people have a method of curing meat in which the native fly—big translucent babies—plays an essential part. It's not like Baltimore. When you're in Baltimore without a job, a trip to Yucatan to take pictures and write text boned up in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* sounds great. But when you're in Tampico on a limited passport and broke, Baltimore sounds better still.

So when this little dark-eyed, soft-spoken fellow sat down at my table in the *cantina* and asked me if I was looking for a passage back to the States I said something extremely witty, like, "What do *you* think?" or "Who do I have to murder?" He admitted there was something phony going on aboard this ship. He was a very interesting Spic, and told me he earned his living principally by assuming the mysterious airs of a government informer. He managed to eke out his livelihood by taking modest fees for his ostensible discretion, about a third of the native population being engaged in some illegal traffic or other. As for the *Lola Montez*, he told me he practically had the monopoly of enlisting crews for vessels carrying improper clearance papers. He never misrepresented the nature of these enterprises, and therefore seldom had any kickbacks. This sounded reasonable enough to me, and I nodded my interest in his proposal. He guaranteed I would find myself in New Orleans in a couple of weeks if I was willing to work a watch and show no surprise at anything I might see.

Well, as I say, I hadn't much choice in the matter. There was nothing I owned that anybody could want, so I wasn't particularly timid about accepting the little dark-eyed fellow's proposition. My worldly possessions consisted of six bits Mex and an unblocked Panama hat. As a matter of fact, all I'd got out of this trip so far was a good dose of seasickness off Cape Hatteras, and some spider bites in Merida that itched for two weeks. The idea of a little adventure off the beaten track appealed to me.

When I actually saw the *Lola Montez*, though, I wasn't so sure. She was the dirtiest hulk of a boat I ever clapped eyes on, and you must remember I'd seen my share of oyster scows in Chesapeake Bay. Barnacle-covered and green with slime as she was, however, the sleek cut of her hull showed through. There was no doubt that she'd been a millionaire's yacht in her day. Her mainsail was still yacht-rigged, but she boasted a couple of weird supernumerary topgallants supported, schooner-style, by yard-arms. The crummy hulk of this beautifully-proportioned vessel, and the screwy rigging of her topsails, sort of worried me.

Well, I couldn't swim to New Orleans, that was a cinch. As our dory approached the jacob's-ladder of the *Lola Montez* the little soft-spoken Mexican, observing my puzzled expression, grinned. "Don' be fear, *muchacho.* She got put-put onjeen. Beautifulest sheep inside, thot's a truth. Don' pay no intention to nuthin', *lo más aprisa!* pretty soon New Orlings. *Está muy bien, Señor.*"

Once on board, and everything, as my little recruiter had predicted, looked shipshape. Nobody seemed to speak English, which, in a way, was all right with me. The crew was a motley bunch, mostly Indian. These Central American Indians, for some reason or other, always give me the creeps. There's something mummy-like about them. I get the feeling that they're living in their memories of the world a thousand years ago, and that's what makes them stupid and absent-minded. They stare at you with glazed eyes, not seeing you but looking through you into the past. An old, grey-haired Spaniard with white arms and face, obviously Castilian, escorted me to a bunk in the forecastle, all the while lisping voluble syllables. His Spanish was much too much for me. After I'd eaten a couple of excellent tortillas in the galley, the old Castilian presented me with a very up-to-date holystone manufactured in Plympton, Massachusetts, and somewhat apologetically urged me in pantomime to keep myself looking busy.

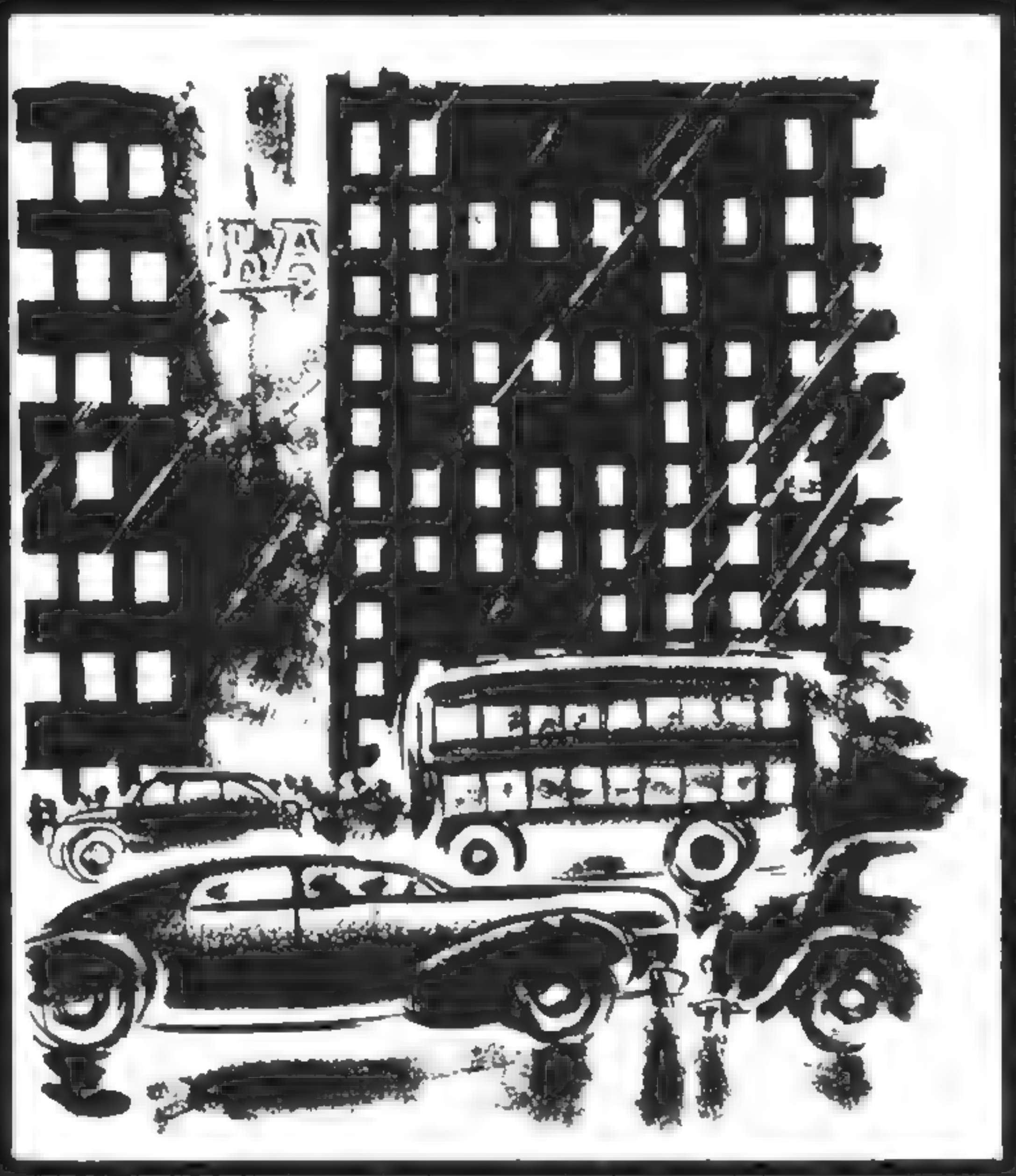
I was glad to be put to work. Whatever

*Continued in center of page 236*

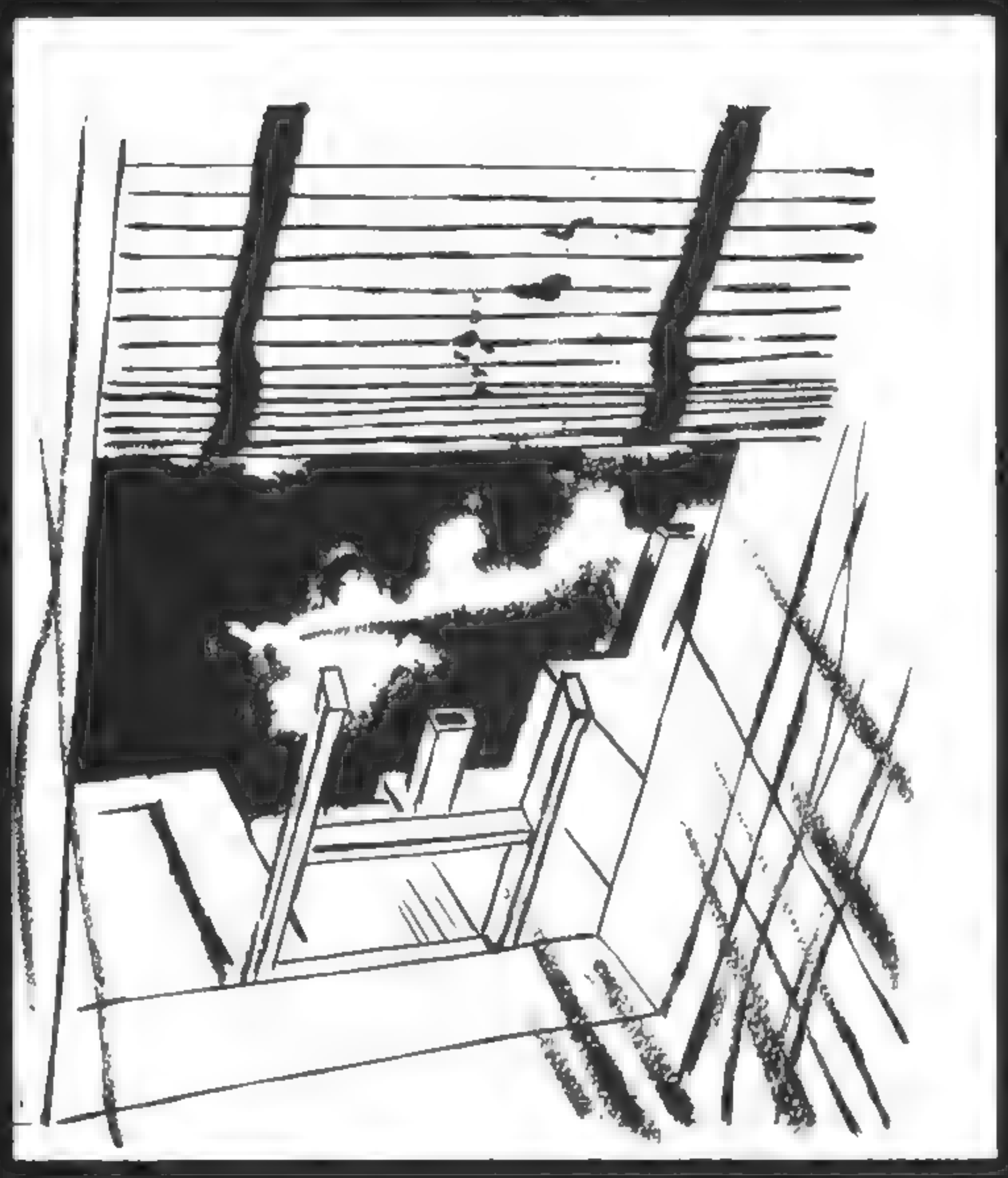
INFORMATION
TRACK 4

*"Does that answer your question?"*

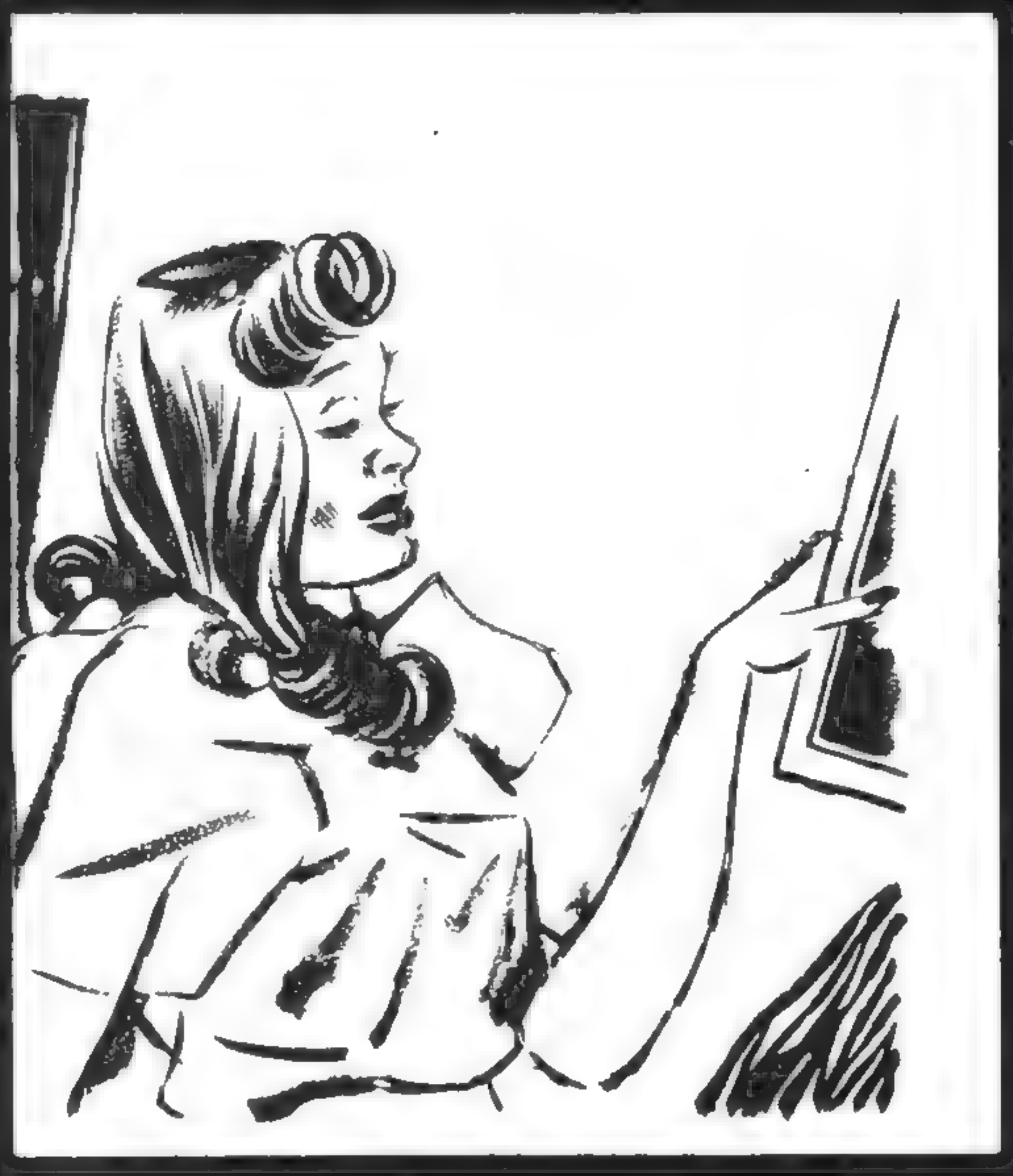
# THE KNIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS—*by* PHIL STACK—*drawings by* WILLIAM PACHNER



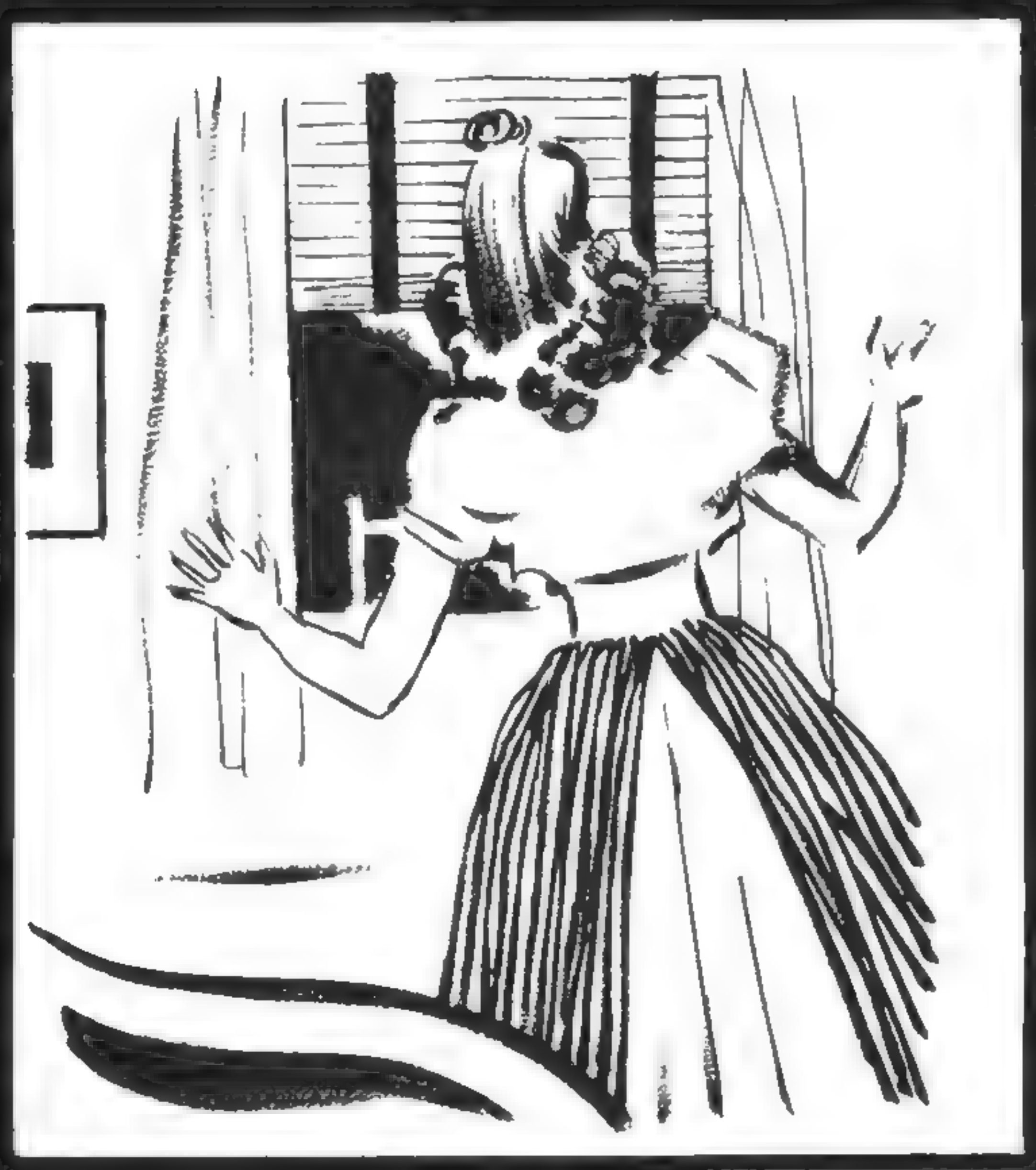
*1-'Twas the month before Christmas*



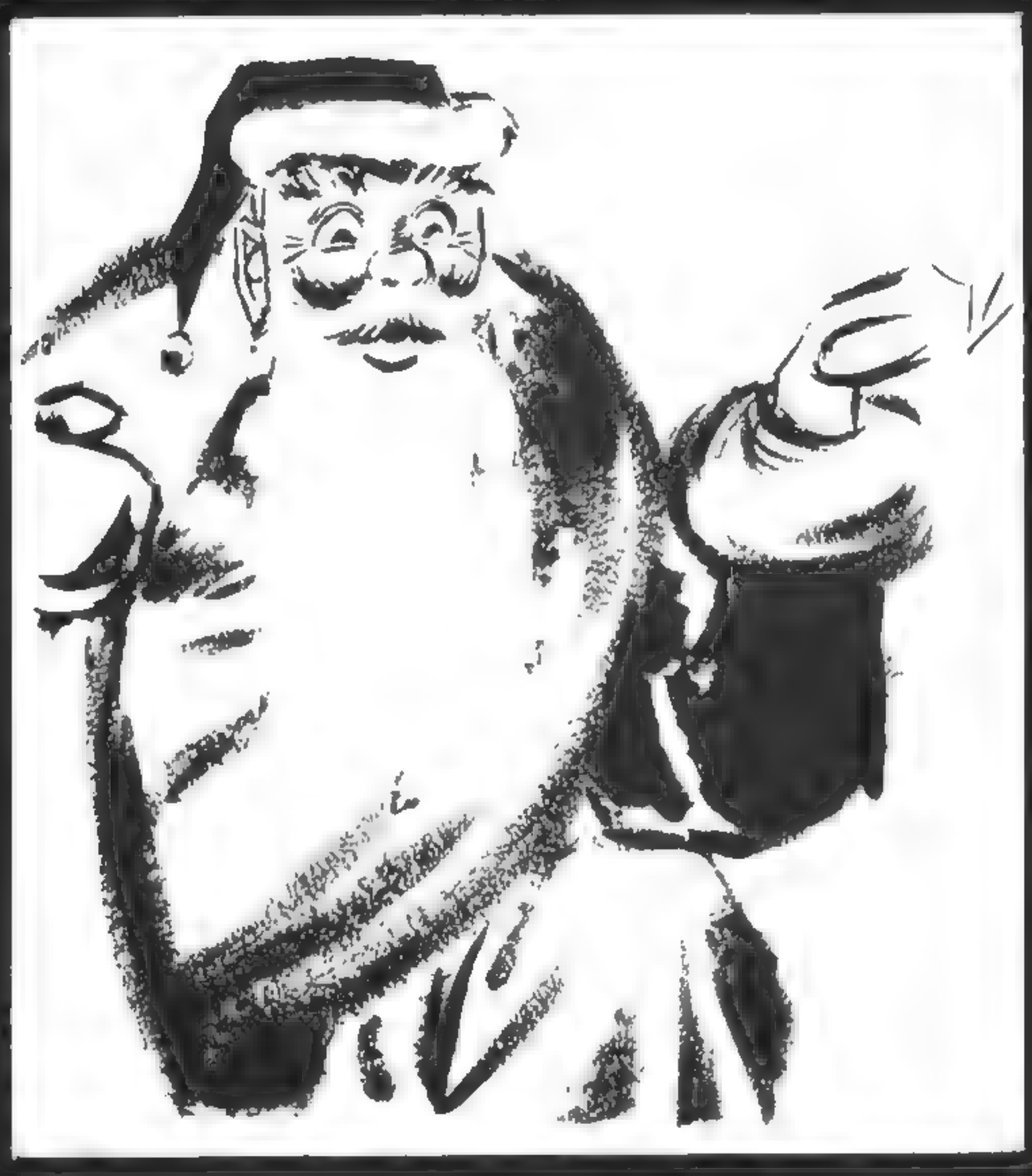
*2-And all through the flat*



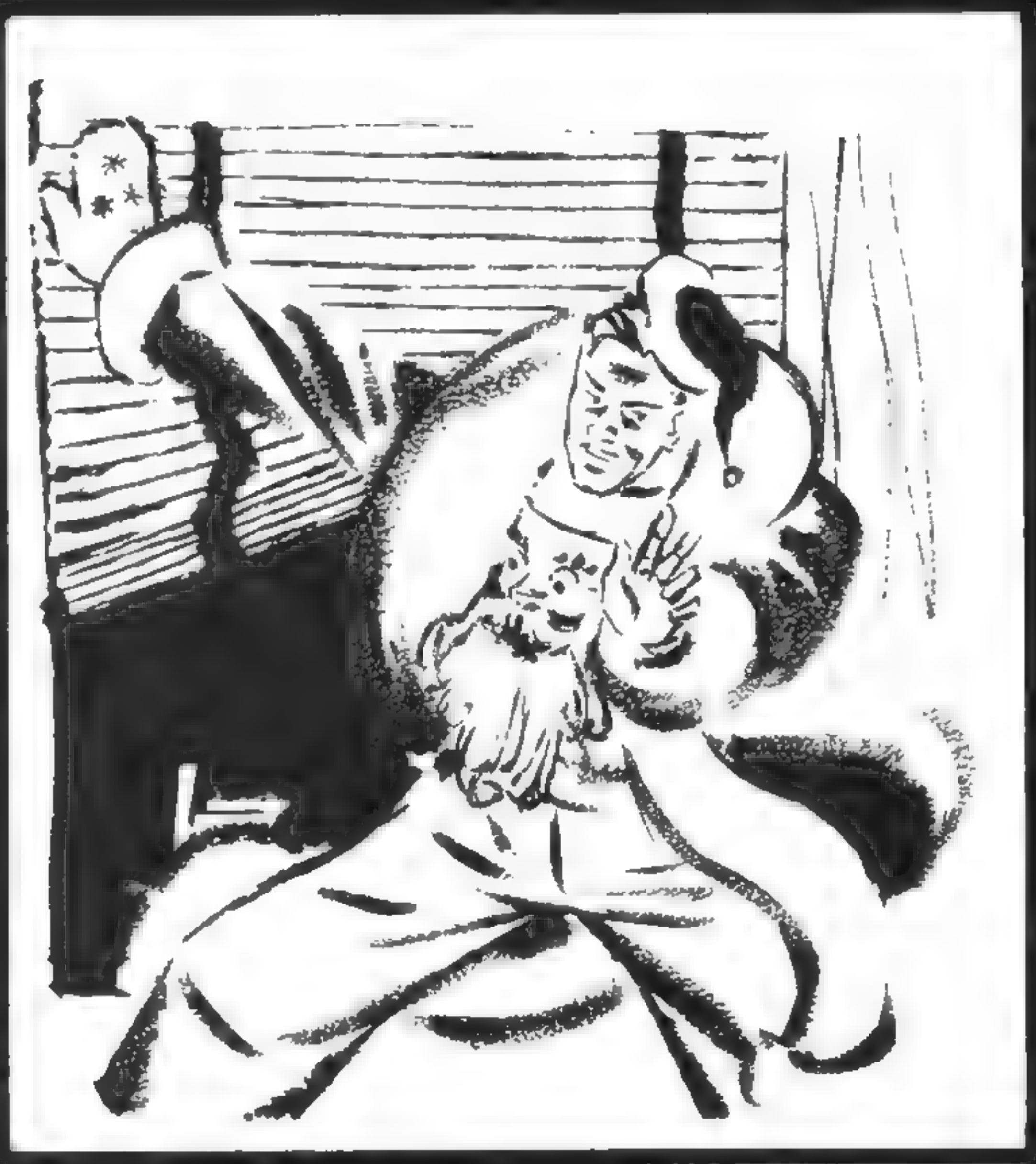
*3-There wasn't a sign*
*Of a cane or silk hat.*



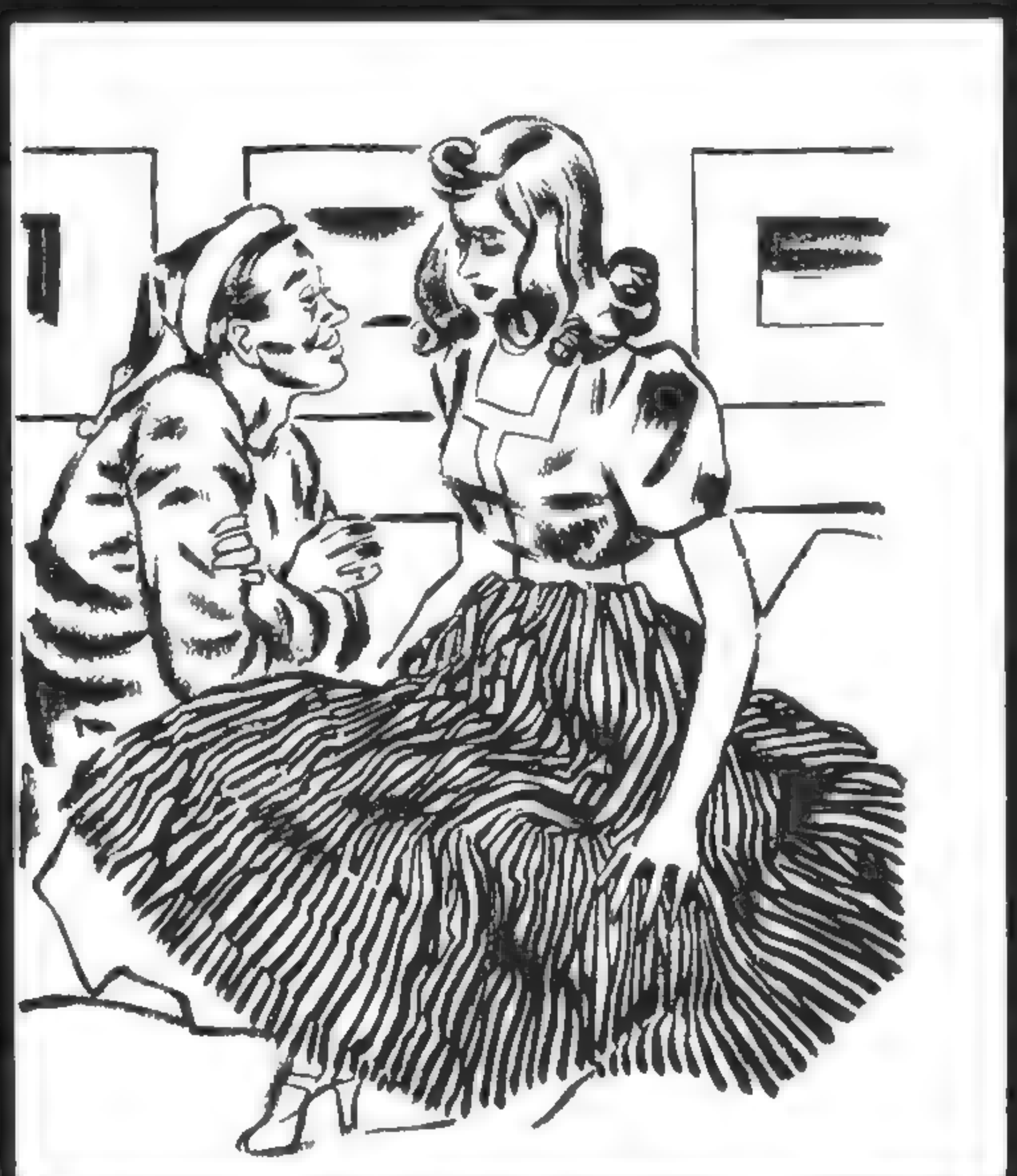
*7-She sprang to her feet*
*To find what was the matter,*



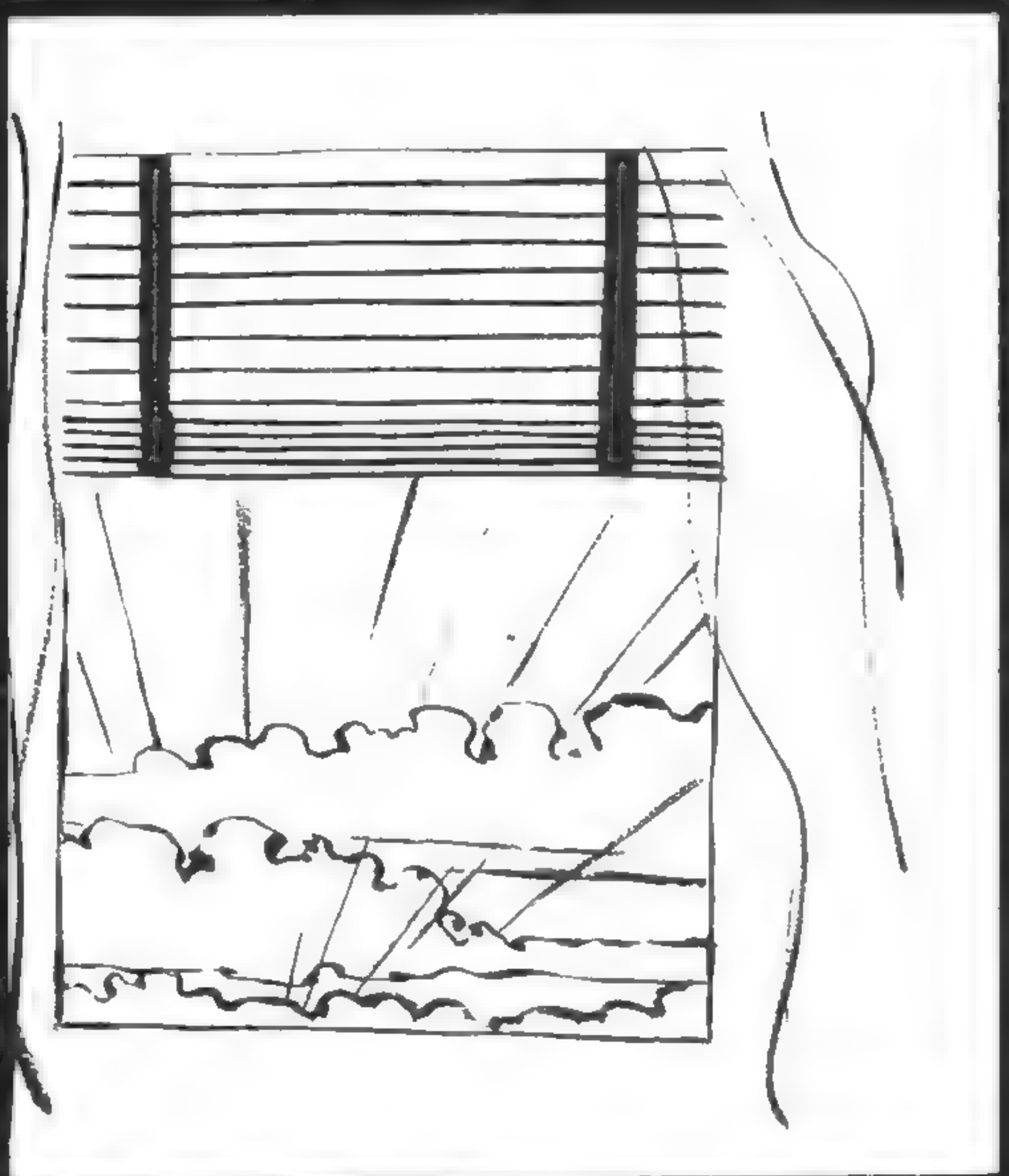
*8-When in stepped a gent*
*Who was dressed all in furs*



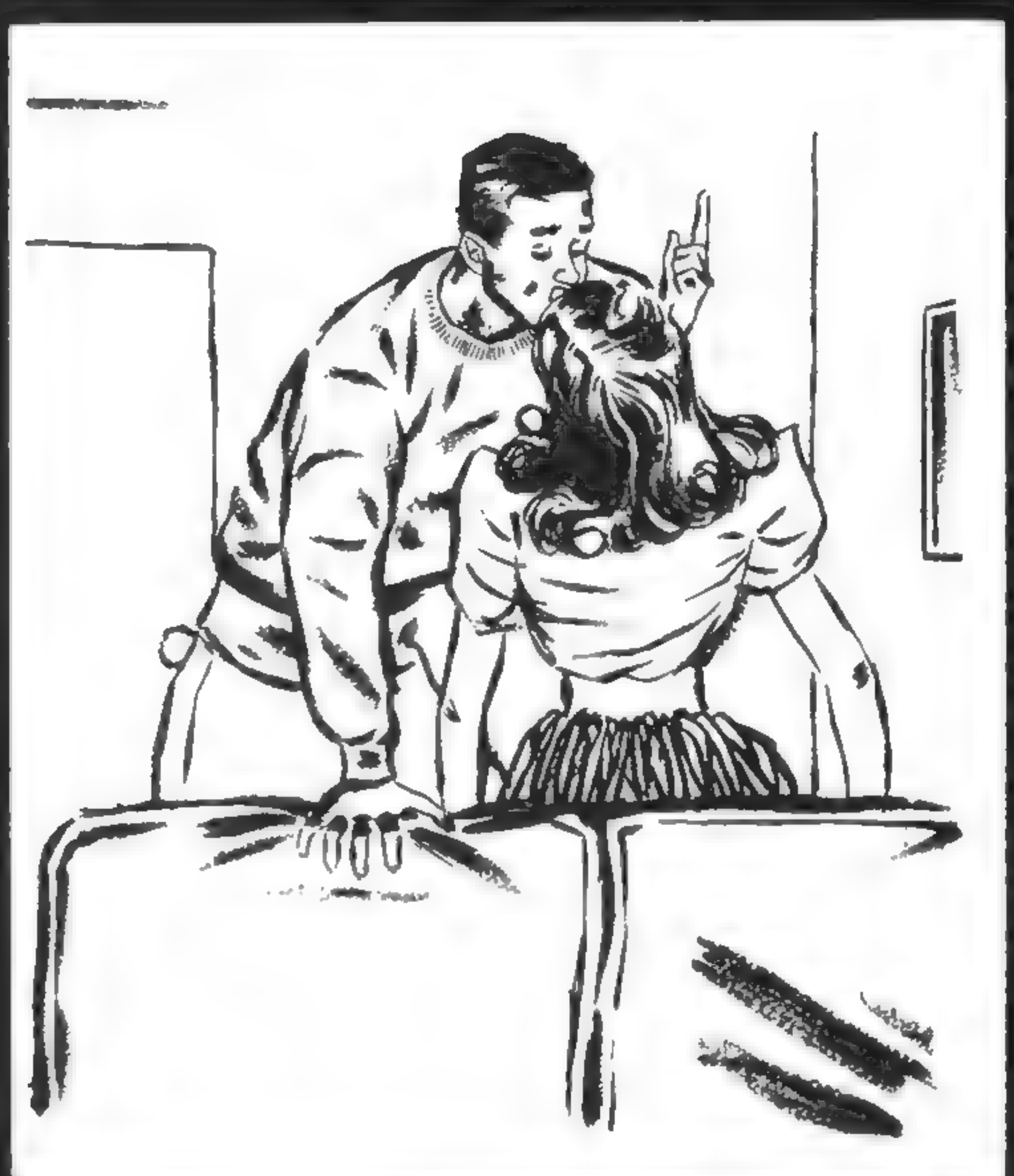
*9-Whose false-face revealed*
*A stray husband of hers . . .*



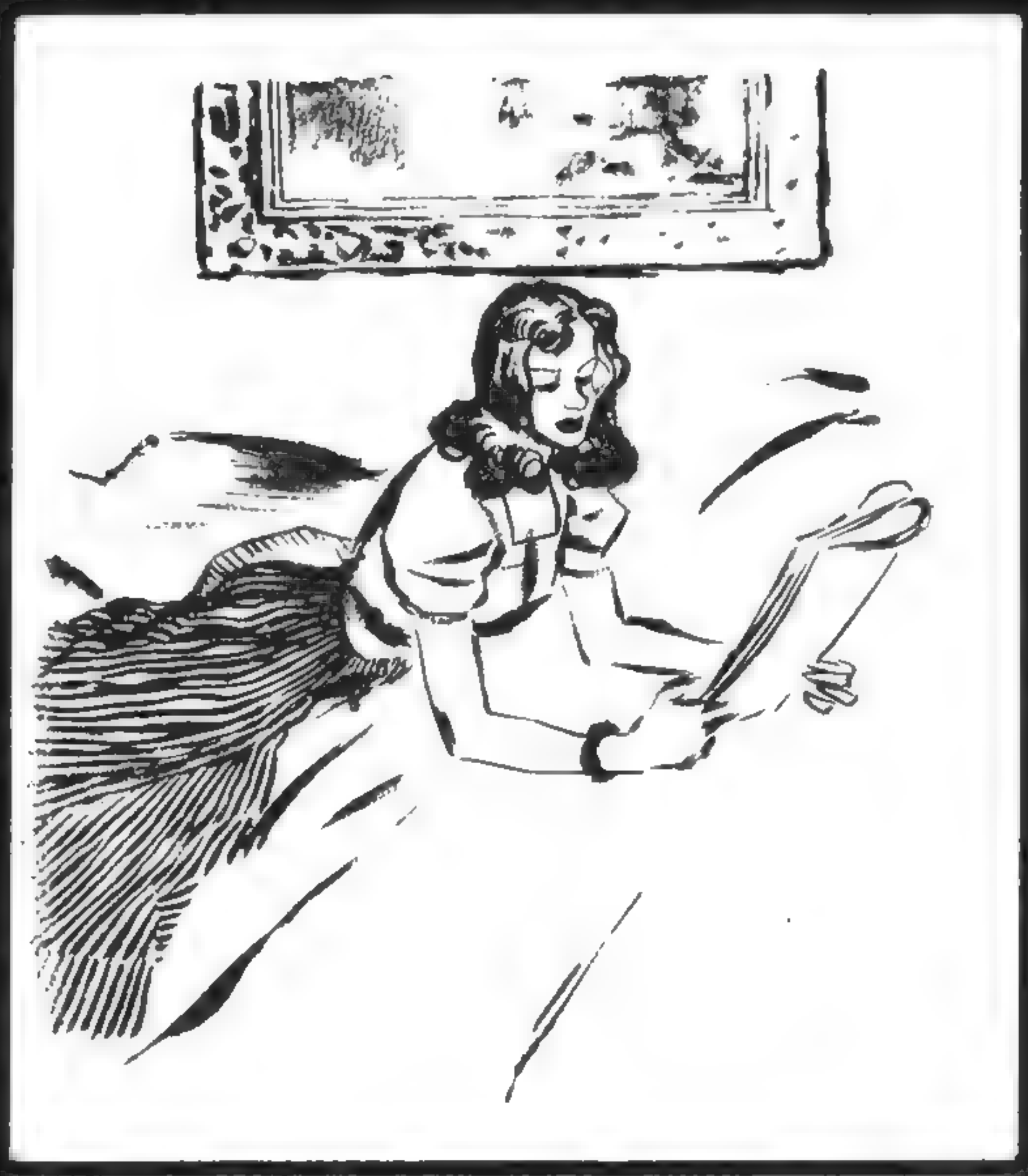
*13-To let by-gones be by-gones,*
*Although it was wrong . . .*



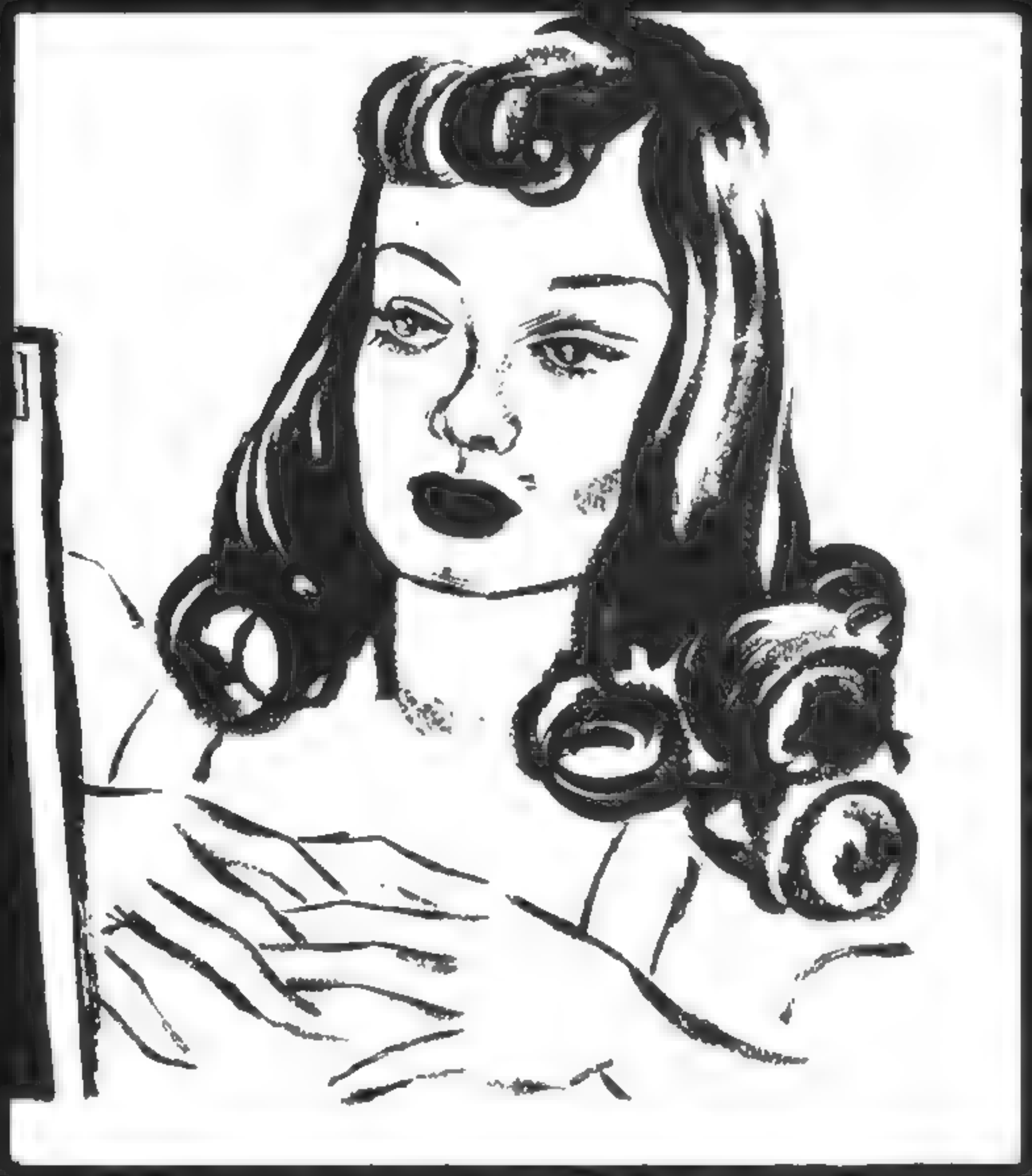
*14-But long before dawn*
*Would start lighting the sky . . .*



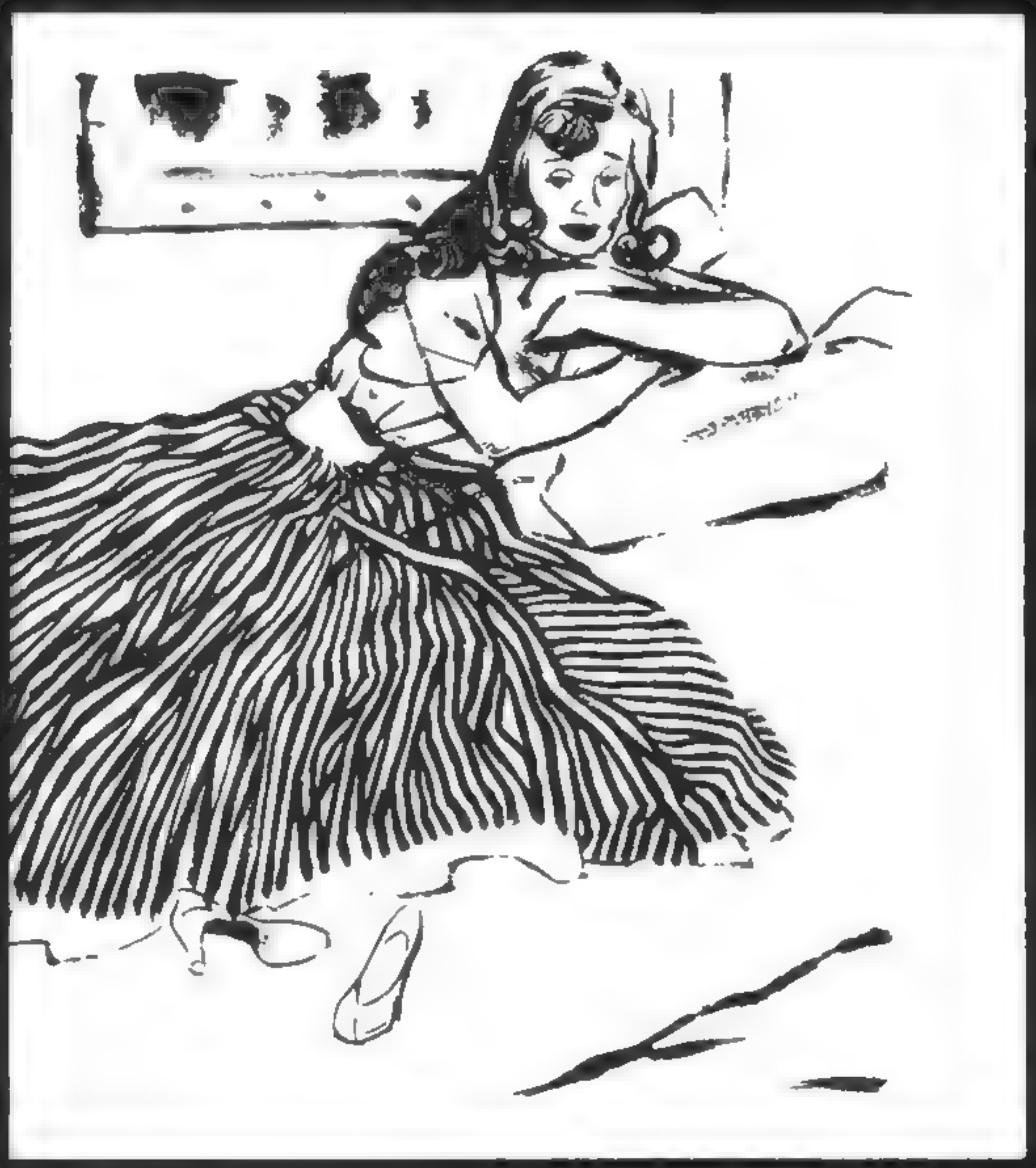
*15-He sprang to his feet*
*And he kissed her good-by . . .*



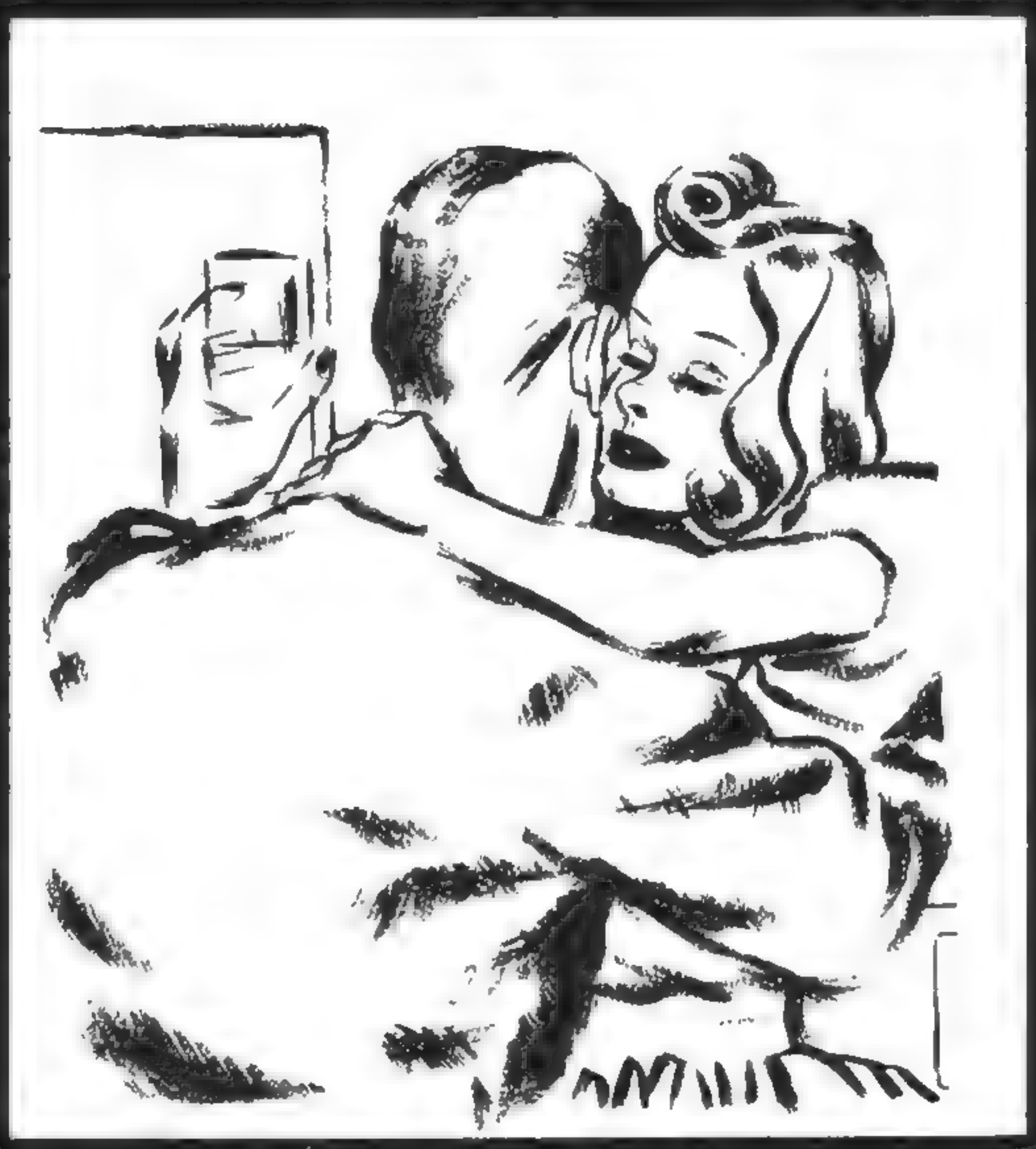
4-Poor Doris was lounging
In her silken bed



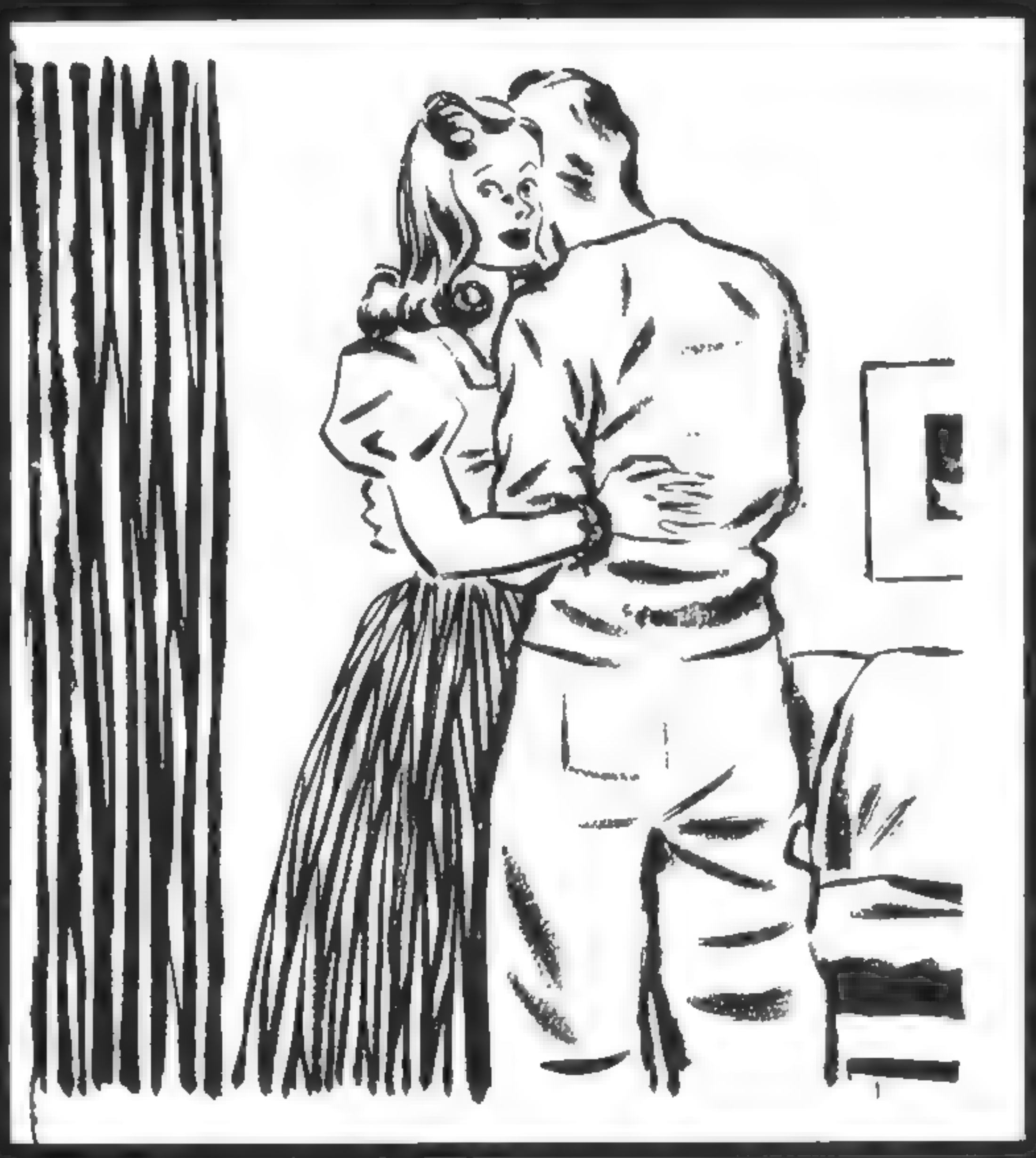
5-With visions of mayhem
In her pretty head



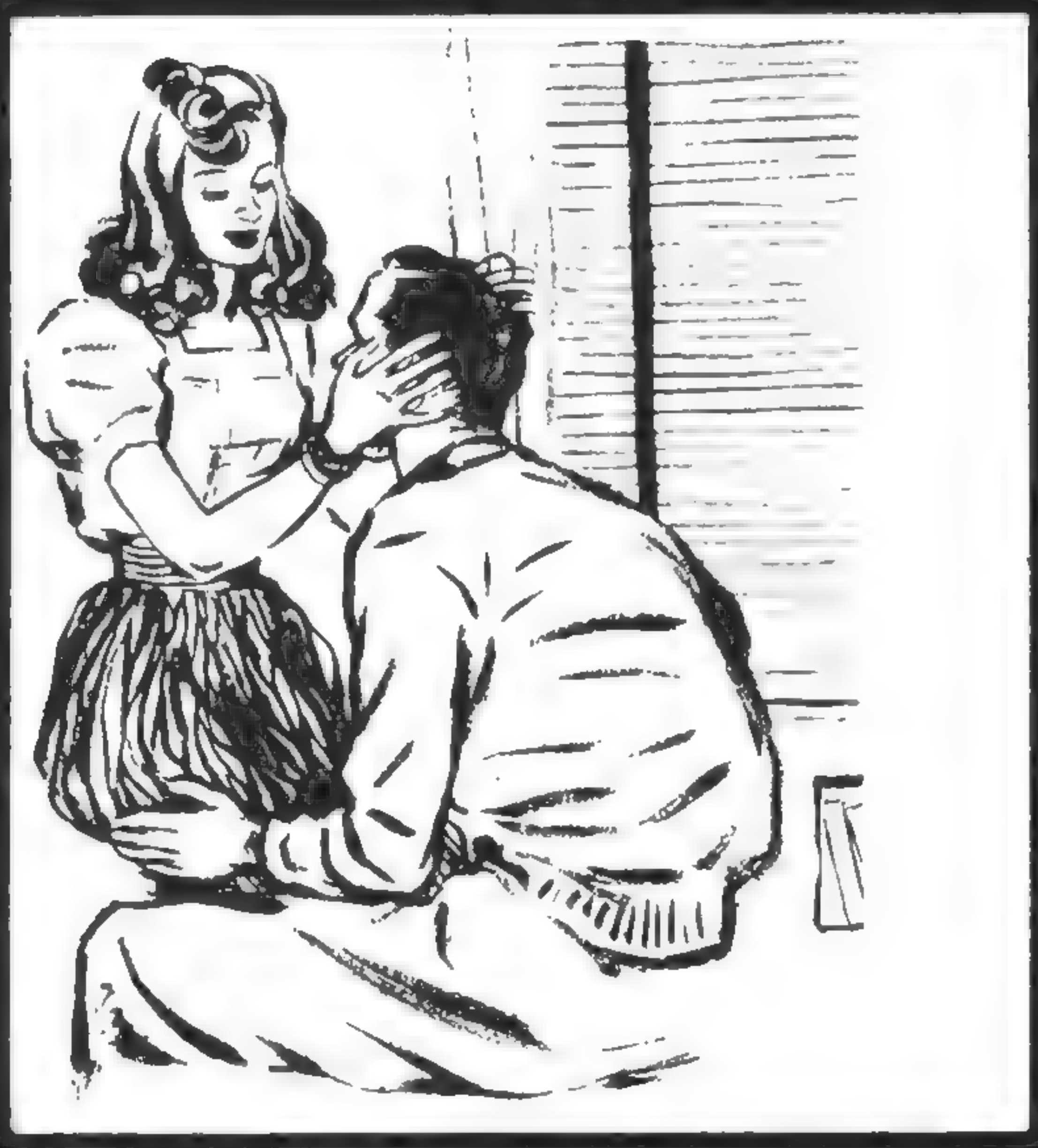
6-When on her pent-house roof
There arose such a clatter



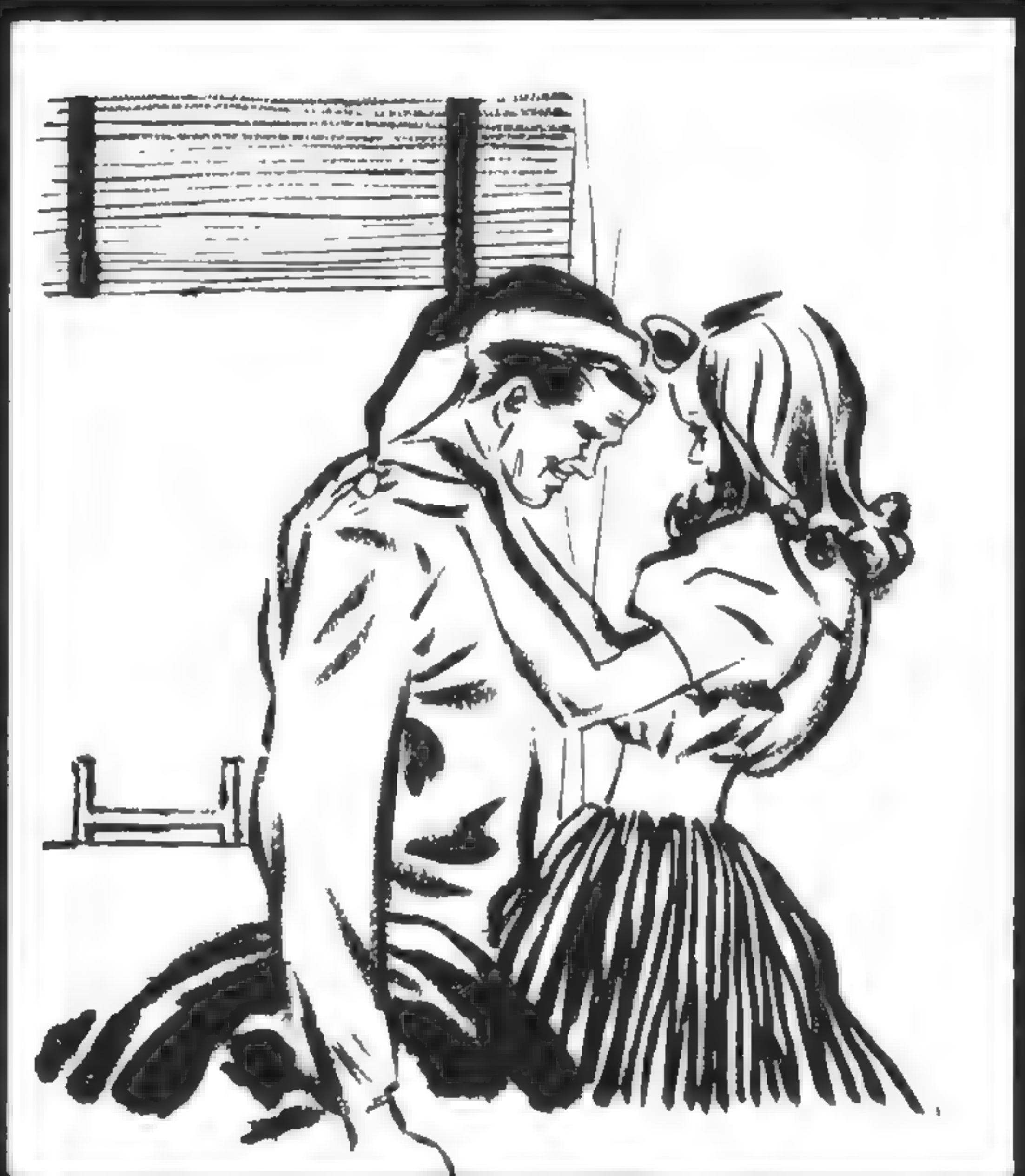
10-She gave him a drink
And a casual hug



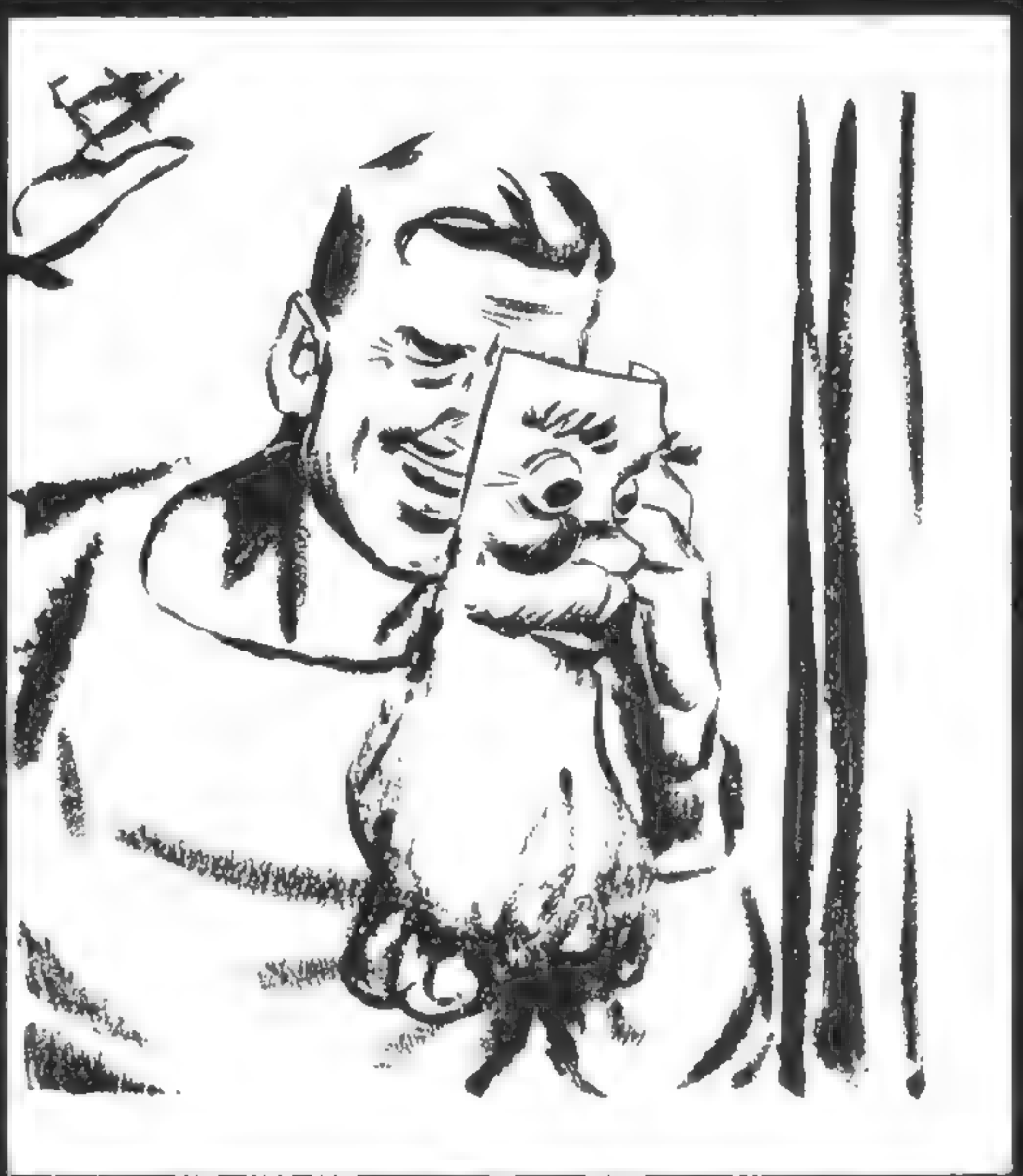
11-While wondering whether
To pardon the lug!



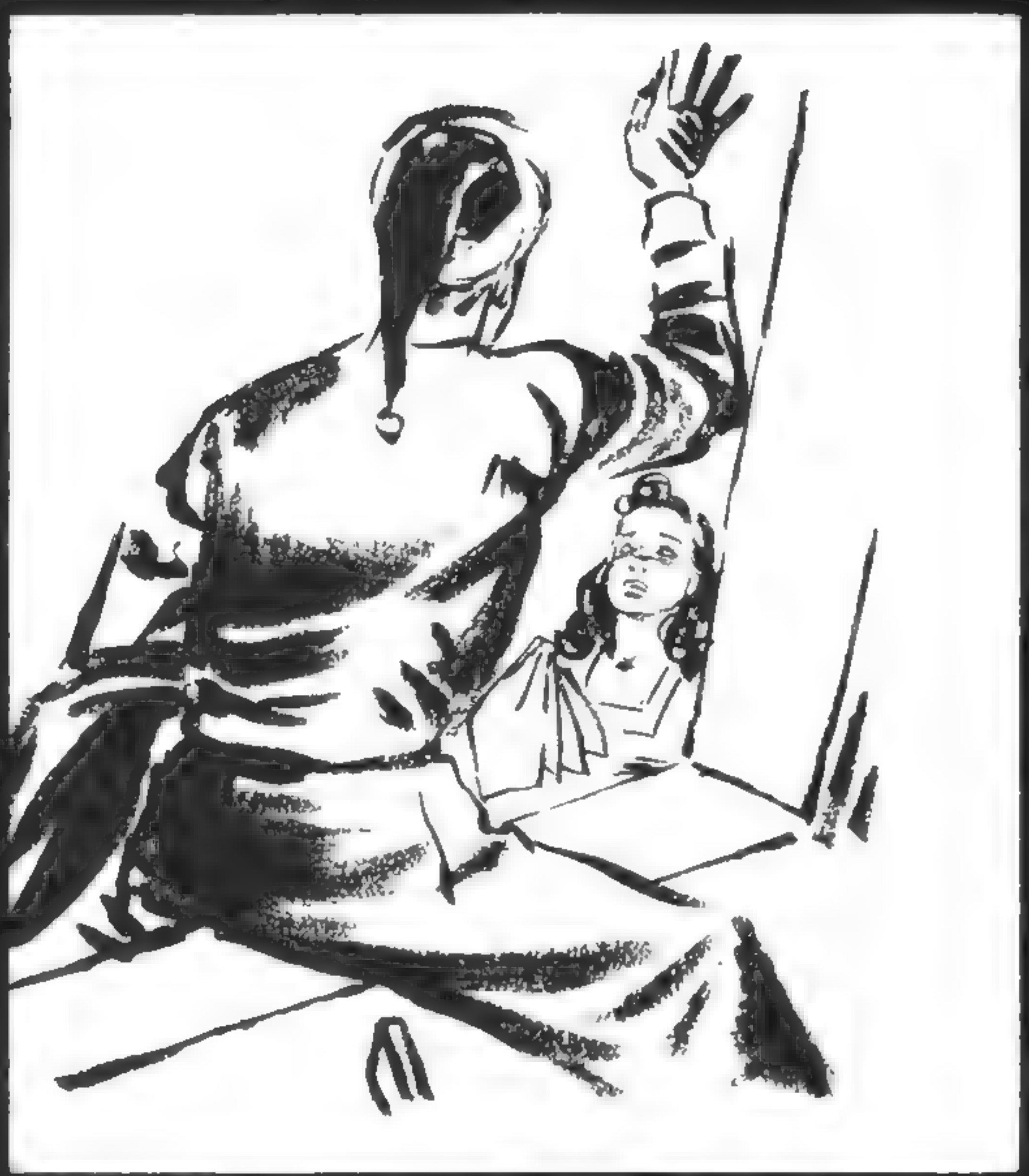
12-With Christmas soon coming
Temptation was strong



16-And she heard him exclaim
As he started to leave:

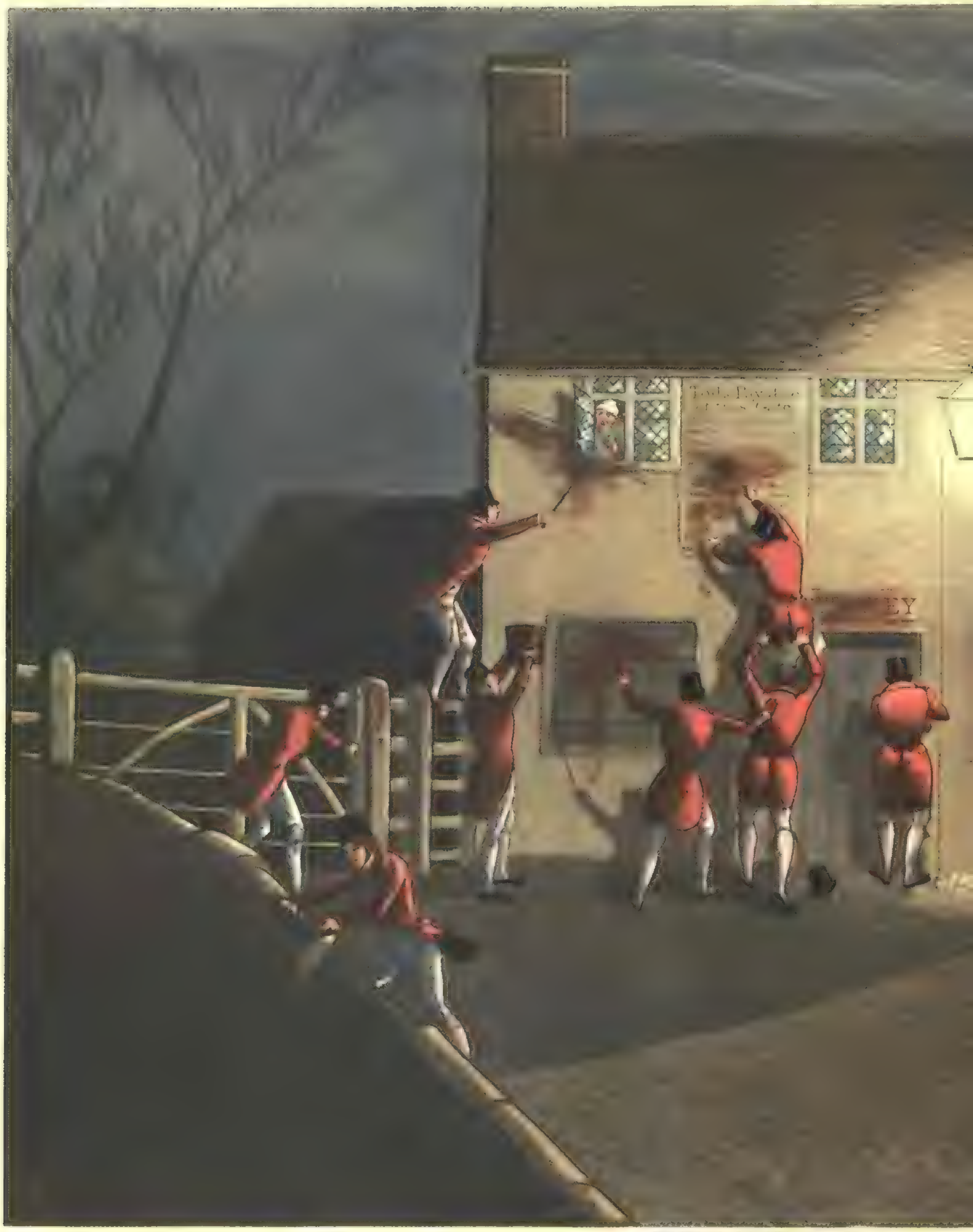


17-"Just rehearsing, my dear.



18-I'LL BE BACK CHRISTMAS EVE!"

# Spree at Melt
## Larking at the Gr
Or COMING IN FOR



*Drawn & Engraved by H. Alken, from a Sketch made on the Spot.*

Published July 1st 1837, by R. Ackermann, at

## A SOCIETY OF DISTIN
## Who Hunt with Fox Hounds, Live Sp

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Untouched, by somethi

**THE ORIGIN OF THE PHRAS**

*as deduced after extensive research among the*

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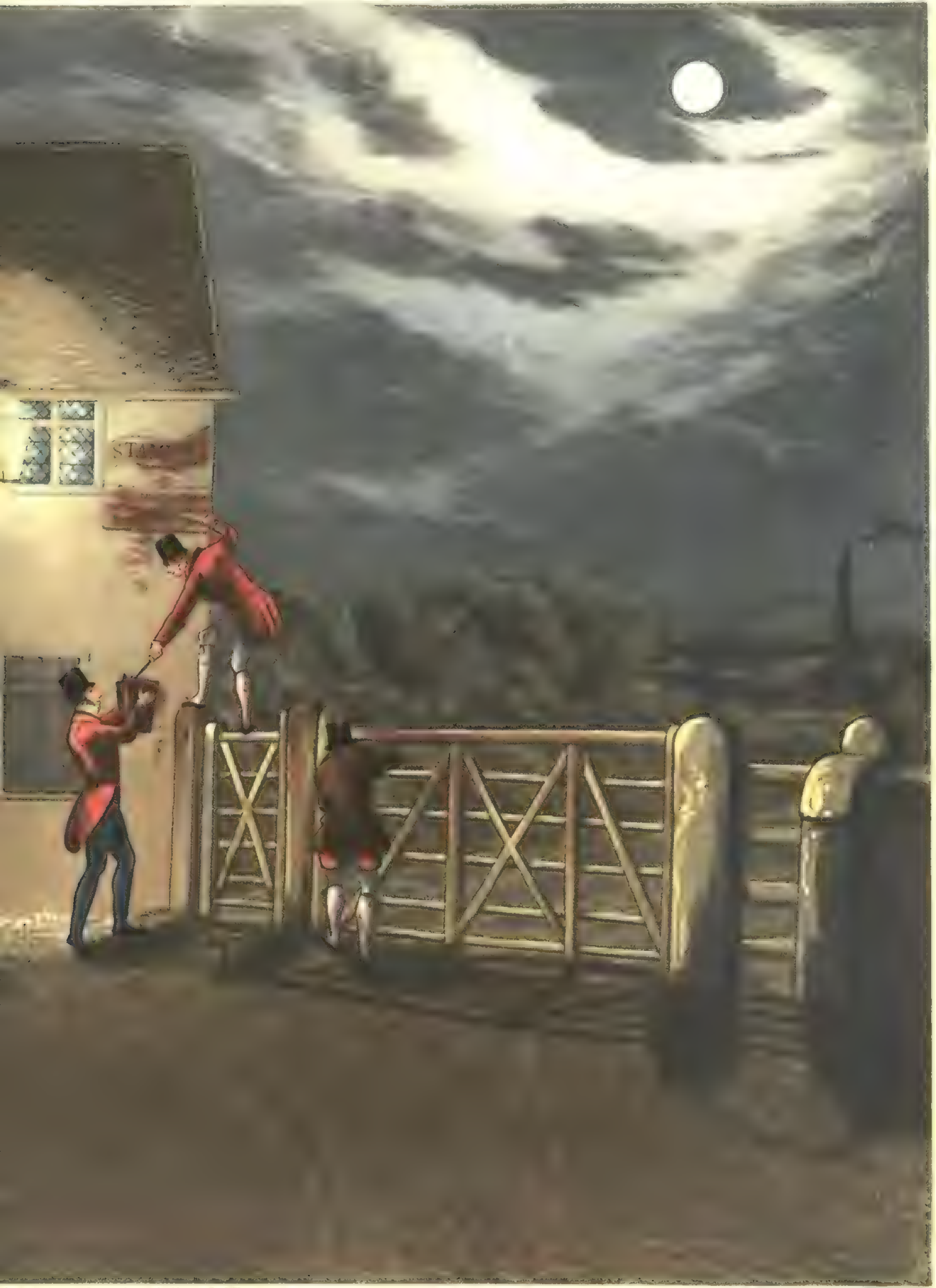
THE BRUSH.

SPORTING ANECDOTES. PLATE 16.



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*sporting prints collected by Joel Spitz, Esq.*

# The Gears of Doom

## A close-up of catastrophe, in which one by one the soldiers die, hoping France might live

### by GEORGES SURDEZ

▪ FICTION ▪

℞

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Profiting by the extra size of the December issue, we are able to present, complete in this number, this "long short story," or short novel, which is about six times the length of the average piece of Esquire fiction. We doubt, however, that it will seem very long to you as you read it—for this shocking narrative moves at the speed of the collapse of France, with which it is concerned, and which it serves, in great measure, to explain.*

WHEN the heavy motors of the autobuses were switched off, the trepidation scarcely lessened. For the whole earth seemed to quiver and pulsate, the very vault of the sky throbbed in prolonged thunderings.

The two hundred and fifty men forming the March Company of the Foreign Legion alighted from the cars, leaping from the road across the ditch to assemble by sections in a beet field. For them, as for all, the scene had a poignant, phantomatic lack of reality. The dawn fog, rolling down from Flanders and the sea, was still very dense, suffused north and east with a flickering, reddish light, for villages were vanishing in flames over there; but even the reflection of that conflagration became unreal, as if the vacillating glow were but a stage effect, cast artificially upon the mist, as a colored searchlight is thrown against a pane of opaque glass.

Nearby human voices could be discerned, like an embroidery of shriller sounds in the mechanical, metallic tumult, the uproar of hundreds of motors, countless explosions, from the crepitation of small arms to the thudding of heavy caliber howitzers and the shattering blasts of aviation bombs.

"Roll-call."

The group sergeants obeyed, reported. Somehow, this automatic performance of a familiar routine forced something normal into the chaotic present. It linked this flat, unfamiliar Picardy landscape to the vast training camp at Chalons. As each man answered to his name, he became aware of himself again, even under the baggy khaki hung with pouches and pieces of equipment, under the oval steel helmet.

"No one missing, *mon capitaine.*"

Captain Franchard acknowledged the salute of the senior noncom reporting, nodded. He was tall and lean and gray. The war probably had cheated him out of his retirement.

"At ease," he suggested.

On the road, the buses had chugged on, others were driving up. At intervals, a section would halt, troops would pour out. There must have been several thousand soldiers in the immediate vicinity already, Moroccans, Senegalese, Colonials, Line Infantry, the combings of the training areas being thrown into the ever widening breech slicing across Northern France, in the dim hope that they could plug it with their flesh.

"At ease," Sergeant Courton repeated to his group.

He knew only a few of them, had had to read the roll. This was an emergency company in an emergency regiment, hastily formed, and it was probable that the captain himself did not know its exact official designation. Neverthless, Ralph Courton, who had served in the real Legion, felt that the material was good. He watched the road, like the others, the continual filing of buses, the stream of refugees on the left side, not as dense as on the national roads, but numerous and pathetic enough. They were pushed into the fields often to make way for military traffic, and from time to time a mounted gendarme would appear, shout directions. This mob grew panicky with the approach of full days—many of them were on their third or fourth day of flight—and the sounds of the bombs in the distance, probably near Peronne, did nothing to reassure them. They would surge back and forth every time plane motors droned above the screen of low clouds.

The soldiers were calm, but looked upward often. They knew that danger would start when the fog lifted. And rumors drifting out of Holland and Belgium reported that the enemy's aviation functioned with terrifying efficacy.

Courton, no more than others around him, knew nothing definite about the general situation. But he sensed that matters were taking a bad turn. For instance, the creation of this emergency company, made up of men who had served in the Legion years before and of volunteers for duration, sent out merely as infantry, without engine or mortar sections. And the desperate tone of the orders of the day, urging every man to die rather than yield.

"Pretty mess, Sergeant, pretty mess—"

It was Old Mordelet, one of the few regular Legionnaires in the outfit. Courton had known him years before, in Morocco, already old for a soldier, older than his official age, forty-five years on enlistment. A tough, quiet, excellent Legionnaire nevertheless.

"Doesn't look good," he admitted.

"If the Germans are here, what is happening to the troops up north, eh, Sergeant?" Mordelet laughed harshly, his gray mustache bristling: "Eh, eh, this is a bit different from fighting tribesmen, eh, Sergeant?"

A small car darted from between two huge trucks loaded with men, jerked across a ditch, came to a stop. A rather short, bearded chap alighted, a colonel, followed by a youngish captain. Captain Franchard, the lieutenants, officers of other units, ran to meet them. Their conversation was carried out in loud voices.

"Where are we to go? Where? We can't stick here—"

"Where are the guides? You were to be met by guides—"

"Not a sign of them. If they catch us here when the fog lifts—"

"I know, I know. We're being handled like onions. Well, head for the village—anti-tank companies are coming—" the little colonel glared at them as if they did not believe him, gave further indications. "Legion March Company—Captain Franchard—to Forval Farm—it's on the map—"

"Do we hold the farm itself or dig in in front, Colonel?"

"Use your judgment until further orders. But get your men away from this road, under cover. I'll see you later—"

The colonel climbed back into the car, which backed to the road, found a hole in the line of buses, sped away as fast as the human herd would allow. Captain Franchard exchanged glances with Lieutenant Polbec, shrugged and lifted the whistle to his lips.

"Up, get up!"

The light was increasing, but, fortunately, the fog clung low. The company marched away from the road, through broken fences, over wide fields and through orchards lined with trees in bloom. The scent of spring suddenly overwhelmed the stench of battle.

Everywhere, right and left, other units strung across the ground, in supple files three abreast. A battery of one-fifty-fives pounded out, firing at some distant objective. How the artillery knew when and where to find targets in this confusion was a mystery.

The men had been issued coffee two hours earlier, but were beginning to wonder when the rolling-kitchens would arrive. Lieutenant Polbec paced up and down the files, chatting: "A regiment of tanks is on the way—"

How did he know that? Just a bluff, to keep up the morale.

"A regiment of tanks," Mordelet grumbled at Courton's side, "and a division of angels."

Nevertheless, some order appeared to be evolved from chaos by now. Courton identified a line of vehicles bumping across a distant field as motorized cavalry, provided with anti-tank, cannon and heavy machine guns. There was no lack of infantry, the whole region seemed to be swarming with foot troopers.

The fog shredded and lifted.

All faces lifted as one, automatically, all eyes scanned the May sky. And that sky, which they had imagined alive with enemy machines, was quite empty. A few planes were moving in the distance, mere dots, but they did not appear dangerous. The pounding of guns swelled, the air trembled continuously, but this zone was an oasis of safety.

After five years in the Legion, Courton had often regretted the carefree life of the professional soldier. Part of his work had been to listen to the complaints of tourists, who could not get the proper breakfast foods in Brittany or Provence. That had seemed worse than a sergeant's scoldings. Well, he was served—he was in the Legion again, with the prospect of hotter fighting than he had ever seen.

But he was discovering that there is a greater courage than that needed to face death. The courage to face defeat. It was illogical. The enemy that was hurtling toward him could not kill him more completely than a Moroccan might have. But he was uneasy at the thought that he might be killed uselessly. Men die easier in the prospect of victory for their side.

"Left—"

The company swerved toward a group of buildings, dominated by the wings of an old mill. Courton's business had made him familiar with many parts of France, but never had he piloted tourists in this flat region. He knew that the mill was now run by a gasoline motor, saw that the structures were relatively new—probably rebuilt after the other war, by the Reparation Commission. There was an aroma of dung-heaps from the pile in the middle of the courtyard.

Captain Franchard gave brief instructions: Outside walls to be loopholed, shallow trenches dug to connect the defenses, liaison to be established with the Moroccans on the left. The men set to work. Through a hole knocked in brickwork, Courton scanned the flat land.

The road continued for a few hundred yards, rounded a little wood. The ditches were littered with discarded objects, there were broken down vehicles at intervals, from ox-carts to old automobiles. The trees had been cut and dropped across the path, but too soon, and the fugitives had contrived to push them aside. No one was in sight here, far from the main road.

"Look at those!"

Looking up, he saw a flight of planes, very high, fifteen to twenty of them. They were German machines, headed for Peronne or St. Quentin. When they had passed overhead, progressed some miles, shells blossomed beneath them.

"Where are ours?" a voice asked.

No one answered. Courton's heart tightened as he watched them. Those planes speeding unhampered across the sky marked a definite superiority of the enemy. Where were the French planes, the famous Royal Air Force?

He was called away to help with the unloading of an army truck that had been backed into the yard. Boxes of cartridges, of grenades. One thing was cheering, the supply-service had not broken down. The stuff was stored temporarily in the masonry base of an enormous wooden barn. Two thirty-seven cannon, power-drawn on rubber tires, arrived, and were assigned to convenient places.

Then Captain Franchard, who had his P.C. in the main building, came out with some papers in his hands. Officers and noncoms gathered around him, eager for news.

"Directly concerning us: Our company is forming battalion with the three Moroccan companies immediately to our left. Their major is our direct superior. Bear this in mind. In case anything happens to me. The colonel is coming with the third battalion, to extend our line to Fregicourt, across the woods. In no case are we to leave this position until ordered. We fight here, and we stay here.

"General: The Boches are passing through Wassigny and Bohain in considerable numbers. Motorized columns are on the roads to here. The resistance is weakening. In the south, the Germans are said to have been checked along the Sambre-Oise Canal, but there is a report that they have achieved a crossing at Ribemont. Some of them are reported in Vermand. In the improbable event that an order to retire reaches us, we must not head for Peronne or St. Quentin, for traffic is heaviest there and bombing is going on. We are to head for Fricourt.

"We are likely to see the enemy within an hour. While we are not the best company in the Legion as yet, still we are Legionnaires." The captain smiled faintly: "Consequently, I am not worried. All of us will know how to die decently."

Not many minutes later, a few stragglers arrived, fugitives from the fighting ahead. They were worn out, eyes red from loss of sleep, but they appeared stunned rather than frightened. They had "sneaked" through the woods, in the ditches, since dawn. They decided to throw in their lot with the Legionnaires without being urged.

Naturally, men crowded around them as they ate.

"How is it out there?"

"Tough." A young chap, probably a peasant in civil life, had much to say, between mouthfuls: "Saw plenty of them. You can't do much. Yeh, they have lots of tanks and armored cars. But they have lots of infantry, too. Guys with guts. They carry cannon right along with them, not Stokes accompanying mortars or little clarinets like those over there, but regular field-pieces. They can handle them swell, shoot fast as hell. What gets you is the way they are everywhere at once. At first, there's nothing but tanks and cars, and all of a sudden those gray guys start flowing from all sides, just like ants."

"See any parachutists?" a man asked.

"No." The lad grinned: "But maybe there were some. Never had a chance to look up! Got any more wine? Thanks."

"What about our tanks?"

"They're all right. But usually they're one against three or four. And they've got anti-tankers who know their jobs. I was on tank-support last night, just before dark. You can shoot them down at their guns, and they never pay attention to you—leave the infantry to clean you out. What they're after—tanks. They're organized, I tell you, organized."

At this point, there was an interruption, one of the minor, semi-tragic, semi-comic episodes that occur on the margin of war. Legionnaires, even for duration, are Legionnaires. Some of the men had located a cellar and brought up bottles. A man fifty-five or six, dressed in corduroy pants and a blue blouse, had appeared from somewhere and was howling at them. It turned out that he was the owner, and wanted payment. Avarice had brought him out of hiding.

"Where's the chief?"

Captain Franchard arrived, field-glasses in hand. He listened to the farmer's complaint courteously, but with growing amazement.

"These men are defending your property. Do you mean you'd make them pay for a few bottles of wine?"

"I don't want my property defended. It'll be wrecked." The man indicated the loopholes: "You're vandals! I'll have damages for that, see if I don't—"

The captain tried to laugh.

"You'd sooner have the Germans wreck it and drink your wine?"

"That doesn't concern you. I want my money."

The argument, in the midst of the cannonade, was bewildering.

"Are you French?" Franchard asked.

"As good a Frenchman as yourself."

"I might have excused a foreigner," the captain said. "As a Frenchman, you do deserve something." His right arm suddenly extended, his bony fist struck the other's face. The farmer dropped, stunned. "I authorize the company to use all the food and drink available. It is sickening to fight for such people."

The man gained his feet, holding his jaw.

"Your name—I'll complain, I'll—"

Franchard knotted his fingers in the man's blouse, shook him like a rat: "Get out of my sight—I should have you shot—I'll have you shot. D'you hear? Shot!"

"Why? Because I ask what's due?"

"Because you sell wine when others give blood—" the captain sent the farmer sprawling with a shove, kicked him when he got up, chased him out of sight, with a last menacing gesture. The men approved, grinned.

Mordelet sneered: "If both happened to survive, six weeks after the war ended, that guy would be right and the captain wrong. Franchard would lose promotion and pension for this. Rights of man and citizen, abuse of power by the military. That's France. You can't go around kicking votes in the pants."

"There are swine everywhere," Courton said.

"But they're not allowed to grunt everywhere so loudly." Mordelet shrugged: "That fellow got a kick for something a lot of people are doing. Getting what they can for themselves out of national catastrophe. This guy wants to overcharge for his wine, this general doesn't want things to go really well until he's sure to get credit, that politician wants victory to hold off until his party is in power. France needs purging and—"

"Everybody at the loopholes—" Lieutenant Polbec yelled.

Another flight of planes had appeared from the northeast. And others sparkled in the sun behind that first, then more—twenty, forty, sixty machines. The sound of them became audible through all other sounds—and Courton thought: "Bumble-bees in a bottle, Bumble-bees in a bottle—" and found himself muttering that, foolishly.

"Ahahah—look at that—"

The first flight had dropped all at once, in perfect order. And the machines straightened, rose again. Their objective could not be seen, was hidden from view by a wood. But the ground beneath the Legionnaires' feet quaked, spouts of flame appeared above the tree-tops, then smoke, black and yellow smoke. Through the booming of the bomb explosions pierced a new sound, a strident metallic whistling.

"That's it, that's it—" shouted several men.

There had been conferences for the infantrymen just before starting, when the lecturers had announced that the German machines were equipped with sirens and whistles, "meant to frighten Moroccans and Senegalese troopers." So that, they had added, the bombardments sounded more dangerous than they really were! The thing to do was to keep steady, calm—

The other flights of planes were now in

action elsewhere. The Legionnaires involuntarily dug their chins into their shoulders at the thought that they would soon receive attention. They had the impression that the guns they held had suddenly changed to wisps of straw. Many French anti-aircraft cannon now opened up, and the cacophony increased prodigiously.

Allied planes appeared at last, British machines according to the captain, seven or eight of them. They headed for the enemy, and brusquely, the planes started to dwindle in size, became glimmering points or black dots dancing in the sunlight. Whether the Germans were fleeing or luring their foes toward greater danger, the men on the ground could not know.

Then the battle in the air became remote, unimportant, for a car rounded the bend of the road, came speeding down the straightaway. There was no need to seek for any markings, all knew at once, inside, that it was the enemy.

A second followed, a third and a fourth—armored cars equipped with a small cannon and machine guns. Six hundred yards to the right, an anti-tank unit opened fire, the first machine lurched, seemed to spin about, and came to a stop in the ditch. The small shells kept striking it for thirty seconds, then the guns sought for the other machines. They had stopped, turned by cutting into a field, and were receding out of sight at top speed.

The Legionnaires watched for men to rush out of the crippled machine, but nothing stirred. All killed or disabled.

Not two minutes passed before enormous spouts of earth rose about the anti-tank cannon which had turned the trick. Two at first, then four, then eight at a time.

Brusquely, the Legionnaires had to forget what happened elsewhere. There was a great crash in the middle of the courtyard, a blast of air smacked men into walls, dirt, stones and debris flew all around. The next second, silvery and sharp through the din, came the tinkling of broken tiles sliding down the roofs. A strong stench seemed driven through the nostrils into the brain.

When the patter of falling debris ended, four or five men were lying in the yard, two others were galloping madly toward a door—a door into a building, an illusory safety.

"At least two-hundred and fifty caliber," Mordelet called to Courton: "Not meant for us—it's for that battery back there in the orchard." He seemed to be right, for the sounds of big shells slithered overhead, and the explosions thudded in the direction indicated.

"How do you know, Mordelet?" Courton asked.

"Hell, forty-two months of front in the last war—"

"Look at that—look at that—"

Something huge and brown, mottled with gray and black, had appeared on the road, a tank. It came on very quickly, but nevertheless kept an appearance of leisure and calm. Another followed, then, in rapid succession, six smaller tanks. They headed from the road into a beet field, toward the row of bushes—probably a gooseberry hedge, behind which the small cannon were unlimbered. The explosions, the impacts of small shells on armor, the roar of the motors, surpassed imagination.

And, as the tanks jerked and waddled toward the guns, armored cars were on the road again, six, seven, eight of them, machine guns spitting as they came. They came nearer and nearer, until they reached the spot on the road nearest the Forval Farm.

"Open fire—" Franchard ordered.

The automatic rifles broke into play—Courton knew that the bullets were striking the cars, but they kept right on, vanished out of sight, toward the village of Forval proper and Bouleaux Woods. The thirty-sevens fired also, but probably failed to hit. That episode was over, Courton looked for the tanks again.

The two big ones were already far off, past the farm house far to the right, and five of the smaller tanks waddled on. One was stopped and on fire. There was no sign of the French anti-tankers. Had they limbered and run? Had they been crushed?

Courton turned to look at the yard. He was surprised to find breeches in the walls at several places. The answering shots from the armored cars had taken effect. Four or five men were being carried off toward the building. It was as simple as that to be killed or wounded—men four feet away did not even know about it immediately.

"They've passed us," he said to Mordelet. "They're in back of us."

"That's the system: Infiltration." And, without evident reason, the old soldier started to laugh. "By the way," he added: "Do you notice that battery's ceased shooting?"

Courton listened, and it did seem that those nearer detonations which had beaten rhythmically upon his subconsciousness since early morning had stopped. That gave him a cold sensation between the shoulder blades: First, the anti-tankers disposed of by the big machines, then the one-fifty-fives crushed by the heavy artillery. The company was being isolated, and spared—what for? What was coming?

Two more armored cars—how many did they have, anyway?—rounded the bend, and something new was in evidence: Motorcycle troops, three files of them. The throbbing of their motors had a certain cocky, defiant sound. The Legionnaires opened fire again, and this time saw results. Men and machines fell.

But the others continued, swerving and darting along the sides of the road, bumping for yards into the fields, bobbing across the ditch, determined and relentless as insects. And in a very few seconds, the armored cars, the motorcyclists had vanished, save for those on the road. It was then that Courton saw an amazing display of efficient courage: Limping men rising, walking about under fire, dragging men and machines to the ditch, to clear the way for the others that might, that would—that must come!

New fires had broken out in the distance, this time from the direction of Forval. The cyclists had put up a couple of automatics and fired at the farm, into the woods. From the right, out of nowhere, appeared groups of men in khaki, Frenchmen—no, Moroccans. Bayonets shone, and they charged upon the scattered survivors rapidly. There was a brief flurry of silhouettes, then the infantrymen crossed the road, crouching low, and vanished again.

For thirty, forty seconds, the farm was an oasis of quiet, a ball of silence in the core of the tumult. Nothing moved, and the crippled tank over there, in the field, appeared to have died. Captain Franchard came down the line, from group to group, and announced that he had heard, over the telephone, that reinforcements were coming up from the south, a regiment of tanks.

The senior-sergeant joined him as he was near Courton, and said, with a bewildered expression: "Fourteen killed and nine wounded, Captain. And three missing, including Lieutenant Polbec."

"Thank you, Sergeant," Franchard replied, coldly.

He strode on. Courton automatically totaled the figures: Twenty-five casualties, one tenth of the company gone, in an hour or so, without even being important. The losses of a day of battle in Morocco—and just a beginning out here. That big shell had accounted for several men, that was sure. No one could know exactly who had been standing near its point of impact.

The young artillerymen at the thirty-sevens were arguing with Legionnaires. Their contention was that they had not missed, but that the cars' armor resisted their missiles.

"Why, you could see the damn things skid when we struck!"

"Listen, they don't armor cars that heavy. Tanks, maybe, not cars—couldn't make any speed—"

"They can't armor them that heavy, but they do. Hell, you can't miss at this range—it's not five hundred from here to the road. I tell you I could see them knocked aside. But they kept right on—you've got to smash their wheels, that's what—"

"Why aren't the roads mined?" another voice asked.

"They got here too fast—" Mordelet replied. "And, at that, holes in roads wouldn't stop them. You saw those tanks."

"Yeh, their tanks. Where are ours?"

"Back of the Maginot Line, in Flanders—everywhere but here—" the old Legionnaire again uttered that odd, insane laugh: "Those in this region are called so many places at once that they don't move while deciding where to go first." He tapped Courton on the arm: "See, ten days ago—maybe ten years ago—the Germans knew that they would be right around here today, attacking Forval Village. They knew it, but we didn't. So what is there so wonderful in that they have their tanks here and we have not?"

"But it must be otherwise somewhere—I've seen regiments of tanks—why, at the review, last July—"

"Sure. The Staff knew for a year that there would be a review in Paris on the Fourteenth of July. So they managed to get the tanks to it. But, unfortunately, the Germans lacked the courtesy of informing them in advance this time—" Mordelet clapped his sergeant on the back jovially: "But, don't worry, we have the Maginot line, which is impassable. We're safe enough."

"Are you crazy, Mordelet?"

"Absolutely not."

The respite was over. Two big shells dropped short of the walls, two fell in the yard. Then, for seven or eight minutes, explosions succeeded each other at a terriffic pace, sixteen or twenty to the minute. The Legionnaires huddled in their pits, shallow holes at the foot of the outside wall, helpless, deafened. Smoke and dust filled the yard, yellow smoke, black smoke, red dust from pulverized brick. Impacts and deflagrations rattled the teeth in their skulls. The projectiles seemed to seek chiefly the two small cannon at the angles, succeeded in destroying one of them.

Evidently, somehow, the advance elements in the cars had informed the rear of their presence, and the farm was obtaining the attention it deserved.

When the shelling stopped, Courton staggered to his feet, and looked upon an incredible sight. The main building was gone, save the column of cemented bricks of the chimney. The stable was destroyed, and the barn was down, heaps of timber and plaster. Undescribable debris was everywhere, chunks of matter from the dispersed dung-heap stuck to everything. A few men were trying to dig into a pile of stones and bricks, to see if the wounded were still alive. They had been placed, for *safety*, in a spare room back of the kitchen. Ten minutes ago, there had been a farm. Now, there remained only ruins.

Captain Franchard inspected his positions. Something had struck his face, smashed his nose, and blood dripped from his mustache. He sniffed and grunted as he spoke. But there was no fear in his eyes, only a passionate rage.

"We stick, eh, lads, we stick—we'll show them—"

And that was their reaction: They wanted to see Germans swarming toward them, they wanted to shoot into the thick of them with the automatics. Courton, questioned by a sergeant—the senior had been killed, reported: "No one missing."

His group had been lucky, remained intact. The downpour of explosives and metal, which had annihilated the buildings, had cost comparatively few lives: Seven killed. More if one counted the wounded who had been finished by the collapse of the house.

And, ever-present, obstinate, the planes droned across the sky. The men watched them dully—they did not rate the attention of the machines, evidently. The dive-bombers concentrated on armored units, masses of troops in the open.

"Clear your loopholes—"

While removing the earth and brick, Courton came upon a strange, whitish object, which he recognized as a human arm. It was naked, as impersonal as a hunk of butcher's meat at first. Then he noted a bracelet and a disk, of tarnished imitation silver, and read.

"Polbec, Aristide, Lt., *1er R. E. I.*"

*Premier Regiment Etranger d'Infanterie*, First Foreign Regiment of Infantry: How long ago had Polbec obtained that disk? The *L* of lieutenant had been scratched over the *S* of sergeant. When had Polbec been with the First? Courton remembered him in the Second, from which he had gone to the Fourth. And he had been with the Second Field Regiment, in the Maginot Line, until recently. The American thought of his first meeting with Polbec, in the Middle Atlas—in Morocco. He had not imagined that he would find himself looking at the man's severed arm, on a fine May morning, in France.

For the first time, Courton faced the prospect of his own death, scenes of home, of America, came to him.

"Report to the captain," he told Mordelet: "Death of Lieutenant Polbec confirmed." He laid the ghastly object aside gently. Then he covered it with earth, as an afterthought.

The telephone communications had been cut, but runners arrived from time to time, and what they had to say to Captain Franchard was quickly relayed to all. Rumors spread like lightning in an armed formation, passing from man to man as rapidly as speech.

"The Moroccans on our right are being attacked by infantry. They're holding on. But the Boches have taken Sailly and are cutting in behind us that way, too. Tank column got blown to hell by the planes over that way—probably what we saw."

But there was no order to retreat. The farm remained as an isolated spot of defense. But if the Moroccans could hold on, in the woods, the Legionnaires could hold on behind walls.

Courton had time for a glance outside, and was startled to see something new, unexpected: Two fires were raging in the fields, five hundred yards apart, two planes. He had not seen them fall, had not even heard the crashes distinctly, consciously, French, British, German? It was impossible to know.

He looked up, saw planes moving about swiftly, very high, diving, rising in sudden spurts. Pale flames flickered from them. He could not discern their markings, because of the altitude and the speed. Men were fighting and dying up there also. Just as they were fighting and dying on the ground. Jutting above the ditch, a single leg stood out stiffly. One of the cyclists.

Mordelet returned, handed the sergeant a thick slice of army bread on which were displayed four thin sardines.

"Lovely morning, eh?" he declared.

Two tanks appeared across the road. New tanks, or some of those they had seen returning? They did not stay very long, fired back at the remaining thirty-seven until it ceased firing, then waddled off elsewhere, plunging over an embankment in the distance. The artillerymen picked themselves up from the litter of masonry—the quick-firers had knocked the wall to bits about their ears—and nosed over their weapon anxiously.

When the gun functioned, and spat its small shell out, they grinned at each other in congratulations. Tough little cannon, theirs, they felt. And they were in time to open fire on newcomers, armored cars preceding big lorries. The cars turned about very quickly and vanished.

That was part of the nervous strain of the whole show—the unpredictable movements of the Germans. Why had the others driven right by, with the cyclists? Why did these chaps retreat? It was impossible to guess their motives, and it made all thought futile. It impressed the beholder that the attackers *knew*, were informed, when they were not.

One of the very large tanks nosed out of the wood to the right, seemed to peer about, like a nearsighted monster, spat a few shells at the crumbling walls, and pulled back out of sight. Glassy explosions seemed to indicate that the Moroccans were attacking it with grenades. As well throw handfuls of sand at a rhinoceros.

Groups of men hobbled from the wreck of the barn, bringing boxes of cartridges to each gun. As he adjusted a magazine in its place, Courton saw his hands, big, stained with earth, oil and blood, with burnt patches. He became aware of some pain from them. When, where—how had they been burned, scratched?

Outside, there were new wrecks along the ditch, new bodies in the field. He realized that there had been a space when he had not known what was going on. He thought of asking, then realized the uselessness of it. Mordelet was offering him something, a helmet, battered on one side. Courton felt his head: It was bare.

"Better put your hat on, Sergeant."

"Oh, yes. Didn't remember losing it."

"No wonder. Thought your head would go with it." Mordelet indicated the chin strap, broken, dangling: "That splinter still had a lot of pep."

Courton looked at his men, counted them. Only six beside himself. They must have caught something! The others were there, but dumped aside like bundles. Odd how you could tell a man was dead, merely by looking at his feet. A dead man's boots could always be told.

They, the survivors, grinned as he met their eyes. The man shooting was a Spaniard, one of the defenders of Madrid. His number one was a Swede, ex-Legionnaire of Africa, who was a gymnastics instructor in Paris last August. Number two was a little Jew, Dutch by nationality, and, of all things, a diamond salesman in ordinary life.

Kumhauser, the rifle-grenadier, was a German, a real German. But he had become a French citizen, and was not exempted from serving in a continental war as his compatriots in the regular Legion were. His wife and his children were French, but he had brothers, cousins, nephews, on the other side. Maybe among those cyclists.

The outer wall now was merely a line of rubble, with upright sections at intervals, standing up like fangs. The Legionnaires deepened their holes, tossed the debris forward to make a parapet. The whole farm was getting flatter and flatter, the area resembling a rubbish heap more than anything else.

In this lull, one of the fugitive soldiers who had joined the Legionnaires earlier that morning was clowning, amusing his friends, by walking about wearing a silk hat, probably a noble relic from a country wedding.

"I'm the mayor of this town," he shouted "and I don't permit what is going on. You must all pick up brooms and tidy up. This is awful!"

"Tell it to Hitler!"

"That oaf! I've already started suit against *him*."

Captain Franchard shouted at the clown, and added to the laughter. A first-aid bandage crossed his face over the nose, and the sight of his bloody chin, of his fierce eyes gleaming between the steel vizor and the cloth, produced a comic effect. The young soldier obeyed the injunction to put on his helmet, but he pulled the silk hat over it by main force.

Mordelet smiled with indulgence.

"He's nineteen years old," he commented.

"Everything's getting a little quieter," someone remarked.

That was relative. The whole sky thundered. Planes were swooping in the distance like crows over a carcass. But in the immediate vicinity nothing fell from the sky.

"They've knocked off for a bite," a man opined.

"Too early for lunch  only nine-fifteen."

Just then, something miraculous occurred: An armored car appeared, but it was French! It came from the southwest, and passed, with almost ludicrous precision, between the pillars that indicated where the gate had stood. It was painted various colors, camouflaged, and a little tricolor flag fluttered over the hood.

"Staff machine," Mordelet indicated at once.

The door opened, a young officer in fresh khaki, wearing a staff brassard on his left arm, alighted, faced about, saluted, held out his right forearm rigidly. And a second man appeared, a stocky chap whose tunic was laced with decoration ribbons, a general, a three-stars general.

He was very neat and precise, doll-like, with a calm, pinkish, closely shaved face under the helmet, the helmet that bore stars. His clean skin was pleated around the eyes, his mustache, short and clipped, was snow white. He looked about as with curiosity, his expression did not change.

Captain Franchard, impelled by the habit of discipline, came at the double to within ten paces, slowed down to long strides, joined his heels, saluted, reported with his chin set and high.

"Captain Franchard, March Company of the Foreign Legion."

"Howd' you do, Captain?" The general stripped the glove from his hand, offered it. "Been knocked around a bit around here, haven't you?"

"Sixty casualties, *mon general*."

"Ah yes." The general started forward toward the wall, walking with quick, business-like strides. A heavy shell, bursting not fifty meters away, did not make him start. And, as he approached, the men rose and stood at attention. He nodded from time to time, showed them a fixed, icy smile.

Over his shoulder, he spoke to his aide and to Captain Franchard in short, jerky sentences: "Divisions coming up—situation under control—recovering from surprise—question of hanging on—morale important—"

He was a brave man, a calm man. There was an odd, unexplainable comfort in his presence. Perhaps from the line soldier's firm belief that safety is where a general appears.

"Another few hours of effort, my friends," he repeated: "You'll be reinforced, given a chance to rest. Corporal, your captain speaks highly of you—give your name to the captain here—your hand—" And he clasped a corporal's paw gingerly in his manicured fingers: "You'll not be forgotten—"

It was a routine ceremony for him, for the soldiers, what he spoke was a patter. But somehow, it assumed meaning, force, so close to the enemy. He shook hands with Courton when Franchard introduced him, mechanically, spoke a few words. Close to, some of the varnish seemed to flake off, and one could sense the elderly man, worn and worried, his mind stiffened for the task by habit as his waist was kept trim by corsets.

"American—old soldier—colonial cross already—"

His glance passed on, to Mordelet, whom Franchard did not introduce. At first, the general's eyes were as calm as before, then a light of wonder was kindled.

"De Kerval! What are you doing here?"

Mordelet smiled, his ironic, unfriendly smile.

"Where else would I be, General?"

"But—your education—your rank—" the old man paused, puzzled: "Certainly, you're entitled to—I'll see that—"

"That I'm shipped back where I was sent?" Mordelet grinned fiercely: "I wish you would not bother. I prefer to be here."

The general flushed, and little red veins appeared on his cheeks, on his nose. He was angry, that was obvious.

"Perhaps I owe you an apology, De Kerval. But admit that under the circumstances, my hands were bound."

"You had four accomplices, General. I don't blame you—"

The old officer turned to Franchard: "Captain, I must inform you—I must recommend—De Kerval you know—"

His aide touched his sleeve, held out his left arm, watch showing.

"General, we must—"

"Ah, yes, ah, yes—but—however—" the general sputtered then held out his hand: "No grudge, eh, De Kerval? We're all in the same boat now. France must win."

Mordelet-Kerval held up his right paw, grimed and lacerated. Courton thought he was about to apologize for its condition, to avoid shaking hands with a man he did not like. But he had misjudged his old comrade. Mordelet dropped the hand limply at his side, and said, very clearly:

"Sorry, but you'll understand: I just washed them this morning."

The general turned and strode off, almost running. He gesticulated widely as he spoke to Franchard, to his aide. He dove into the car, the captain climbed in, the door slammed. And the machine backed out through the gap within a gap that had been the gate, swung about and raced away.

"Senile decrepitude," Mordelet commented. He lighted a cigarette. Then stood up as Franchard came bearing down upon him.

"If you're entitled to a commission, Mordelet," the captain said, "why didn't you tell me? The devil, I can't guess at sight, can I? I tried to explain that it wasn't down on your record—he's awfully sore, you know."

"I don't want a commission, Captain."

"Why not?"

"Because I had one, and it didn't work out."

"But, at least do this—"

"No, Captain. You forget we're in the Legion."

Franchard was silent a minute, half-smiled.

"Right. Sorry."

He turned and strode away without another word.

"How old are you, Mordelet?" Courton asked.

"Sixty-three, if you must know. Two years and a month younger than Laroque—Sure, that's Laroque, corps commander, ex-assistant secretary for war. Stupid . . . really, but a smart egg when it comes to knowing which side the bread is buttered on. Did you see him frown at the German lines, as if he hoped to scare them back to the Rhine?"

"And who are you?"

"Me? A Legionnaire, and, as naturally follows, a sucker. I acted smart, and lost my job. I shot off my mouth once too often." Mordelet laughed, stood up and swept the wrecked farm, the tumultuous countryside, with a wide gesture: "I told them this would happen. And they didn't like to think of it."

"When?"

"Eleven years ago."

They were interrupted by the return of Captain Franchard.

"Say, Mordelet—"

"*Mon capitaine?*"

"The—your friend remarked that you were a man of great value. Hotheaded, but intelligent, yes? Well, I don't want it to be said that I neglected a competence within my reach. Now, suppose you tell me just why we're being left alone now, while the fighting goes on elsewhere? Have you an explanation for that?"

"Is my captain serious?"

"Absolutely."

"All right—" Mordelet peered suspiciously at the officer, then started: "We're having a rest because we're on a cantonal road, not a departmental one. And they've knocked us about enough to feel we're not very aggressive. They need their material for the drive on Peronne and the Somme. We can be mopped up at leisure, late this morning, or even this afternoon. The tanks this morning weren't for us, but to clean up the vicinity of the railroad from Guillemont to Cornoy. They tried this road, as they tried all roads, shot a few cars over, to see what was in the region. On the right, they've driven back the Moroccans, so that the Sailly road would not be flanked, even by small forces. We are given a rest because we're not in their way. We might as well not be here, for the effect it will have on things as a whole."

"But the bombardment?"

"Their scouts reported those batteries of seventy-fives and one-fifty-fives near the Combles cross-ways, and they dispatched some artillery to dispose of them. They fired from somewhere around Rocquigny, and got results. Then they gave us a going over also, because it's more orderly to smash up defenses a bit. But by this time, those batteries are at Bouchavesnes, firing over Peronne at the bridges."

Franchard unfolded his map, checked the names.

"Sounds right. Do you know the whole of France like this?" the captain wondered, "or are you from this part of the country?"

"No, Captain. But I spent over a year in the trenches around here, during the other war. The front line was not two miles from here." Mordelet laughed nervously: "On the other side, they have thousands who were here then. Almost any officer above the rank of captain must know this region as well as I do. And they have remembered what is important and what isn't. They're not fighting for a mile of trenches with a depth of two hundred yards. They strike for the key spots and clean up later. So, when the Moroccans on our right are beaten back upon us, then get ready: They'll be coming around that bend in the road. But not before."

"It's as precise and mechanical as all that?" Franchard asked.

"It's war, so it has to be. Their machine has started to grind, and it is grinding, first large, and then small."

Franchard rubbed his grimy chin thoughtfully: "How will it be stopped? Or, will it be stopped?"

Courton watched and listened with curiosity. This was unusual, an officer questioning a private concerning large-scale operations.

Mordelet laughed again.

"That need not concern either of us, Captain. Whether it is stopped or not won't matter to us. We die today. Or have you forgotten that detail?"

"You're a cheerful beggar," Franchard said, returning his smile. "However, if that's the case, there's no need to economize on rations. I'll order the cooks to work. By the way, thanks."

He touched Mordelet's shoulder and went away.

The Legionnaires set to work cooking a meal in the ruins as calmly as in barracks. And that, although they knew that their chances were growing slimmer and slimmer with the passing of time. The fighting was no longer only to the northeast, but had spread south, and the booming of several barrages shook the earth. It did not need the knowledge of Mordelet to understand that the situation was desperate. But the men had retrieved hams, sausages, strings of onions, from the wreckage of the pantry, the cellar had yielded more bottles. It was a meal to remember.

An officer of the Moroccans came over to confer with Franchard, and remained for a bite. He was a keen, stocky young fellow, and talked well. The noncoms drew near, upon a sign from the captain. In the Legion, sergeants are kept informed of developments.

"There's a lot of traffic on the road ahead of us," the man said. "We can hear it. But they've dumped a few carloads of infantry which drove us back into the woods. We've tried to counter-attack, but it's suicide. They are beautifully equipped, and you've got to hand it to them, they know how to use their stuff. Everything—automatic rifles, heavy machine guns, accompanying cannon, grenade throwers. We were close to seven hundred this morning. We're under four hundred now. Oh, it didn't go all their way all the time—our chaps got in close a couple of times—and we bagged a lot when they first rushed us, away from the road. They had to bring up a tank to drive us back. Big thing, shed our thirty-sevens like chick-peas. We got it at last, with a mortar, but it was more luck than good management. When our tanks come up, it will be another story."

"Their aviation is spirited, eh?" Franchard suggested.

"They have a lot of it." The young man shrugged: "Our chaps are doing very well, but there are too few of them. The Blum regime crippled our air force. I suppose, though, after this is over, we'll be so glad we won that nobody'll pay for our dead." He stood up to leave: "Well, thanks a lot. You Legionnaires know how to live. But say, does your head feel full of cotton-wool, too? I'm afraid I'm going deaf. This damn noise is hard on the ear-drums."

He left, and Mordelet looked after him.

"How old do you suppose he is?" he asked Courton.

"Twenty-two, three. Nice kid."

"I have a son somewhere in the army, just about his age, and probably a lieutenant. Promotion of 1938. Saw his name in the papers." Mordelet sighed, relit his pipe: "I have two sons-in-law, too, reserve officers. I have no reason to wish them luck, but they have kids. I'm a grandfather, Sergeant. Doesn't that knock your eye out?"

"Sure does, Mordelet. I knew you were older than the records say, but I missed guessing by ten years."

"I'm old enough to make a corpse. But I feel sorry for you young guys. What are you fighting for, Courton, you're not French?"

"Seemed to be the right thing to reenlist, Mordelet, when France went to war. I don't know that I went into it deeply—just seemed the right thing."

Mordelet sat on a pile of bricks, his eyes level with the parapet, watching the plain, the road, that bend around which death would roll within short hours.

"I was right, Sergeant, right—and I'd cut off my right hand to have been wrong. Cut off my right hand—" he grinned: "That's a joke. I'll lose more than that today. But there's something worse than dying, old man, much worse. That's seeing everything you lived for, breathed for, sabotaged and ruined. Standing helpless, while millions are led to perdition."

"Don't think of it, Mordelet," Courton advised.

"Why not? Little time left to think." He was silent for a space, then resumed, absent-mindedly raising or lowering his voice to suit the volume of sounds about them. Very soon, even this lost its humorous effect. "At fifty-two, I was a Lieutenant-Colonel of Artillery, Officer of the Legion of Honor. Relatively, I was a rich and happy man, provided with a wife, a growing son to carry on the name, two daughters who had married suitable chaps, a couple of grandchildren.

"At fifty-four, I was a second-class Legionnaire, learning to bum drinks and smokes out of fortunate pals."

Courton nodded, dragged on his cigarette. Part of his job was to listen to Legionnaires' yarns. When they were stripped of adorning lies inspired by egotism, they were tawdry, all alike. Mordelet had been what he claimed, for Laroque had known him, and Franchard, under guise of asking an opinion, had checked up to his satisfaction.

Naturally, Mordelet would have an explanation of his downfall, for all men have. Courton felt he knew the answer: Alcohol. The old chap was known to be fond of the bottle, and had a few pints in him at this moment. However, if he wished to talk, let him.

"What happened?" Courton asked.

"Marshal Foch said, after signing the Armistice in 1918: 'We are quiet for twenty years.' For he knew the Germans would try again, as many army men knew. Germany had to try again, it's the natural law of expanding nations to wage war. Moreover, the peace treaty had strangled Germany economically, but not militarily.

"So it was obvious that Germany would come again. The answer to that threat was the Maginot Line. It was discussed long before the public heard of it, there were various commissions nominated to prepare for it. I was technical adviser on one of them.

"I was even then afraid of what did happen: The centering upon defense was based on a catch-word: Verdun. They had not passed. The words Maginot Line themselves would become catch-words. I stated that the line was a compromise: We wanted to keep what we had and wanted to limit the sacrifices to keep it. You see, the best way was to keep up an army strong enough to cope with the Germans in the field. But that meant that conscripted men would have to serve two, perhaps three years.

"The other way was the Maginot Line. Fortifications permitted shorter training to the people, and by promising shorter training, politicians could obtain more votes. My contention was that even if a line of fortifications halted invasion, the war itself would remain to be won. I also pointed out that it would foster a defensive spirit in the nation as a whole which would transpire to the army and ruin the morale.

"I was not alone. And my party soon saw that it would be impossible to defeat the plan for a formidable line, because of its vote-grabbing power. So we drew up the following plan: The Maginot Line would be built, but a professional army would be organized aside from the troops, the national, conscripted troops, which would hold it and which we termed 'fortress troops.'

"That army, the assault-army, would be composed of volunteers, recruits to be tempted by special high pay and to serve for three years, noncoms for five years. It would be brought up at once to a strength of twenty divisions, completely motorized, armored, and provided with its own air force, assault-aviation. We pointed out that within a few years, that army would be doubled in an emergency by its reserves, so that we would have an attacking force of forty divisions. It would be trained to operate away from the Maginot Line, keyed up for a quick, a knockout blow.

"One of the reasons advanced against it was that France must not appear aggressive in the eyes of the World. France, it was claimed, was already accused of being imperialistic abroad. Another objection, and they couldn't see that they were proving our point, was that all young men would prefer the field-assault-army, with its high pay, and that it would create two types of officers within France, with the best and most ambitious going into the new service.

"Most of our group were soldiers, and we tried to play a game of politics. We attempted to get the munitions manufacturers on our side. I see now why we did not succeed, the answer is simple. Modern fortifications, with their cupolas, rails, elevators, huge cannon, use up even more steel, need more motors, than a motorized army. Their construction, furthermore, would call for civilian engineers, technicians, specialists in various fields, which, in a field army, would not be needed, replaced by fellows on army pay.

"It was useless for us to point out that a line of fortifications is not a wall, but a dyke. That it becomes useless along all its length if penetrated at one point. And we were reminded, sharply, that the regular army was equipped with many regiments of tanks and armored cars, that our aviation was the best in the world.

"We began to be considered spoil-sports, lunatics, men with a fixed idea. So we disintegrated rapidly, for most of us were worried about careers and such things. We were caught and smashed between two mill-stones: Politicians who craved votes on top, an army staff grown over-conceited beneath. Had our army not defeated the Boche, smashed the Riffs, dispersed the Druses?—those three achievements were mentioned in one breath, for any petty general with a successful colonial campaign behind him was a budding Foch and felt able to handle a European war.

"I was dismissed from my committee, returned to my regiment. I was informed to drop the matter. I disregarded the hint, wrote articles under a pen name. I tried to obtain permission to do this, and it was refused me. We—I mean French Army officers, you know—are not even given the vote, we are classed with the feeble-minded and the illiterates. I wrote without permission.

"The *Revue Nouvelle* published an article of mine: *Our Chinese Wall*, in which I mentioned that the Chinese had constructed a wall as strong for its period as our wall was in our time. The security derived from this wall had killed their military spirit, and in the end had not saved them from invasion. I had what I thought was a humorous sketch of some of our politicians locking the Maginot for the night, as a good citizen locks the door, and going to sleep with the ground floor windows open.

"A deputy in the Chambers picked it up, and brought about the fall of a cabinet, for at least three weeks. Naturally, it was no feat at all for the secret service to find who was hiding under my alias. Regulations are regulations, my brigade chief reprimanded me, and I thought it was over.

"But the men I had mentioned were after my scalp, my resignation. They spoke of a court-martial, at first, but I was willing to have that, knowing the papers would report the debates and that I could make my opinions public on a large scale. I was forgetting about the matter when I was summoned to Paris. There, I met a commission of army officers, presided by General Laroque, a classmate of mine at Polytechnique School. Although I had served at the front for the entire war of 1914-18, and he had been in Madagascar most of that time, he was one of the youngest men of his rank in the army. He had married a capable woman.

"The commission was most polite to me, asked me to explain my ideas, which I did. They told me they were taking the matter under advisement. And while I was waiting for a decision, I received an order to present myself for medical examination at the Val de Grace. I faced three military doctors, the least of them a colonel in the Medical Corps, and two civilian specialists. Again, all were very polite. But, inside a week, I was notified that I must retire upon a pension, leave the service.

"It appeared that I was a monomaniac. Also, that I had delusions that I was being persecuted. I kicked, naturally. And another medical commission was gathered. I was asked whether I believed that in the matter of the Maginot Line I was right and the whole army staff wrong. That settled it. I retired, at fifty-two.

"Not a bad life, fishing and hunting on a bit of grounds we owned in the East. Two horses, and a fairly large town thirty miles away, an hour's drive. One of my daughters had married a lawyer, the other a small manufacturer. Both nice chaps, men who had done their duty in the war, who were kind to their wives and kids. But both business men.

"Unexpectedly, I was summoned by the family notary, and found my whole family gathered there, the adults. The handling of my property was to be taken from me. My sons-in-law were protecting the interests of their wives and children. I was a mad man, at a dangerous stage of life, and was likely to waste everything on some sudden spree. I am no better, no worse, than most men. I had done one or two foolish things in my life, courted a lady here and there.

"What broke my heart was that my wife had signed also. They had prevailed upon her to do it, for the sake of our young son. You see, they believed those medical commissions. Oh, their terms were generous: I could continue to live in the mansion until my death, all my expenses would be taken care of. And I would merely have to submit an itemized account of them. Moreover, on the first and the fifteenth day of every month, I would be given two hundred francs for pocket money, to do with as I pleased!

"I saw that if I fought the matter legally, I would lose. So I signed whatever they suggested. I was beaten. All I wished to do was live out my life, with my books, my guns and dogs, my horses. I even forgave my wife. The first trimester came around, my guardians met for an accounting. The horses, it turned out, were a needless luxury. Also, I did not need vintage cognac or Cuban cigars. They decided to sell the horses.

"So, that very night, I went to the stables and shot both horses. I shot my dogs—any hunter will understand I could not leave them behind alive with unsympathetic people—and I left. I took a few thousand francs that were in the house, and went first to Germany. I speak German perfectly. I saw what was going on, heard a lot more. To me, the fact that all their infantry training was built around dummy tanks, because they were kept by Treaty from having the real thing, wasn't amusing.

"I learned, indirectly, that my shooting the animals had led people to fear I would shoot human beings—sane people reason so madly—and that I might be placed in an institution if I returned. My money gave out, and I enlisted in the Legion. No trouble at all, even with my over-fifty carcass. I like it."

Mordelet shrugged.

"Was I right or wrong? Suppose we had an assault-army to rush here, not infantry supported by tanks and planes, but tanks and planes supported by infantry, do you think those chaps would have taken the play away from us?

"Nothing of all this is really new. The tank is nothing but the knight in armor, and will succumb to some new weapon, just as the knight in armor succumbed to the high velocity bullet. The British licked us at Crecy because of our trust in armor, the Germans are licking us, seven centuries later, because of our disregard of armor.

"I spoke of catch-words: Neutrality is another. The German push through Holland and Belgium catches us flat-footed. Our statesmen gape and yell that's a foul. Where did the Germans come into France from in 1914? Belgium. But who could think, in 1940, that they'd violate a neutral state. Not our Government.

"Hitler and Von Brauchitsch are hailed as great strategists—they must be to have thought of attacking a weak spot, strongly defended by solid paper. Of course, our Staff had never heard of the Von Schleiffen Plan, only thirty-seven or eight years old, which prescribed attack on France and England across the Netherlands. We could not foresee, either, that Germany, having lost in 1914 because the marching wing was stripped of two army corps to protect the East, would settle the East first.

"France is not being beaten by superman (*surhommes*) of another race, but by neathermen (*soushommes*) of our own breed."

"You think France will be beaten?"

"I'm a sane man," Mordelet said. Then, remembering, laughed at himself. "Did you ever see a good football team advancing the ball, by kicking it from man to man at appointed times and places? And the less alert team trying to think and act as fast as the men who *know?* Germany has the ball, victory, and is playing with a thirty man team against a fifteen man team. (Note: Mordelet is referring to European Rugby). That's the ratio: Eighty millions against forty."

Normally, Courton's duty would have been to stop such defeatist speeches. But he felt that this was exceptional, Mordelet was a Frenchman, a former army officer, and there was no sense in being more of a royalist than the king. In his own mind, for the past two or three days, doubt of the ultimate issue had started. There was an indefinite feeling of fumbling and groping, a hundred small details were going wrong. The troop trains had been delayed by traffic tie-ups, and the last lap of the journey, in the autobuses, had been a nightmare, a plunge through the confusion of refugees, supplies, artillery.

For long minutes, Mordelet continued speaking. He gave additional details, spoke of the various commissions he had faced, their questions, his replies. Through his despair rang an occasional note of optimism: The French were poor organizers but wonderful improvisers, there might be a change in Government in time, another Père Clemenceau might appear.

Then Captain Franchard's whistle cut through the din, the sergeants assembled.

"A white rocket's gone up from the woods," the officer announced. "The signal agreed upon with the Moroccans when the enemy attacks seriously. We have a job on our hands. Let's do it right, as long as we can. Better knock down that chimney. No use leaving their artillery a marker."

The shaft of bricks was blown up, and the men went to their stations along the wall.

A continuous, tearing fusillade came from the woods. Through it crashed the explosions of shells and grenades. The wind brought acrid odors, smoke was rising above the trees. These trees were becoming less leafy, and Courton realized, suddenly, that they were being stripped of foliage by machine gun fire! Probably, the defenders held a ridge of soil within the wood at the level of the lower branches on the fringe.

The sight was astonishing, the sight of those trees disintegrating visibly. How could human beings face blasts that shredded branches naked? And human beings were facing that withering fire, for through the firing, at intervals, pierced a well-remembered sound, the strident call of Moroccan hillmen.

Many of the Legionnaires exchanged grins. The call evoked better days for them, of hard marches and hard fighting, but to and for victory. Hard fighting, possibly, against some of the very men now dying for France a few hundred meters away.

It must have occurred to others than Courton that with the Legion had been many Germans, strong, husky, courageous soldiers, as brave, as efficient as their compatriots proved today.

"Sights, seven hundred, seven hundred—" Franchard called.

"Seven hundred—" the group commanders repeated.

An armored car had appeared, followed by several larger vehicles, troop-lorries. The remaining thirty-seven went into action, with swift, deep, barking explosions. This time, the shells took effect, for the car lurched, seemed to spin, and ended with its nose in the ditch. Courton yelled his satisfaction with the others. This was the first cheering sight they had seen in quite a time.

The fire of the automatics, even at that range, proved good. Many men, alighting from the lorries, were caught by it and dropped. The survivors ran swiftly into the fields, fell prone, became invisible. They used their own rapid-fire small arms, a new sound started, which would not end for a long time, the pattering and chipping of bullets on stones and bricks.

More infantry appeared three hundred yards behind the first, probably come from lorries stopped out of sight. At first, there were long lines of men stringing across the plain, then those lines dissolved into small groups that came forward.

That was the beginning of a new phase of combat, a patient, dogged approach. The enemy's combat groups functioned smoothly, progressing without haste, alternating, like the pistons of a machine, coming nearer, nearer.

"Six hundred—five hundred—"

And at five hundred, the Legionnaires had another moment of pleasure: The enemy was nailed to that limit. There were fifteen to twenty French automatics available, handled by men who were recovering their combat calm rapidly, men taught in the best school in the World. Here was one thing in which the defenders matched their efficient foes—combat group firing. And they made the most of it.

Anything that attempted to walk run or crawl beyond that fatal five hundred meter limit was at once caught in a curtain of bullets, dispersed, shattered. And, with the opportunity to strike back, to return bullet for bullet, Courton knew elation. If only they didn't bring out tanks—for only fifteen minutes! He muttered this like a prayer.

There was a good chance that they would not. The front was immense, and the tanks were used in the breakthroughs. Those in this sector were probably on the banks of the Somme by now, miles away, pushing back other unfortunate *poilus*. It was up to the infantry to clean out this pocket in the lines, a small, unimportant pocket. What was Forval Farm? A dot and small print on a very large scale map. Held by one company, known to have been decimated. So it would not rate planes, tanks and heavy artillery.

Just a job for the moppers up.

But a tough job. The bombardment had pulverized everything to within a foot of the ground. And the survivors had dug into the soil itself for shelter. The improvised parapets of stones and bricks, rudimentary as they were, gave them a definite edge on the green-gray guys in the bucket helmets advancing in the open. They were digging in too, here and there. They had to dig or to die.

"Ammunition—ammunition—"

There was plenty of that, luckily. Two men refilled the metal magazines for each gun. The long clips of twenty-five clattered on and off in seconds. And the barrels started to smoke, each group was clustered around one of the little monsters, as they trepidated and shook.

Another long line of Germans, very far off, doubled over the fields, came within extreme range, dispersed and advanced in groups, to reinforce the front. Estimates of the number of men facing them went from group to group.

"A battalion at least, a battalion."

"Three companies only—"

"Hell, they'll have to bring up tanks."

The anti-tank thirty-seven, after knocking the lorries to bits, sought new targets. The artillerymen were losing men fast, because they attracted attention, and Franchard ordered the location of the gun changed.

"Lie low—don't waste shells on infantry—they'll have some of their own junk up before long—"

He was jubilant that his outfit was at last doing some good work. He walked from group to group across the shattered yard, heedless of the spattering of lead. He was chewing an unlighted cigar, smiling, and swearing constantly. At the enemy, at his men, at himself, with equal heat and good nature.

"They don't like it, eh—the—" he would shout at a gunner. "We'll make them bring out their parade stuff, eh, their goddamest choice hardware—we're Legionnaires—and we'll——them before they——us!"

Hundreds of yards away, a group of men pushed a small cannon into the field. Two automatics were detailed to cover it, and the gunners fell or ran under a hail of bullets. Mordelet had been appointed to handle the thirty-seven by Franchard, who believed in employing competence. He justified this honor by smashing the gun after a half-dozen shots.

There was a lull for some seconds, and the firing elsewhere could be heard again. The Moroccans were still holding on to the right, but resistance must have cracked on the left, for long files of Germans were progressing almost openly. The fire of two automatics from the farm in their direction did not bring visible results. They seemed to head for a cloud of smoke and dust, which had been a village in the morning.

Within the farm limits, the organization was good. The acting company-sergeant, the fourth since dawn, reported to Franchard that there were one hundred and sixty-one men valid in the company, plus fourteen casuals—the stragglers—and the artillerymen. The wounded had been taken to what was hoped to be a safer spot, a hollow behind the splinters of the chicken-coops and sties. Those with light wounds were tending the badly hurt. Ordinary flesh wounds did not count today, evidently, for several of those carrying on did so with bandaged calves or arms.

"Watch out—"

Two explosions had bloomed in the yard, digging fresh holes. They were followed by two more, then by a steady bombardment lasting several minutes, at the cadence of two shells every fifteen seconds. Courton identified them as missiles from an accompanying field-piece, howitzer type, probably one-hundred-and-five or bigger.

There was but one casualty, a man who was crossing the yard to the stone trough. An explosion picked him and dashed him against a heap of stones, killing him.

As the gun was hidden somewhere beyond the bend in the road, the anti-tank gun, firing a straight trajectory, could not harm it. After forty or fifty shells had fallen, the infantry groups rose and tried to advance. The automatics nailed them at once, stopped them in their tracks.

"Ammunition, ammunition—"

Empty cartridges glittered everywhere on the ground. Occasionally, one of the men, from old habit contracted in Morocco, would start to gather them. Then he would recall that the fellows they were fighting today did not depend on refilling empties to continue to fight.

The shells started to rain down again. There must have been two of the accompanying cannon firing from another angle, for the rhythm of the shells was faster. But the human targets were strung out in the ruins, there was far more room for a miss than for a hit. On the other hand, the German automatics were growing more accurate with each passing minute.

Their handlers had ascertained the locations of the Legion's automatics, of the ammunition cache, of the watering trough. The chores became more and more dangerous. For instance, the trough had to be approached from the side opposite the enemy, and the men had to crouch to fill their canteens. The thick rim of stone was chipped and streaked with leaden smears.

"First aid—first aid—two down in Group Four—"

The effective strength of the company was frittering away fast now.

A streak of white spun jerkily upward into the sky, out of the woods. The Moroccans were signaling that they had changed positions, were withdrawing toward the farm.

Courton thought that the resistance here was purposeless. Their detachment had been passed by tanks and armored cars, by cycle units. On the left, the supporting infantry was well beyond their line, on the right, the supporting companies of *Tirailleurs* were being forced back.

He reacted against the thought. Defeat awaits the army whose individual units have started to consider the struggle useless. Hopelessness is a most contagious disease. A few hundred men occupied here were a few hundred men less to press upon the rest of the army in the rear.

Twice, in Morocco, he had been in desperate circumstances, and had not thought of surrender. But surrender to Moroccans was a little worse than death. The Germans took prisoners. But the prospect of spending the next two or three years—this war was shaping very much like the preceding one and was likely to last long—in a concentration camp was not cheering.

The storm of explosions ended, the infantry appeared again. Supporting groups fired so furiously that the air seemed a solid sheet of humming death. Warped lead and stone chips screamed everywhere. But the automatics hammered again, the advancing knots of men melted, gray-clad bodies strung out for fifteen, twenty, twenty-five yards. A whistle stopped the attack.

Clouds of steam rose as canteens were emptied over the barrels. The faint glowing vanished. Captain Franchard touched Courton's shoulder.

"At least forty went down this time. They're paying for this company, at any rate. Next time they advance, try this gun on the supports—they were crowding up in bunches."

"Understood, Captain."

"They've stopped shelling us. I wonder what new deviltry they'll try now." Franchard's face was hidden by the bandage, but his eyes were worried. He was thinking, as was Courton, of liquid fire. Its use had been reported often lately, and it was known to have played a part in the trench fighting before the Maginot Line.

"White flag, Captain," a man called out.

A small white cloth, probably a handkerchief, was being waved at the end of a stick near the center of the enemy's line. Franchard stood up and waved his hand invitingly.

"Wonder what they want—" he said to Courton, who was nearest him. "They can't think we'll surrender when we're doing so well."

A German was walking slowly towards them, swinging his helmet in one hand. As he came nearer, Courton saw that he was a very big, rather stout man of forty-two or three, a major or a lieutenant-colonel from his shoulder straps. His broad, big-featured face was clean-shaven, his reddish hair was cropped short.

He stopped a short distance away and called out.

"Are you the commanding officer here, Captain?"

"Yes, *Herr Oberst*."

"I have information that indicates that what we are doing is needless." The German's French was excellent, almost without accent. "You have fought bravely, but further killing would be foolish. You are completely cut off, surrounded. The bridges at Peronne are in our hands. You can honorably lay down your arms."

"That is against my orders, *Herr Oberst*."

The other smiled.

"Yes, I understand. But there is a point beyond which resistance becomes an extravagance. You cannot possibly hold out more than ten or fifteen minutes—"

"Fifteen minutes? That's something."

"You refuse?"

"As you would, *Herr Oberst*."

"Right. What troops are these?" the German wondered: "Colonial Infantry? I do not know the—"

"We're the Marseilles fire brigade, *Herr Oberst*."

Franchard was not disclosing military information to the enemy, even at this time. The Legionnaires laughed, and the German officer, who had appeared puzzled for a second, grinned broadly.

"Excellent joke, Captain. Excellent. But now—"

"I beg your pardon, *Herr Oberst*, but as your mission may have a purpose beyond humanity, I must ask you to retire."

The other glanced at his watch.

"I am not scheduled to occupy your position for thirty minutes as yet. I'll grant you fifteen to consult with your men, reconsider. You have a duty to them also. No one on our side will fire upon you until you start. Naturally, you must not try to evacuate the place, nor attack. Good-bye, Captain."

He put on the bucket helmet, saluted. When Franchard had returned the salute, he pivoted precisely, strode back to his line.

"Do you think they would execute us?" a man asked Courton.

Everyone in the Legion knew that the German press had referred to the presence of Foreign Regiments before the Maginot Line: "The Abominable Legion has arrived." And that editorials had advised that Legionnaires be treated as *franc-tireurs*.

"That's nonsense," the sergeant declared.

"They'll shoot me," Kumhauser said. "According to them, I'm a traitor. I was born—"

"You're naturalized. What the hell, Kumi, they can't shoot all the Poles, the Slovaks, the Alsatians who are more than twenty-two years old. And they were born German. Furthermore, you don't have to show a birth-certificate when you're taken prisoner. Your military pay-book? Tear a page out, dummy!"

"The one where it says: 'Origin: German.'" Kumhauser smiled: "I get it!"

Captain Franchard's whistle slashed out, and he gestured for the noncoms to gather around him.

"You have heard his proposition. He isn't lying, we are surrounded, we have no chance. On this, as on other things, I thought it best to consult with you." He looked from one face to the next attentively, and each man shook his head when his turn came." "Come, anyone who feels like surrendering can speak freely."

The captain waited five seconds, then replaced the service pistol he had held into its holster.

"I'm glad the Legion's still the Legion. I'd have been sorry to prune out the lack-guts. Who's senior-sergeant now? Wienmann? All right. You know the general orders, Sergeant. If I drop out, no giving in. If the position is overrun, as it is likely to be, survivors must try to make their way to the main body. Understood?"

"Understood, Captain," they all mumbled.

"Fine. Dismiss. We'll open fire and end this nonsense—might as well get it over with—"

Franchard, with a nod of satisfaction, spat out the stub of a chewed cigar, found a fresh one.

"Eh, Captain, someone's coming."

All eyes turned in the direction indicated. Two men were passing through the wide gap in the rear-wall, stumbling in the debris. They were identified at once: General Laroque and his aide-de-camp. They appeared somewhat less fresh than before, and the high officer wore a mask of impotent fury.

"Impossible to get out—" he told Captain Franchard. "We find them everywhere—at Maurepas, at Curlu. What is happening? What's going on here—why—"

While Franchard outlined the situation, the young captain mechanically dusted himself. He was a very handsome man, tall and athletic, with a skeptical, humorous smile.

"Car get hit, Captain?" Courton asked him.

"No, we had an accident, a plain, banal, civilian accident—ran into a truck—" he laughed: "a big truck, too, abandoned right in the middle of a road, near a bend. A truck loaded with a cargo of special wire, wire to be scattered in the roads, to impede the advance of tanks, cars and so on. We seem to get stuff up just a bit too late everywhere." He eyed the general: "He's in a dreadful temper. Those things worry him a lot—"

The staff captain looked up at formations of planes moving south overhead.

"They're bad, I admit." He turned to face his chief, who was striding back: "General?"

"What are we going to do? You know we must get back, we're needed—can't you—"

"There's nothing I can do, General."

"But we cannot stay here—" The general indicated the right: "What's over there, Captain Franchard?"

"The three companies of Moroccan *Tirailleurs* forming a battalion with us, General. What is left of them—" there was a trace of patient irony in the Legion captain's tone: "possibly three hundred men. Or less."

"In that case, what would you suggest, Captain?"

Franchard shrugged.

"As I had the honor to inform you, my company is determined to carry out the general orders, and resist. But I see no objection to our recalling the colonel, explaining your plight and arranging for your safe-conduct to a safer place. This farm is going to grow most unhealthy in—" the captain consulted his watch: "seven minutes."

"Is there no other shelter, Captain?" Laroque swept the line of tumbled walls, the rifle pits, the heaps of bodies formed behind them.

"It is possible to go down into the wine cellar, General. But I don't know how the roof would hold out under a direct hit with heavy stuff. And, without wishing to be pessimistic, that will only delay the ultimate for a few more minutes."

The staff-aide, who was smoking a cigarette now, drawled in a lazy voice: "The cellar is damp, General. At least, cellars usually are."

"Ah? Yes, yes—" Laroque glared at his aide suspiciously. But the young fellow's face was bland, calm. The general nevertheless seemed to sense the amusement and the curiosity of the men around him. Also, a vague hostility, long restrained, at last unleashed—the hostility of those who execute, in danger, the will of those who command from a safe spot. "Then—"

"Unless you remain here, General, I see no way out except Captain Franchard's suggestion. A safe-conduct to the rear—"

"That means we'll be prisoners."

"Of course, General. But I'll ask your permission to remain here. I hope to persuade Captain Franchard to lend me a rifle for the occasion."

"Granted, on condition that there is one for me also."

"The cases are not alike, General," the other protested sincerely. "At your age—"

"At my age, one has less life to lose, that's all." The general laughed shortly, "You young chaps act as if this was all new. I was at Verdun, on the Somme. I know what a bombardment is." Laroque looked about him, as if to identify his surroundings: "Odd, very odd! Isn't this the company in which I met an old friend this morning?"

"Yes, General."

"Where is he?"

"I placed him in charge of our artillery, General."

"Quite properly. He's a polytechnician. I wish to see him."

"Sergeant Courton, get Mordelet."

Legionnaire Mordelet came forward, absent-mindedly wiping his palms on his trousers. He saluted when within four paces. Waited.

"Seems fated that we should be in the same company again," the general said: "First time since we left The School. Do you need a veteran artilleryman?"

"Servers have to be young and quick, General," Mordelet replied. "As for a gun-chief, we have one, myself." The veteran cocked an eye on Franchard and added: "By the way, Captain, this truce with us seems to have had the desired effect. Thinking they were alone, as our firing stopped, the Moroccans appear to have caved in."

"I should have known—"

"Perhaps I may suggest, respectfully, Captain, that a couple of groups be detailed to cover the right, the fringe of the woods. They'll be coming out of there too."

"All right."

"Where do we go, Captain?" Laroque asked.

"Where you please, General, anywhere—back to your posts, everybody. Time's short—"

The rumbling of battle was more distant now, firing had stopped almost completely in the vicinity, small arms firing. But the ground shook at brief intervals. The Germans must have established several batteries of heavy stuff in the area.

Courton crouched behind his gun crew, looked right and left, as if to absorb, a last time, the entire scene. Laroque and his aide had gone over near the anti-tank cannon. The sergeant understood why—the general wished to be near an old friend, some one who had known the life that had been his, the life he was to leave. Perhaps also in the hope of a gesture, a word of forgiveness.

Had Laroque been sincere when he

had condemned a school-mate, a friend as insane? Courton felt that he had been, or had convinced himself that he was. The Maginot Line—he, Courton himself, had believed it was France's salvation. The whole nation had believed it. And that belief was justified—the Maginot Line was intact now. But wars are not won behind walls—

His blood seemed to race through his body, he experienced a queer elation, a sort of fever. Such problems were slipping behind him fast, nothing mattered, save to hold here while he breathed.

"We'll hold them as long as we can here," he thought, "and others will hold them elsewhere. We'll win—we can't lose—we'll win—let them come."

The fifteen minutes of grace must be over.

A white rag appeared, as before.

Captain Franchard lifted his pistol, fired. They would understand this answer.

And that single shot touched off a tremendous string of detonations. A tornado of metal and explosions swept down upon the farm. The soil cracked and opened under a hundred impacts, geysers of stone, dirt and dung fused in fifty places at once. There were shells that fell from above, from howitzers, and missiles that came at ground level, smashed the remaining bricks, caromed and ricochetted before bursting. Men, guns, ammunition boxes, were flung about helplessly. Smoke and dust, dust and smoke—

Courton and his men huddled around the automatic, like men lashed by the sea on a heaving deck, their souls, their minds, their bodies concentrated on a single purpose: To keep that gun firing at top speed.

The Germans were up and running, and they ran straight into the bursts, endlessly. Nothing could force men upright into the sheets of metal, into swirling death, but those men stood upright and came on, tumbling, tumbling. There was a crack, nearby, something massive, soggy, knocked into Courton, moist liquid spattered his face. His hands clawed at the mass, heaved it free, and he took the gun, burning his fingers. The butt hammered at his shoulder, ceased, there was a click, and the trigger brought fire again, and again.

The running figures in front vanished. For some moments, the explosions continued, then there was a sudden, reeling silence. The line had held.

Thin and clear, Franchard's voice rose.

"*Vive la France! Vive la Legion!*"

France, Legion, familiar words worn by use, refurbished by the setting. Once words of victory, shouted at the end of an advance in Morocco. Now, words of defiance.

The bodies of the fallen were dragged away, dumped like sacks out of the path, a few feet from the gun stations. No one wished to leave the automatics, even for a few seconds.

"Ammunition—"

"Water—"

"Look out, they're—"

The cry of warning was lost in an explosion. The mad chaos was repeated. Courton lost all sense of time, of reality. When there was a second's delay in replacing an empty magazine, he added his howl of impatient rage to the tumult. Then, always, some one came, adjusted a new clip, and his automatic worked again. Through the crepitation of the bullet impacts, there clanged a constant, melodious string of clear sounds, like tin cans being dragged over a cobbled street, lead knocking into discarded steel helmets and other metal objects.

Again came comparative silence. Water hissed and steamed on the hot barrels. The adversaries drew breath, those who defended determined not to yield, the attackers rendered furious by the unexpected resistance, too crazed by their losses now to rely upon artillery. The machines were forgotten here, the primitive lust of physical combat held sway.

"The anti-tankers caught it," Courton heard someone say.

He looked over toward the spot where he had last seen the small cannon. There was a shallow pit dug by a howitzer shell. The pit was studded with human fragments, with pieces of cooling metal—and there was a single, rubber-tired wheel in view. A direct hit.

The same explosion or another one had flattened further the stretch of wall nearby, where General Laroque and his aide had crouched. Courton recalled a last glimpse of the commander, fumblingly adjusting glasses, old-fashioned steel-rimmed spectacles, on his nose—so that he might shoot better. They were gone—Courton could not see them, could not be sure which of those scattered lumps of lacerated khaki and inert flesh they had become.

Dead, all dead.

Dead Legionnaire Mordelet, the drunkard who had been right, dead General Laroque, the expert who had been wrong, dead the young captain in the fine uniform, dead with his skeptical smile. And what difference did it make?

"When the wine is poured, the wine must be drunk!" Courton thought, "When you've made your bed—you must lie in it. When you've been a sap, you must die a sucker—Come on, Legion, hold them. Wonder what would happen if I held up my hands, or ran away? Franchard would drop me, sure—he's right back there, watching, watching. The hell he would, wouldn't even see me. Bet half the guys have hopped off—boy, what a swell time to be called to the phone—that's an old one—they're all old—vaudeville stuff—vaudeville's dead—I'm American, *Messieurs les Allemands*, a neutral—*Ich bin, ich bin*—how would that go over—well, they'd say, what a swell time to think of that—you put up your hands, that's all, and say *kamarad*. Here they come again—come on, Heinies, the mail must go through. Neither storms of night—come on, Fritz, Hans, Katzenjammers—"

The shells crunched and crushed, ragingly killed the dead over again, fragments carefully selected a bit of red brick to split it into four pieces and a lot of pink dust. That was funny—everything here had been hit already, everyone was already dead, and they were doing the job all over again.

Better get a tank or two, you'll need them. Where's Kumhauser, good old Kumi—he could talk to them, use his influence. *Ja, so*—all right, throw your grenades—well, they've stopped again. Miss Smith, take a letter: "We regret to say that at Forval Farm supporting elements ran into unexpected resistance—" that must be dictated to someone, somewhere. You have to explain things, for instance: "We regret to inform you that the trunk you lost in the Cherbourg Express has not as yet been located. Tracers are out and—"

"Sergeant, Sergeant Courton—"

"Yes, Captain?"

Franchard was kneeling at his side. The bandage over his face had turned dark red and soggy. There was more red showing through his coat, near the shoulder. There was a lot of noise, and the officer had to shout right in his face. Courton could smell his breath, stale cigar and wine. Funny how smells could pierce one right through all others.

"It's useless to hang on—only four guns working now—they'll be all over the place the next rush—they're coming out of the woods like bugs—Give you permission to leave—head west—some of our chaps probably holding on there—"

The captain rose and ran, stooped over, to the next group, to repeat his words there. Stubborn fellow, Franchard: He knew very well that no one could get through that circle of steel alive. He was, in his way, authorizing them to surrender, to be taken prisoners. But he could not bring himself to utter the words: Surrender, yield, quit. That was military training, twenty-odd years of it.

The March Company of the Foreign Legion, attached to an unnumbered emergency Field Regiment, was finished, done with. How many left? Four gun crews, sixteen or seventeen men, say a dozen stragglers. Maybe thirty standing out of two hundred and fifty.

He rose and stood for some seconds in a half-crouch, hesitating. There were running figures in the yard, and among them shambled a frightened cow, miraculously untouched, bellowing mournfully. Other animals scurried here and there, driven from the woods where they had taken shelter. With them had come a few Moroccan stragglers, broad shouldered men on spindly legs swathed in puttees, brutal, swarthy faces under the helmets.

The scene was confused, tragic, comic. A Moroccan, who had dipped his whole face in the watering trough, brought up a dripping head to stare with bewildered disgust at his nearest neighbor, a large, handsome black and white pig. A dead man, sprawled on a pile of stone, appeared to be scanning with attention an enormous colored print, intact in its frame, delicately propped on some smashed timbers. In a clear space, as if deposited there carefully, was the silk hat, crown still jammed over a steel helmet. There was blood and there was matter in that helmet.

The fusillade resumed, the shells.

Courton looked for his comrades, scattered now, saw Captain Franchard moving in the wreck of the main building, and sped to join him. The officer swore at him, waved him away, shouting something that could not be distinguished.

Courton nevertheless followed him, saw him go under ground—understood that he was using the cellar stairs. Yes, that was still fairly safe, the debris on top made a protective layer. The bottom was covered with fluid, ankle deep, wine, cider, vinegar. One's boot sank into mud, made sucking sounds at each stride. The smells were strong, and the air had preserved an earthy, cool tang.

There were a half-dozen men in the place. Down here, Franchard's voice could be heard: "Get out of it, it's over."

The men milled about uncertainly. The stuff was pounding and exploding above ground, and they hesitated to plunge upward into the midst of it again. Courton imitated the others, grasped a bottle at random, knocked off the neck against the stone lining of the cave. The fluid was strong, cool, gratifying.

"All right, if you won't scram, help me—" Franchard yelled.

Courton gave him a hand rolling a big barrel before a vent, an opening fourteen inches wide, protected by iron bars an inch thick. He panted and perspired, but followed instructions. Franchard hoisted himself to the top of the barrel, crouched there, half-kneeling, half-squatting. He held an automatic rifle, and there were a dozen full magazines handy.

"They'll be coming in—in a minute—hand me the stuff as I need it—that's the lad—" the Captain laughed: "They're four minutes late already. Doesn't mean much, but any little bit helps, eh, my big friend?"

Courton saw the captain's face in the light flowing through the vent. The officer's helmet, even when he crouched, rasped the roof. He would have to fire the weapon in a very awkward position. But he blew blood from his mustache, and chuckled.

"You're an old-timer in the Legion, I'll bet."

"Five years, Captain. Twenty-nine to thirty-four."

"Good years, those. Ait-Yacoub, Djilani, Djebel-Sagho." He swore for ten seconds: "We're better than they are, you know, better. But there are too many of them. Watch it, watch it."

The automatic hammered quickly, filling the vault with fumes and sounds. Some men had placed barrels beneath the second vent, and were using rifles.

"Cartridges—"

Courton passed up a full magazine. The shooting resumed.

"That's startled them," Franchard said, resting the butt of the gun on the barrel-head, keeping his eyes directed outside. "They were all in a bunch." He laughed: "They're behind the trough now. Allah! How they can use shelter. Must be twelve or more of them, and you can't see a helmet, not one. Say, it's no joke firing this way. I've got a kink in my side—eh—eh—"

He dodged to one side, and there was a tremendous clashing of glass in the cellar, as bullets spinning through the vent broke the fat-bellied bottles in their neat beds. One of the chaps on the other barrels slid off, smacked into the pool of assorted fluids covering the floor. Drops pattered on Courton's flushed face.

A brighter light just outside, a nearer explosion. They were tossing grenades. Franchard propped the gun in the angle formed by two bars of the grill-work, and fired. The empties snapped back, and made little sounds in the fluid; plop-plop-plop. Liqueurs filtered from the broken bottles, with musical whispers, in the brief intervals between detonations.

"Cartridges—"

There were but two magazines left. Courton passed up one of them, the captain snapped it in place. Unhurriedly, the man eight feet away, crouched on a barrel, was burning his last cartridges—one, two, three—a pause, then three more.

Franchard had the gun's muzzle out again. He hunched over the stock, but no shots followed. Courton waited two, three seconds, then shouted, pulled at his sleeve. The whole body answered the pull, the torso struck against his face. The automatic clattered on the barrel, splashed.

"Eh there, eh there—" Courton muttered, struggling with the heavy, limp mass that bore him down. He had to back against another barrel, to bend his body backward, to make room for the officer to fall.

He started to climb upon the barrel, to replace his chief. Then he remembered that he had propped his Lebel rifle somewhere, in the cellar. He could not remember where. For some seconds, he groped under the surface feverishly, to retrieve the automatic. He gave up the search with the sudden thought that the gun probably could not be used now, even if he located it.

A comrade was at his side, carbine ready, trying to climb on the barrel, pushing Courton aside. Trying to get to the vent, to see the sunlight a last time, to kill the enemies. It was unfair, it was Courton's turn. He grasped the other's gun.

"Let me have that—"

"Not much—let go—"

"It's my turn—"

Meanwhile, only one gun was being fired now, clips of three: One, two and three, pause, one, two and three—adjusted, deliberate shooting. The two struggling soldiers suddenly froze, looking upward.

A black object had rolled to the brink of the vent, was poised as if about to halt. Instinctively, their heads sank between their shoulders. It was stopping, it would—no, its momentum had lasted a tenth of a second too long, it quivered on the edge, started to drop . . .

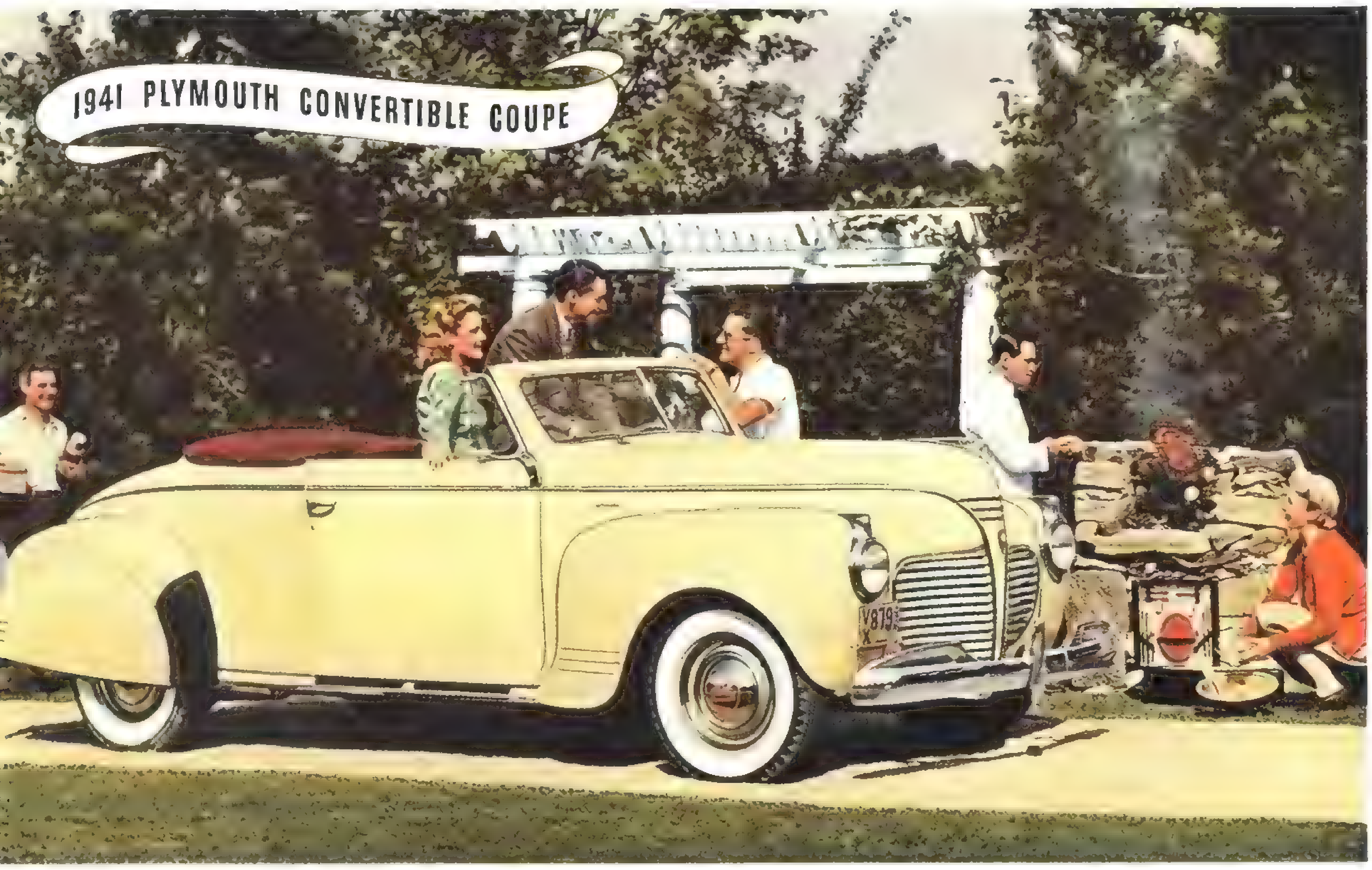
The grenade exploded between the vent and the barrel's head.

* * *

It was eleven nine. Forval Farm had fallen.

But long since, the rolling forts bearing black crosses on their flanks were wallowing far to the south, crunching further into France, passing Chaulnes, Harbonnieres—destroying the impassable defense, the Maginot Line, without touching it.

# The "One" for Fun in '41



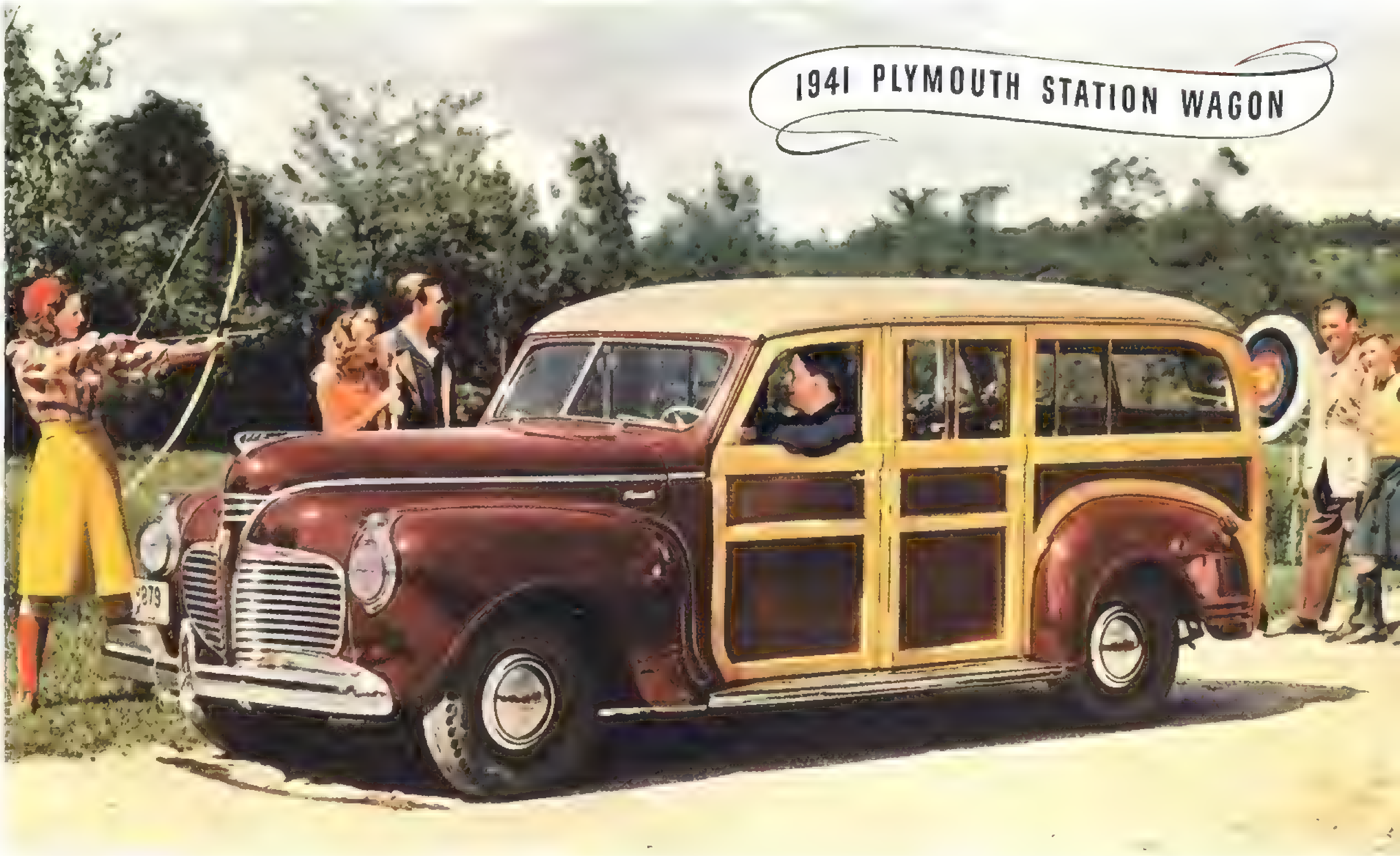
**Discover in Plymouth's stunning new 1941 "Sportsmen" the new "Powermatic" Way to drive! The Convertible Coupe features Plymouth's famous Power-Operated Top! The new Station Wagon is available in both natural finish and two-tone. Go See Them!**

★ Here's the height of smartness and the limit in luxury among the 1941 low-priced cars—Plymouth's long, sleek, glamorous new "Sportsmen"!

They're dazzling in their new beauty! Increased horsepower, increased torque, new transmission, and new rear axle ratio give you thrilling new mastery of hills, distance and traffic! A 117-inch wheelbase makes these beautiful cars impressively big and roomy.

The sleek, luxurious new Convertible Coupe has Plymouth's famous power-operated top. You get red leather seat cushions... roomy, comfortable auxiliary rear seats *inside*... and white sidewall tires are standard equipment.

The dashing new Station Wagon is built on the Special De Luxe Plymouth chassis. Its big, handsome body is available with either natural maple or mahogany finished panels. Auxiliary seats are quickly removable and interchangeable. Plymouth's the "One" for '41! Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.



**Drive the Powermatic Way—vast reductions in driving effort—actual elimination of certain usual shifting motions.**

PLYMOUTH
THE "ONE" FOR '41

THE BIG NEW PLYMOUTH
IS THE "ONE" FOR FUN IN '41

**The Power-Operated Top makes it a perfect all-weather car. Just flip a switch—and the top goes up or down!**

Only "the Finest" is Fine Enough for Christmas
Seagram
S
Say Seagram's and be Sure of "the Finest"

# Home for

## A HOLIDAY MESSAGE FROM

Home for Christmas. Out from the clamor of tension and turmoil and fear . . . like entering a peaceful, softly lighted room. Christmas . . . time to give pause and reflect . . . to think of the many and wonderful things that do make life worth living. Time, too, to remember the basic, undying truths taught so many years ago — "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." And, thinking of this, we can have courage.

### SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN

*Seagram's Finest American Whiskey.* An old favorite in a handsome new bottle and encased in a stunning Christmas gift box. A distinctive whiskey, rich and full-flavored without a trace of heaviness — a gift of unquestioned good taste. Blended whiskey, 65% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 proof.

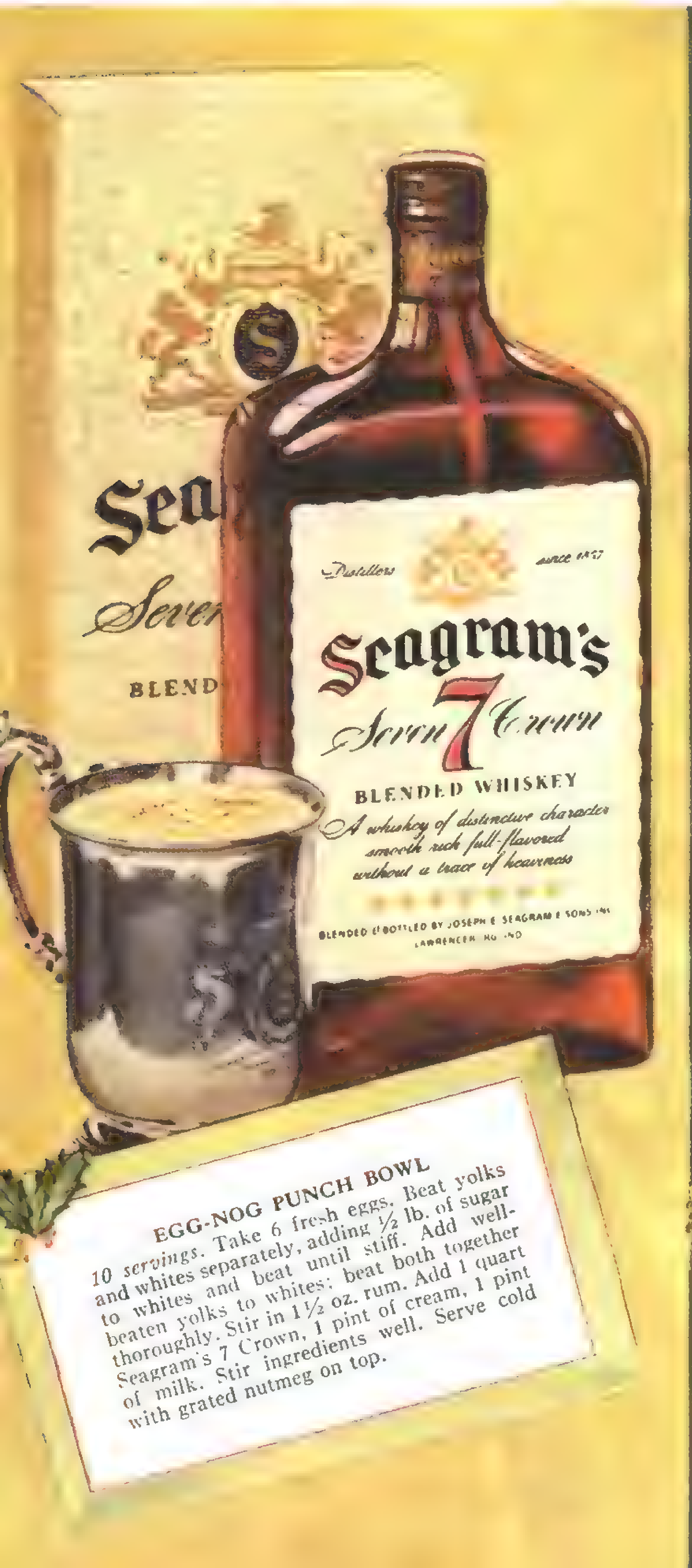
### SEAGRAM'S KING ARTHUR GIN

*America's richest gin* — rich to the last sip. Not even melting ice can spoil that delicious mellow flavor . . . because it is "sealed in" by the exclusive "soft-still" process. Colorfully packaged for Christmas, Seagram's King Arthur Gin makes a truly thoughtful gift. Distilled from grain. 90 proof.

### SEAGRAM'S PEDIGREE WHISKEY

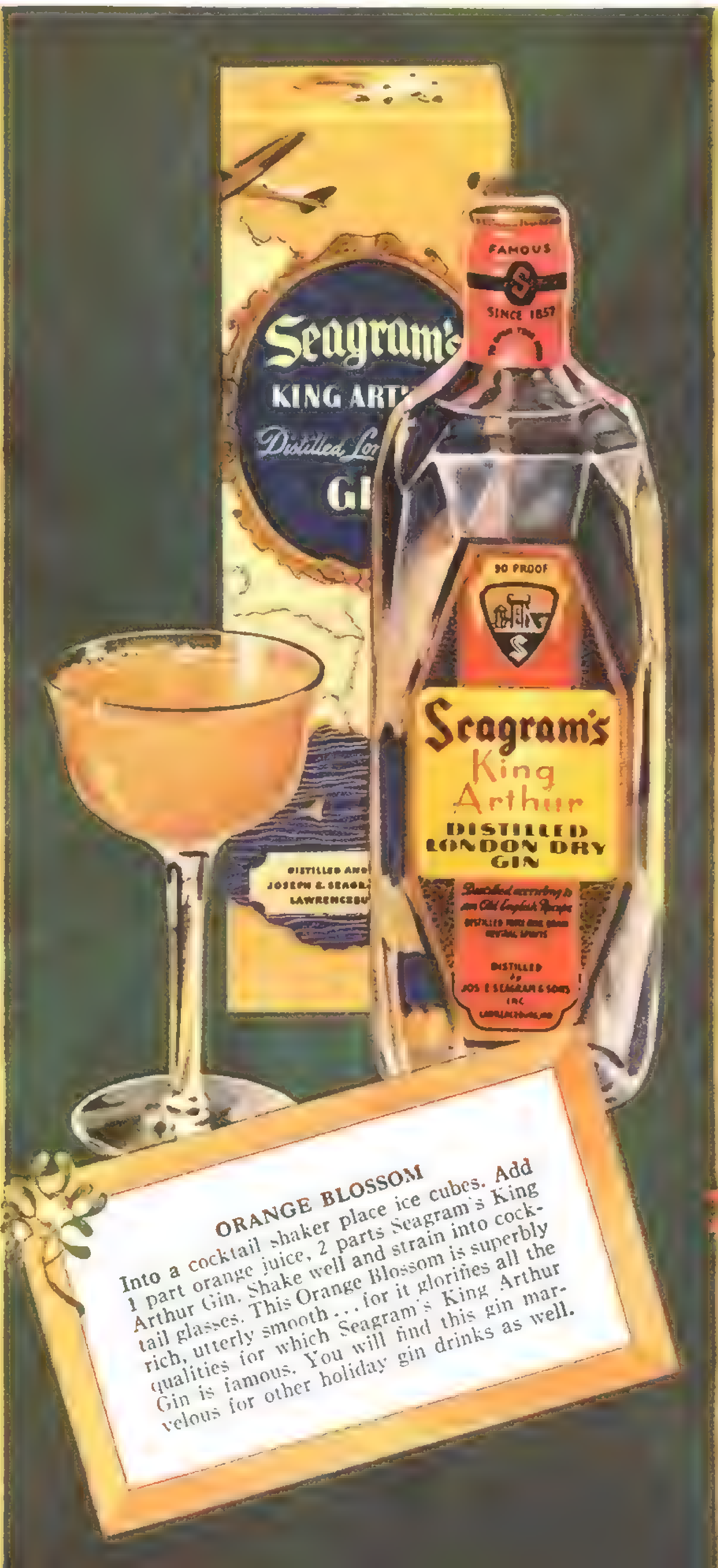
*(Available in Rye or Bourbon)*

Famed for its liqueur quality, Seagram's Pedigree Whiskey gains added importance with its unique gift package — a beautiful reproduction of an antique volume. This whiskey is 8 years old, bottled in bond under Canadian government supervision. 100 proof.


Seagram's
Seven Crown
Blended
Distillers
since 1857
Seagram's
Seven 7 Crown
BLENDED WHISKEY
A whiskey of distinctive character smooth rich full-flavored without a trace of heaviness

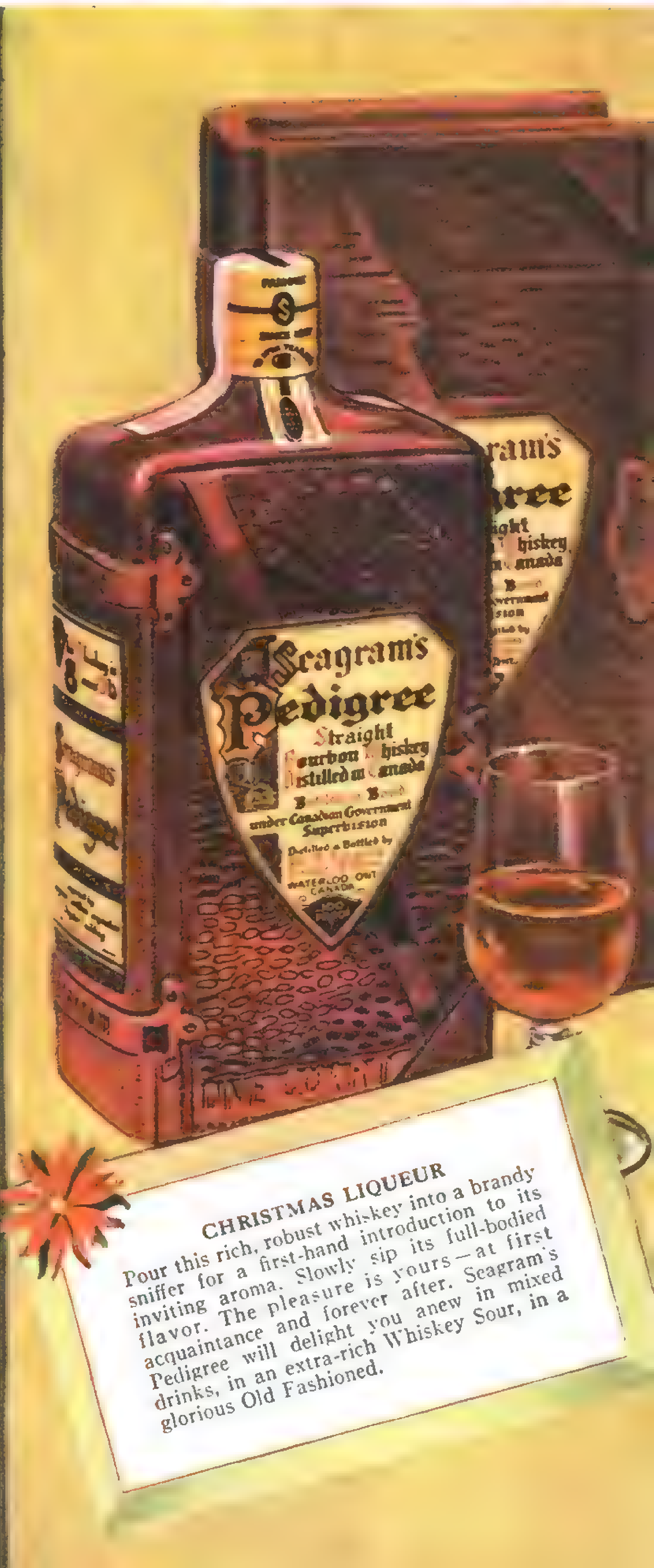
**EGG-NOG PUNCH BOWL**

*10 servings.* Take 6 fresh eggs. Beat yolks and whites separately, adding ½ lb. of sugar to whites and beat until stiff. Add well-beaten yolks to whites: beat both together thoroughly. Stir in 1½ oz. rum. Add 1 quart Seagram's 7 Crown, 1 pint of cream, 1 pint of milk. Stir ingredients well. Serve cold with grated nutmeg on top.


Seagram's
King Arthur
Gin
Famous
Since 1857
90 Proof
Seagram's
King Arthur
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
Jos. E. Seagram & Sons Inc.

**ORANGE BLOSSOM**

Into a cocktail shaker place ice cubes. Add 1 part orange juice, 2 parts Seagram's King Arthur Gin. Shake well and strain into cocktail glasses. This Orange Blossom is superbly rich, utterly smooth . . . for it glorifies all the qualities for which Seagram's King Arthur Gin is famous. You will find this gin marvelous for other holiday gin drinks as well.


Seagram's
Pedigree
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
Distilled in Canada
Bottled in Bond
under Canadian Government Supervision
Waterloo, Ont. Canada

**CHRISTMAS LIQUEUR**

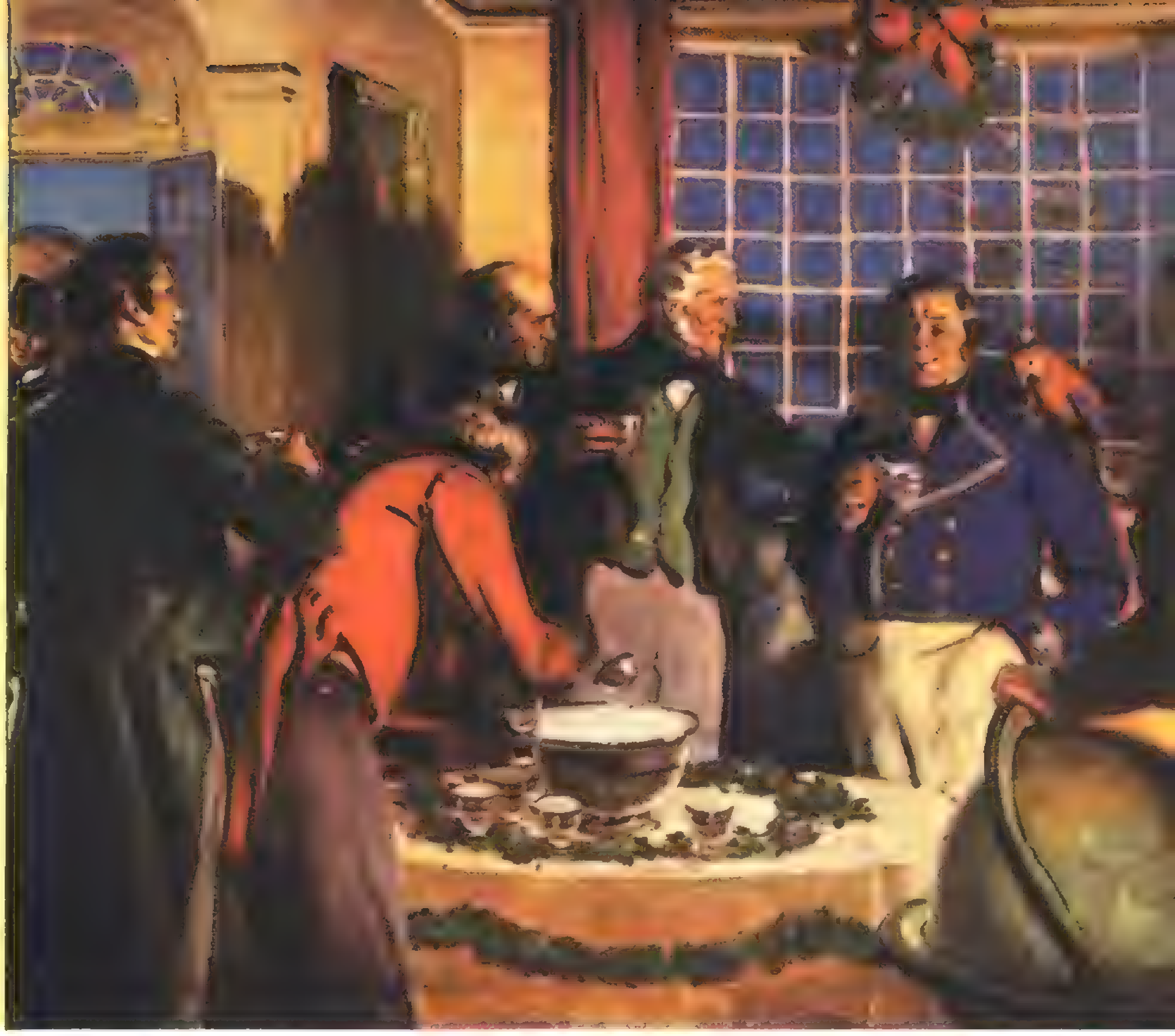
Pour this rich, robust whiskey into a brandy sniffer for a first-hand introduction to its inviting aroma. Slowly sip its full-bodied flavor. The pleasure is yours — at first acquaintance and forever after. Seagram's Pedigree will delight you anew in mixed drinks, in an extra-rich Whiskey Sour, in a glorious Old Fashioned.

# Christmas

## THE House of Seagram

Likewise, in days gone by, did the master return from the sea. Home from months of headwinds and storms... of ice in the rigging and cold, long nights. At last, the anchor is down, the sails are furled, and twilight falls on the dying waves that lap at the weary hull. Home at last.

It is good to be home for Christmas... and at peace.



Home for Christmas—1857

### SEAGRAM'S ANCIENT BOTTLE GIN

The only gin of its kind ever made in America. Naturally golden and incredibly smooth ...thanks to a secret, prolonged process—an exclusive Seagram process. It makes a magnificent and unusual gift, a special wrapper setting off the distinguished "ancient" bottle. Distilled from grain. 90 proof.

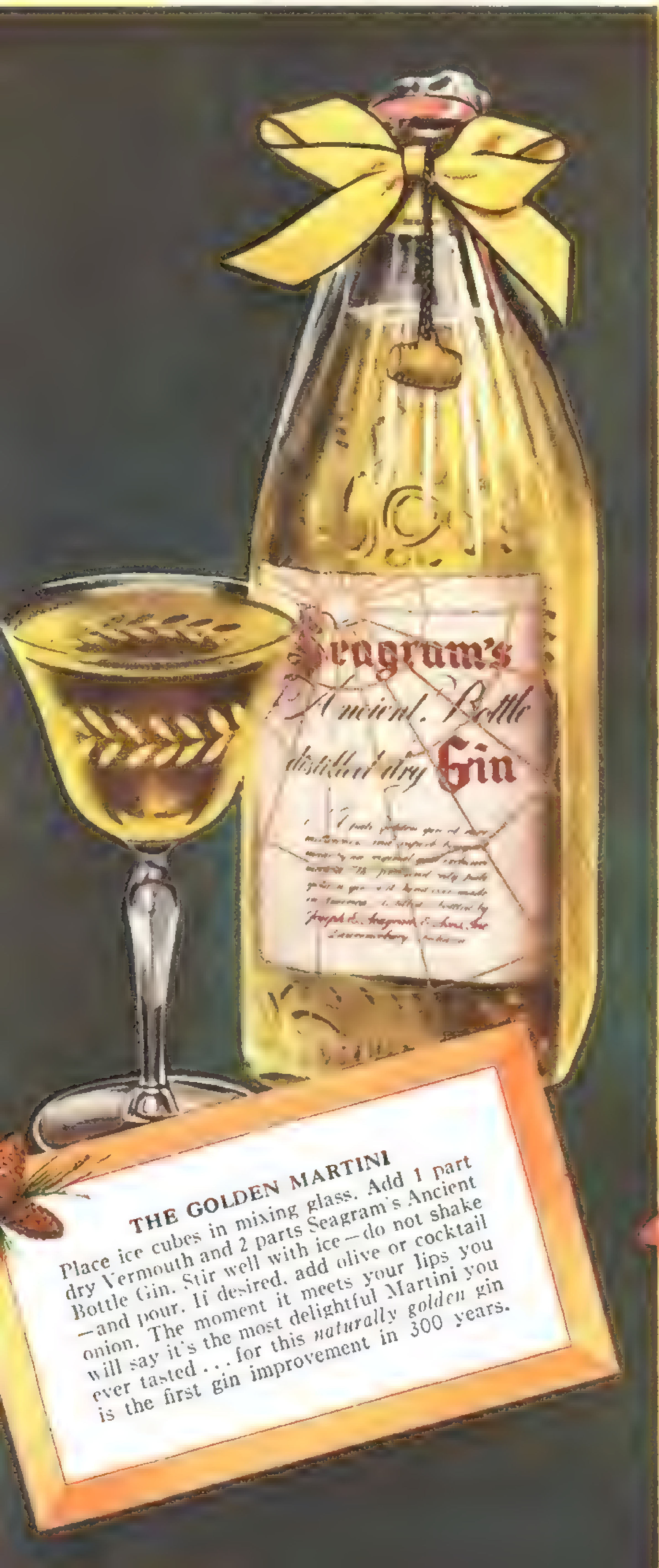
### SEAGRAM'S V.O. CANADIAN WHISKY

Here is *the finest* Canadian Whisky; now better than ever... now 7 years old (formerly 6 yrs. old)... in its distinguished new bottle. The 4/5 quart size is presented in an impressive gift box of unbelievable luxury, which will be treasured for cigarettes, gloves or jewelry for years to come. 86.8 proof.

### SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN

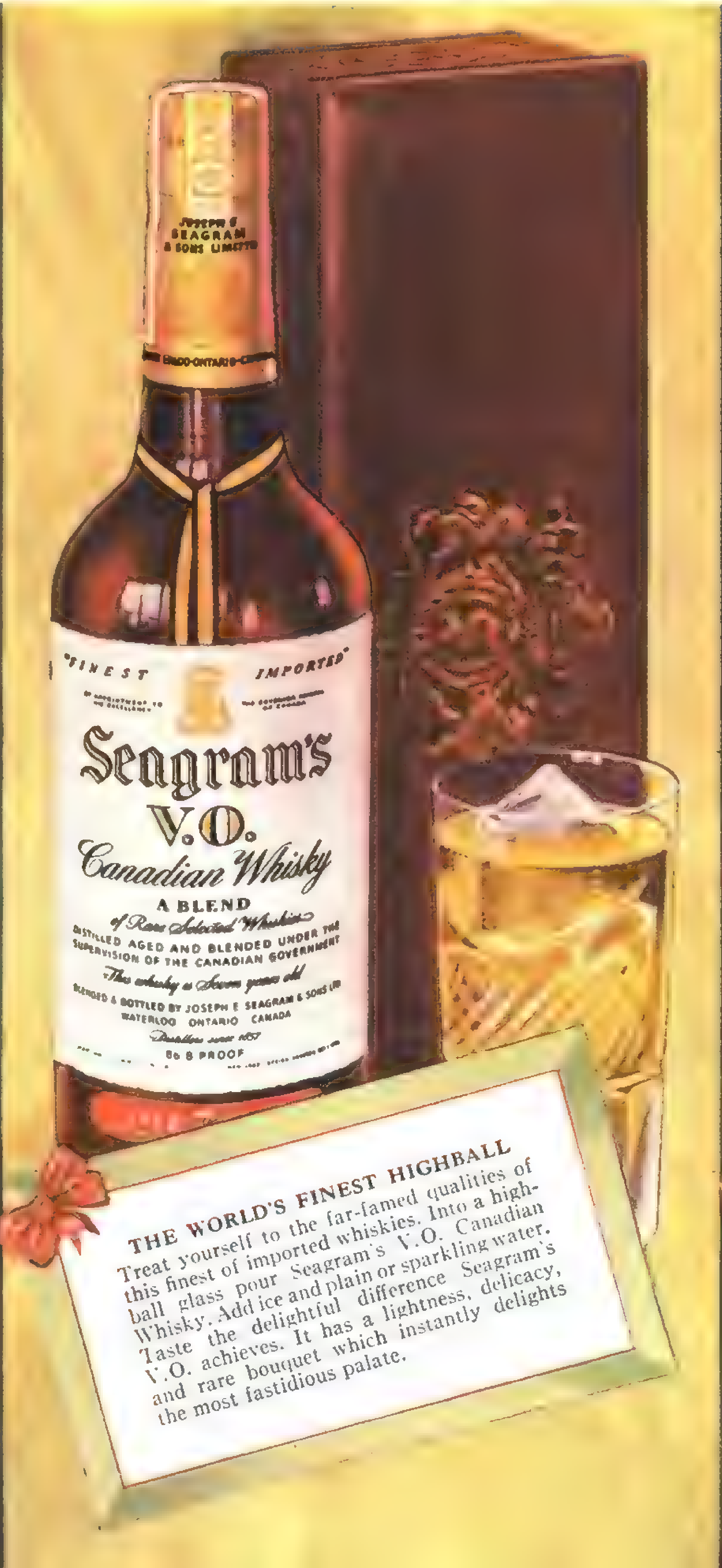
A bottle of this superb whiskey, handsomely and colorfully packaged, is a gift that is sure to be warmly received. Reflecting 83 years of expert distilling, Seagram's 5 Crown is a blend that combines lightness with full flavor and authority. 72½% neutral spirits distilled from grain. 90 proof.

© 1940, Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.


Seagram's
Ancient Bottle
distilled dry Gin

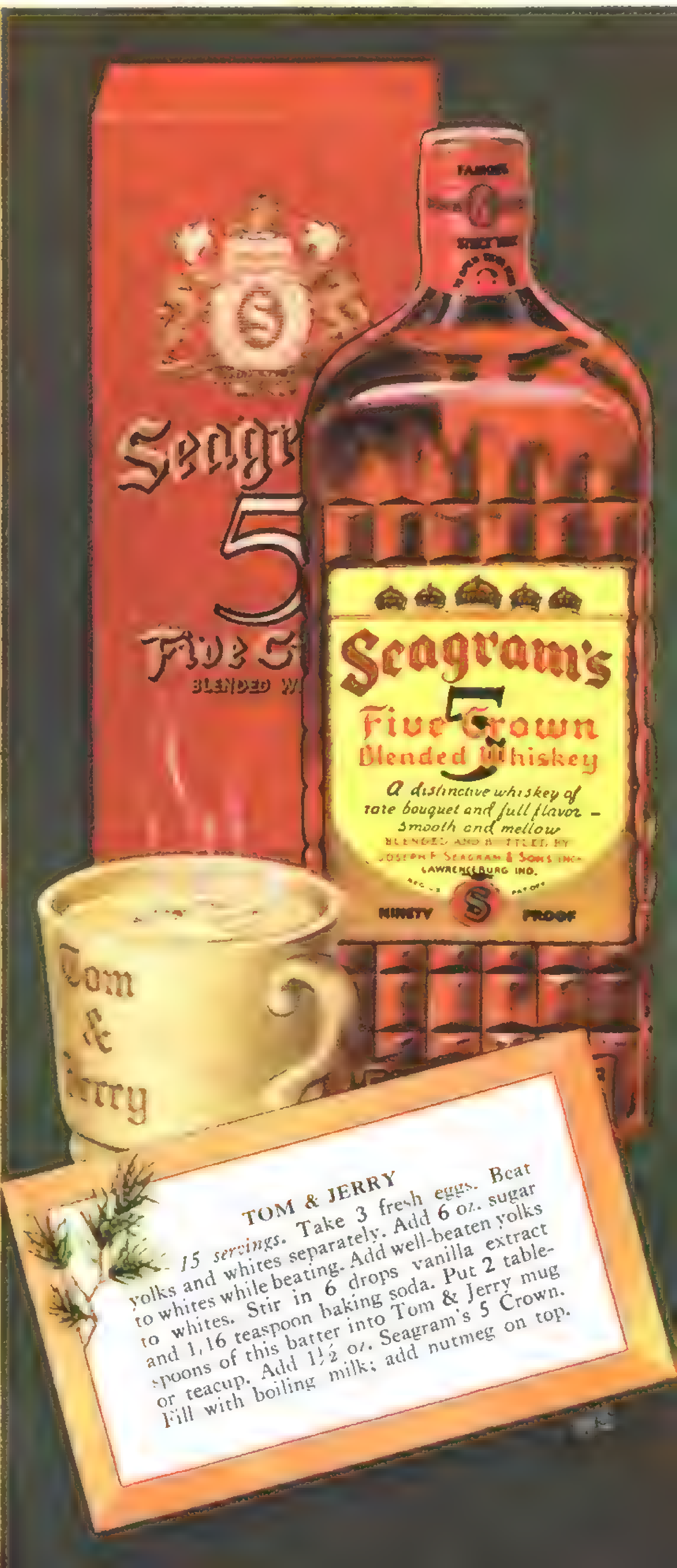
**THE GOLDEN MARTINI**

Place ice cubes in mixing glass. Add 1 part dry Vermouth and 2 parts Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin. Stir well with ice—do not shake—and pour. If desired, add olive or cocktail onion. The moment it meets your lips you will say it's the most delightful Martini you ever tasted... for this *naturally golden* gin is the first gin improvement in 300 years.


Joseph E. Seagram & Sons Limited
Finest
Imported
Seagram's
V.O.
Canadian Whisky
A BLEND
of Rare Selected Whiskies
DISTILLED AGED AND BLENDED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
This whisky is Seven years old
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS LTD
WATERLOO ONTARIO CANADA
Distillers since 1857
86.8 PROOF

**THE WORLD'S FINEST HIGHBALL**

Treat yourself to the far-famed qualities of this finest of imported whiskies. Into a highball glass pour Seagram's V.O. Canadian Whisky. Add ice and plain or sparkling water. Taste the delightful difference Seagram's V.O. achieves. It has a lightness, delicacy, and rare bouquet which instantly delights the most fastidious palate.


Seagr
5
Five C
BLENDED W
Seagram's
5
Five Crown
Blended Whiskey
a distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor — smooth and mellow
NINETY PROOF
Tom & Jerry

**TOM & JERRY**

*15 servings.* Take 3 fresh eggs. Beat yolks and whites separately. Add 6 oz. sugar to whites while beating. Add well-beaten yolks to whites. Stir in 6 drops vanilla extract and 1/16 teaspoon baking soda. Put 2 tablespoons of this batter into Tom & Jerry mug or teacup. Add 1½ oz. Seagram's 5 Crown. Fill with boiling milk; add nutmeg on top.

To Peggy – for marrying me in the first place...

*for* bringing up our children—while I mostly sat back and gave advice.

*for* the 2,008 pairs of socks you've darned.

*for* finding my umbrella and my rubbers Heaven knows how often!

*for* tying innumerable dress ties.

*for* being the family chauffeur, years on end.

*for* never getting sore at my always getting sore at your bridge playing.

*for* planning a thousand meals a year—and having them taken for granted.

*for* a constant tenderness I rarely notice but am sure I couldn't live without.

*for* wanting a *good* watch ever so long . . . and letting your slow-moving husband think he'd hit on it all by himself.

*for* just being you . . . *Darling, here's your Hamilton with all my love!* Jim

for just being you Darling here's your Hamilton with all my love Jim

This Christmas—give a Hamilton—America's most beautiful watch. Hamilton makes only high-grade watches, $37.50 to $5000. See the new models at your jeweler's, or write for folder. Hamilton Watch Company, 423 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Penna.

Note: Hamilton's experience building watches for railroad men insures greatest possible accuracy in every other size and grade that Hamilton makes.

HAMILTON
*The Watch of Railroad Accuracy*

MIDAS. 19 jewels. 14K natural gold. 18K applied gold markers, numerals and dots. $100

BROCK. 19 jewels. In 14K coral gold. Two-tone marker-Roman dial shown....$77.50

PAIGE. 19 jewels. 14K natural gold-filled. With black zone gilt dial............$55

EMERSON. 17 jewels. 10K natural gold-filled. 18K applied gold numeral dial.......$45

DORIS. 17 jewels. 14K natural gold-filled. 18K applied gold numerals. Domed crystal....$45

VENITA. 17 jewels. 14K coral gold. Marker-Roman numeral dial. Gold-filled fittings. $60

LADY HAMILTON (A10). 17 jewels. 10 diamonds set in 14K white gold......$100

LINDA. 17 jewels. 14K natural gold. With black numeral dial and applied gold dots. $55

OLIVIA. 17 jewels. 10K white, natural gold-filled. Gilt finish numeral, marker dial. $40

# Drinking Starts at Dawn

### Some South Sea Islands are kept severely Dry, but everyone celebrates in Tahiti

### *by* DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Punaauia, Tahiti,
Society Group.

Dear Steve:

Ashamed of you, kid, though not at all surprised. You pour questions at me. But is it Polynesia's quaint legends you would learn? the meaning of certain ancient dances? the distinction between a protectorate and a mandated territory? Do you ask me how the white man is bearing his burden or whether the Japs, those determined little lords of procreation, will in time overrun our fair isles? Nope. You plead only for information on booze habits hereabouts. The hell with Hiro and Hina and Tetuanuireiaiteraiatea, wife of Tu; with the fluctuation of the price of copra, the problems and perplexities of miscegenation. As I get it, what you want to know is, how do we drink down here?

Maybe it's just as well. Questions like that I can answer.

The first time I went to Hawaii the thing called Prohibition was in our midst, and only at the homes of millionaires were you served whisky or gin. The native drink was *okulehau*, which means "iron ass," not because you need one to drink it but because in the old days it was brewed in pots resembling the human posterior, said pots being made of iron. Now oke is a swell drink. It tastes like a somewhat heavy, less sweet bourbon. It won't mix well with anything, but it's so good that you prefer it straight anyway. This was in 1930 and 1931, and I was running a poker game in a Waikiki speakeasy. We got a quarter a drink for oke, eight dollars a gallon, and it was about as good as any you could get in the ordinary place. For honest-to-goodness ti-root *okulehau* guaranteed at least six months old, you paid as high as twelve dollars a gallon. You could get swipes for two and a half, and white oke, raw oke, which needed to be treated with charcoal sticks, for three and a half.

When next I took up residence in those well advertised parts, however, Repeal had reared its ugly head. Then, as now, you could get about the same line of fluids as you'd get on the mainland. But the *okulehau* was lousy. They were making it commercially, legally; and it was all raw and new and tasted as if it had been doped with coloring matter.

I soon learned to seek out some former bootlegger who took a little pride in his work, and buy, at practically the same old prices, the same old product. At really good parties you were never served the best stuff. It was fashionable to dish out bootleg *okulehau*. From what I heard when I scampered through Honolulu last November, this situation still exists.

One thing I will say about Honolulu. What with the cosmopolitan population they've got there, it is practically always some sort of national holiday, Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Portuguese, Filipino, Hawaiian, or one of our own. There was always an excuse.

Anyway, how did I get on that subject? Honolulu is no more South Sea Islandy than Bermuda is tropical.

You asked about the Melanesian groups, in the western part of the Pacific? You wouldn't like them, Steve. Plenty of drinking goes on there, but it's the drinking of desperation. You'd understand if you had ever been in those pest holes. It is positively unsafe to start putting the stuff away before sundown, and hangovers you simply sweat out, not drink away. You can see for yourself, Steve, that such behavior is not going to make for a really good time. Try to be light-hearted in a land where the annual rainfall averages 250 inches and you have to keep yourself so swacked with quinine that your ears ring all the time!

The Chief Justice of the New Hebrides, in the course of a bridge game here last year, told me he believed there was more heavy drinking in Port Vila than in Papeete. I remembered Port Vila, where I was once stuck for several weeks, and it is a hole dug in the bottom of the world, a hole filled with malaria, leprosy, flies, poisonous snakes, dust, elephantiasis, Tonkinese coolies, rain, whisky, and heat, mostly heat. Even if I were a missionary I wouldn't blame anybody there for drinking. You've simply *got* to, there.

The Melanesians are black and surly and incredibly stupid. What is worse, they're sullen. They stand glowering at you.

Now this may not be their fault. Maybe they've been mistreated, cheated; maybe they are even now misunderstood. But the fact remains that as ornaments they depress. It is difficult, no matter what your thirst, to enjoy a drink handed to you by a Melanesian.

Melody they do not know, and there is no music in their souls, I think. In Polynesia, you will always hear somebody singing nearby, somebody twanging on a guitar. It makes a lot of difference.

There is a fairly large Chinese population in Rabaul, the capital of Mandated New Guinea, and also in Tulagi, the capital of the Solomon Islands, and I have never heard of any laws against serving liquor to parts of that population. Still I have never seen any of them take a drink.

But the laws against letting natives get hold of anything stronger than water are very, very strict,

*Continued on page 251*

*Santa, dear Santa, get back up the flue*
*Do you want to make the children kerchoo?*

Keep Up Your Resistance
Wear Jockey Longs

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Two-piece
75¢ and up, per garment

Nothing ruins Christmas like a houseful of colds. This year be wise. Omit none of the precautions which will increase your resistance . . . among them, Jockey Longs. Jockey Longs are the new winter-garment sportsmen and active men have adopted for cold weather because they make it smart to be comfortable. Designed by Coopers (in sizes down to six years), Longs feature the same Y-Front construction that makes Jockey Midways and Shorts so popular: No bulk. No bind. No buttons. Squirm-free masculine support . . . and non-gap opening!

**FOR WIVES ONLY**—This year instead of gadgets he'll never use, get him something which he'll really wear and for which he'll bless you every time he opens his bureau drawer . . . a complete Jockey underwardrobe. At leading men's wear and department stores. Shorts, from 50¢ per garment. Longs, from 75¢.

EASY TO REMEMBER Jockey

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Insist on Jockey and look for the name on the garment. No other underwear can have the patented construction features which have made Jockey famous. Remember, it isn't Jockey without the Jockey label. If your dealer can't supply you, write us.

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; In Australia by MacRae Knitting Mills, Sydney; In British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; In New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1

TRADE MARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Smoother Action for Skaters!

Leg muscles must be kept warm and limber for skating. Lightweight Jockey Longs featuring non-gap opening, perform that service to perfection. Sleek and smooth they absorb perspiration and evaporate it too. Get a supply at your dealer's today or write us. 75¢ and up.

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Well-Groomed Hair Helps Bring Success Your Way!

Use VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

1 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation of the scalp quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2 10 Seconds to Comb—Your hair has a natural lustre—but no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

How Vitalis, largest-selling hair preparation of its kind, helps keep your hair healthy and handsome!

Check over the successful, popular men you know. You'll find that most of them have one thing in common . . . *well-groomed hair.* Yes—neat, handsome hair that wins admiration and respect—socially and in business. And Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout" can help you to have it.

Just massage Vitalis briskly on your scalp. You feel a lively tingle as lazy circulation wakes up. Your scalp soon feels more relaxed . . . supple. And the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement the natural oils of the scalp—overcome dryness—give your hair a handsome lustre.

In addition, Vitalis routs unsightly loose dandruff—helps check excessive falling hair. When you comb your hair, it stays neatly in place . . . with an attractive lustre but no objectionable "patent-leather" look! Start today with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"—and have well-groomed hair. All drug stores carry Vitalis.

NEW, HANDIER BOTTLE

You'll like the new, improved Vitalis bottle! It brings you the same generous quantity of genuine Vitalis as the old bottle. Handier to grip and use. Fits more easily into the average medicine cabinet.

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

# You're Not So Hot Yourself

### Character-analysis expert poses a test to determine whether you are any good

### by PARKE CUMMINGS

• SATIRE •

For a good many years I have been subjecting myself to character analysis quizzes. These, as you doubtless know from experience, consist of a succession of questions about one's personal habits and preferences. The subject's answers are supposed to determine whether he will make a good husband, whether he has Fascist leanings, whether he is mathematically or physically minded, or whether he is the type to be trusted with a radio after ten o'clock in the evening, depending what it is that the quizz propounder wants to pin on the unhappy subject of the test.

I have answered a good many of these analysis quizzes, and the results have been uniformly consistent, which is to say universally bad. It has been indisputably determined that as a riveter, a dinner partner, a father, a card player, a junior executive, a school teacher, a musician, and just as a person with whom it is humanly possible to get along on amicable terms, I am a complete flop.

In a spirit of pure, unbiased recrimination and vituperation, guided solely by the basest and most sullied motives, I have made up my own test to be tried on others. I have styled it a Test To Determine Whether You Are Any Good. After I frame the questions I shall analyze the various answers you may give. Here is a hint: Be honest. Don't shut your eyes to your faults, and give the answer you think will make the most favorable impression. It won't pay. I used to do that. The results were so horrible when I answered honestly that in self-defense I took to attempting to call the plays, so to speak. This worked out even worse. Answers which I thought would be above criticism revealed me to be a blackguard of the lowest conceivable type, a potential murderer and embezzler who has so far avoided trouble with the law solely because I haven't the courage to act on my sub-human impulses. Get out your pencil and paper and get to work.

*Question:* When your wife wakes you up in the middle of the night, and tells you that it is raining hard, do you state that there is no need of closing the windows because the rain must be coming down straight or do you get up and close the windows?

*Answer Analysis:* If you maintain that the rain is coming down straight, you are a victim of that familiar trait known as wishful thinking, and believe in the policy of appeasement. In fact, you are probably one of those who encourage Chamberlain's suicidal policy.

If you claim that you get up and shut the windows without putting up an argument, you have already forgotten my warning about answering the questions truthfully. Accordingly you can take a zero on courage, honesty and intelligence. I'm not fooled *that* easily.

*Question:* When you are in the company of others do you sit quietly by yourself, refusing to talk, or do you enter into the conversation?

*Answer Analysis:* If you sit quietly by yourself, your trait is a very common one. You are naturally lazy, and inclined to shift burdens on others. In an automobile, you make the other fellow drive. You are the type who offers to carry the stool when a piano has to be moved, and you are probably being supported by your wife, sweetheart or grandmother.

If you enter into the conversation, your trait is a very common one. You have a life-of-the-party complex. You aren't content to sit quietly by and let other (and better-informed) people talk. Oh no. Not you. You have to stick in your oar. You have to get up and parade your illogically informed opinions in front of others. You have to be the center of the stage, and monopolize the conversation. The world already has too many people of your type.

*Question:* Do you borrow money frequently?

*Answer Analysis:* If you borrow money frequently you are a victim of an all-too-common human failing. You lack foresight and wisdom. You are unable to live within your income. You hope that things are going to be better in the future, but they never are, are they? You think you can rob Peter to pay Paul. Well, you can't. Systematic budgeting of your resources may help, but it's doubtful. You'll probably be behind the eight ball all your life.

You *don't* borrow money frequently, eh? Well, there are few people more to be pitied than those smug self-righteous individuals who boast that they have never borrowed money. Look around you at many of our greatest captains of industry, and you'll find that few of them were too proud to make a touch when the occasion arose. It takes courage to assume obligations, and to bank on the future, but if you haven't got that courage and that faith in your ability to come through in the future, you'll never amount to much in *this* world. Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

*Question:* When your wife wants to go to the movies after you have had a hard day at the office, do you comply or do you insist on staying at home?

*Answer Analysis:* If you insist

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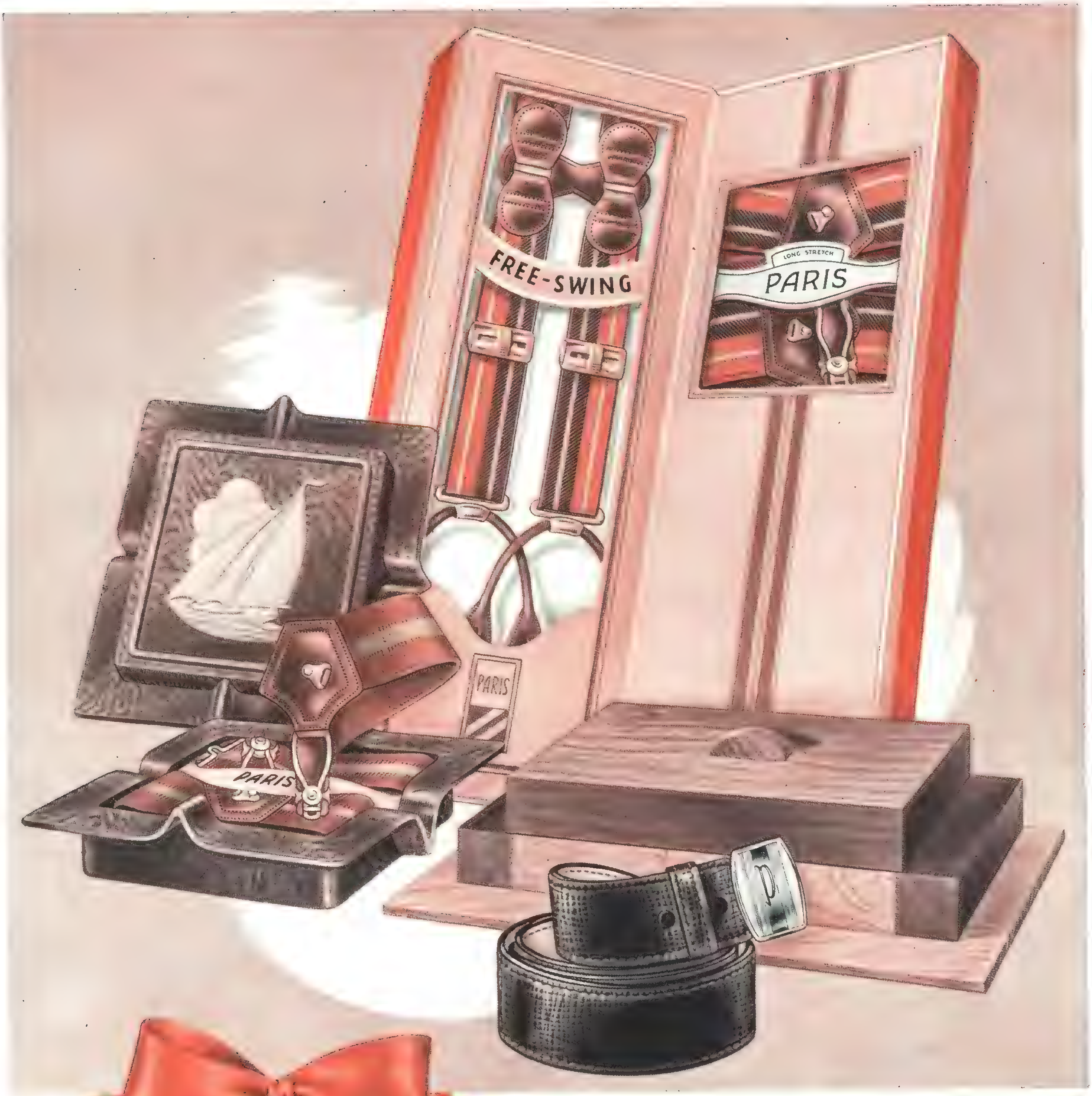

Remember
he knows
PARIS
means Style

**SMART TO GIVE • SMART TO RECEIVE**

Because he prefers Paris for style, quality and utility—you'll doubly please him by choosing what he would select himself. You're right, secure your Paris gifts early. But in unavoidable last-minute shopping rushes—take time to insist on Paris.

Illustrated: Paris Matched Set—famously comfortable Paris Garters and perfectly matched Paris "Free-Swing" Suspenders that "Can't skid off his shoulders"—$1.50. Other sets $2 and up.

Paris Belt of hand boarded calfskin, suede lined and saddle stitched, sterling silver buckle, packed in handsome walnut and maple cigarette box: $3. Other Paris Belt and Buckle Sets in special packings $1 and up.

Paris Garters—supremely comfortable DeLuxe Paris Garters with gold plated fittings in smart twin bakelite ash tray: $1. Other Paris Garters in attractive gift packings 50c and up. Paris Suspenders in handsome holiday boxes: $1 and up. Made in America by A. Stein & Company, Chicago, New York, Los Angeles.

IT'S A SNAP TO END BUTTON TROUBLES FOR Xmas
Tolse
DOT SNAPPERS

YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING HERE FOR A SNAPPY NEW YEAR

MAKE sure you find Dot Snappers on the shirts, pajamas and shorts that you give for Christmas and you can put an end to other people's button troubles for good and all. That's more than a wish. It's a guarantee!

Dot Snappers are laundry-proof, wear-proof and, therefore, loss-proof. They are flat, smooth, tough and on to stay. Leading manufacturers fasten their finest garments with Dot Snappers. They want to make life simpler for bachelors, travelers, hen-pecked husbands and every other man—including Santa himself—who hates button-bother.

So don't just *give*. . . . Get some for yourself. A list of names of men's-wear makers using Dot Snappers will be furnished on request.

On neck bands and cuffs of shirts

Ask for these new fasteners on shorts

On trousers and coats of pajamas

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DOT SNAPPERS

# The Master of Them All

## P. G. Wodehouse showed the incompetence and stupidity of England's ruling class

### *by* GILBERT SELDES

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

THE happiest thing that could occur would be for the editor of this magazine to add a small, but conspicuous, box, giving readers the information that the whereabouts of P. G. Wodehouse had been established; that the great Wodehouse is alive and well. For, when last heard of, he was engulfed by the invasion of France; the rather silly news-story said that he was having tea at Le Touquet, where he lives in summer, and refused to leave the crumpets when he was told that the Germans were at his front door. But it seems a fact that he was captured; or, at least, he was in the path of the armies and he was removed; and since then, (the beginning of June) nothing.

In the middle of a tragedy which is out of proportion to our capacity to understand it, or even to measure it, the tragedy of a single individual is nothing; and I am not given to believing that any writer is, just because he's a writer, more important than a mechanic or, say, a house painter. If the world is going to be a total world, it may be just as well that Wodehouse wouldn't, in any case, have long to live in it. Because until they caught him, he was a creator of trifles; his greatest creation is a singularly intelligent and enterprising valet to an idler; he wrote for a world in which a Wooster could be tolerated even if the creations of Bennett and Lawrence and Wells and Huxley might be considered infinitely more important. And he was a better writer than any of them. The past tense, incidentally, covers his very latest book serialized in *The Saturday Evening Post* a few months ago under the title of *Quick Service;* it should be between covers by now, and it's as light-hearted and finished a job as anything Wodehouse ever wrote. That doesn't mean it's as good; only that it is better than the light fiction of anyone else using our language.

I've put down in these pages something of my admiration for the creator of Jeeves, but I do not think I mentioned the jolt of delight I got one evening when Rudy Vallee was interviewing Hilaire Belloc and Belloc casually named P. G. Wodehouse the "greatest master of our craft (writing) now alive." Belloc was trained in the classics; Belloc knew technically whatever there was to know about writing and had once written a savage little book on the subject (*Dr. Caliban's Guide to Letters*).

Is Wodehouse, then, a writer's writer? Certainly for the past twenty years I have been reading his stories and serials in *The Saturday Evening Post*, with an occasional appearance in *Cosmopolitan*. His reprints can be found in the thirty-nine and twenty-five cent classes; and if not in the Modern Library, then so much the worse for the Modern Library. His works have been made into movies; and perpetually there is talk of a Jeeves serial on the air. All these are signs of great popularity. I cannot believe that the editors of mass-circulation magazines print Wodehouse because they like him, indifferent to the likes and dislikes of their readers. Millions of people have read something by Wodehouse; and the intelligent ones among them have done their best to read everything by Wodehouse (except maybe a few golf stories). And yet I feel a little uncertain of Wodehouse's popularity rating. I'd venture that he's less known than, say, James Hilton. One reason is that he hasn't had a best-selling book in the past ten years, when salesmanship of books has taken on the proportions of big business.

Several years ago I noted that another splendid English writer, E. F. Benson, had done a series of masterpieces (the *Lucia* books) and remained obscure. "You're crazy," a friend wrote to me, "I've known the *Lucia* books for years and so has Harry Blooke." But, regrettably, his was the only comment. About Wodehouse the case is much better; I know a hundred devoted readers and each of them probably knows another hundred, and until we begin to overlap, we count up into big numbers. But there is always a faint suggestion that we are a clique. As if we had been formed by Woollcott, not by Wodehouse.

We're not a clique, because there must be a million of us; and we don't think Wodehouse is too good for the average man. He's no Saki.

I suppose Saki is really all right, but to me he's a quaint and whimsical bore with flashes of absolute savagery which are superb. For the most part, Saki has a manner; and obviously Wodehouse has a style. As Ring Lardner had; as Norman Douglass has, as Somerset Maugham incomparably has. As millions of others have not.

The difference between being a clique writer and not being one is this. You say, "I don't care for Wodehouse," and I answer, "I think he's wonderful. You're missing the best fun in the world." But if I say, "I don't care much for Saki," the usual answer I get is, "You wouldn't," or any equivalent insult. Largely the sense of clique rises not from writers, but from enthusiasts; but there are authors who aim at and hit the clique trade. Few good writers do.

Maybe it's true that the good and great writers do not aim at any trade, but write as they have to write, and let the publisher

*Continued on page 152*

# Life is a movie...only a movie camera keeps it all

This Christmas, give the ability to make a living record. What could match the interest of the new world which movie making opens? Give a Ciné-Kodak.

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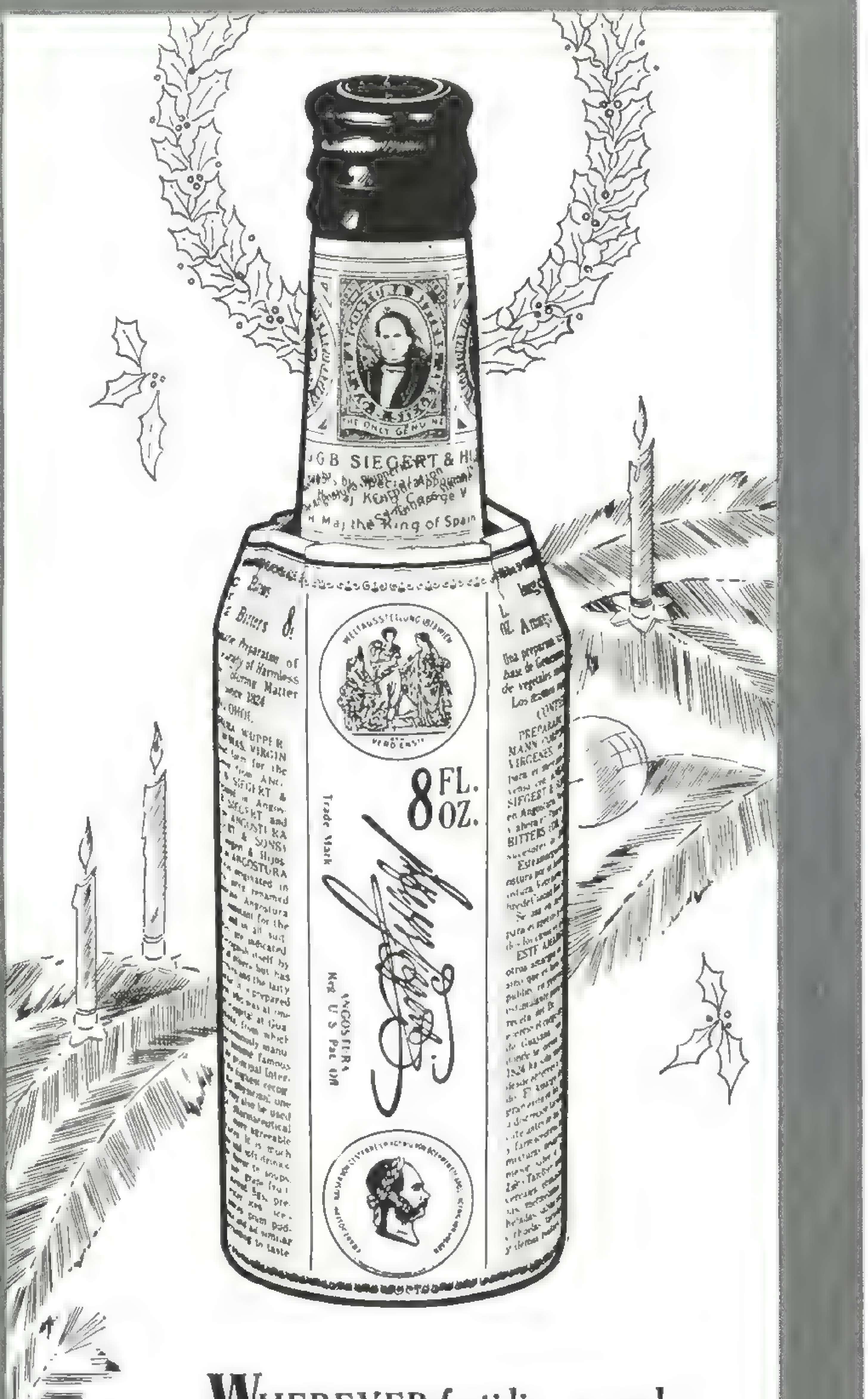

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# The Master of Them All

*Continued from page 150*

attend to the deficits. Few of them are as lucky as Wodehouse; because it's obvious that he writes exactly what and how he wants to—and that's good enough. Note the opening of *Brinkley Manor*, quite possibly the best sustained effort of its gifted author:

"'Jeeves,' I said, 'may I speak frankly?'

"'Certainly, sir.'

"'What I have to say may wound you.'

"'Not at all, sir.'

"'Well, then—'

"No wait. Hold the line a minute. I've gone off the rails.

"I don't know if you've had the same experience, but the snag I always come up against when I'm telling a story is this dashed difficult problem of where to begin it. It's a thing you don't want to go wrong over, because one false step and you're sunk. I mean to say, if you fool around too long at the start, trying to establish atmosphere as they call it, and all that sort of rot, you fail to grip and the customers walk out on you. Get off the mark, on the other hand, like a scalded cat, and your public is at a loss. It simply raises its eyebrows, and can't make out what you're talking about. And in opening my report of the complex case of Gussie Fink-Nottle . . . with the above spot of dialogue, I see that I have made the second of these two floaters."

There isn't a belly-laugh in a carload of this; but it is the smoothest, most engaging sort of an introduction. You're deep in the story before you know you've begun to read. And in spite of imitations, you recognize the genuine article. As you do in this description of Aunt Dahlia rushing to the rescue of her favorite cook:

"I had always known her as a woman who was quite active on her pins, but I had never suspected her of being capable of the magnificent burst of speed which she now showed. Pausing merely to get a rich hunting-field expletive off her chest, she was out of the room and making for the stairs before I could swallow a sliver of—I think—banana. . . . My place was by her side, but it was not so dashed easy to get there, for she was setting a cracking pace. At the top of the first flight she must have led by a matter of half a dozen lengths, and was still shaking off my challenge when she rounded into the second. At the next landing, however, the grueling going appeared to tell on her, for she slackened off a trifle and showed symptoms of roaring, and by the time we were in the straight we were running practically neck and neck. Our entry into Anatole's room was as close a finish as you could have wished to see."

Anatole had been annoyed because Fink-Nottle had been making faces at him. Anatole, having been chef in various parts of the world, delivers himself thus:

"You ask me what is it? Listen. Make some attention a little. Me, I have hit the hay, but I do not sleep so good, and presently I wake up and look, and there is one who makes faces at me through the dashed window. Is that a pretty affair? Is that convenient? If you think I like it, you jolly well mistake yourself. I am so mad as a wet hen. And why not? I am somebody, isn't it? This is a bedroom, what-what, not a house for some apes? Then for what do blighters sit on my window as cool as a few cucumbers, making some faces."

"'Quite,' I said. Dashed reasonable, was my verdict."

Maybe sweet reasonableness *is* at the bottom of all this, but there are moments when lunacy of a pretty high type is indicated.

It would be interesting to discover what it is that people do not like in Wodehouse. The only commentary, from the antis, which makes any sense is that "it's so silly." They do not feel that Mark Twain is silly; Mark Twain exaggerates something simple and real. Wodehouse, they seem to feel, creates silliness out of the void. But I don't think so. He creates a fantastic figure not less real than the strong silent man of early English fiction; and, I think, a more attractive character.

The English are rather funny, anyway, about the types they favor in fiction. Battalions of spies have failed to discover more than three women, in all the southern countries of England, at all like the passionate, slightly vicious characters abounding in the works of Arlen, Waugh, and company. It would appear that once there actually was one brilliant, beautiful, unhappy, and emancipated English girl; and four novelists were acquainted with her, six others had heard of her, and thirty more read the books the first ten wrote.

There was also, once upon a time, one strong silent Englishman; that is, one who had something to say and didn't say it. The greater number of Englishmen of the upper classes always said everything they thought or felt, with remarkably little restraint. Six-sevenths of their conversation, incidentally, seemed to consist of the words, "I mean to say, what."

Contrast with these, the characters of Wodehouse: Wooster the waster; Jeeves the genius; the half-dozen women novelists, against whose breed Wodehouse has a violent and anguished resentment; the fat colonels and cabinet ministers; the lads at the Drones club; the listeners to Mr. Mulliner at the local pub; the galaxy of the most agreeable American thieves and blackmailers imaginable; the unspeakable children, male and female, native and foreign; Bertie's aunts; and the race of young women with whom Bertie's friends are entangled, from whom Bertie himself always escapes, with relief. These are in the first flight; behind them comes an

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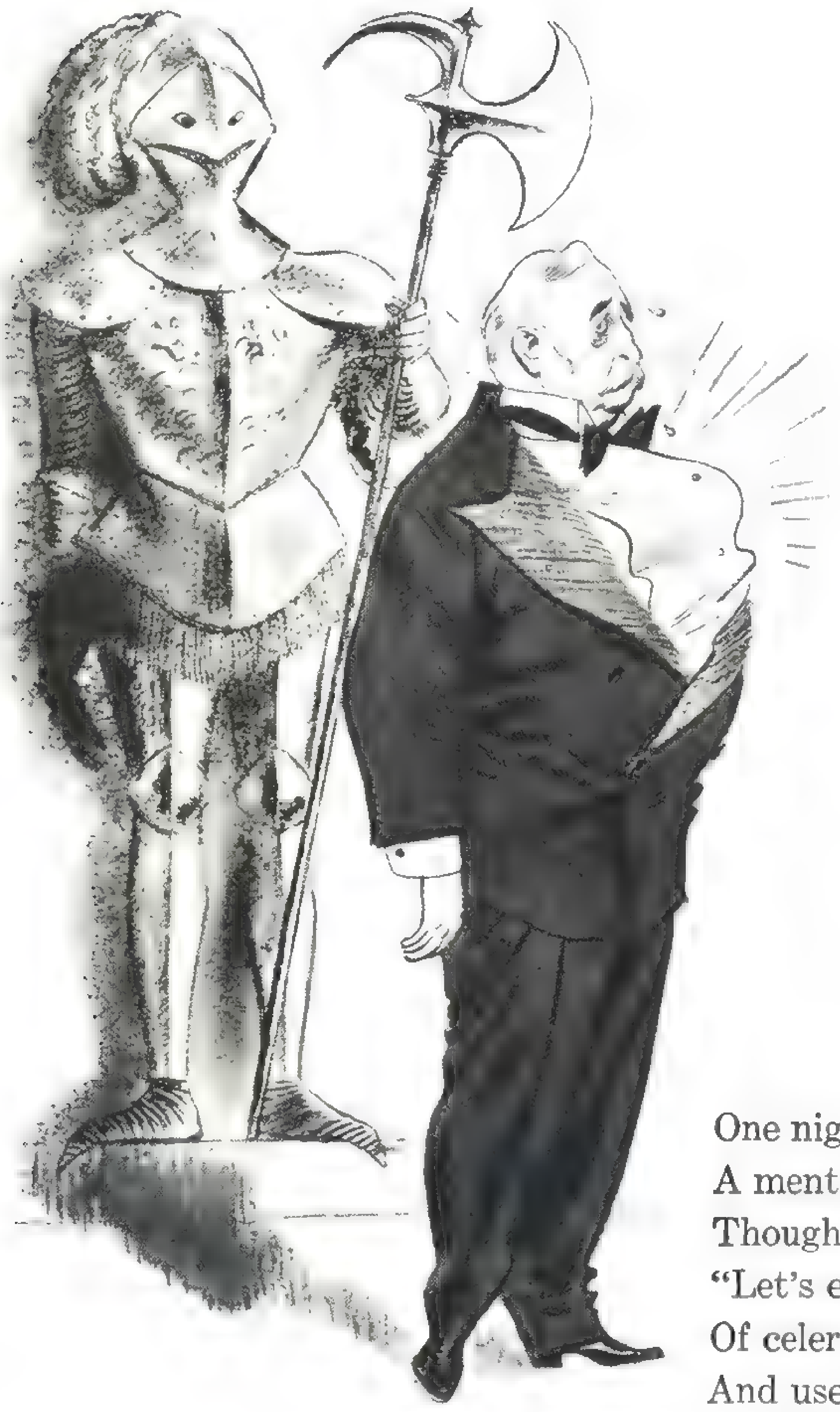
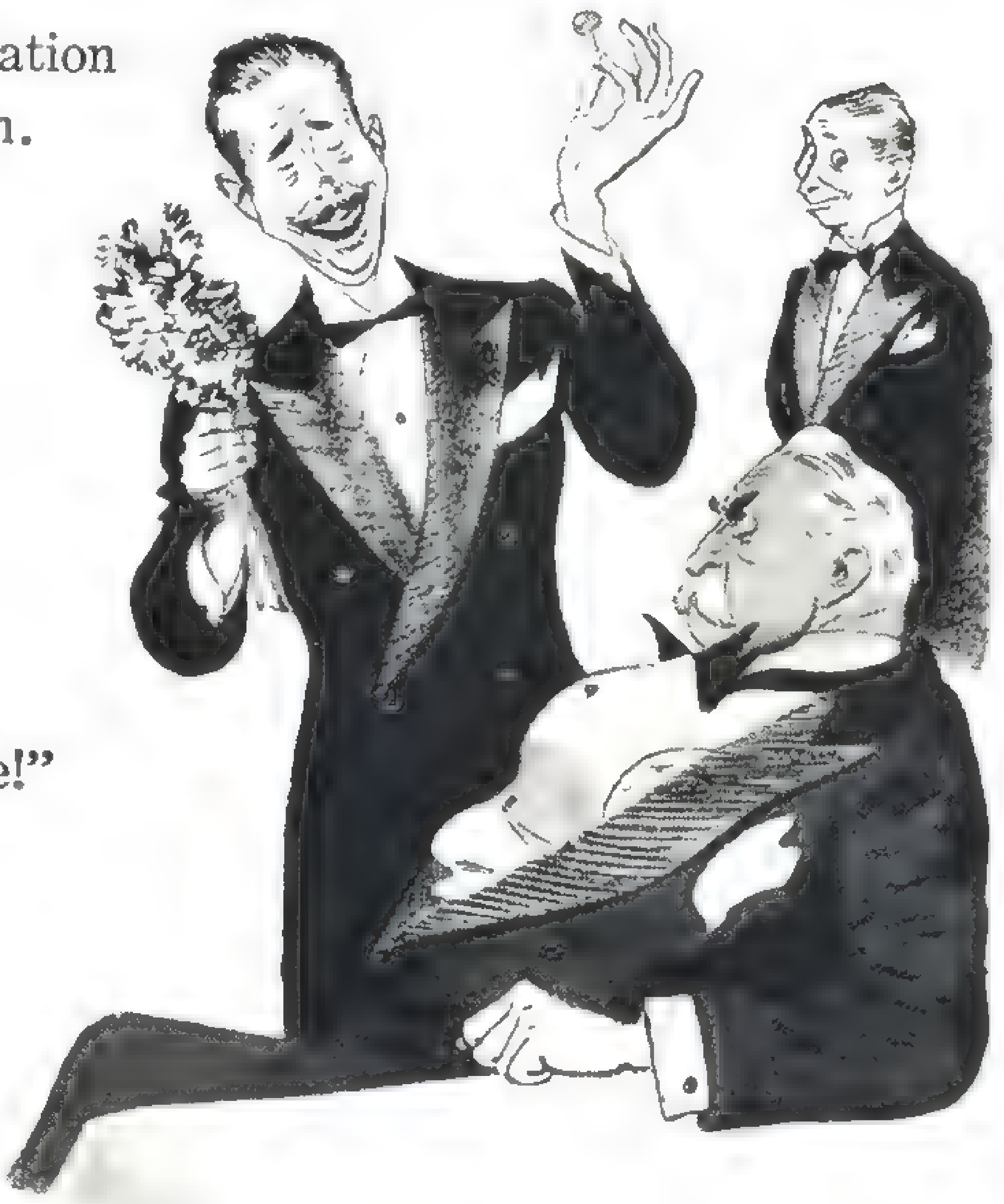


# The Story of Mr. Hess

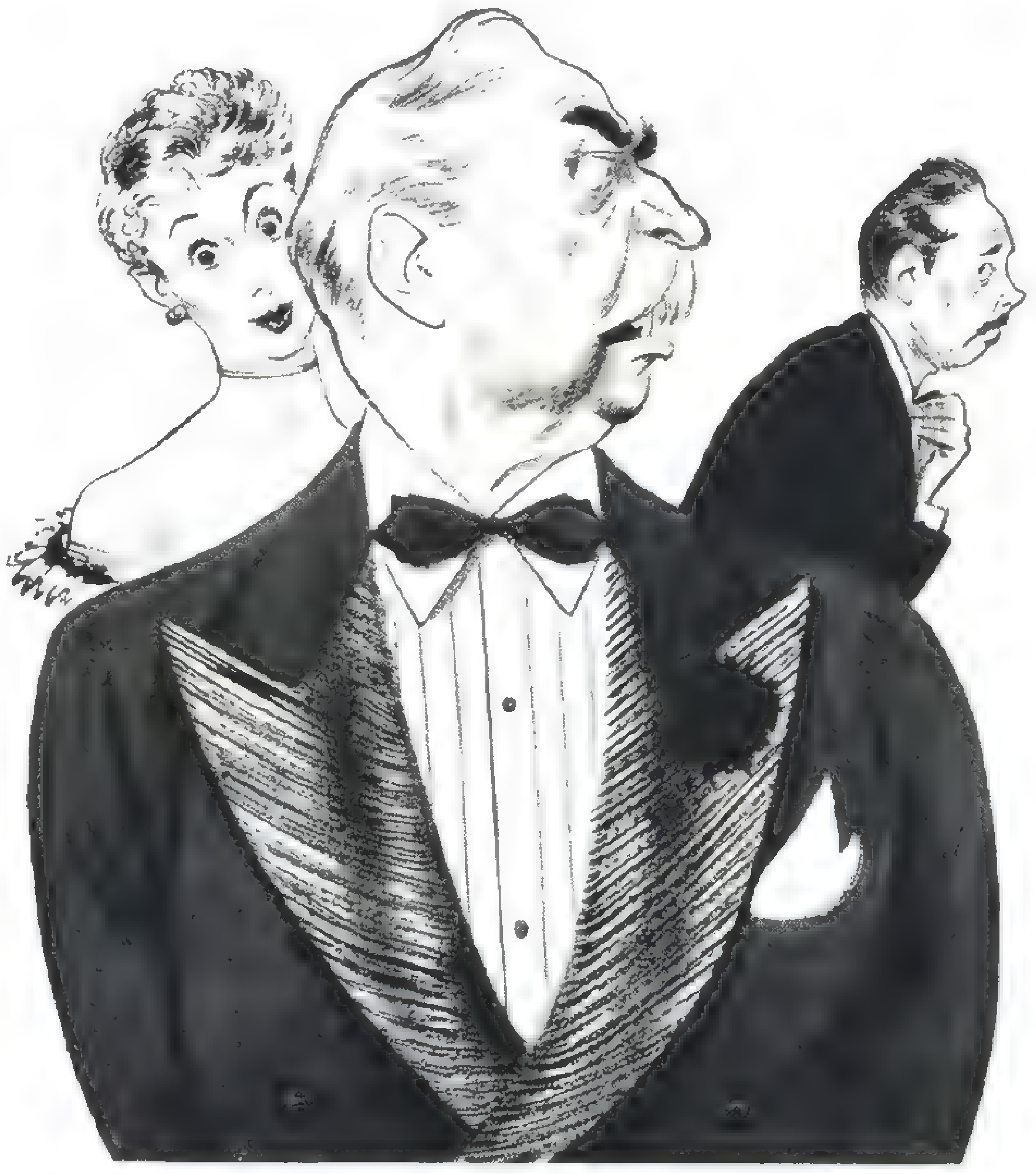
Whenever Mr. Hess
Was asked to dress
For dinner
He'd cuss like a sinner.
For if there was one thing he didn't care a fig for
It was dress shirts (which he was far too big for.)
They were hard as a sardine tin to
Get into
And their bosoms bunched
And crunched
And Mr. Hess felt the humiliation
Of looking like a poor relation.



One night, seeing Hess fidget,
A mental midget
Thought up something really *big*!
"Let's each take a sprig
Of celery and put some olives inside
And use the celery for toboggans and
Mr. Hess's shirtfront for a toboggan slide!"

Hess cursed
Till he burst.

Finally, his host, a kindly cockalorum,
Said, "Hess, it's time you tried an Arrow Shoreham!"
Shoreham has a turn-down collar, attached,
Which for dress-shirt comfort is unmatched.
Its pleated bosom is soft . . .
And it is easily donned and doffed.



Before he could be stopped
Out popped
Hess to nearest Arrow empor'um
And bought an Arrow Shoreham,
Saw it had merit
Told the clerk, "Don't wrap it, I'll wear it!"
And feeling hearty,
Dashed back to the party.

And he confronted his detractor, the one with
the vacuous noggin,
And roared: "*Now* would you like to toboggan?"
And the man said he wouldn't—
Because he couldn't!

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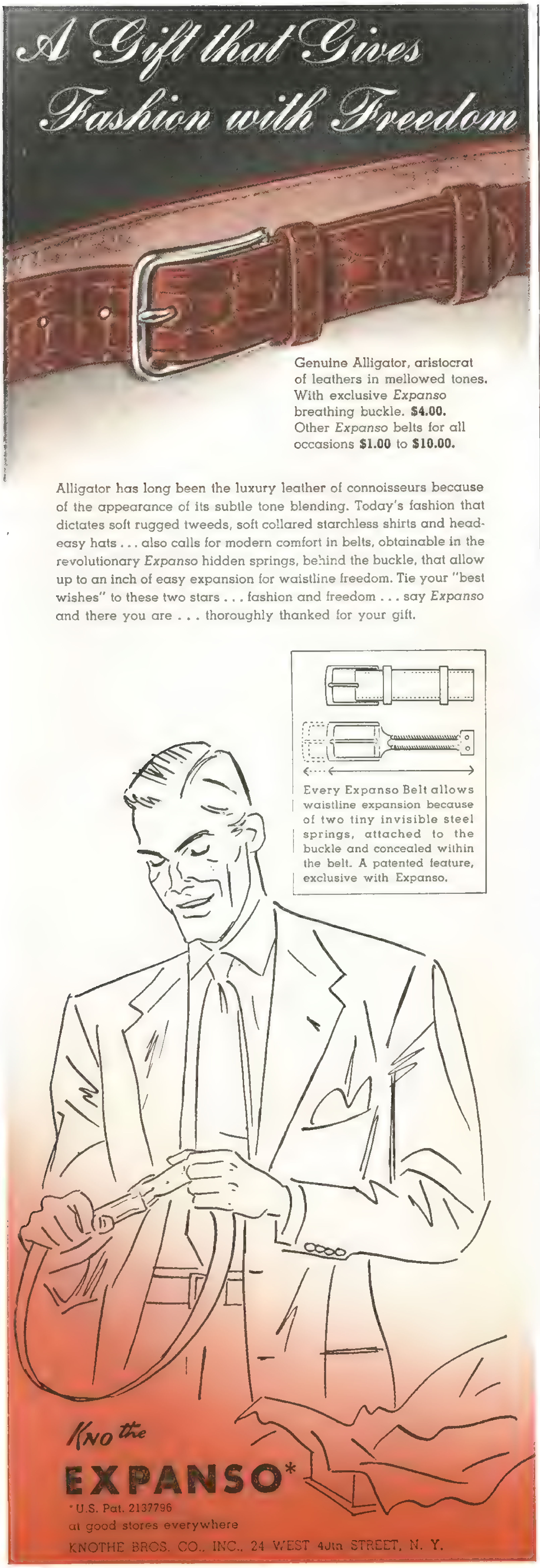

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## The Master of Them All

*Continued from pages 150-152*

army of oddities: the uncle who came about the parrot, the retired Gaiety girl, the vegetarian, the servants in half a hundred country houses, the lads who disguise themselves to escape the attentions of bespoke tailors—there you have the population of England!

The late Arthur Brisbane was the first, I believe, to indicate the social significance of Jeeves. *Cosmo* was about to run a serial and Brisbane, for some reason, wanted to give it a boost. So he said that Wodehouse was showing the weakness of the British upper class, in the contrast between Bertie and the brain, the ever-surging gray matter, of Jeeves. Looking back at it now, I wonder whether Brisbane was so far off. The Berties are all right, and they get along without help, when there is a simple job to do, even if it's a job of dying. But in the character-gallery of Wodehouse you can find all the pompous incompetence, the irresolution and stupidity, of any ruling class that's run to seed.

But you also find the good temper and the tolerance which makes the contemplation of life agreeable. If Wodehouse had written one grim book about these same people, you would probably have heard of him as a "relentless" or maybe "pitiless" reporter of England's degradation. He didn't think England was degraded, and he didn't write a grim book. I hope he comes back—and still doesn't feel that he needs to be grim about England—of which he is one of the most attractive manifestations.

And worth a hundred thousand of those who have crippled for generations, if they haven't completely destroyed, the civilization which seemed to him light and easy enough for comedy. ⌗

# Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

### How Thomas Mann, Goethe and Milton solved the duty of an artist in troublous times

### *by* WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

▪ BOOKS ▪

When this number of Esquire appears, one hundred million children will be in a state of happy excitement; for Christmas, which has been coming for nearly a year, will be close at hand. It is the only birthday almost universally celebrated. The twenty-second of February is not celebrated in Italy or India; the Fourth of July means nothing in Persia or Russia; Hitler's birthday, whenever it comes, is not yet a legal holiday in the United States; but Christmas is celebrated in every part of the round earth. Outside of the Gospels, the best Christmas story ever written is Dickens' *Christmas Carol*, Its author did more to spread the celebration of Christmas than any person since the First Century A.D.

To turn from the Prince of Peace to the Prince of Darkness, the long debate in Congress over the choice between drafting and voluntary enlistment drew an interesting comment from President Robert Hutchins of the University of Chicago (the a is pronounced as in water, I mean it ought to be). He was not only warmly in favor of conscription; he declared that voluntary enlistment should be forbidden. And if I remember accurately what he said, his reason was that enlisting being the socially correct thing to do, the socially *élite* young men always feel bound to enlist; thus establishing a kind of high social layer in what ought to be a purely democratic affair. This reasoning, which seems pretty good, is exactly the opposite of that chosen by the demagogues who attempt to prove that conscription favors the rich and the aristocratic. Well, the same objection was made against daylight-saving time; many who fought it said it favored the rich who wished to play golf. Benjamin Franklin advocated it, because in everything he preferred light to darkness; but it took a world war to establish it (temporarily) in the United States. I wish we had it from April to Christmas.

Now how do conscription and voluntary enlistment find a place in Esquire's bookshelf? Because almost at the instant when President Hutchins made his statement, appeared a new novel by Thomas Mann, called *The Beloved Returns*, in which the Charlotte of *The Sorrows of Young Werther* came to Weimar in her old age. On page 190 of Mann's book Mlle Schopenhauer, in describing Goethe's opposition to voluntary enlistment, says:

"In the matter of the volunteers he was entirely in the right—actually, if not ideally. . . . All our cavaliers enlisted, the whole of our younger social world. . . . It was the fashion, it was *de rigueur*. Patriotic duty received the social cachet of good form. And that was the fine and splendid thing. August von Goethe could not avoid joining—it was not a question of personal opinions but of honour and *chic*."

*The Beloved Returns*, like nearly all German novels, is too long; for while the Germans excel all the rest of the world put together in the composition of music, and while they have written a vast amount of beautiful lyrical poetry, they have not written many great novels. But this book is, like almost everything written about Goethe, interesting, even charming. With the exception of Athens

*Continued on page 160*

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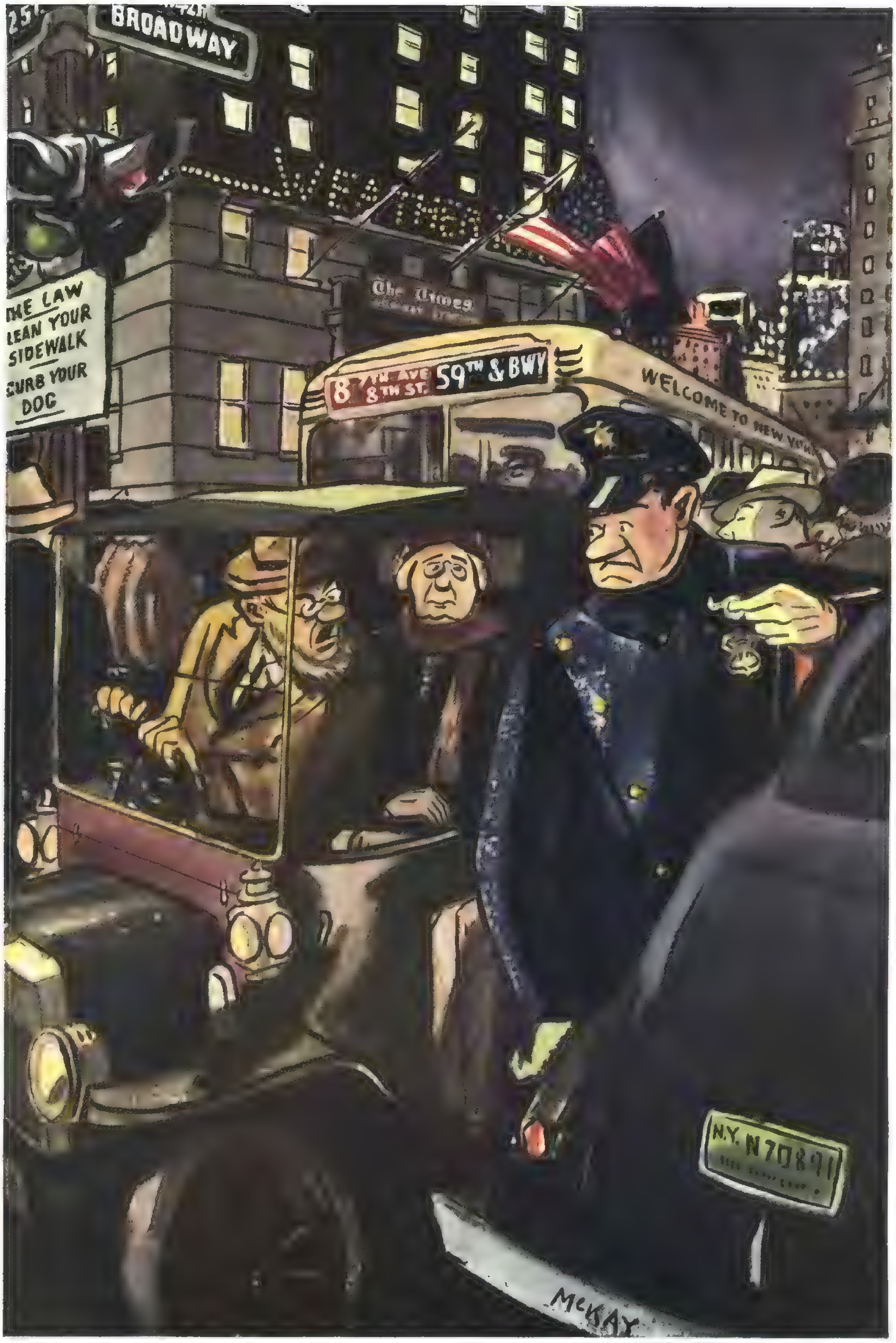
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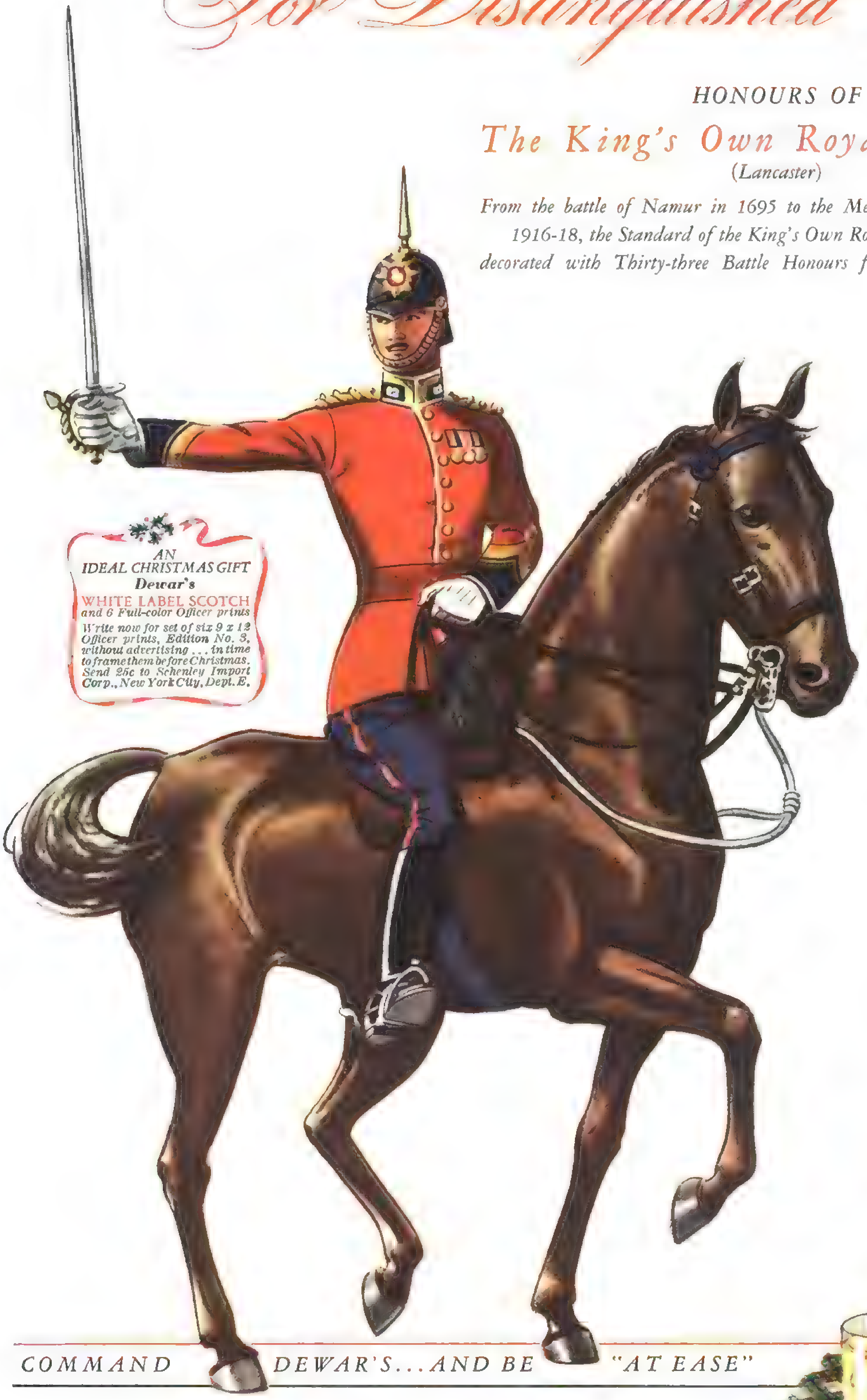

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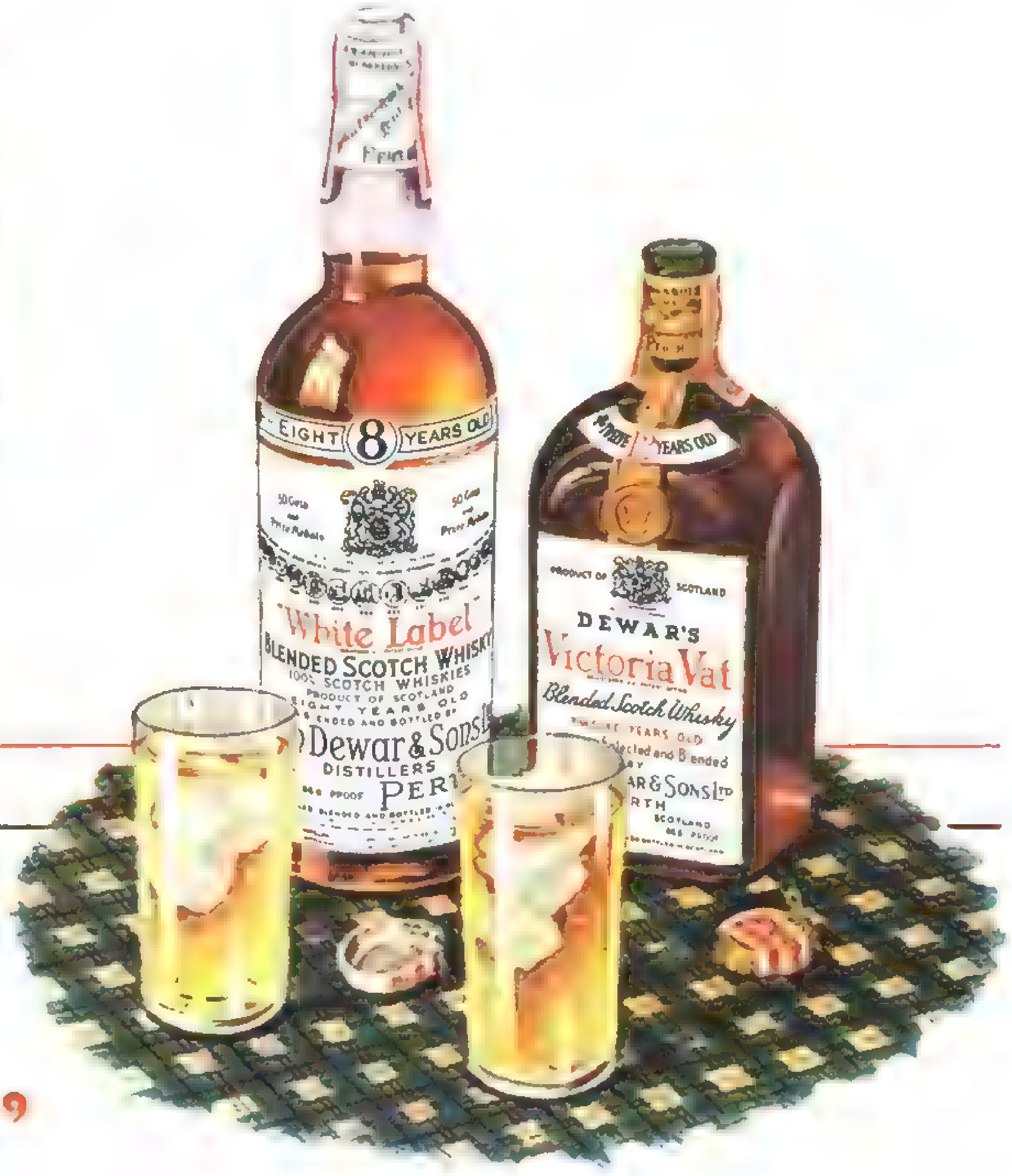

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Everyone will grant that New York is a big place, but . . . so help us . . . since November 1st a tongue-tip conversation piece around these parts has been Esquire's magnificent Christmas Fair at 10 Rockefeller Plaza.

"Isn't it beautiful" and "Did you see this and that" and "How it saved my time" and "What a wonderful idea" are just a few of the enthusiastic observations buzzing breathlessly about in the brisk Fall air of Manhattan.

For, Esquire's Christmas Fair, that opened to spontaneous applause two weeks ago, that will "run" 'til December 24th, truly *is* breathtaking.

Esquire's big idea is to enable you to organize your entire Christmas shopping at one fell swoop . . . then to arm you with lists of retail stores, both in New York City and elsewhere, where you may buy what you have selected.

You accomplish just that in a setting that quivers with excitement . . . so very near is it, indeed, to your idea of Fairyland.

The entire gamut of the nation's finest gift merchandise is assembled before you . . . classified, concentrated, segregated for easy selection. Enthralled, you weave through it, guided by one of Esquire's young lady Gift Counselors, whose intelligence belies her very good looks.

One visit to the Fair will solve all your gift problems in this completely new and modern way that's as easy, believe us, as rolling off a Yule log.

But you'll be back again, we'll wager, for we have built a magnet. It costs you nothing to enter and no merchandise is sold.

Just bring along your "Ohs" and "Ahs" to join in the chorus.

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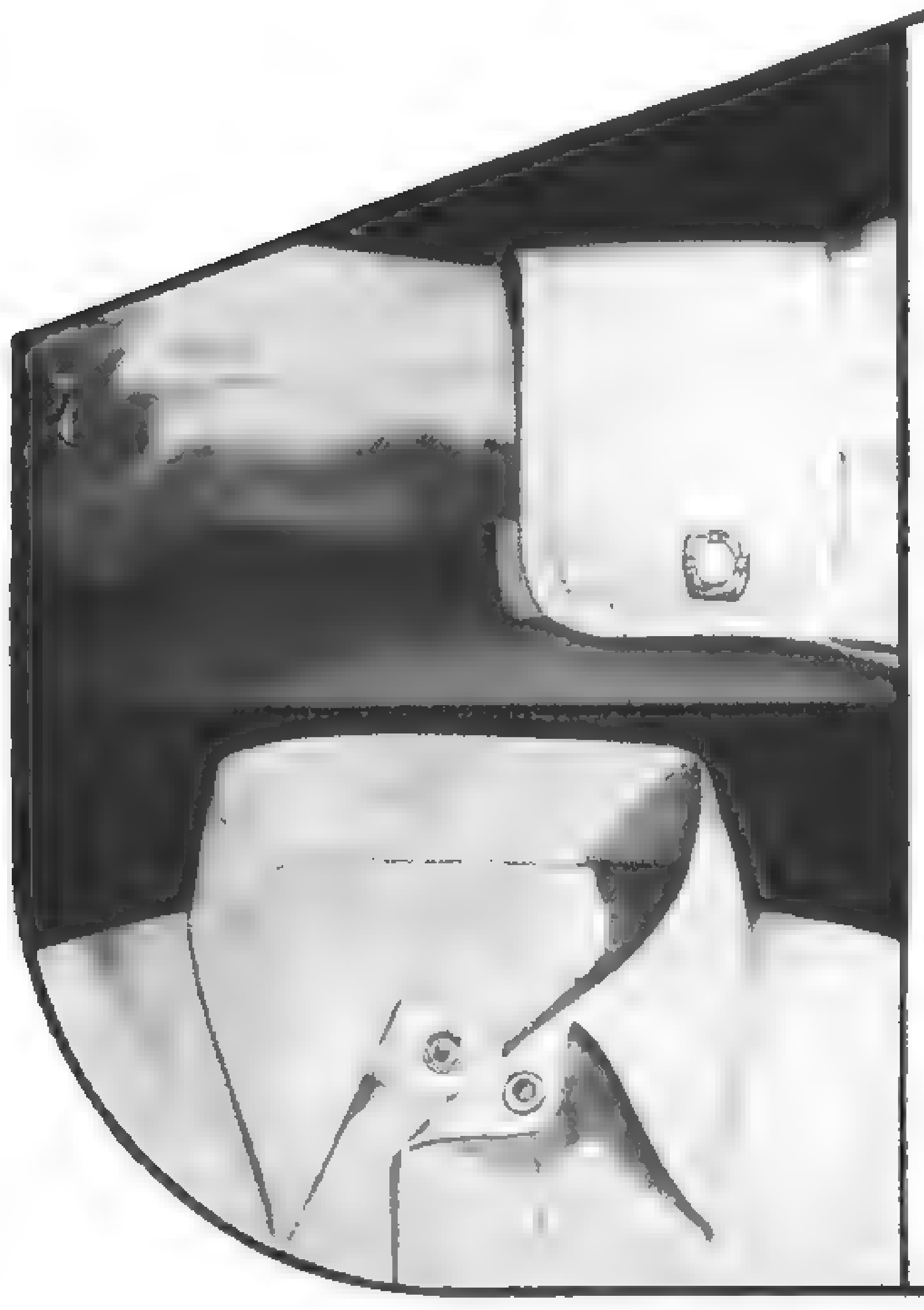

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*The laundry-proof snap fastener that ends button bother

## Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

*Continued from page 154*

in the fifth century before Christ, I suppose there never was a more civilized community than Weimar in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century. Thackeray always looked back on the days he spent in that place with a kind of homesickness; he never had seen anywhere a more charming and intelligent group of persons inspired as they all were by the presence of the greatest poet since Shakespeare. Goethe's *Conversations with Eckermann* (Everyman's Library) is one of the great books of the world. Whenever he discussed anything, he seemed to turn a searchlight on it; and his conversation had an ineffable charm. That book is worth reading today for another reason; to see what Germany was and what she is. To see, apart from his cruelty and tyranny toward other nations, what Hitler has done to Germany.

Incidentally, the verses by Thackeray about Charlotte cutting bread and butter, which are eternally quoted, were not original with Thackeray; he took them from some German comic verses, which I read long ago, and cannot now remember the author.

What does the Kaiser Wilhelm think about these days? If war had not been started in 1914, he would now have been German Emperor for fifty-two years; with the possibility of beating the record set by the Emperor Franz Josef of Austria.

Speaking of enlistment as socially imperative, a new edition of Professor William Graham Sumner's *Folkways* has just appeared, to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of his birth. The publishers requested me to write an Introduction to the volume, which I was glad to do. I am not competent to discuss the subject treated, but I knew Sumner intimately when I was an undergraduate student, a graduate student, and one of his colleagues on the Faculty; so I confined my introductory remarks entirely to personal reminiscences. He was an astonishing person; one of the greatest teachers I ever saw. He combined twice, two qualities seldom found together. He was a tremendously inspiring teacher and a research scholar of the first magnitude; and I never knew a man more dogmatic and positive, yet every statement he made was founded on long and patient investigation.

I think we should remember this about the *mores;* the mores are not necessarily moral, they are descriptive; that is, they tell us what is right *according to prevailing social conventions.* I hate the philosophy called Behaviorism and I do not believe in it; but the mores really describe human behavior as approved by society, rather than what is ethically right. For this reason, the great moral, spiritual and religious leaders have always been against the mores. Socrates, Savonarola, Carlyle, and above all, the Founder of Christianity. "Ye have heard that it hath been said . . . but I say unto you," etc.

Sumner's books are particularly worth reading nowadays, because while old economic fashions of thought and behavior have gone with the wind of doctrinaires, many of his statements remain as true as natural law. In his little book, *What Social Classes Owe to Each Other*, he invented the phrase "The Forgotten Man." Today this phrase is used to describe exactly the opposite of what Sumner meant. The "underprivileged," no matter what ought to be done for them, are not the forgotten men. Listen to Sumner:

"The type and formula of most schemes of philanthropy or humanitarianism is this: A and B put their heads together to decide what C shall be made to do for D. The radical vice of all these schemes, from a sociological point of view, is that C is not allowed a voice in the matter, and his position, character, and interests, as well as the ultimate effects on society through C's interests, are entirely overlooked. I call C the Forgotten Man."

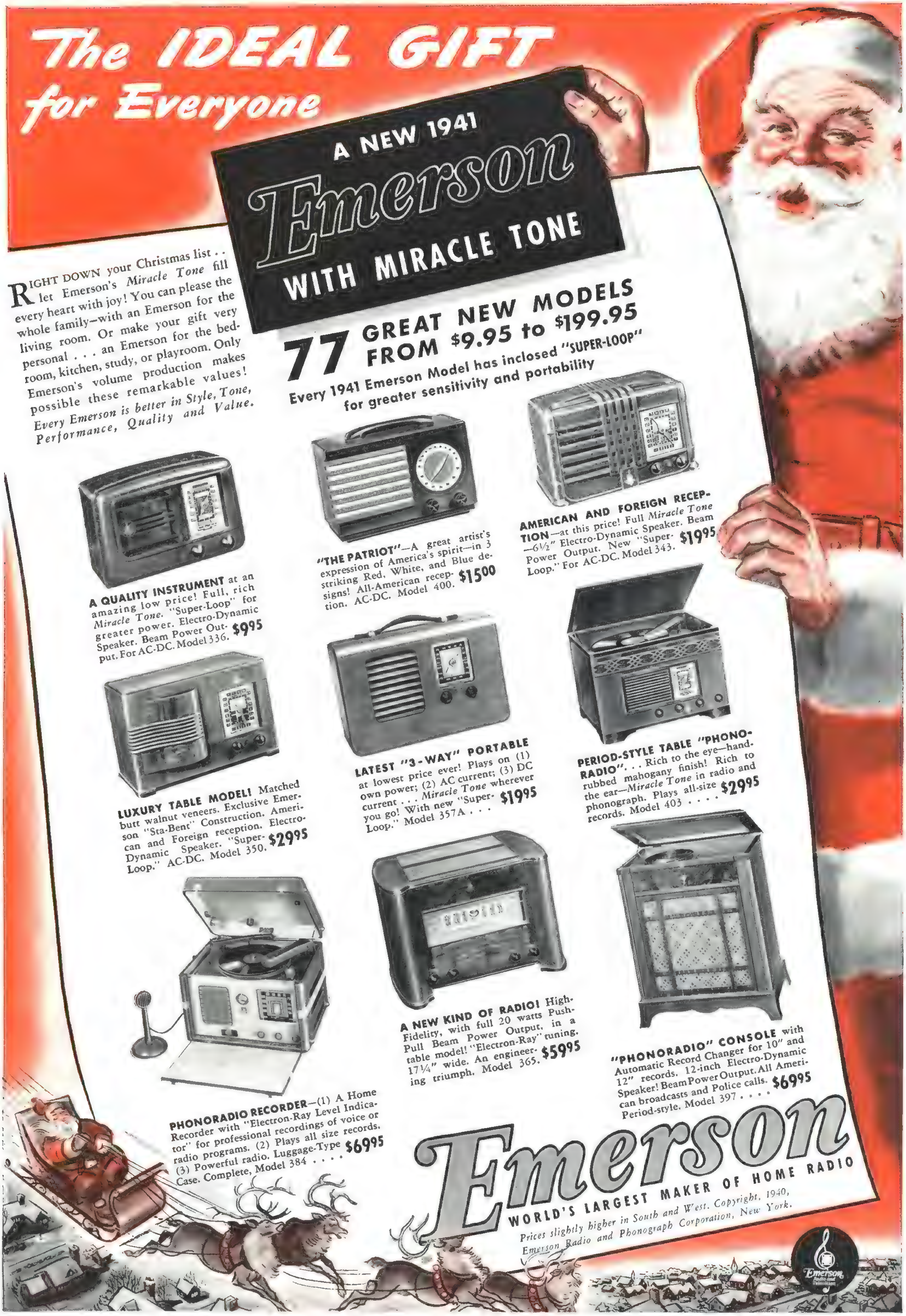
Long before the curse of national prohibition fell upon us, the evil effects of which will probably continue to be evident during the next fifty years, Sumner, in this same book prophesied thus:

"The fallacy of all prohibitory sumptuary, and moral legislation is the same. A and B determine to be teetotalers, which is often a wise determination, and sometimes a necessary one. If A and B are moved by considerations which seem to them good, that is enough. But A and B put their heads together to get a law passed which shall force C to be a teetotaler for the sake of D, who is in danger of drinking too much. There is no pressure on A and B. They are having their own way, and they like it. There is rarely any pressure on D. He does not like it, and evades it. The pressure all comes on C. The question then arises, Who is C? He is the man who wants alcoholic liquors for any honest purpose whatsoever, who would use his liberty without abusing it, who would occasion no public question, and trouble nobody at all. He is the Forgotten Man again, and as soon as he is drawn from his obscurity we see that he is just what each one of us ought to be."

I think the centennial of Sumner's birth deserves to be celebrated; and while there will be in various places special exercises of commemoration, the best way to celebrate it is to read his books.

Speaking of laws, let me recommend an exciting and informative book, which contains in less than 200 pages an enormous amount of human nature in various manifestations. This is *Magistrates Court*, by Henry H. Curran, Chief Magistrate of New York City; the numerous illustrations are by George

*Continued on page 162*



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## Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

*Continued from pages 154-160*

Wright. The contents are twenty short stories which truly narrate things that happen every night in a metropolis. I knew Henry Curran was a wise and able judge; but I confess I did not know he possessed such literary skill. He knows exactly what he is talking about; but few possess knowledge with the ability to present it in a form both dramatic and sympathetic. As a rule, I greatly prefer a novel to a collection of short stories; but in this small volume the people and the events are presented with such white-hot intensity, that even if I had been in the courtroom, I could not have listened with more strained attention than I have given to the printed pages. One of the motion picture magnates said that Robert Browning was the greatest writer for the movies who ever lived; I think he would have used these stories for many dramatic lyrics and monologues.

Phil Stong, whom everybody loves or ought to, inaugurates a series of separate volumes about the individual states of the U.S.A. with a lively, humorous, affectionate, patriotic book on Iowa. The only objection I have to this particular series is that it is called *Sovereign States.* Now our individual states, Illinois, Georgia, New York, etc., are no more "sovereign" than New Haven, Connecticut is a sovereign city. It is ridiculous to call them by such a name. As a matter of fact, they never were sovereign states, not since the adoption of the United States Constitution written in 1787; the attempt to prove they were such was decided by our Civil War. After the Civil War, some of the states believed they were still sovereign; but when the states voted for a Federal Income Tax, the last shred of sovereignty disappeared. For this vote authorized a Federal officer to enter every individual home in every state and every man's place of business.

However, this fancy title is not important; what is important is that Phil Stong has written a diverting, warm-hearted book about a state between two mighty rivers. Farming and everything connected with the science and art of agriculture play a large part in this volume, as they ought to; and William Allen White's account of the two colors and how together they established civilization on our American frontiers, is brought vividly to the attention of the reader. The two colors, of course, are red and white; the red schoolhouse and the white church. Mr. Stong loves the red more than the white and perhaps he is oversevere on the latter. We are a long way from Utopia, even in Iowa; and the saddest part of it is that in order to realize it, we must look backward rather than forward. For a true Utopia we do not need marble halls or any conceivable paradise. Nearly every Utopia suggested by men is so much worse than what we have, we should be grateful that these visionaries are impotent; the best Utopia on earth is not only within reach of humanity, we actually had it or came near it. The best Utopia is described in the Bible, in the book of the Prophet Micah; and fearing that two or three readers of Esquire may not be intimately familiar with Micah, I hope it will not insult them if I quote:

"But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid; for the mouth of the Lord of hosts hath spoken it.

"For all people will walk every one in the name of his god, and we will walk in the name of the Lord our God for ever and ever."

Political, economic, religious freedom. That does not seem so much, does it? But think how very much farther away we are from this modest goal than we were fifty years ago. Then a farmer could secure eighty acres, support his wife and family, and sit in his shirt-sleeves on a Sunday afternoon afraid of nobody. He had the blessed privilege of being let alone. And so far as large towns were concerned; fifty years ago I asked a great many business men if they knew of any instance where a man of average health and ability without bad habits was unable to support a family. The invariable reply was that they had never known of a single case. Do you notice that our writers are not so fond of ridiculing the Victorian period or the mauve nineties as they used to be?

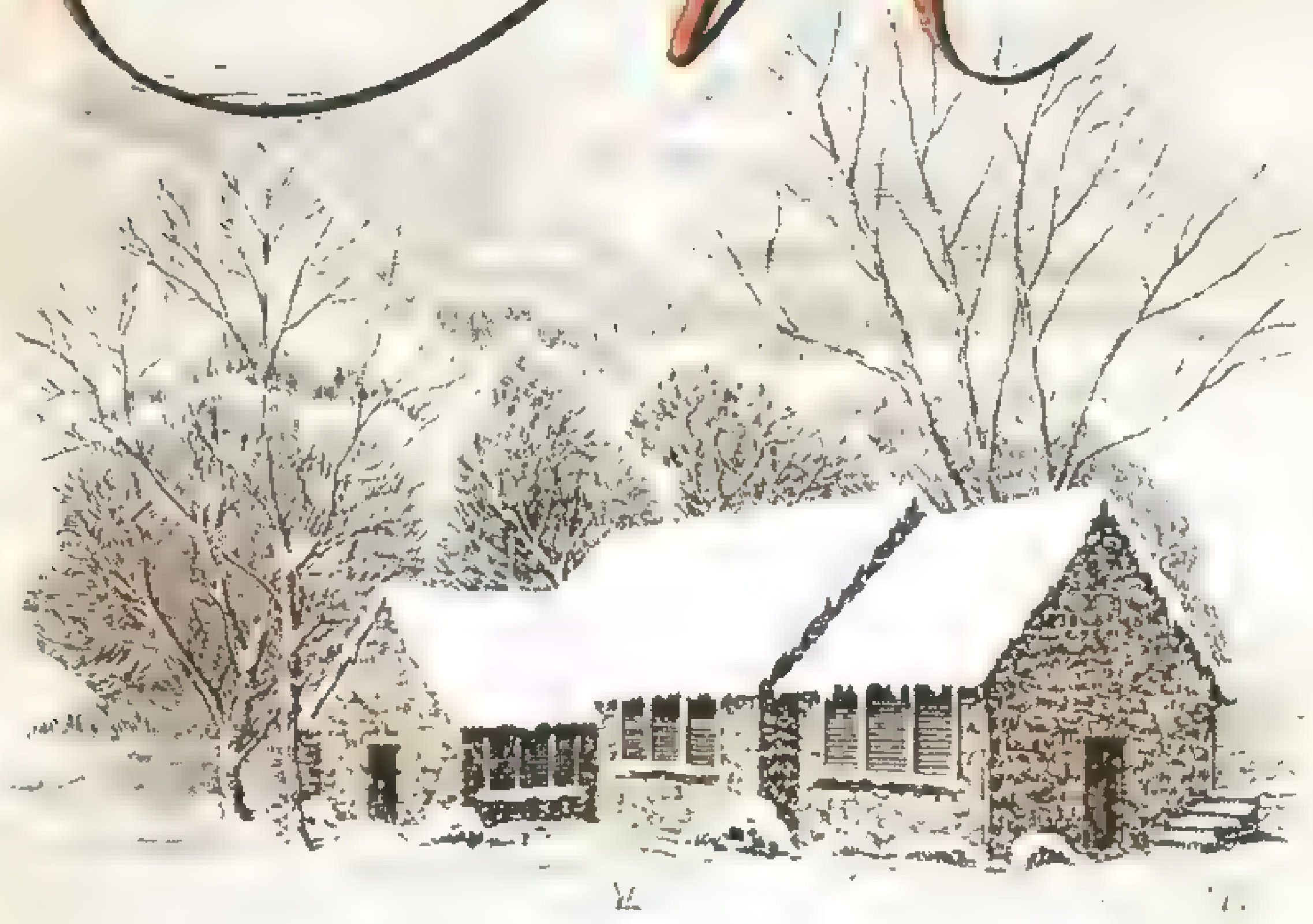
### *Pronunciation*

Many years ago the Legislature of Arkansas passed a law that the name should be pronounced Arkansaw. I wish other states would, when it is necessary, follow this excellent example. In this they can be sovereign. Iowa, for example: I have heard it accented on the first syllable, heavily on the second, and often called Ioway. The best story, of course, is that of the Englishman who, when laughed at about Cholmondeley, Beauchamp, Beaulieu, etc., replied, "Why, you Americans are just as bad; look at one of your own great states; you spell it IOWA, and then you pronounce it OHIO."

Writers of murder stories are more and more making their chief personages hunt in couples, which fact adds greatly to the reader's interest and amusement; Rex Stout has Nero Wolfe and Mr. Goodwin, E. S. Gardner has Perry Mason and Della Street, and a new star has risen above the horizon, Frank Gruber, who has in his murder stories a delectable pair, Johnny Fletcher and Sam Cragg. In the November issue of this magazine I praised his book *The French Key,* and now he has another published, *The Laughing Fox,* in which incarnate brains and incarnate brawn once more work efficiently together. The dependable Agatha Christie comes through again with *Sad Cypress. Verdict of Twelve,* by Raymond Postgate,

*Continued on page 164*

# *Make this an old-time Christmas!*



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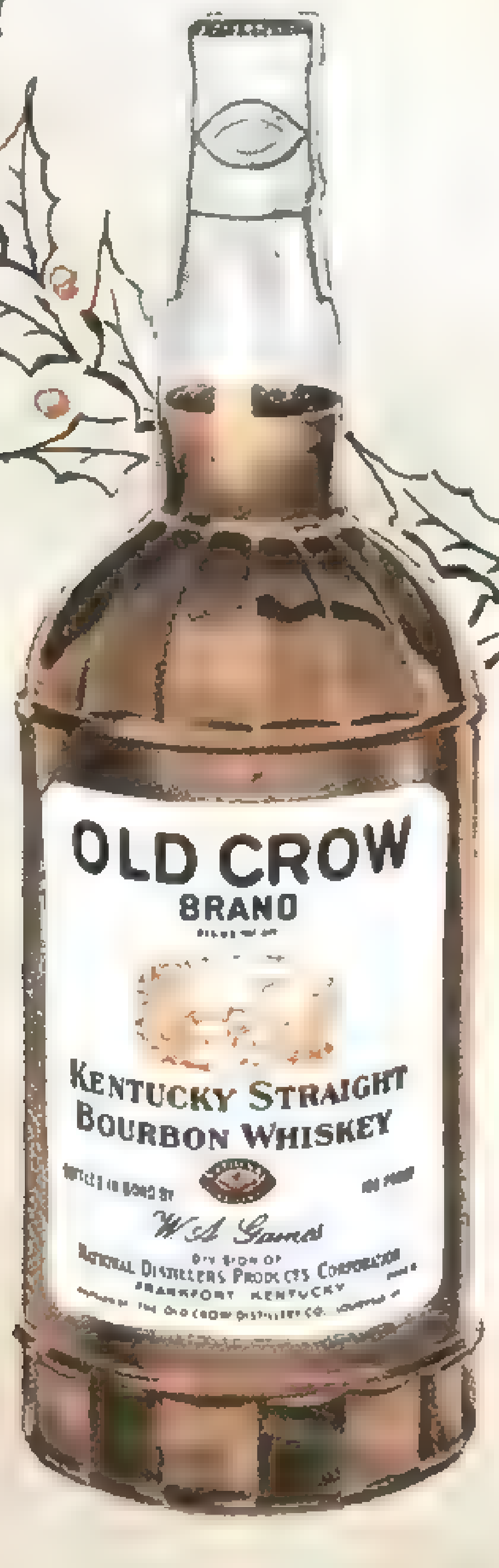
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## Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

*Continued from pages 154-160-162*

has a good idea poorly presented. It ought to have been a much better murder story than it is, though it is intellectually mature.

Returning now like a symphony to the original key, I am brought back to a consideration of Thomas Mann's *The Beloved Returns* by two brief books from two of our foremost living American poets, Stephen Vincent Benét and Archibald MacLeish. Thomas Mann himself, a professional novelist, wished of course to continue to write novels, to practice the art he loves; but after the rise of Hitler, he felt it to be his duty at least for a year to give lectures in America to help the good cause of liberty. In his new book he solves his own problem neatly; he writes a novel—a work of art—in which the underlying idea is this: what should be the duty of artists when their country or when any good cause is in danger? Everyone who knows anything about Goethe knows that he resolutely refused to write German patriotic poems or other works during the Napoleonic wars. Everyone who knows anything about Milton knows that he did just the opposite, forsook poetry for prose, and acted as Oliver Cromwell's Foreign Secretary, when he believed the cause of freedom was in danger. Both men were admirable in their genius and in their characters; yet I would rather have Milton's poems than any of his prose; and I personally rejoice that Goethe felt the responsibility of his genius more than his responsibility as a citizen. He incurred obloquy by so doing; for there are a hundred thousand men who feel a passion for patriotism to one who feels a passion for poetry. In fact, Goethe refused to attack France, saying it was a civilized country; he did not hesitate to lunch and talk with the conquering Napoleon, thus making a picture for all time of two men of genius together, Goethe the man of letters and Napoleon the man of action. The latter was full of admiration for the poet; and if he sat down to a meal and Goethe was not in the room, he asked, "*Where is Gert?*" (as he pronounced him). "*Où est Goethe?*"

Well, this is a question every writer must settle for himself. Archibald MacLeish, in his little book, *The Irresponsibles*, condemns his contemporaries for their cynicism and their repudiation of responsibility. It is a powerful tract, and I think will do good. They must not fiddle while Rome burns. Another question rises from this. I, in common with hundreds of thousands outside Germany, had rejoiced ever since 1918, that no English or American writer dared to glorify or sentimentalize war; all our writers who discussed the subject ridiculed war, endeavored in the cause of peace and civilization to make war abominable, ridiculous, insane, anything but splendid; they "debunked" it. During the seven years preceding September 1939, while this was the prevailing attitude in English-speaking countries, and I rejoiced that it was, Hitler was bringing up the youth of Germany to believe war was glorious, that to fight, kill, and die for one's country was the only true religion; what shall we say about all this?

Stephen Benét has written a tremendously powerful poem called *Nightmare at Noon*, which gives a picture of Central Park, with the baby carriages and a harmless man on a bench reading a Yiddish newspaper, and all taking liberty for granted; as they did in Holland, Belgium, Norway, Denmark and other places. What shall we say about all this?

We can say this: apart from his cruelties and murders, Hitler has done more to destroy human liberty than any other man in history I can think of; if we do not like to pay excess or excessive taxes, let us remember that Hitler's hands are at this moment in the pockets of millions of Americans.

### *Christmas Presents*

As this is a magazine for men, and as all intelligent men are interested in clothing, by which I include hats and shoes, I hope it will not be considered an impertinence if I suggest that if you wish to give a Christmas present to a man, and if you know his head size, you give him a hat. One of the most useful hats in the world to those who go out in the evening, is an opera hat.

Or, give him a good soft hat. The soft hat came in to stay about 1907; and my reason for this is the automobile, which became quite common about that time. It is still possible, if one is thinking only of what is on one's head instead of what is in it, to wear the hat called in America the derby or dicer and in England, the bowler. I have not bought a derby since 1917 and never shall. Because in getting in and out of an automobile, one usually hits one's hat against the top. This does no harm to an opera hat or to a soft hat; but it is fatal to the derby. One wound, one dent, any dent in a derby is mortal; the hat is no good after that.

A first-class sweater, imported from Scotland, and it is becoming more difficult to get Pringle's goods, is usually an acceptable gift to any man outside of a hospital; whether it be a pullover, a coat-sweater, or a sleeveless.

From clothing let us proceed to books.

Sandburg's *Lincoln: The War Years*. Four volumes. Dunn and Stephenson's *Life of Washington*. Two volumes. B. L. Burman's *Big River to Cross*. Charles F. Gardiner's *Doctor at Timberline*. Alfred E. Housman's *Collected Poems*. H. L. Mencken's *Happy Days*. Thomas Craven's *A Treasury of Art Masterpieces*. Mantle's *Best Plays of 1939-1940*. Burton Hendrick's *Statesmen of the Lost Cause*. Carl Van Doren's *Benjamin Franklin*. ✠

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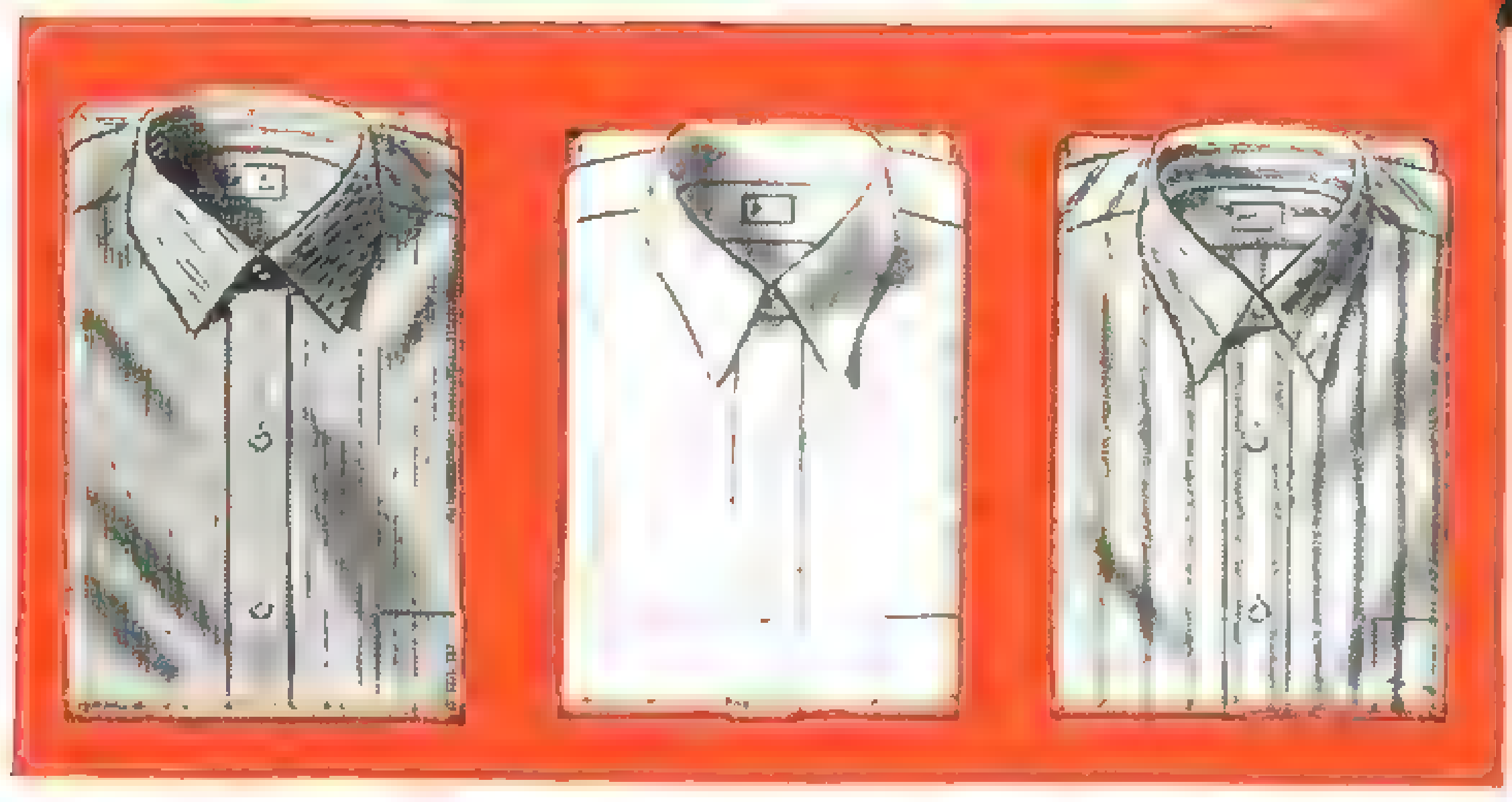

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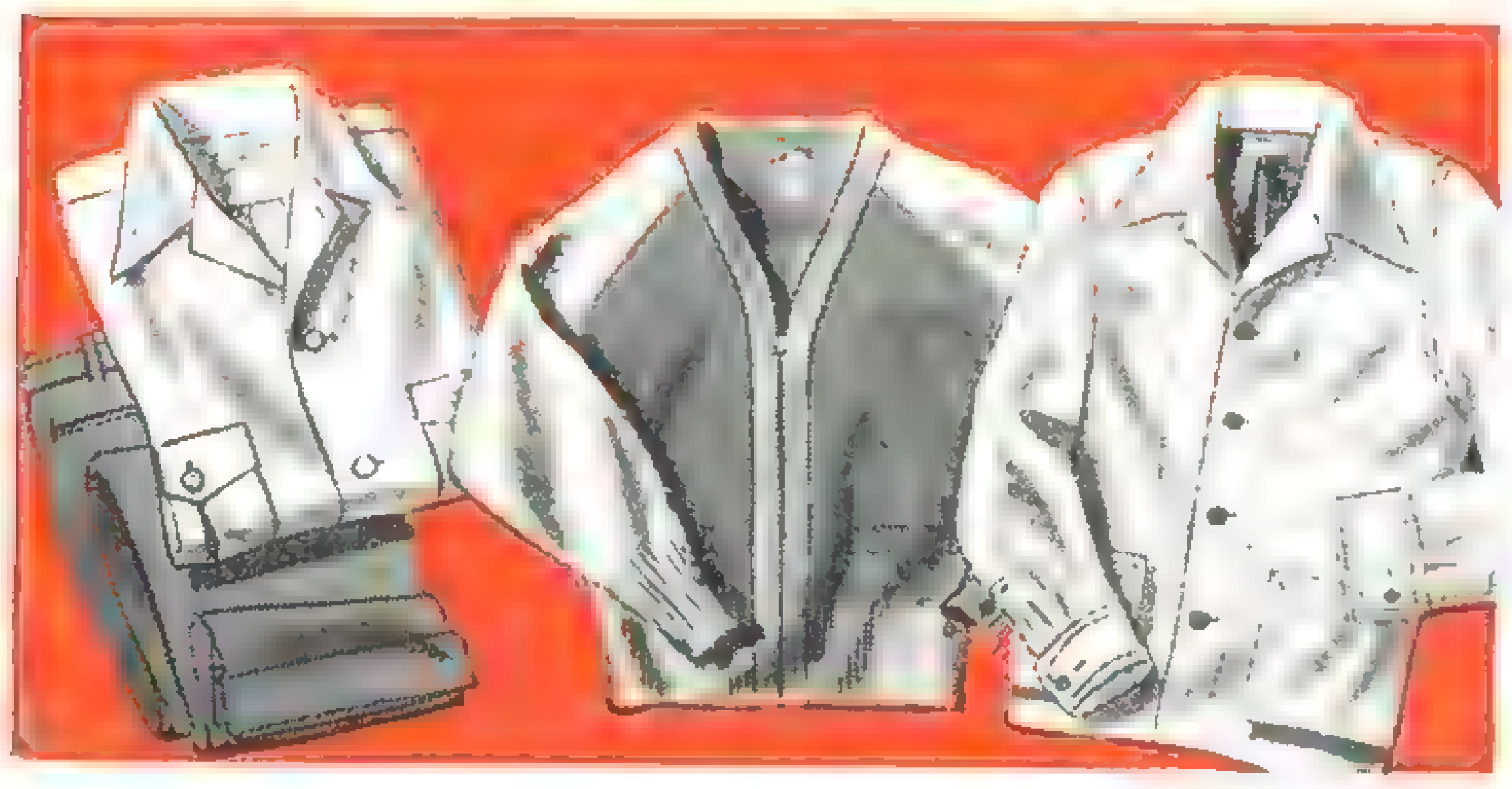

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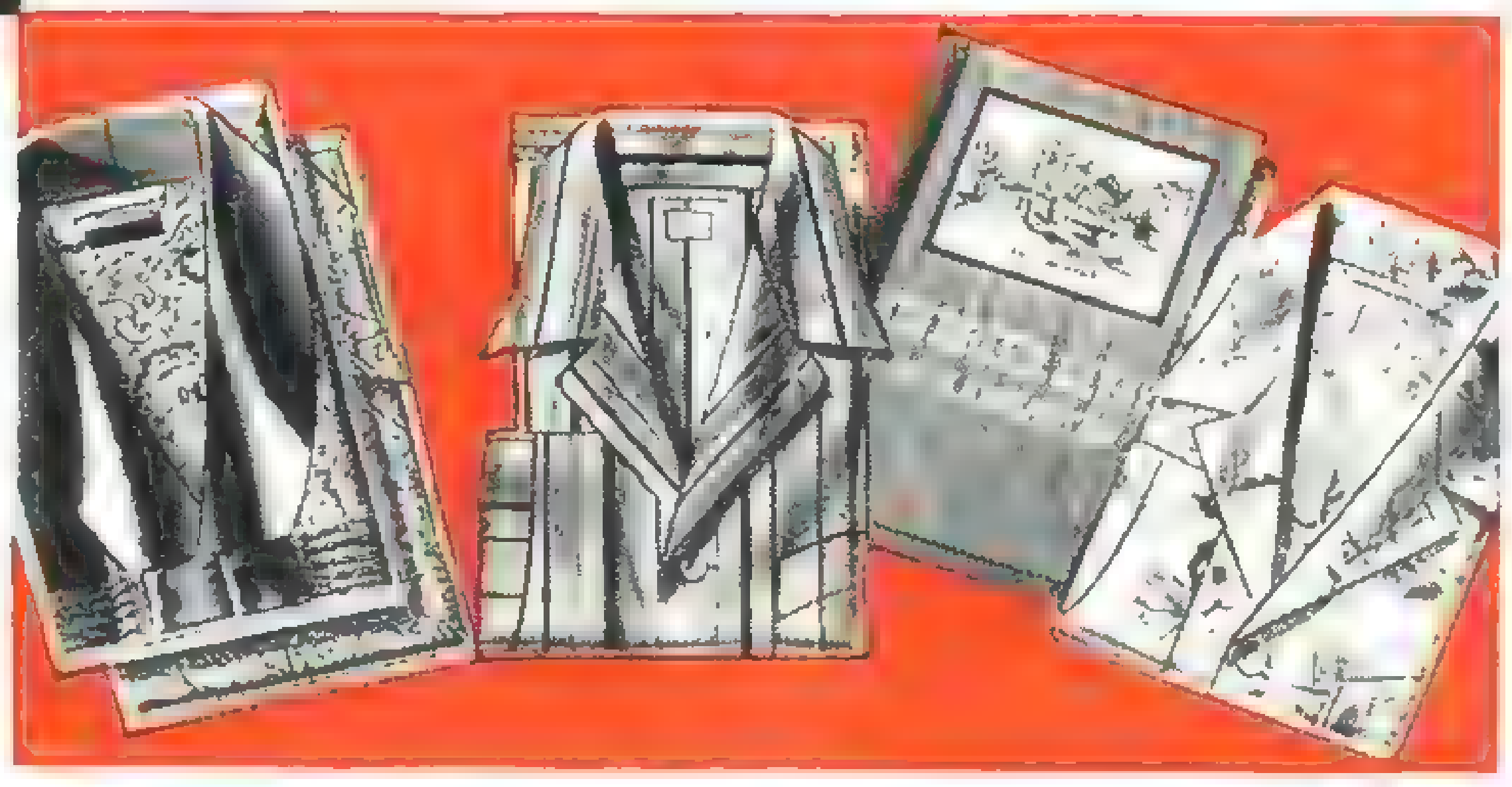

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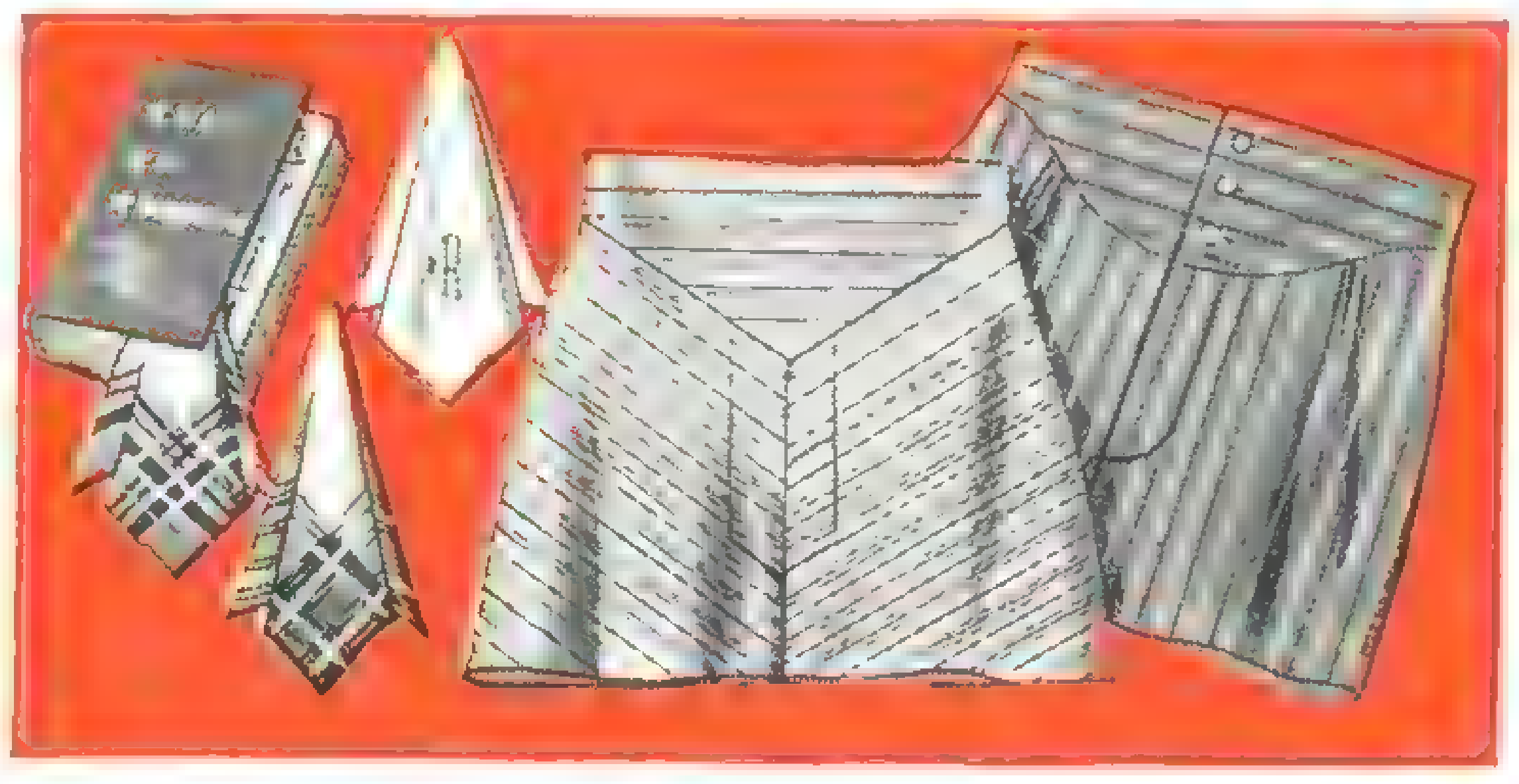

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# Roulades and Cadenzas

## Bedlam began when ASCAP demanded composers get more than six cents per broadcast song

### by CARLETON SMITH

▪ MUSIC ▪

It is five minutes before midnight on New Year's Eve. The Brooklyn and Queensboro bridges are both jammed. Traffic has been diverted from midtown Manhattan for hours. Cross-town streets are completely roped off and filled with American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers ASCAP scores, sheet music, records, electrical transcriptions, and much thumbed libraries, shortly to become worthless. Crowds have emptied Times Square and rushed from Broadway to warm their hands by the lighted pyres.

The moment has come when songs we lived, loved and died by will fill the air no more. An anthem *God Bless America* has become anathema to the microphone. Irish eyes will no longer smile or cry to *My Wild Irish Rose* and *Mother Machree.* The Scotch won't be *Roamin' in the Gloamin'. Body and Soul* are to separated and *The Man I Love* won't be loved any more. There will be no more shade under the old apple tree. Amos 'n' Andy, Fred Waring, and Paul Whiteman have lost their theme signatures. Music is in for its greatest purge.

Jerome Kern, Irving Berlin, Rodgers and Hart, Lehar, Fritz Kreisler, and their publishers—the men who brought to life the hits of this century—have asked an annual payment from broadcasters of roughly six to seven million. The broadcasters have replied: "Sorry! No got! Anyway, we can get along without you very well."

As a result, the New Year rings in pandemonium. Families are divided; brother set against brother. Among the hillbillies Toomer took a pot-shot at Pop for saying they'd never play *The Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia* in the city any more, and Mom started bawling because she was afraid *Pop Goes the Weasel* wasn't in the public domain. A Pittsburgh station—to beat the deadline—plays *Ol' Man River* and *River Stay Away from My Door* simultaneously. In the front room of a Vermont farmhouse Jane and Joe are, for the last time, giving their all to *I Get a Kick Out of You.* The carilloner of Trinity chimes hesitates to put the concluding tap on *Auld Lang Syne* and begin *East Side, West Side,* being afraid the vestry of the old church will be sued for a million.

After one o'clock (New York time) the *Beautiful Ohio* must flow and overflow without benefit of an adjective. St. Louis will no longer send us its blues. After two, there will be no *Springtime in the Rockies.* From three onwards, Hollywood arrivals will be unannounced. *California, Here I Come* will be off the air. The song will have ended and the melody won't linger on.

God! what a night! The Columbia network went dead in the middle of a piece when an engineer realized that the BMI melody was lifted from an ASCAP song.

The reasons for all this, as for most of our problems these days, are not simple. To compare ASCAP's statistics with those of the National Association of Broadcasters; to determine whether, in the long run, ASCAP hinders the development of young songwriters, as the broadcasters contend; whether ASCAP demands more than radio can pay—one would need to be a Supreme Court justice, accountant, sociologist and prophet.

Such bedlam as we have described should be avoided. Before New Year's Day, a way must be found to compose the differences. The public, too, has an interest.

* * *

Time was when composers were poor and nobody cared whether they ate or paid their rent. Even today debutantes seem to think Mozart and Schubert wrote better music because they were hungry. Sentimental sob-sisters like to recount how Stephen Foster died in New York's Bellevue Hospital with thirty-eight cents in his pockets.

In the past, composers and songwriters have had the rawest of deals. For centuries without copyright protection, they were the helpless prey of pirates in the performing as well as publishing business. Because they wrote about the moon in June instead of about autos or underwear, chewing gum or liquor, nobody wanted to pay them.

When the author of *Darling Nellie Gray* was paid off with a dozen copies of the song, he inquired as to its success. His publisher replied "Sir: your favor received. *Nellie Gray* is sung on both sides of the Atlantic. We have made the money and you the fame—that balances the account."

No wonder Gilbert & Sullivan described their hero as: *A wandering minstrel, I, a thing of shreds and patches.* Fame was supposed to pay his bills.

As Deems Taylor says, "If an invention makes a man a millionaire, the public will probably agree that his reward was fitting. But try suggesting to the average man that the men who 'invented' *Hark, Hark, the Lark,* or the *D Minor Symphony,* or *Way Down Upon the Swanee River* deserved, say, one one-hundredth of the financial reward for their labor that an inventor receives—and observe the shocked silence with which your suggestion will be received." When copyright laws were enacted the individual composer had no satisfactory means of collecting what was coming to him. He has had to fight year by year for every cent he got.

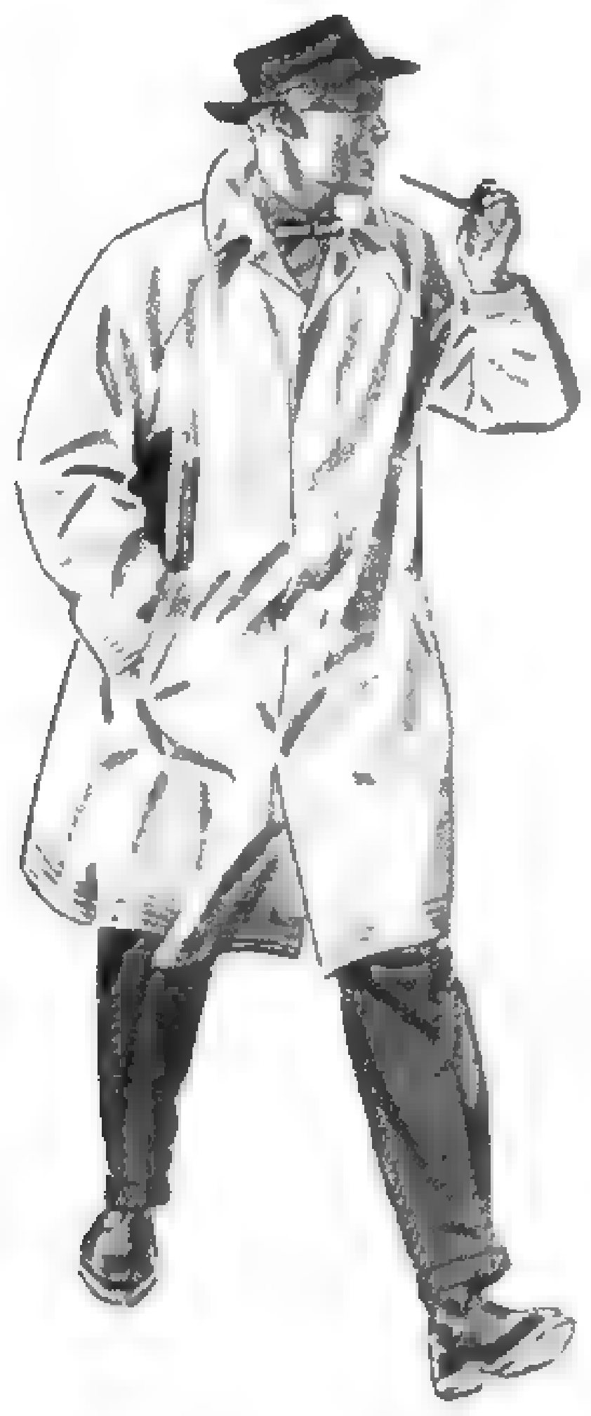
Only because Victor Herbert finally grew tired of being gypped,

Continued on page 168

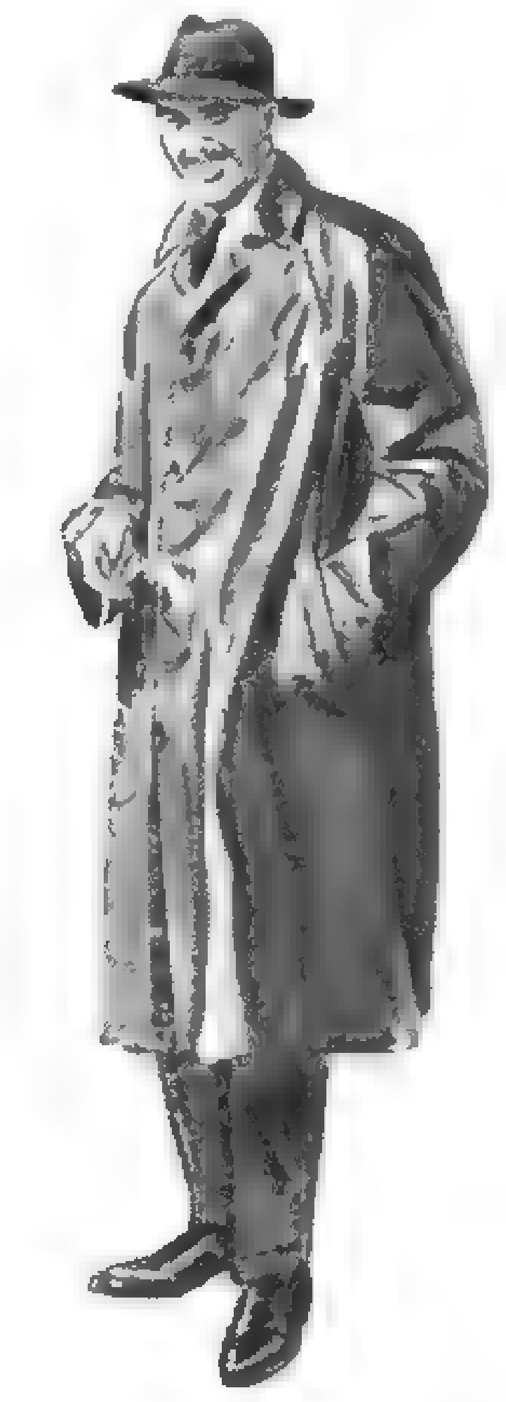
WHY DIDN'T I EVER THINK OF THIS BEFORE?

# Give him an ALLIGATOR RAINCOAT for Christmas!

This year, your gift can be smart, unusual, practical . . . and something he really wants. When making your selection, be sure to look for the Alligator label, your guide and his preference for the best in rainwear . . . best styling, best tailoring, best waterproof and water repellent processing. See these and the many other smart Alligator styles at better stores everywhere. Give him an Alligator . . . because **It's Sure to Rain!**



*SHORT COAT*—The college man's favorite. Heavy stitching at bottom and cuffs. Water repellent. Windproof. Stormwind Cloth, **$10.50**—zipper front, **$11.50.** Samthur Special Finish Cloth, **$13.75.**



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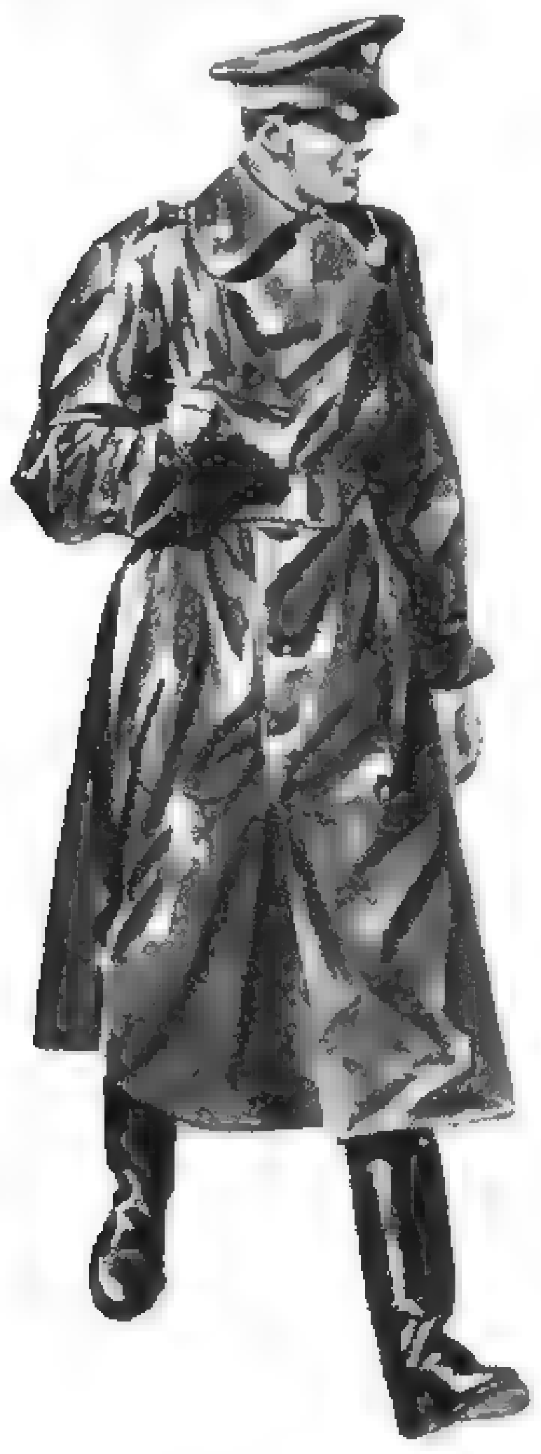
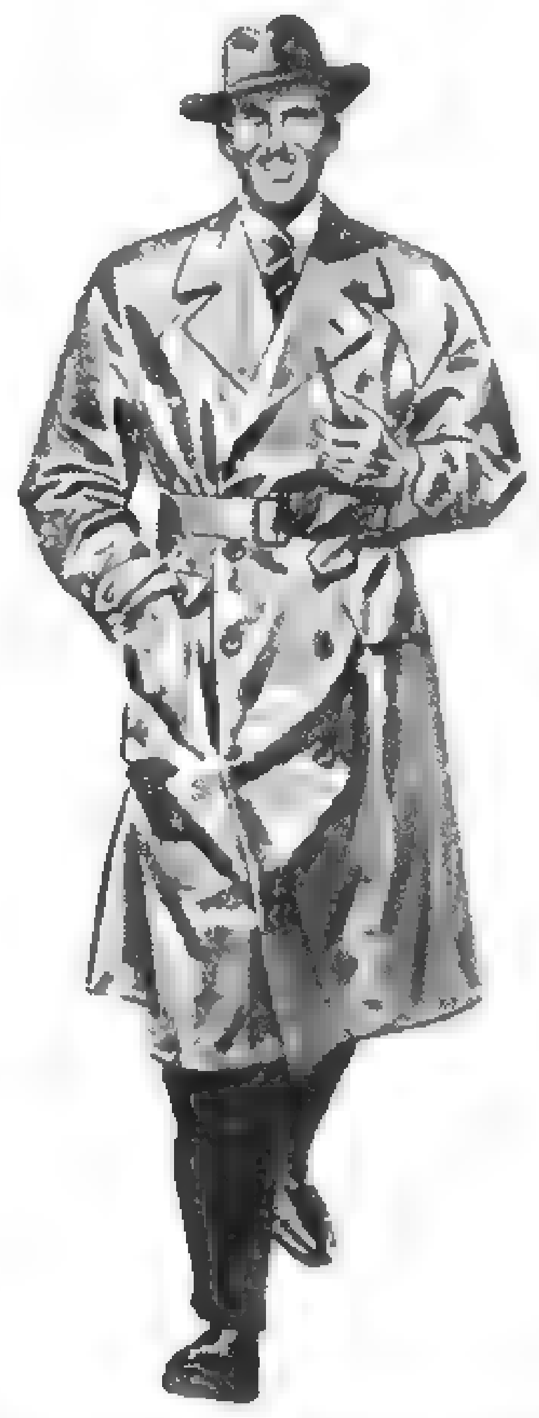
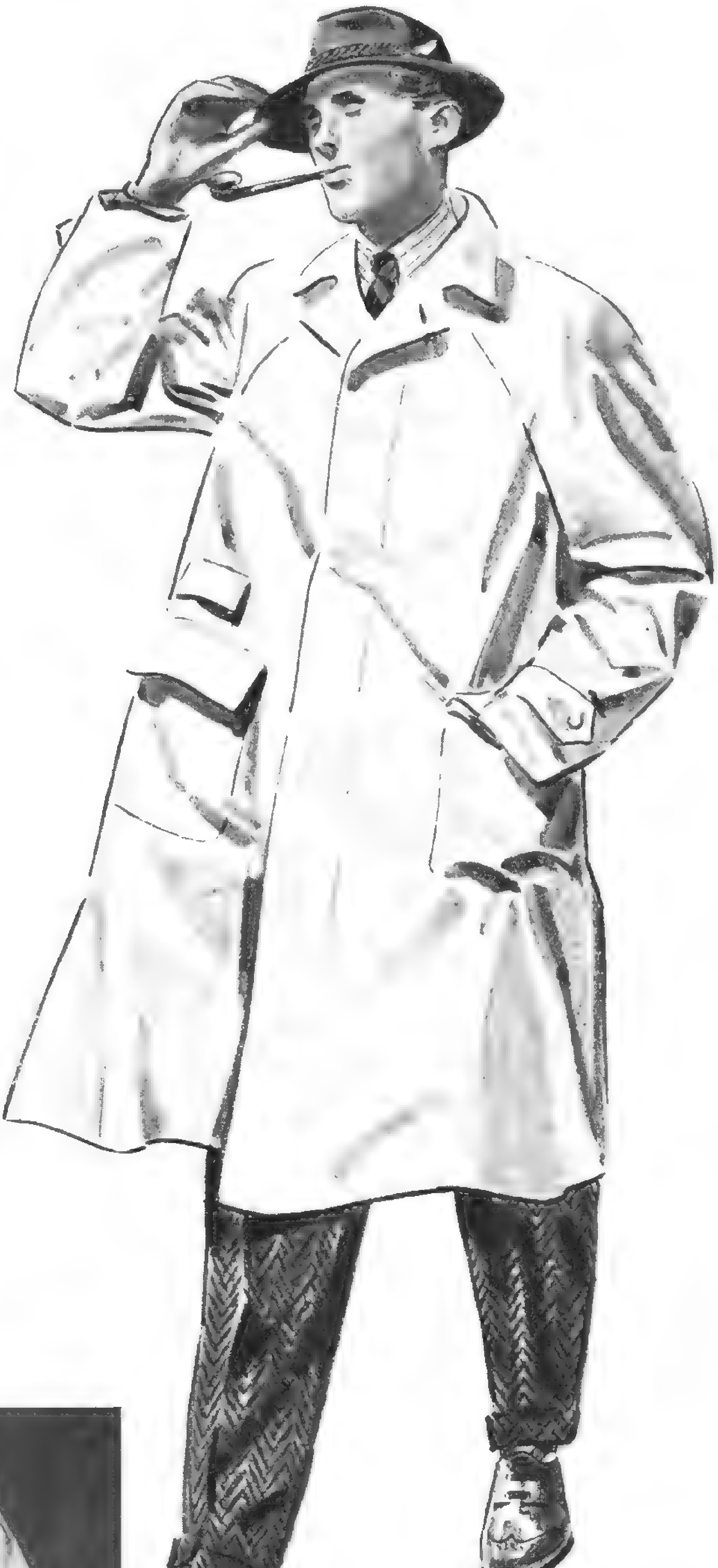


*MILITARY* swagger is smartly portrayed in this authentic Army Officer's model in genuine waterproof Alligator fabrics, **$9.75** and **$15.00.** Other models, water repellent, **$12.50** up.



*DOUBLE BREASTED* model in genuine Alligator waterproof fabric. Always soft and pliant—does not crack or deteriorate. **$5.75** and up. (Also in single breasted models at same prices.)



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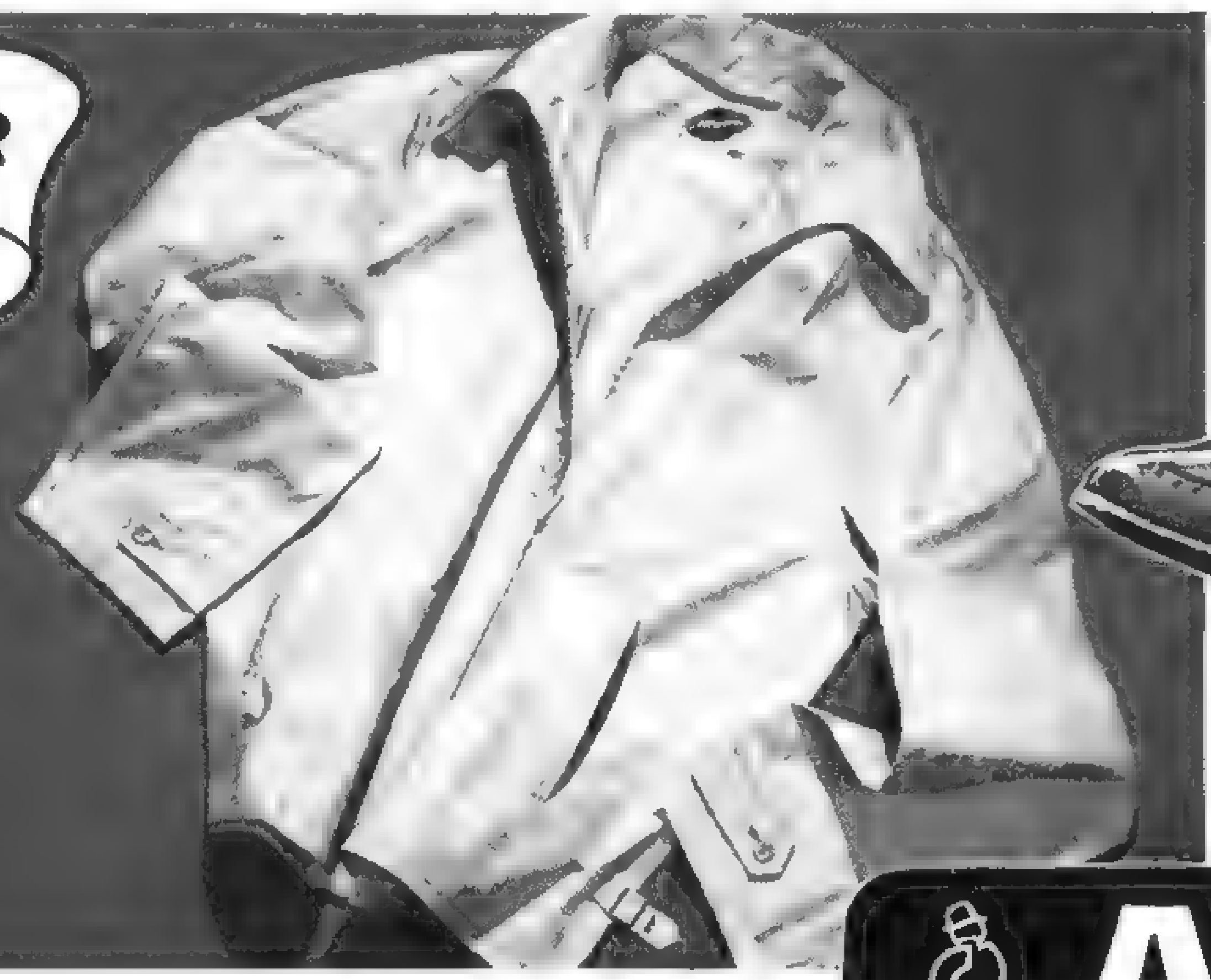

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WHY NOT confine your Christmas shopping this year to gifts that are really wanted and can be *used* with joy to the wearer and credit to yourself? Tell Santa that ALL shirts, pajamas and sportswear must be Wat-a-set. They won't cost any more and they'll be GUARANTEED not to shrink out of fit.

Nor is that all. Wat-a-set garments don't stretch or sag out of shape either, which has often happened with sportswear in the past. That's because they're NATURALLY (not mechanically) shrunk, just as in washing.

And here's where you win the orchids! Wat-a-set is a finish you can't see or feel; and, Oh, so very definitely! you can't smell it. You just know it's in these fabrics that don't shrink or stretch excessively because it renews with every washing that crisp sleekness which is so delightful in *new* shirt, pajama and sportswear fabrics.

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is an amazing, new, laboratory proved and time tested finish for all white and solid color cottons and rayons. It makes them all really washable and does just as much for the women's dresses, underwear, etc. (that you will want to give this Christmas) as it does for men's furnishings. It carries the *Good Housekeeping* advertising guarantee; has been repeatedly tested by Better Fabrics, Lux and Ivory laboratories. Everything in Wat-a-set wearables is guaranteed by us on the basis of a new garment FREE for any Wat-a-set item that stretches or shrinks out of fit or sags out of shape! Mount Hope Finishing Company, North Dighton, Massachusetts.

MINIMIZES SHRINKAGE
Wat-a-set
A DURABLE WASHABLE FINISH

## Roulades and Cadenzas

*Continued from page 166*

and had the assistance of the then recently organized ASCAP, was he able to collect. It took the Supreme Court of the United States to make Shanley's Cabaret, which had a two-dollar cover charge, pay him for the performance of *Sweethearts*, the leading song from his operetta. Said Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes: "The performances (in the cabaret) are part of a total for which the public pays, and the fact that the price of the whole is attributed to a particular item which those present are expected to order, is not important. It is true that the music is not the sole object, but neither is the food, which probably could be got cheaper . . . If music did not pay, it would be given up. If it pays, it pays out of the public's pocket. Whether it pays or not, the purpose of employing it is profit, and that is enough."

After this, Victor Herbert and ASCAP, the voluntary association to which he assigned his copyrights, were paid when his music was played in hotels but not in motion picture houses. Although many elaborate stage presentations often took an hour or more and were advertised with the main attraction, theater owners refused to pay anything to music authors. In a suit, finally, the court ruled in favor of ASCAP.

Then came a new invasion of composers' rights. Radio took the most popular musical hits of the day and, by constant repetition, killed them off in a few months. Yet the broadcasters declared they would not pay for licenses from copyright owners, "or recognize the right to collect any tax until the law plainly states that such payment must be legally collected." They took the position that their performances were not public or for purpose of profit, that they were not broadcasting sound, but electrically energized waves, and therefore, musical copyright owners had no rights against them, and, if they did, broadcasting so popularized music that they simply would not pay to perform it.

Attempts of the government—broadcasters being able to dangle microphones before politicians who have influence—to dissolve ASCAP under anti-trust laws failed. Bills introduced in the state legislatures to make it illegal for ASCAP to collect fees, were sustained in only two. The broadcasters have been and are now paying a percentage of their gross profit on commercial programs to ASCAP.

They claim they are being robbed, that they pay four times as much in total and forty times as much per dollar of their gross revenue as any industry which uses music.

They say indignantly, that the total ASCAP proposes to charge under its new contract would be approximately half the networks' net profit from all sources. ASCAP replies that, notwithstanding the fact that music is radio's chief raw material, occupying more than half of all air time and being used even as cement for dramatic programs, radio pays less than other industries do for their raw materials. Whereas the makers of soft drinks, an industry in which profits are said to be notably high, pay about forty per cent of their intake for raw materials, radio pays approximately five per cent.

ASCAP estimates that radio pays about six cents per song per use, cites an instance where a famous artist received $3,500 for singing a song whose composer got only sixty-five cents. Radio networks can and should pay more, it contends, to those who furnish the basic raw material which makes their operations possible.

Broadcasters do not deny the service ASCAP performs: offering a convenient clearing house of the most popular music. But, say they, it not only asks too much and charges us for non-musical programs, but it discourages young, independent composers and divides its money unfairly among its own members, not according to popularity, but prestige, reputation, and friendship with its board of directors.

Broadcasters are suddenly agitated about the fate of the young, independent composer. They have mimeographed letters of complaint regarding ASCAP from his anonymous wife, have extended him countless invitations to send them his songs, have even organized a corporation, Broadcast Music, Inc., to publish his output.

They have taken ASCAP songs off sustaining programs to make room for his. Since August 5th, dance bands picked up outside CBS studios have been required to include one non-ASCAP number on their broadcasts. This proportion is being steadily increased until January first when no ASCAP numbers are to be played.

Broadcasters say the effect will be more psychological than material. They intimate that you, *John Q. Listener, Esq.*, will not notice that ASCAP's music is no longer being played.

On whether or not you do, depends this issue. If you are content with music in the public domain plus BMI's catalogue, then ASCAP has no case. If you won't miss from your loudspeaker the tunes of Cole Porter, Kern, Berlin, Herbert, Vincent Youmans, Gershwin, Lehar, Rudolf Friml, Sousa, Carrie Jacobs Bond, Kriesler, Rachmaninoff, *et al.*—ASCAP has no power to collect. You are the judge.

But, if you believe genial Gene Buck, ASCAP's president, you'll never have to make a choice. Says he: "All this talk is absurd. It amounts to grown men shadowboxing, making faces at each other, whistling in the dark. ASCAP music will be 'on the air' just as frequently as it is now when every man who is presently discussing this controversy is forgotten

*Continued at top of page 170*

# "Bright boy!" she'll say when she gets your Revlon Gift Set!

You've every reason to pat yourself on the back for choosing a Revlon Gift Set for your favorite "she"! Of course, you'd expect a smart *woman* to know that Revlon Nail Enamel looks better, wears better. But how bright of masculine *you* to have noticed that *she* always wears Revlon! And how smart of you to select the finest of all manicure sets!...Something she needs and wants, and would buy for herself in an extravagant mood!

*Revlon Gift Sets, of famous Revlon Nail Enamel with Revlon implements and other Revlon manicuring requisites, are priced from $50 to $1. No matter what the price, when you give Revlon you're giving the manicure preparations preferred by the world's smartest women.*

***Revlon Sets at $1 • $1.25 • $1.50 • $2 • $2.50 • $3***
***$3.50 • $5 • $6 • $7.50 • $10 • $15 • $27.50 • $50***

● "WONDERFUL!" *she'll say, of this genuine leather case, beautifully tailored, filled with Revlon nail accessories.* ***$5.00***

"JUST WHAT I WANTED!" ● *she'll say, if you splurge and give her this magnificent week-end travel kit. All Revlon nail essentials; jars for her cosmetics, two harmonizing Revlon Lipsticks; in stunning alligator grain case.* ***$27.50***

"PERFECT TASTE!" ● *she'll say, if this set is your choice for her. A complete array of Revlon manicure requisites and a Revlon harmonizing lipstick to keep her nails and lips perfectly matched.* ***$7.50***

"YOU DARLING!" ● *she'll say, if you select this handsome saddle-stitched leather case, tailored like fine luggage. It holds complete Revlon manicure requisites, harmonizing lipstick and famous Revlon manicuring implements* ***$10.00***

● May be initialed to make your gift her very own.

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QUIET, PERFECT GROOMING

Give him gifts he would choose himself . . . luxuries he denies himself. . . Requisites by Lenthéric that will begin his days so satisfyingly . . . that will contribute so much to his sense of good grooming and well-being.

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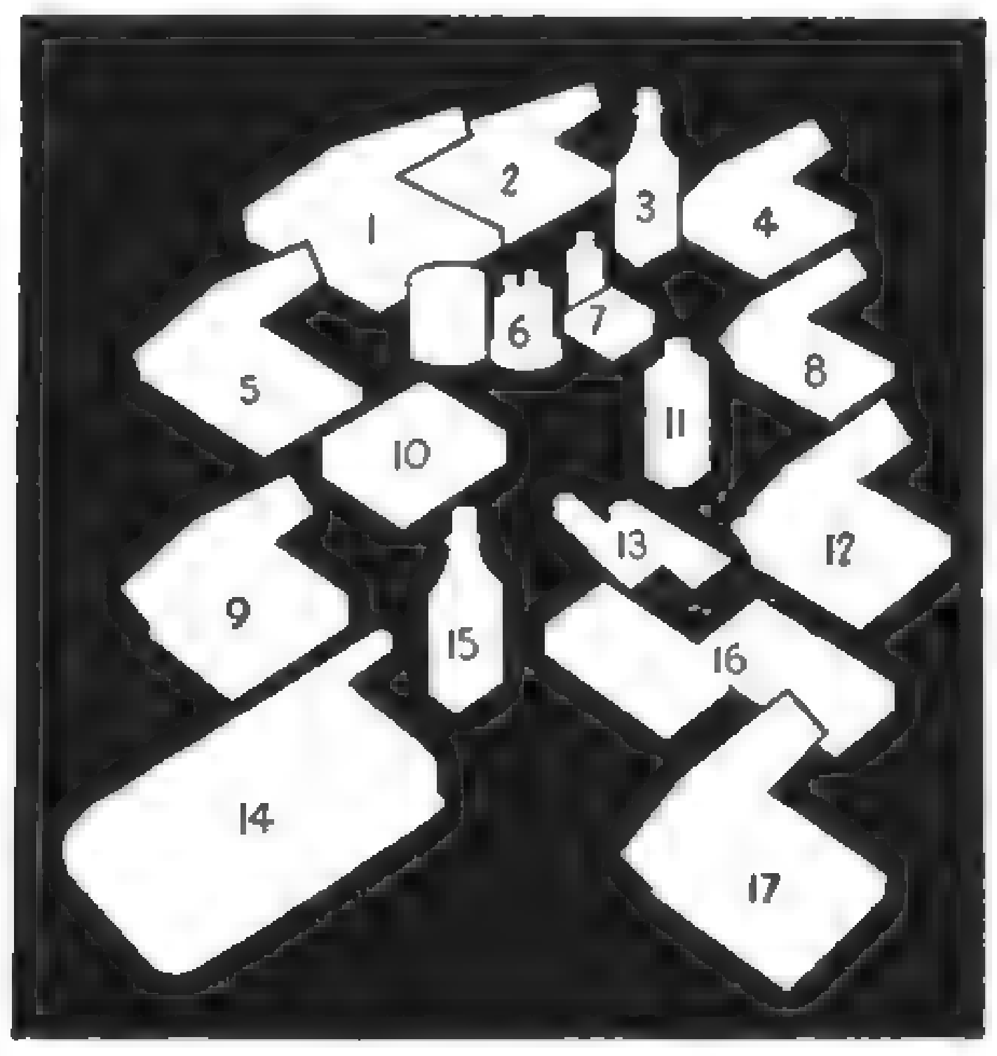

**1** Master Gift Set, 5-oz. pinch-bottle each of After-Shave Lotion, Eau de Cologne and Scalp Stimulant; Ivory-tone Bowl of Shaving Soap, matching container of After-Shave Powder, and Men's Soap, $5.00.

**2** Gift Set, Ivory-tone Bowl of Shaving Soap and matching container of After-Shave Powder; 5-oz. pinch-bottles of After-Shave Lotion and Eau de Cologne, $3.75.

**3** "High Hat Decanter," (16-oz.) of Eau de Cologne or After-Shave Lotion, $4.00.

**4** Gift Set, 5-oz. pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, with Ivory-tone Bowl of Shaving Soap, and matching container of After-Shave Powder, $2.75.

**5** Gift Set, Men's Toilet Soap, Ivory-tone container of After-Shave Powder, and 5-oz. pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, $2.00.

**6** "The Three Musketeers," 3-oz. pinch-bottle each of Eau de Cologne, After-Shave Lotion, and Quinine Hair Lotion or After-Shave Powder, $1.95.

**7** Shaving Soap, in Ivory-tone Bowl, $1.00; and matching container of After-Shave Powder, 75c.

**8** Gift Set, Lather Shaving Cream, and 5-oz. pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, $1.50.

**9** Gift Shaving Set, Ivory-tone Bowl of Shaving Soap, and matching container of After-Shave Powder, $1.75.

**10** Gift Presentation, closed.

**11** After-Shave Lotion, in 16-oz. pinch-bottle. Also Eau de Cologne or Scalp Stimulant, $2.50.

**12** Gift Set, Ivory-tone Bowl of Shaving Soap, and 5-oz. pinch-bottle of After Shave Lotion, $2.00.

**13** Shaving Cream, lather or brushless, 50c.

**14** "Zipit" Cowhide Travel Case, fitted with 2-oz. pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, brushless Shaving Cream, Ivory-tone container of After-Shave Powder; Military Brush, Scissors, Nail File, Comb, and containers for toothbrush and razor, $7.50.

**15** "High Hat Decanter," (8-oz.) of After-Shave Lotion or Eau de Cologne, $2.50.

**16** Men's Toilet Soap, 3 cakes, 75c.

**17** Gift Set, 5-oz. pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, and Ivory-tone container of After-Shave Powder, $1.75.

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## Roulades and Cadenzas

*Continued from pages 166-168*

dust. "The idea that national advertisers, the great orchestra conductors, the band leaders, and top-notch artists will be content to arrange their programs out of BMI and public domain music is one of the most fantastic and idiotic pipe dreams ever blown. The big-interest boys will never attempt to deprive 130,000,000 people of something they want and have always had . . . All camouflage aside, and all speeches to the contrary, their purpose is, if possible, to beat ASCAP members to their economic knees, and to use their music cheaper than it is now available." #

## First Nights & Passing Judgments

### With charity for no one, here's the dope on certain under-touted and over-snooted plays

**by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN**

• THEATRE •

The vagaries of critical and lay taste have been responsible for some peculiar aberrations in both the esteem and disesteem of numerous plays in the modern American theatre. I appreciate, of course, that the personal standards of judgment which I hereinafter offer may be as open to question as the standards I call on the carpet, but if I didn't offer them there would not, in the first place, be any departmental article this month, which would obviously be a blow to my frenziedly devoted readers and, in the second place, there wouldn't be sustained the legend that I consider myself a very superior mentality, which would be an awful blow to myself. So, with no apologies to everyone concerned, I seize in hand my peacock quill encrusted with rubies and embellished with the Nathanian coat of arms (a boar rampant on a field of alfalfa) and proceed.

To begin with plays that seem to have been underestimated, there is, for a first example, George Birmingham's *General John Regan*. If there was a more entertaining satirical comedy of its theatrical day and hour, I don't know of it, yet on its presentation here it got such a cool critical and public reception that it was permitted to pass from view in short order. Moreover, when some years later George Tyler, apparently as fond of it as I am, revived it, it never, because of an even more intense apathy, got nearer to New York than Pittsburgh, where it opened and closed almost simultaneously. Yet Birmingham's lightly sardonic fable about a great hero who never existed remains in the memories of those whose ears don't wiggle when they laugh one of the humorous treats of its particular, or for that matter any subsequent, period.

Teresa Deevy's *Katie Roche*, of more recent vintage, is another example of what strikes me as local underestimation. A delicate psychological story of a young woman—the kind of play Pirandello might possibly have written had he been a Celt—it was hailed by various English critics as being everything from "a truly great play" to "one of the finest of modern dramas," which strikes me in turn as heavily exaggerated overestimation. It is nothing approaching that. Not by a long shot. But it surely on the other hand is not the negligible work the local critics unanimously nominated it and that audiences so acquiescently stayed away from that it was withdrawn after a few days. While it may not be great shakes as drama, it presents so shrewd an understanding of its subject matter that off-handedly to dismiss it, as it was dismissed, as mere foggy boredom is to register oneself a guest in the Hôtel des Anes, that capacious inn.

Ashley Dukes' *The Man With A Load Of Mischief*, Turner's *The Man Who Ate The Popomack*, and at least half the comedies of Vincent Lawrence got a bad critical and public deal to my way of thinking. Dukes' play is one of the most polished and amusing of later-day English comedies, as Turner's is one of the drollest and most original, yet both were greeted with thumbs down from the front of the local house, the majority of the critics no less guilty of the condemnatory pantomime than the paying customers. And as for Lawrence, who unless I am mistaken indicated one of the slickest talents for sharp light comedy writing discernible hereabouts in the Twenties, the poor fellow was treated so cavalierly that he hied himself in disgust to Hollywood, where God knows what has happened to him.

Eugene O'Neill's *Moon Of The Caribees*, one of the most beautifully contrived "mood" plays in American dramatic literature, while it has not, true, been overlooked by the critics, has nevertheless pretty generally, it seems to me, been simply patted on the head lightly and sent on its way. Yet it remains one of the finest things its author has done and not to esteem it as such merely because it happens to be in the short form is to be guilty of appraising art chiefly according to its size and bulk. In other words, what we engage in such a case is the same critical antic which in one breath admits that art knows no hard and fast rules and in the next says that a one-act play however excellent is *ipso facto* not quite so important

*Continued on page 175*

for men of action

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LENTHÉRIC MEN'S SOAP
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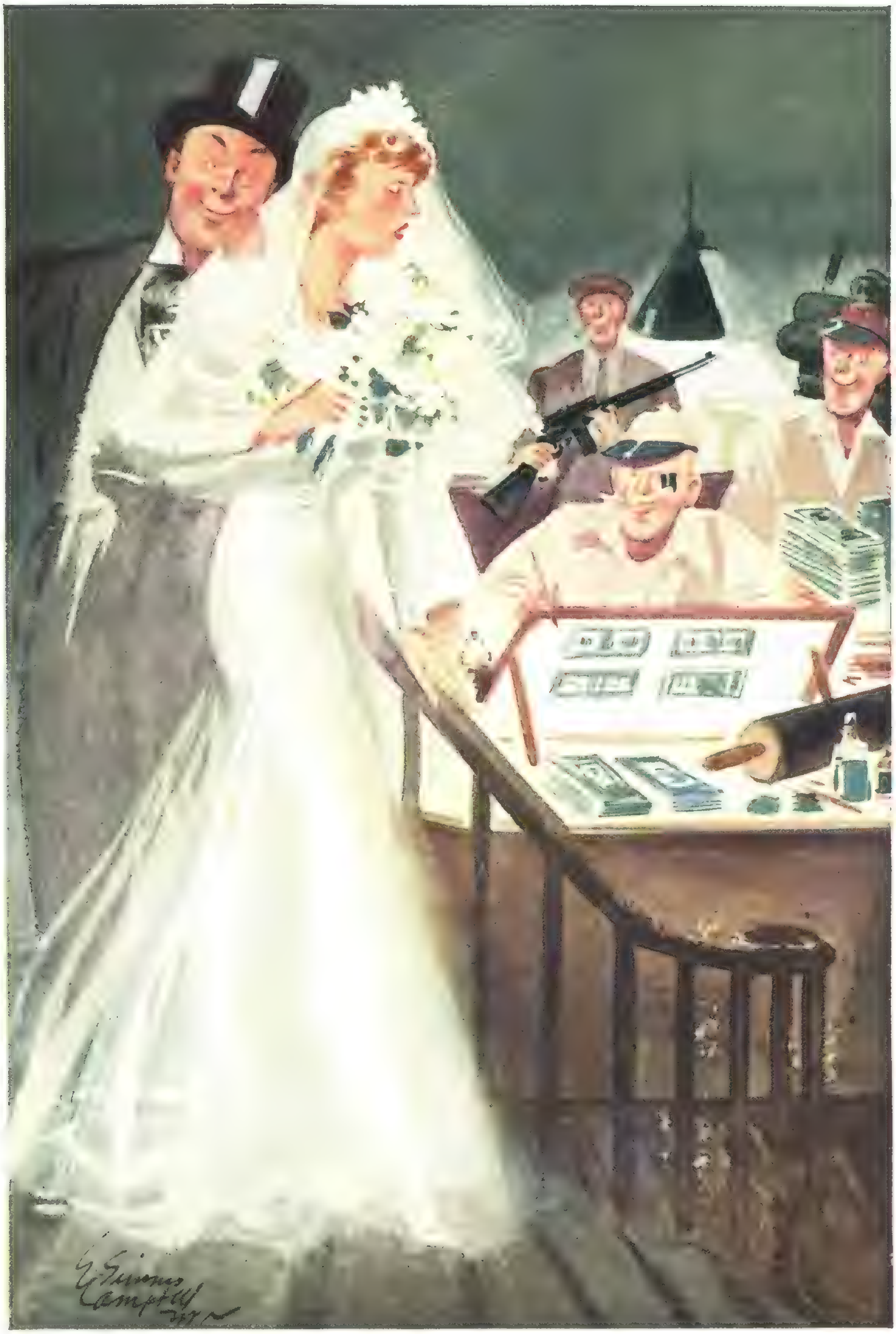
LENTHÉRIC LATHER CREAM



*"Now that we're married, darling, I wonder if you can keep a little secret?"*

Dear S.C.
What can I give
a man who has
everything?
Desperate

Dear Desperate:

No man has too many hats.

...Mallory hats make men look their handsomest, and also wreathe their brows in unmatched comfort — the result of unique new Mallory hat-making formulas.

...Only Mallory hats are 'Cravenette' moisture-resistant.

So give him a Mallory! S.C.

*The Gift that's Right from Every Angle*

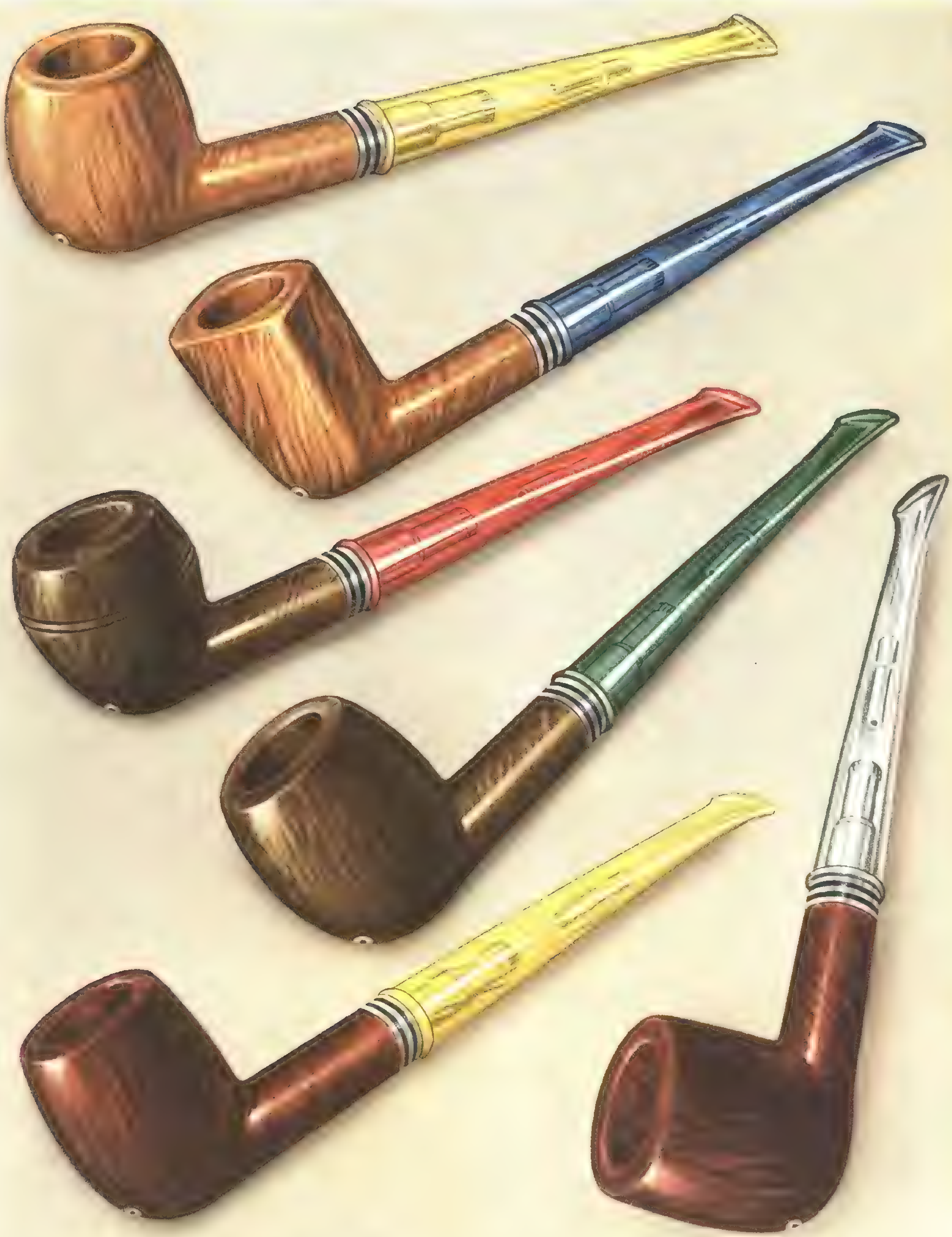
The novel Mallory "Tag" Gift Certificate, attached to the gaily-ornamental Mallory Christmas Gift Box . . . a bright note on any Christmas tree . . . or in any Christmas stocking!

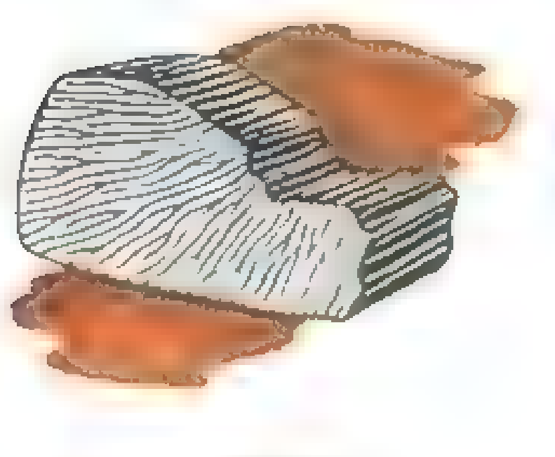
Obtainable and redeemable at your Mallory Dealer's.

THE DIPLOMAT (above, left). A homburg that's patrician . . . but with an engagingly casual air. Perfect, in black or night blue, for wear with dinner clothes. $5

THE BURBRIDGE (above, right). Sporting lines combined with the tailored look demanded by dressier holiday occasions. Note the wide-over brim binding of this distinguished zephyr-weight. In fashion colors. $5

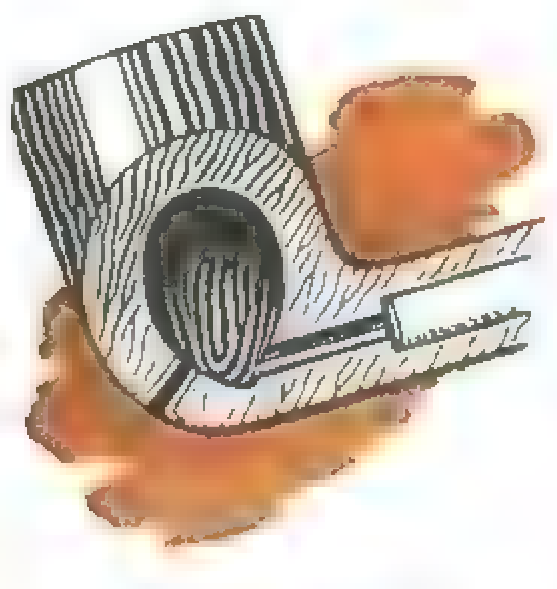
*Most Mallory styles $5. The Sportabout $4.*
*Others $6, $7.50 and $10.*





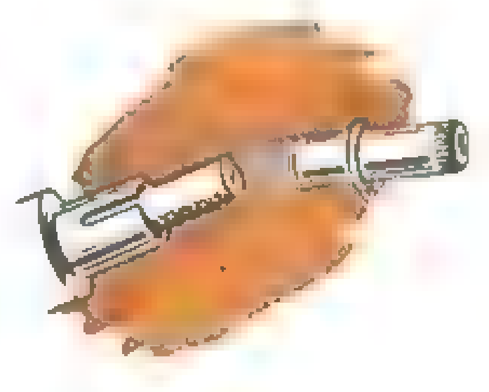
**BRIAR**

We anticipated the present shortage of imported briar and bought large stocks long ago for full seasoning. From this we choose the finest pieces for Royal Duke pipes. There is no better briar at any price.



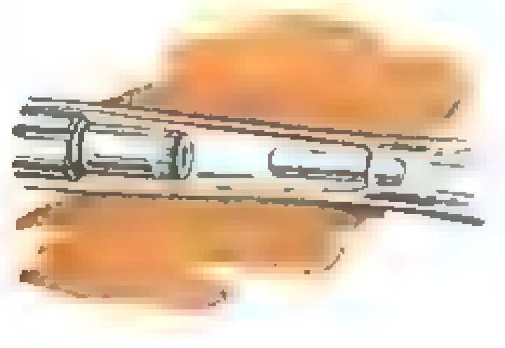
**AIR-CONDITIONER**

At the bottom of the Royal Duke bowl is a vent admitting cool air to condition the smoke before it enters the stem. All tobacco is consumed, eliminating any possibility of a wet heel.



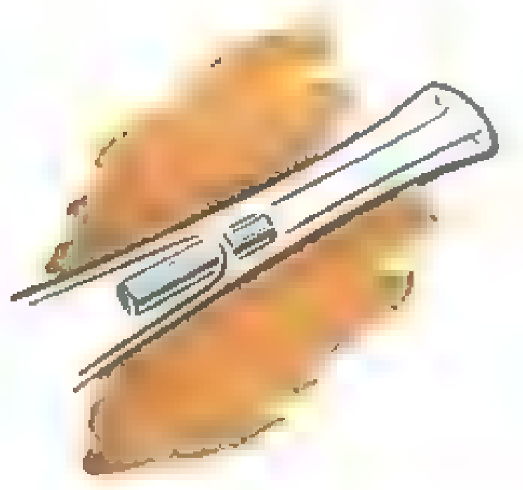
**FILTER**

Here is a cellophane-covered, double draft, triple-absorbent filter through which all the smoke must pass. Impurities are soaked up by the special material and held in by the cellophane. Double draft construction never clogs.



**CONDENSATION CHAMBER**

As the partially cooled and cleaned smoke enters this chamber, you can actually see it condensing the moisture from the smoke. Tiny beads gather on the walls and drop to the bottom.



**SELECTIVE TUBE**

Water cannot jump from the bottom of the condensation chamber into the selective tube. Therefore nothing but cooled, cleaned and dried smoke enters the bit and the mouth.

**BITS**

These bits are designed to collect impurities and should be cleaned regularly. For greater enjoyment use several bits. They are interchangeable in seven colors: clear amber, rock amber, crystal, ruby, marine, clear green, black Extra bits 50 cents each.

*Before your eyes—*

Watch the smoke through the beautiful translucent stem of a Royal Duke. You can *see* that it cleans, cools and dries every puff of smoke. Every Royal Duke is equipped with a filter and a specially constructed condensation chamber to collect impurities. And Royal Dukes are aristocratic in appearance and of genuine, imported and selected briar. Available at all good dealers—or remit to Continental Briar Pipe Co., Inc., York and Adams Streets, Brooklyn, New York.

**Royal Duke** *pipes* $1.50

*additional bits in seven colors—50¢ each*

## First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 170

as a full length play however deficient.

It is this point of view which was also responsible, at least in part, for the gross underestimation of Saroyan's *My Heart's In The Highlands.* Not only was it condescendingly waved aside in some quarters because it ran less than the standardized theatrical time but in many more was it minimized on the whole. Yet no more beautifully imaginative play, if my opinion counts for anything, has come the way of our stage in some seasons.

Elmer Rice's *The Left Bank*, Ben Hecht's long-ago *The Egoist*, and George M. Cohan's *Pigeons And People* are still further examples of the depreciation of which I speak. The first was a bitingly accurate picture of American expatriates on the other side of the Seine and here and there suggestive of Sinclair Lewis' best reporting. The second, which the critics and audiences of the period would have none of, was as waggish a sex comedy as you could find along the Paris boulevards, and with a second act as witty in its amorous truth as Sacha Guitry at his top. And the third was as skilful a *tour de force* in sheer playmaking as the local stage has revealed. Yet all three of the exhibits suffered the elevated nose.

Zoë Akins' *A Texas Nightingale*, a thoroughly amusing study of an opera singer and perhaps the best of her full-length plays, got a reception so chilly that it soon folded, whereas her greatly inferior *Déclassé* was so warmly embraced that it ran on and on. Karl Schönherr's *The Children's Tragedy*, one of the most moving dramas on its general subject matter written in the Central Europe of its time, received such careless attention that it lasted only a few days down in the Greenwich Village Theatre. And Hermann Bahr's *The Master*, that observant scrutiny of love and jealousy and what they can do to a man of otherwise hard intelligence—like *The Children's Tragedy* produced by the courageous Arnold Daly—was also so slighted and slurred that it quickly expired.

The Rapp-Thurman *Harlem*, a closely caught picture of Negro life in New York, was not altogether a theatrical failure but even so its virtues eluded many of the professional theatrical commentators, who contented themselves in allowing that it was fairly diverting stuff and let it go at that. Hugh Stange's *Veneer*, the simply but very effectively written tragedy of a young girl seeking her dream in New York, was so neglected that it speedily passed from the scene, and Molnár's *The Glass Slipper*, one of his two best plays, was so misprized that it, too, disappeared long before its due time.

These are only a few of the plays whose merits have gone unappreciated and which have missed the rewards that were their right. Rita Wellman's *The Gentile Wife* was another. Lennox Robinson's gay comedy, *The White-Headed Boy*, though it was properly esteemed in a few quarters, must be statistically set down as still another. Harry Wagstaff Gribble's *Revolt*, which was at least fifty per cent valuable, was another still. And Chesterton's delightful *Magic*, Dorrance Davis' *A Lady In Love*, Ballard's *Young America*, Bowers' *Where Do We Go From Here?*, and, to step to a higher rung on the dramatic ladder, Brieux's admirable *Les Hannetons* were deplorable others.

### II

When, on the other hand, it comes to plays that have been overestimated and touted far beyond their merits, we engage a spectacle even more prismatic.

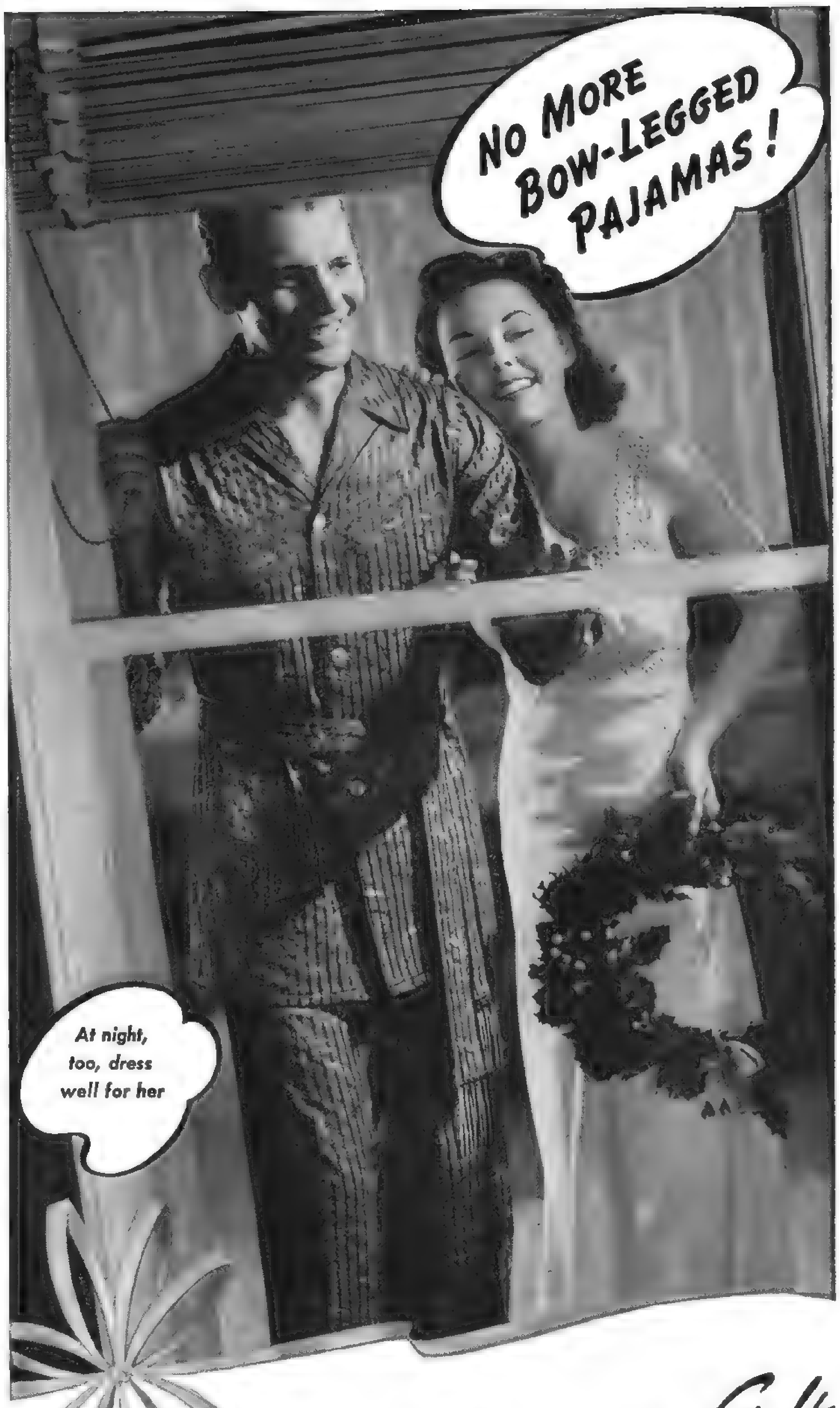
As a starter, consider, for example, Martin Flavin's *Children Of The Moon.* Here was a third-rate stab at psychological drama that for some reason beyond the comprehension was hailed by the critics of the day as something of a masterwork and its author not only as a very remarkable fellow indeed but a shining white sail on the glorious horizon of American drama. The nonsense of their appraisal was made manifest in Flavin's subsequent writings, to say nothing of in their own gradual misgivings about *Children Of The Moon*, which several years later they began to regard with ill-concealed symptoms of skepticism.

John Howard Lawson's *Processional* tricked those persons who knew nothing of the German experiments in Expressionist drama into the conviction that it was a highly novel and original piece of work, and even today it is still looked upon in some quarters as a milestone in American dramatic writing. What it was and remains is merely a rather interesting borrowed stunt. The Kaufman-Connelly fantastic comedy, *Beggar On Horseback*, was similarly accepted as very original stuff, whereas it was actually a paraphrase of a popular German comedy of several years before.

Probably no exhibit of our time has been more greatly overpraised than Clifford Odets' *Waiting For Lefty*, despite the fact that its relatively short length might have been thought to militate against it in the academic critical mind. That it had some force and drive there is no gainsaying, but that it got within hailing distance of anything approaching distinguished dramatic writing is pretty hard to believe. It, too, was a stunt, and a good one, but it was hardly more than that. To a certain extent, the same thing may be said about Irwin Shaw's *Bury The Dead*, which the critics swallowed whole as a pâté of very nobby art.

Sidney Howard's *They Knew What They Wanted* must make those critics who originally saw in it something rare and revolutionary in American drama hide under

Continued on page 176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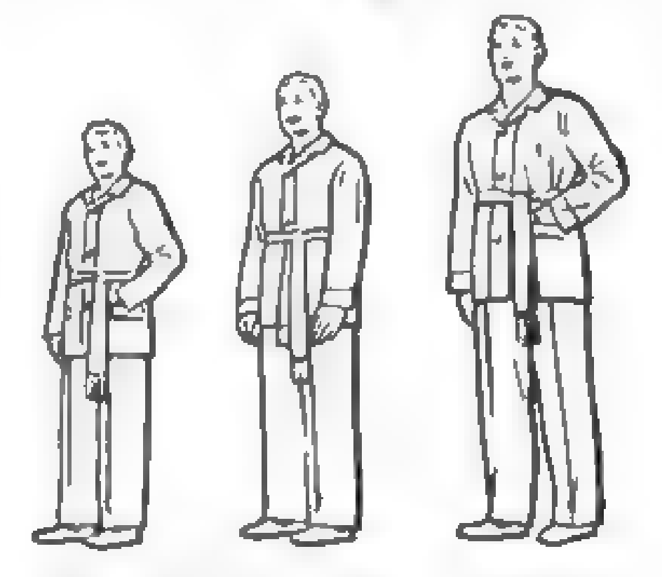

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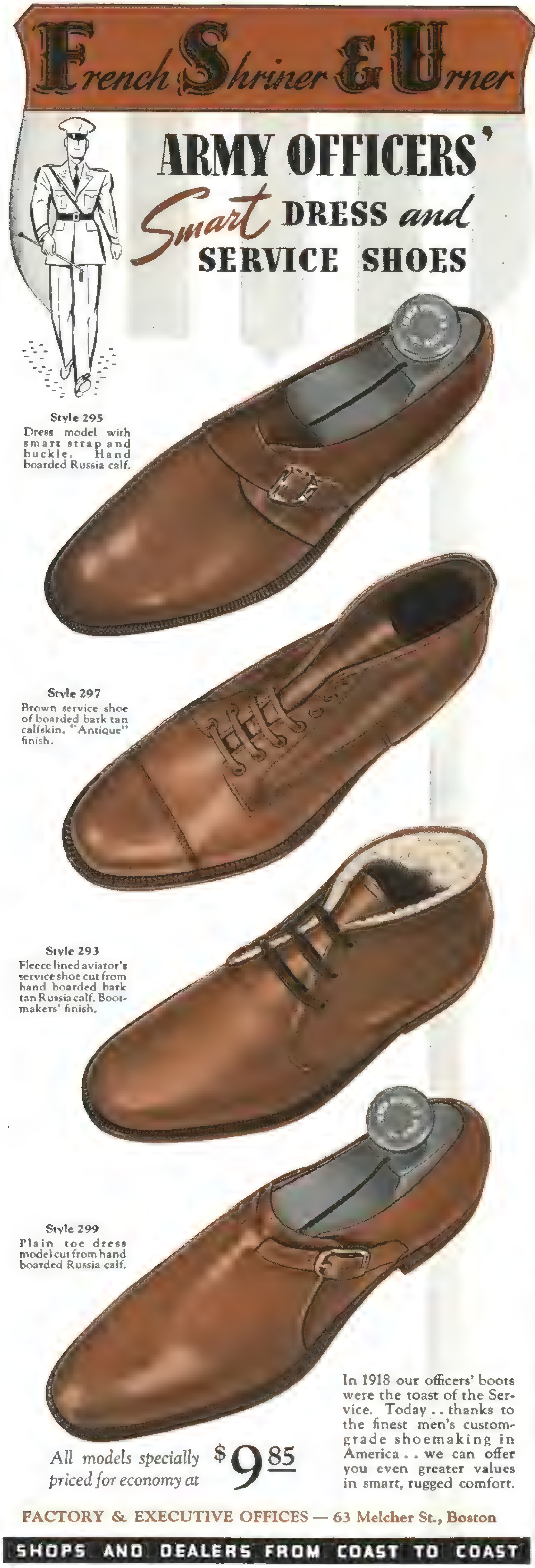

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## First Nights & Passing Judgments

*Continued from pages 170-175*

the table in embarrassment. Even at first glance it should readily have been spotted as merely a workmanlike paraphrase of somewhat earlier popular Central European drama. Looking at it again when it was recently revived only made one further conscious of the absurdity of the esteem in which its first critics held it. It was and continues to be negligible stuff.

Because it was less fluffy than its author's previous plays, A. A. Milne's *The Truth About Blayds* mechanically persuaded its critics that it must be taken with considerable seriousness, which was the way they took it. It was fairish minor entertainment, but nothing beyond that. In its case, we once again encountered the silly critical conviction that there is an arbitrary virtue in relative sobriety even when practiced by one who is much better gifted in grimace.

That a number of Maxwell Anderson's plays—*Elizabeth the Queen*, *High Tor*, *The Masque of Kings* and *Key Largo* among them—have in certain quarters been overrated is not news. But criticism has gradually come to scrutinize their author more cautiously and has begun to estimate his exhibits more closely in accordance with their proper degree of deserts. That ebullience which four or five years ago found its peak in George Abbott's proclamation that Anderson and not O'Neill should have been awarded the Nobel prize has since cooled off to something approximating a mint julep temperature.

John Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln* and T. S. Eliot's *Murder In The Cathedral* certainly didn't deserve the full measure of praise which many meted out to them. The former naturally and easily extracted the theatrical effect usually resident in its material but its stark literality reflected small credit upon its author, who seemed little more than a Charlie McCarthy sitting on the lap of history. A slice of the latter's second act managed a certain eloquence, but the rest of the drama, fore and aft, was rather on the highschool literary side and, save for a few minutes toward the end, was so self-conscious that the impression was of its author talking to himself, with considerable admiration, in a mirror.

Robert Sherwood's *Idiot's Delight*, while shrewdly negotiated popular drama, hypnotized the more susceptible into accepting it as superior profundity. Philip Barry's *Hotel Universe*, a schoolboy excursion into metaphysics, was actually welcomed by certain critics as Big Meat and made the subject of grave essays. Marc Connelly's *The Wisdom Tooth*, a second-rate fantasy, was affectionately slobbered over by the teetotaler sentimentality that would cry into its beer if it drank. And Balderston's *Berkeley Square*, a box-office chronological stunt, was whooped up as something very tony in both a philosophical and poetically imaginative direction.

The list grows. Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*, a pleasant little dramatic experiment, got the critical beer weepers out in large numbers and drew such overpraise from their soft palates as hadn't been heard hereabouts since Lee Fong down in Mott Street stopped using veal in his chicken chop suey. Edward Sheldon's *Salvation Nell*, an all-right box-office melodrama, overwhelmed the critical professors of its day to such a degree that they announced it to be the great American drama and Sheldon the most remarkable genius who had appeared on the American scene since Thomas A. Edison and Frankie Bailey. And when it came to the psychological and sociological dramas of Augustus Thomas, that fraud,—but that is much too old and stale a story.

### III

Let's now in conclusion jump on our fiery mule and fly off briefly in all directions.

Bruno Frank's charmingly contrived *Twelve Thousand*, set against an American Revolutionary War background and ably played by Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis, was superciliously sniffed into limbo. Maurice Donnay's exceptionally amusing, to say nothing of deliciously written, paraphrase of *Lysistrata*, adeptly translated by William A. Drake, has never been able to find a local producer. Bruce Gould's and Beatrice Blackmar's theatrical comedy, *The Terrible Turk*, was vainly peddled around for some years, although it was a considerably more entertaining play about a certain Broadway producer than two others which were put on at the time.

Jim Tully's *Black Boy* was duly produced but never got a fair chance from either the critics or the public. It contains some observation on the Negro that is mighty good, along with several dramatic episodes of uncommon credit. Tom Barry's *The Upstart*, because of its cold reception, was quickly junked, yet it has in it some humorous and novel sauces. And why has one of Sacha Guitry's drollest comedies, *The Illusionist*, never been allowed to get beyond a try-out performance in Washington, where both critics and public snooted it?

Pinero's *The Wife Without A Smile*, probably his most skilful comedy, was voted a failure in the local theatre. W. S. Maugham's roguish comedy, *The Critic*, has failed to interest local producers. Robert Sherwood's *The Road To Rome*, which indulges itself in the old trick of employing modern slang in ancient situations and which the author himself intelligently deprecates, got a fine reception from both critics and public and was a big success. And Kate Parsons' *The Commodore Marries*, one of the most recreative comedies in a dog's age, ran for only forty performances.

It doesn't make sense.

G. P. WOODS

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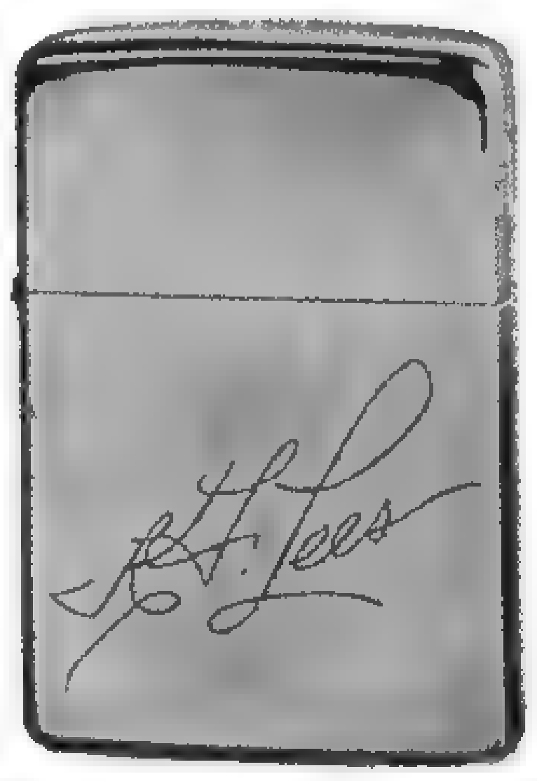

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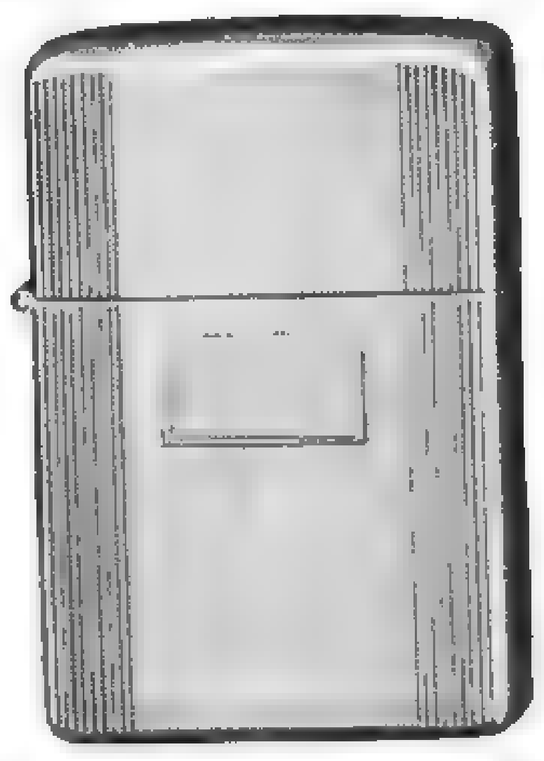

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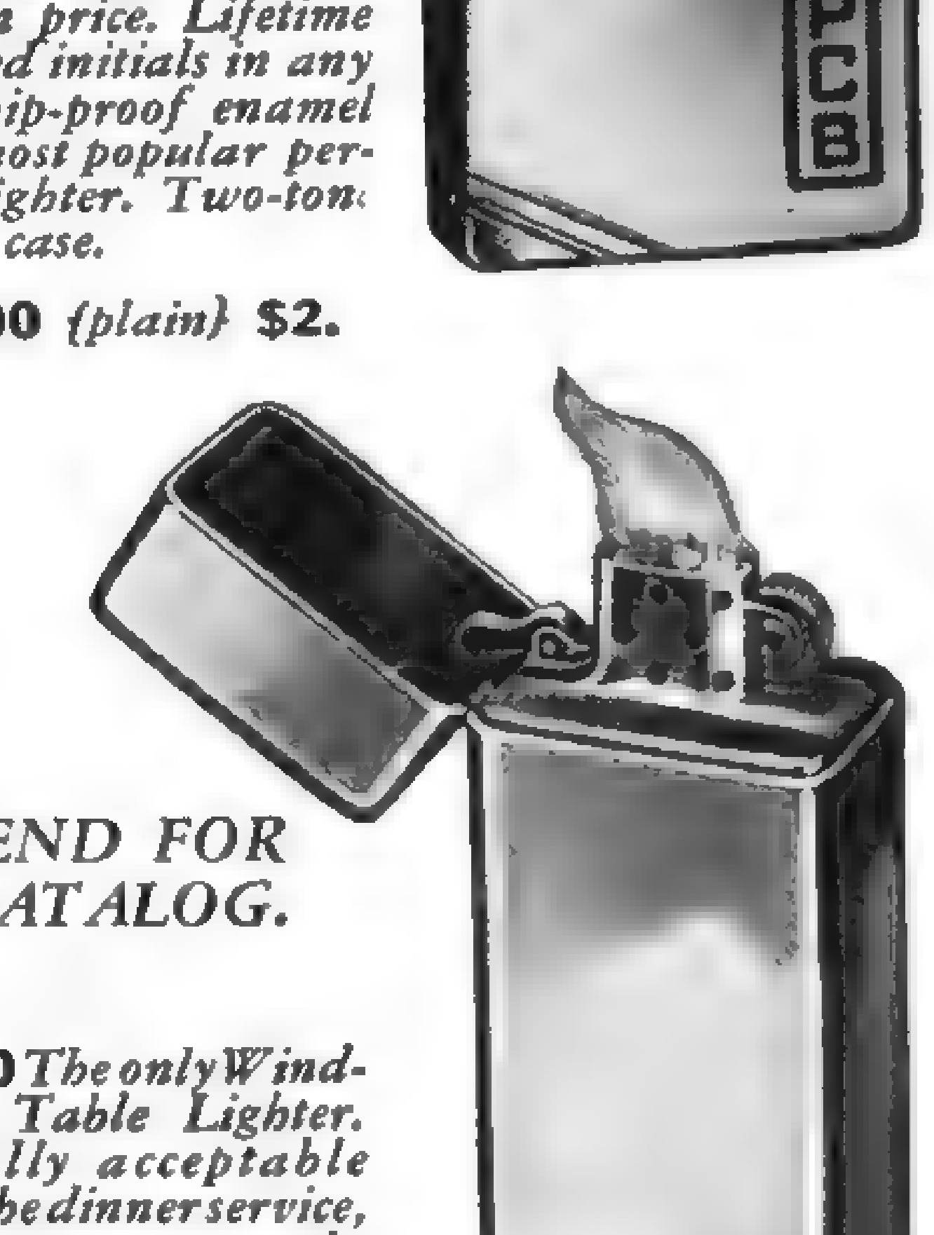

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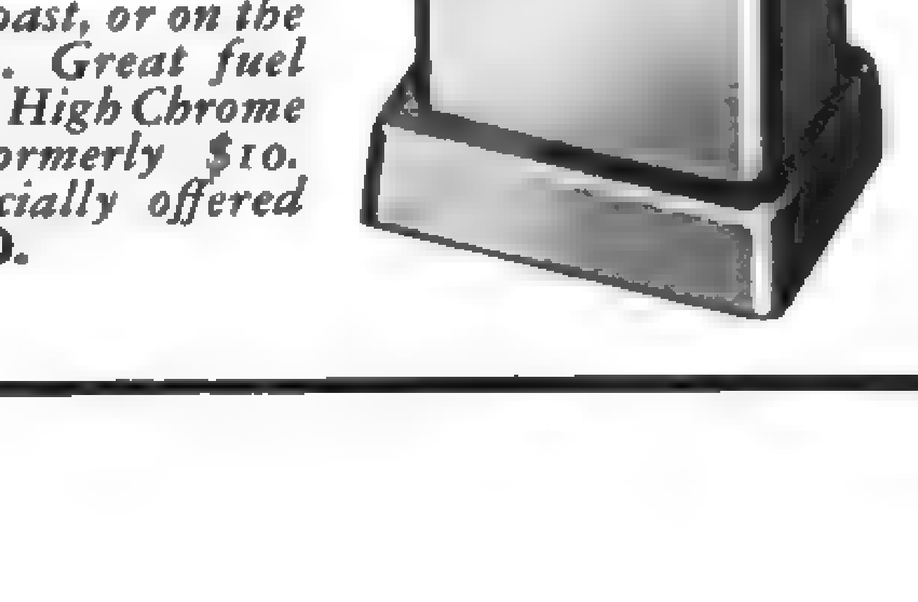

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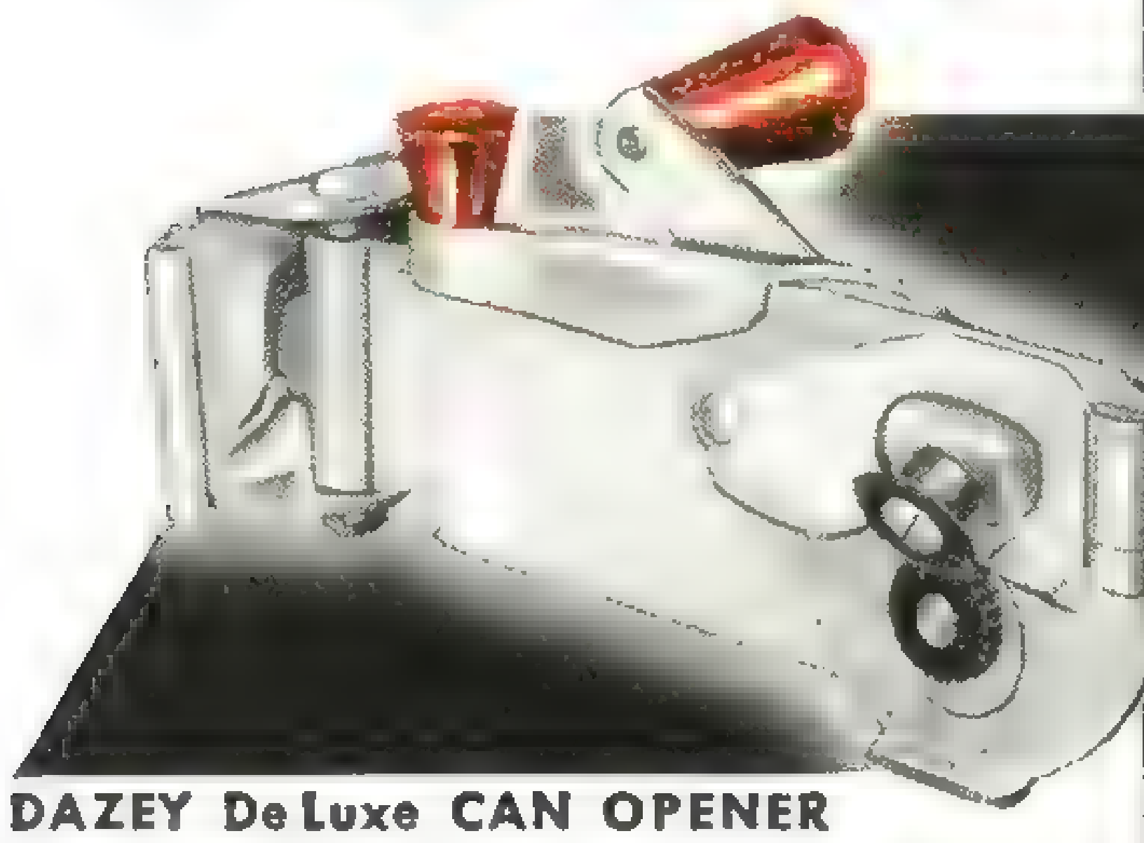

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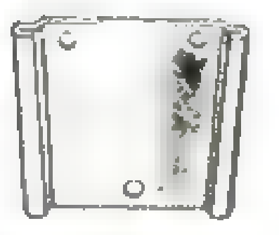

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# Man the Kitchenette

## Forget prudence on Christmas and give your loved ones a dinner to remember

by **ILES BRODY**

▪ EDIBLES ▪

THE other day I overheard two pretty matrons at luncheon in a midtown restaurant. "This Christmas," said one to the other, "we are not going to spend so much on food. After that gluttony last year, I was broke all through January." She said something else, to the effect that her children no longer believed in Santa Claus, and she said it with a smile in a satisfied tone. I felt sorry for her and her children. Yuletide is a time of faith in miracles, a period of pure joy that should be shared by every living creature—and it is. (Or don't you think the cows know when is Christmas Eve? They are left unmilked, for that one evening all over the world, in honor of the manger where He was born.)

All this—bringing up children or the religious aspect—does not concern me. But she should spend money with an open hand on her Christmas dinner, and not confront family and friends with grudging fare clipped from the hypocritical food column of a daily newspaper. I wanted to upbraid the ladies, but thought better of it.

But I insist no money should be spared on this occasion. It is a custom from time immemorial to have the best things to eat on great holidays, to fling prudence to the winds, so every dear one will long remember the event.

Aesop once spent five thousand dollars per guest at a great banquet, and there were some gate-crashers, too. Ground pearls and diamonds were put in the wine. Caligula gave dinner parties in honor of his horse, Incitatus, whom he made a senator; the dinners are said to have cost up to fifty thousand dollars in modern figures. Maecenas paid enormous sums for young asses fed on celery; he adored young-ass steak. (At a much later date, Cardinal du Prat, a famous epicure, revived this delicacy, and for a while it was the Parisian epicures' fad.)

I don't intend to talk you into bankruptcy, and there are cases when one is justified in spending the party money on other things that seem even more important. Stendhal, author of *Le Rouge et le Noir*, spent his last penny one Christmas on a pair of kid gloves—and went without eating. The gloves were needed because at that time no Frenchman could possibly think of a barehanded *tête à tête* with a lady. After eleven years' courting, the Italian countess consented to visit Stendhal, who was a great theoretical lover, but a slow worker in reality. After she left, the author jotted down these lines in his secret diary: "She came, I conquered, and I am most disappointed," or words to that effect. Another proof that it is unwise to forgo the joys of the table, whatever the inducement.

I implore you, rich or poor, to urge the women members of your family, or the cook if you happen to have one, to bake a Christmas cake. There is a certain kind that is a great favorite in Central Europe during holidays. It is difficult for an amateur male cook to make a cake; they are hard to bake in the inadequate oven of a small kitchenette: and outside of professional pastry chefs, women are better at homemade cakes.

### HORSESHOE WALNUT CAKE

Make a dough of one pound butter, one and a quarter pounds flour, two tablespoonfuls of cream, four yolks of eggs, a little sugar, a little salt, and some baking powder. Also make a paste of one pound of ground walnut, a pint of white wine, a dash of rum, half-pint of milk, raisins, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, a little lemon juice, and a little grated lemon peel. Now spread the elastic dough on the kitchen table until it becomes about as thick as cardboard; spread the paste on it, and roll it up into a horseshoe shape. Smear the top thinly with yolk of egg, and place in a hot oven for about an hour.

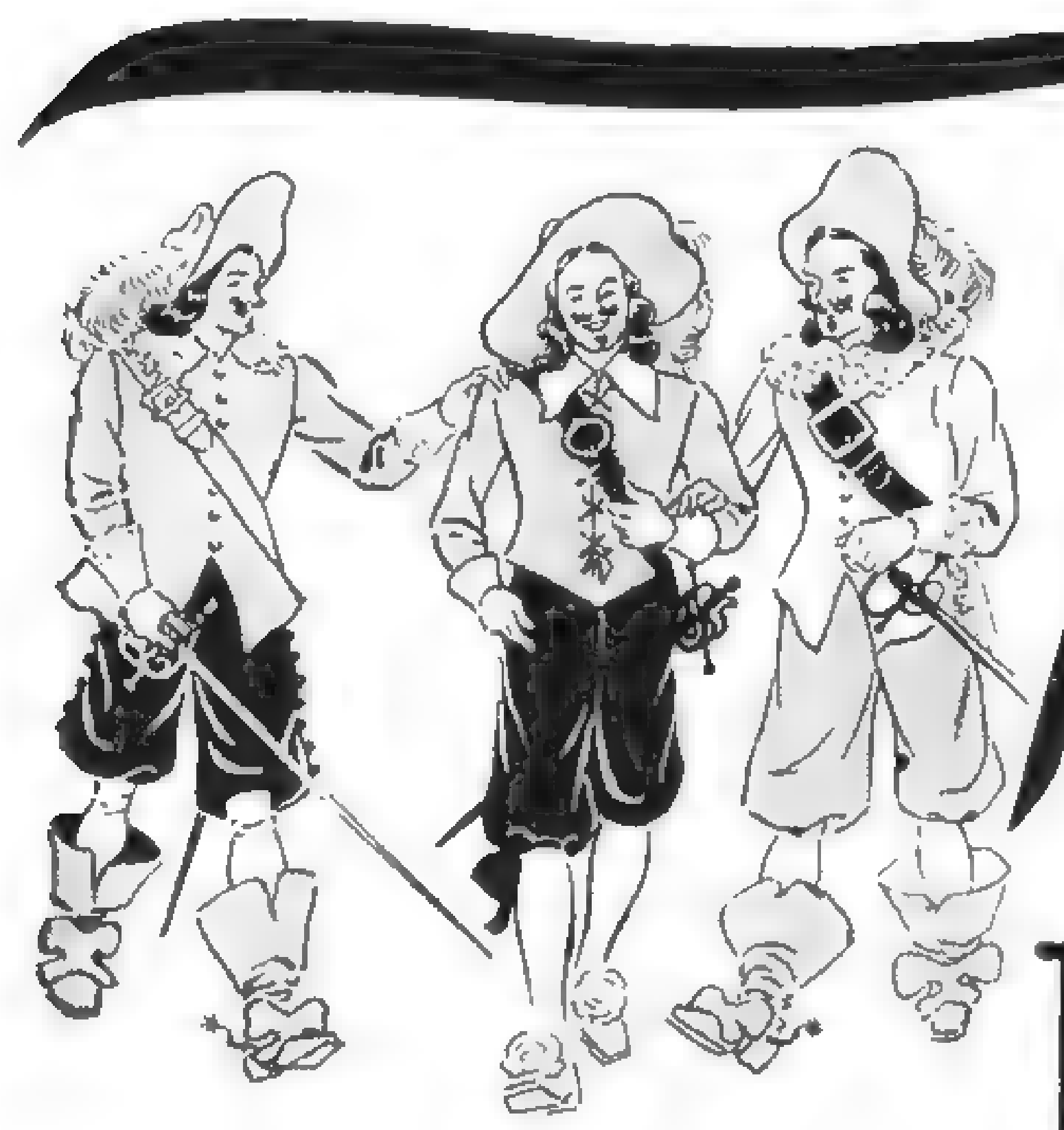
(I am indebted for this recipe to Mrs. Hartman, who runs a restaurant at 317 East 79th Street in New York.)

This is a wonderfully good cake, which keeps for a week or ten days. Sometimes the paste is prepared a bit differently, by cooking a thick syrup of the sugar first, and adding the walnut and other ingredients to the syrup. When one drops in on the neighbors at Christmas time in Europe, at any hour of the day or night, one is immediately offered a piece of this pastry, with drinks or coffee.

Now that this is off my mind, and I feel happy—for I like to share my pleasures—I shall take the Christmas dinner in order. The trouble is that food is a question of likes and dislikes. Still the lack of originality in traditional dinners calls for a *coup d'état*, not to say mutiny. Well, anyway, modification. Let me give you a menu here, to be followed by others, made up by such an expert as Dr. Leopoldt, the famous culinary savant. But let me warn you in advance that not a speck of sage will find its way into my turkey stuffing; and away with mashed potatoes, plum pudding, and the rest of the stagnant accessories that are allowed to tax the patience of epicures just because they have become folklore. Even if some of the venerable dishes are included here they should be prepared in a novel way.

Bisque of Lobster or Bisque of Shrimps
or
Oysters à la Mali
Roast Turkey with Chestnut and Truffle Stuffing
or
Oyster Stuffing
instead of the preceding dish

*Continued on page 180*



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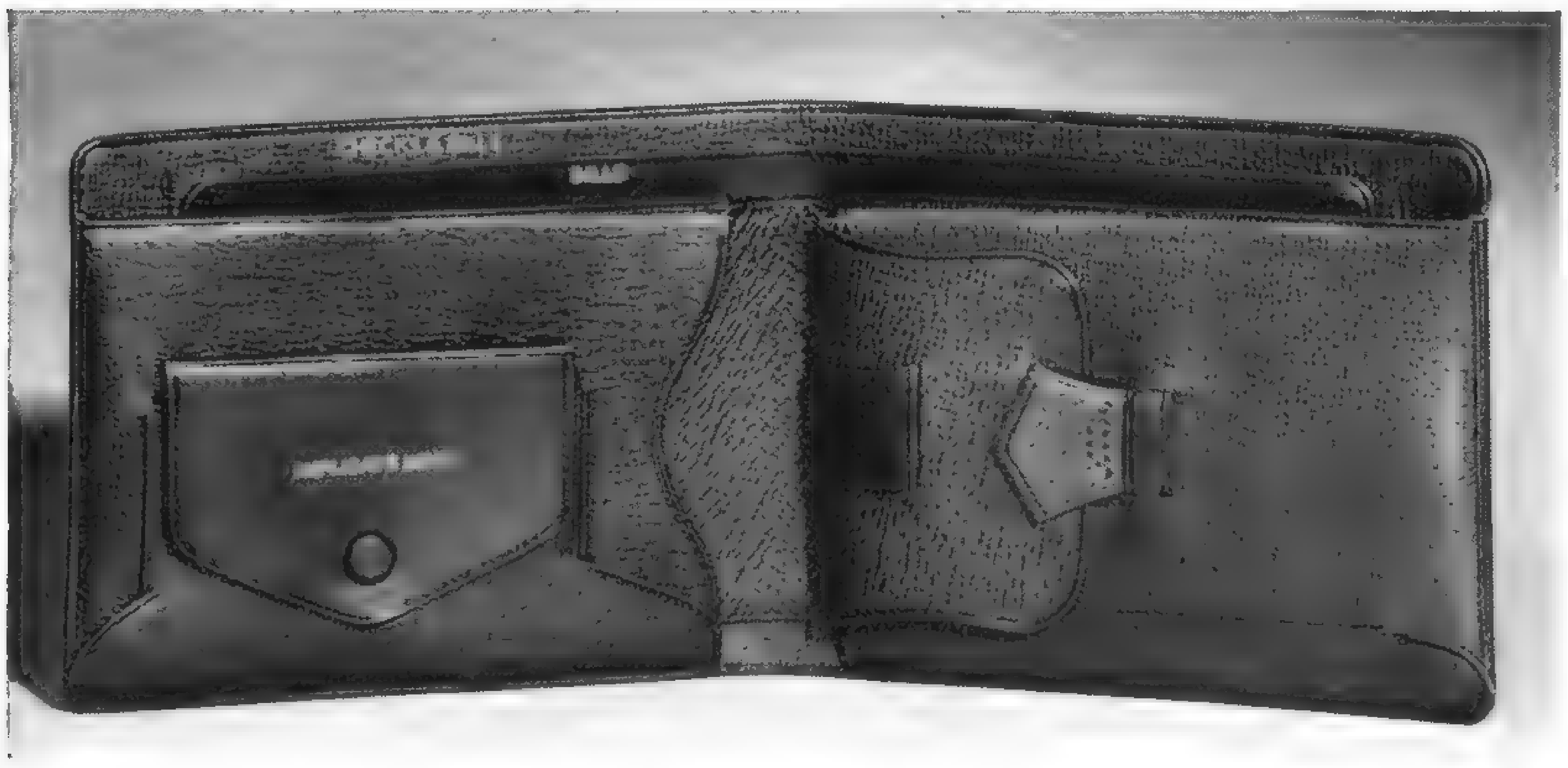

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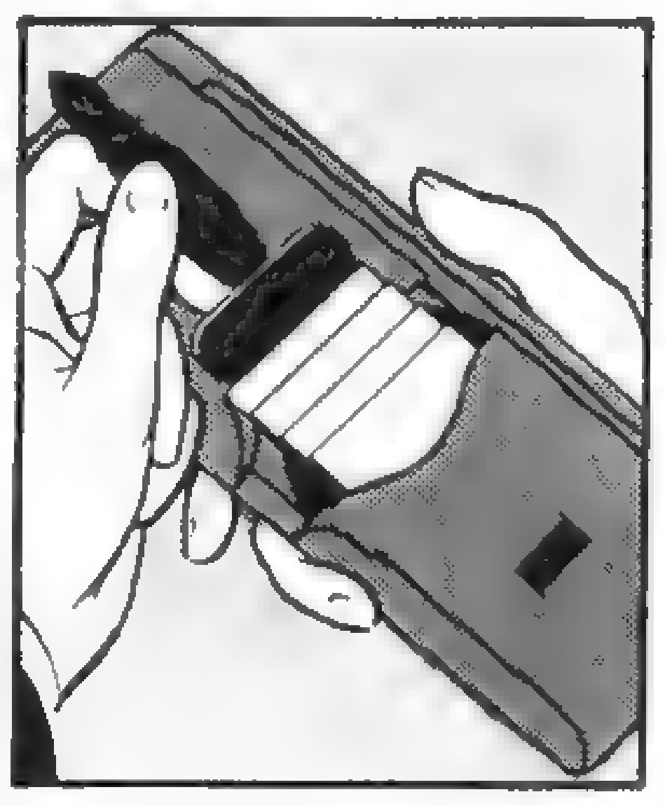

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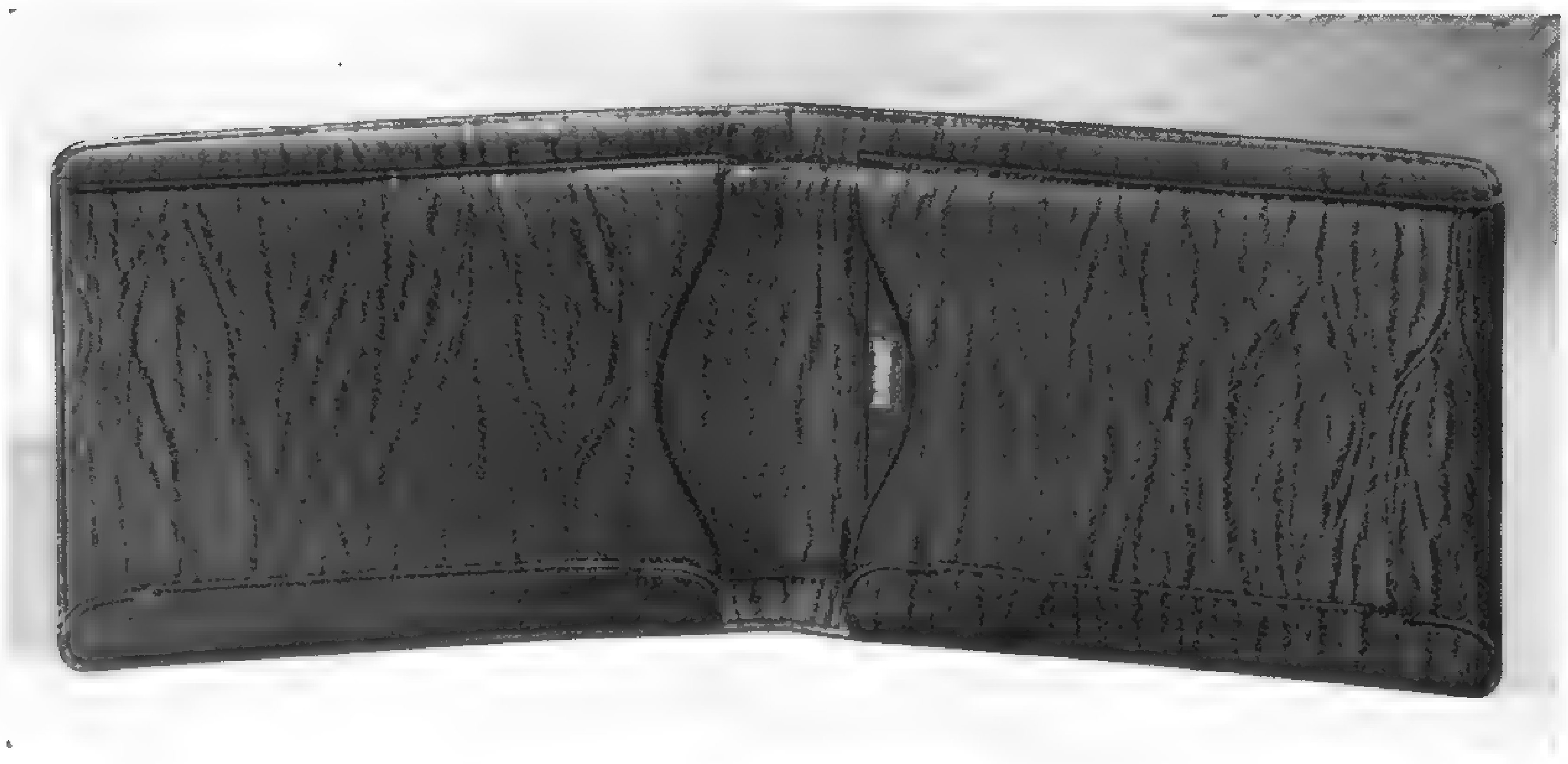

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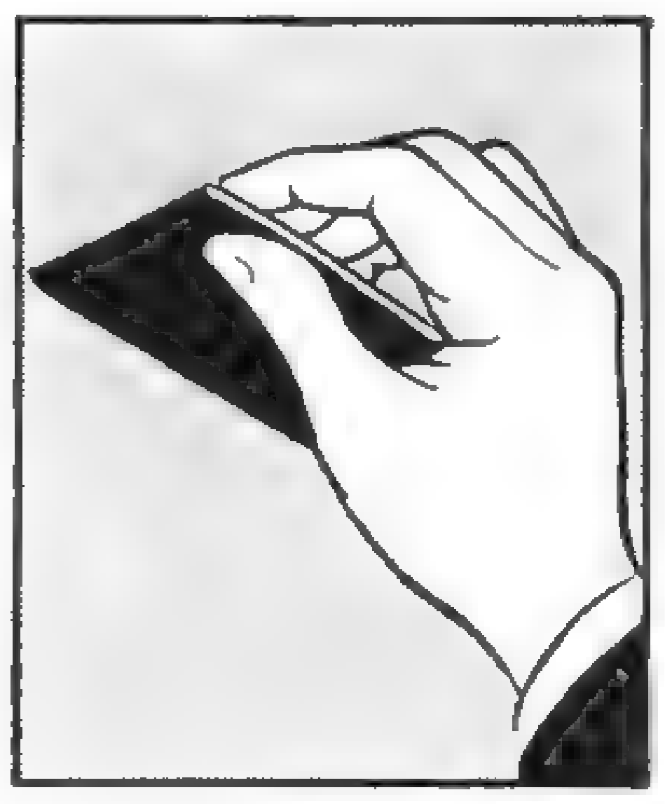

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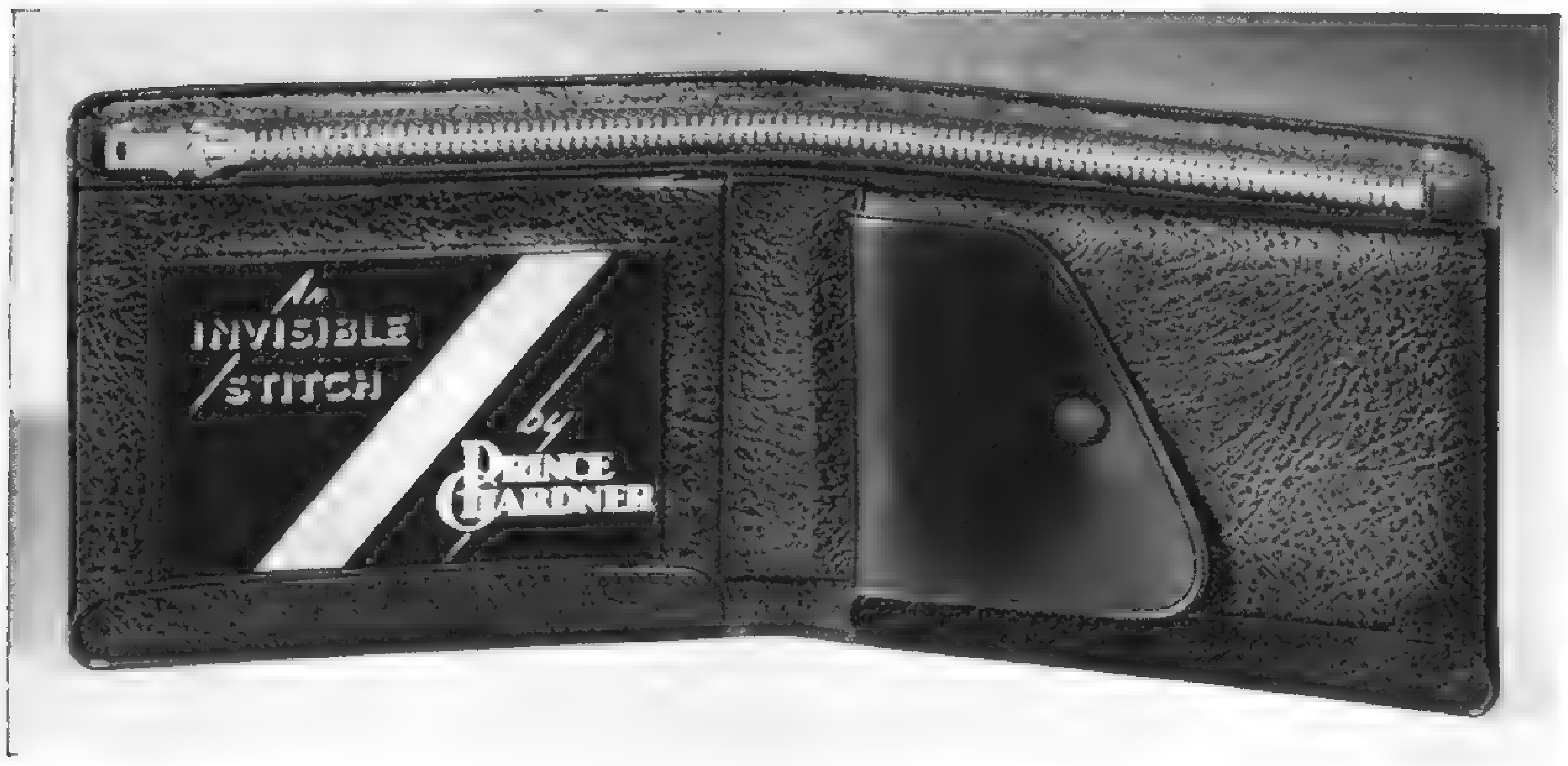
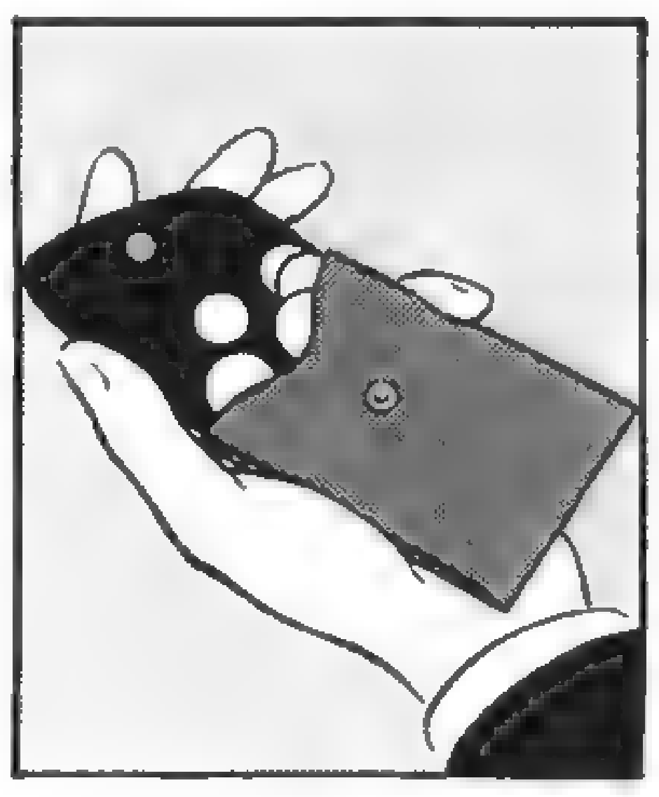


## For the Man

who has a private hate for jangling change:



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# Man the Kitchenette

*Continued from page 178*

Brussels Sprouts à la Gundel
Pommes de Terres en Matelot
Salad
Horseshoe Cake
Macedoine de Fruit
Cheese
Coffee
White and red wine,
possibly Champagne, and Punch.

Oysters à la Mali consists of finely chopped oysters, chopped spinach, butter, an egg, a glass of white wine, a clove of garlic crushed, salt, pepper, and breadcrumbs. After it's done, put back in shells, or if canned oysters are used, pastry shells. It is easier to make than it sounds, and exceedingly good. You and your whole family may be fond of *escargots*, which are in season in December, and then you can replace the oyster dish with the snails. And you may think kindly, if you know your *Decline and Fall*, of Fluvius Hortinus, who was the first to feed snails on boiled milk, and was deified as a reward.

I am partial to fowl without stuffing. But it seems people deliberately save up their appetites for festive dinners, and an empty bird would be devoured in no time. If stuffed, however, it must be done magnificently. The truffles should not worry you; they are not so expensive as people think, and only a few are used; overstuffing with truffles is considered vulgar in the best culinary circles. Monsieur Antoine Dadone, owner of the Caviar Restaurant and the Vendome Delicatessen in New York, told me that he "hunted" truffles as a small boy in the Piedmont, where he was born. He employed two small dogs on these nocturnal expeditions. The truffles grow in the sub-soil of the oak forests. The dogs barked when they smelled the fungus, and stood by until Monsieur Dadone reached the spot. They knew they would be given a lump of sugar after nosing out and digging up the truffles. Piedmont is the home of the white truffle, which is more highly esteemed by gourmets than the black kind, and has a slightly different fragrance. The black variety grows in Périgord, in France, and here pigs are trained to unearth them from the virgin soil; but these gluttonous animals often imitate the gourmets, and try to eat their catch, male or female. I mean the truffles; because they are of different sexes.

Truffles are said to stimulate the brain, and one is willing to believe this; Montaigne had a castle in Périgord, and so did Pierre de Bourdeilles, Seigneur de Brantôme, author of the *Femmes Gallantes*, by far the best pornographic book ever written. And Cyrano de Bergerac smelled the perfume of those Périgord truffles too, with his big nose. They are in season in December, but I do not know of truffles in the United States; here you can get them only in cans.

The sauce for the turkey is really a matter of taste. I give you three choices: almond, bread, or Cumberland sauce. In the best households turkey is always carved in the kitchen and reassembled.

Even people who hate all vegetables love Brussels Sprouts Gundel. It's a casserole dish, baked in a hot oven, and the ingredients, besides the sprouts, are sweet cream, red pepper, butter, and breadcrumbs. If you like, I can send you the detailed recipe.

*Pommes de Terres en Matelot* sounds imposing, but it's easy to make, and as the French say: *Essayez, et vous vous en lécherez les doigts*. Boil potatoes, peel, and cut them into slices. In the saucepan with them, together with butter, put salt, pepper, parsley, chopped onions, a little flour. Add two glasses of white wine.

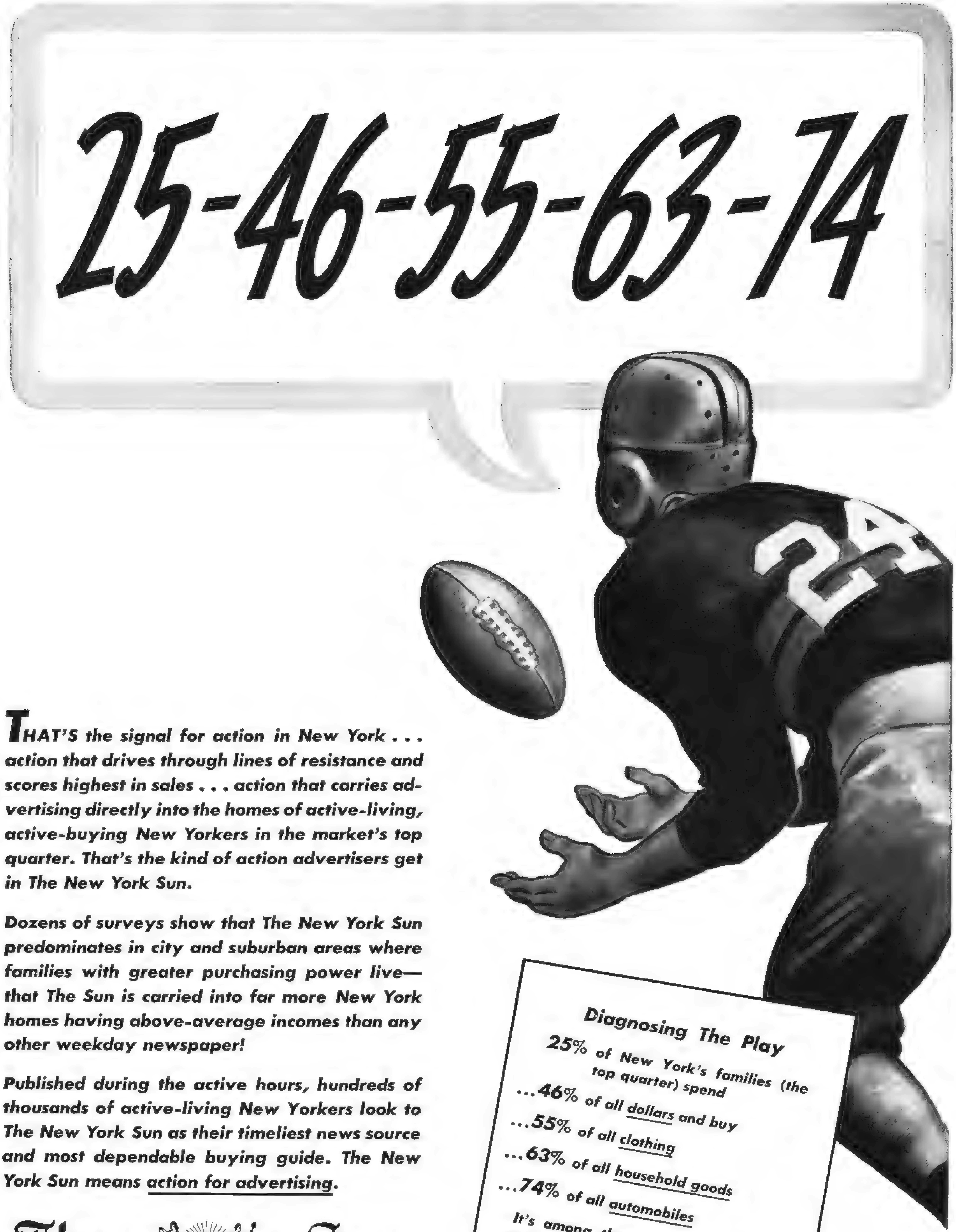
*Macedoine de Fruits*, just a fruit salad in civilized form, is easy to tackle after a heavy meal. For base use a can of humble crushed pineapples, absolutely the best base for Macedoine. There should be preserved cranberries in it, and fruits in season. Some guavas added are excellent; besides Maraschino, and Kirsch, you may use other liqueurs, and red wine.

A meal can't be perfect without cheese. Serve several different kinds. Women usually like Roquefort; men, Camembert or Swiss. Anglophiles enjoy Stilton. American cheeses are getting better every day, and some of them are even better than the imported kind.

You know my firm conviction on coffee: it should be good and strong. Some California wines are better than French; and don't let anyone fool you, there is only one rule in serving wine: white first, and red to follow. Naturally white chilled, and red at room temperature. Champagne must be chilled slowly—not put *on* ice but put *in* ice. The best champagne glass is the so-called tulip, which holds one-sixth of the bottle. Never drink champagne out of a "flute" or "coupe" glass, and never drink it out of colored or crystal glasses. But I have talked too much of beverages, and I will let the Potables department manage the punch.

It is hard to admit that one may sometimes have to spend Christmas alone, but I confess that during my wanderings in the world, several times I have been by myself on the Holy Night. One such memorable event took place in Paris. Two weeks before Christmas, broke to the bone, I chanced to go into the lobby of the Hotel Crillon. Alexander Korda, the producer, creator of *Henry the VIII*, *The Shape of Things to Come*, and countless others, stood at the desk. I have had the privilege on many an occasion of eating at his table, which was an epicure's table, whether surrounded by poor mendicants like me, or by lovely stars and tycoons. And what cigars afterward! Korda said hello to me, and asked me how I was getting along. I said fine. But this extraordi-

*Continued on page 182*



**THAT'S** the signal for action in New York . . . action that drives through lines of resistance and scores highest in sales . . . action that carries advertising directly into the homes of active-living, active-buying New Yorkers in the market's top quarter. That's the kind of action advertisers get in The New York Sun.

Dozens of surveys show that The New York Sun predominates in city and suburban areas where families with greater purchasing power live—that The Sun is carried into far more New York homes having above-average incomes than any other weekday newspaper!

Published during the active hours, hundreds of thousands of active-living New Yorkers look to The New York Sun as their timeliest news source and most dependable buying guide. The New York Sun means action for advertising.

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NEW YORK

**TIMED FOR TELLING... AND FOR SELLING!**

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25% of New York's families (the top quarter) spend
...46% of all dollars and buy
...55% of all clothing
...63% of all household goods
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It's among these responsive, able-to-buy New York families that The Sun's circulation is concentrated.

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give a proven *new fashion* in neckwear the French Panel Tie

THE ORIGINAL French Panel WOVEN IN U.S.A. COPYRIGHT

Don't take a chance on any tie as a Christmas gift. Here is the newest fashion with proven acceptance. French Panel Ties this Fall have been sell-outs throughout the country, because men bought them for themselves—because they liked them. In patterns and colorings you have a wide selection from which to choose. Make Christmas 1940 outstanding by giving a new fashion that is bound to please. Sold at all good stores. Insist on the genuine white and black Original French Panel Label . . . $1.50

WOVEN IN U. S. A.

**CARTER & HOLMES**
838 MERCHANDISE MART
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

## Man the Kitchenette

*Continued from pages 178-180*

narily keen and humane man must have thought otherwise; he saw through me like a glass. We only talked for a few seconds, because Charles Laughton joined him; the two great men were busy. I was accustomed to go downtown to the American Express Company, where I got my mail, but during those two weeks before Christmas nothing came; I mean no money came; simple letters did not interest me. The last time I trotted down forlornly was on the 24th of December. There was a note from Korda and a check! The amount seemed tremendous to me in my poverty. I went to the *Cochon du Lait* restaurant, opposite the Odéon Theatre; ordering the finest turkey dinner, I ate slowly and deliberately. I asked for two glasses with the champagne, and filling them both, I touched one with the other, and drank to my benefactor's health.

But it need not necessarily be turkey or other fowl for Christmas; a few nights ago I watched Walter Winchell eating his lunch at three o'clock in the morning at the Stork Club. It consisted of two soft-boiled eggs, a little unbuttered toast and tea. "I am on a diet," he explained, "I was sick of eating so much and feeling uncomfortable." He really looked well, in the pink of condition, and there wasn't the slightest thought of a paunch. But when I asked him if he intended to stay on the diet even at Christmas, he said no, and his eyes sparkled with joy when he told me what he was going to have. "I am going to have pot roast! The very thing that drove me to this diet. But what can I do? That's my favorite dish!"

Here is a recipe for a lonely man, his only companion for the Holy Night a friendly kitchenette:

Côte de Veau Chez Soi

Toss the veal chop in butter. When golden brown add two mushrooms, cut in two, one shallot chopped very fine, one tablespoonful of tomato sauce, five ounces of white wine, and cover the chop with chicken soup. Let it cook in oven. When ready, add two cooked baby onions, four pieces of salt pork browned in a frying pan, four cocktail sausages. Thicken the sauce with arrowroot if you like.
(From Gustave Reynaud, Chef.)

You can't very well prepare in a small kitchenette the menu Dr. Leopoldt prescribes for Christmas. But you might offer it to someone with a larger kitchen on condition that they invite you.

Turtle Soup (Punch, iced)
Whitebait (Champagne)
Roast Grouse (Claret)
French Beans
Apple Fritter and Jelly (Port)
Ices
Fruit, coffee and liqueurs.

I take the liberty of appending a few notes to this dinner, although I do not dare to question the doctor's authority. But why doesn't he say rather Fish That's Cheap? The best fish is the cheapest; when a kind of fish is abundant it is also healthy—and naturally inexpensive. When a fish is rare, it is usually just skin and bones. Then he says the punch should be served with the turtle soup; and on second thought I do agree with him. Grouse will be very scarce this winter in America. Apple fritters and jelly are no great sensations to Americans. And the doctor has left out cheese, thus making the menu imperfect. Reading the last paragraph over, commenting on Leopoldt's dinner, I see that it is nothing else but sheer professional jealousy.

With the help of Leopoldt I suggest a West Indies Christmas dinner for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, in case they decide to stay at home on their island instead of going to the Duke's ranch in Canada. I see by the papers that the Duchess is going to have a brand new kitchen with a formidable array of electrical devices; hence I conclude that they like to eat well. But it is a known fact that the Duchess captured the Duke when he was still Prince of Wales, by staging exceedingly well-thought-out small epicurean dinner parties at her Mayfair home.

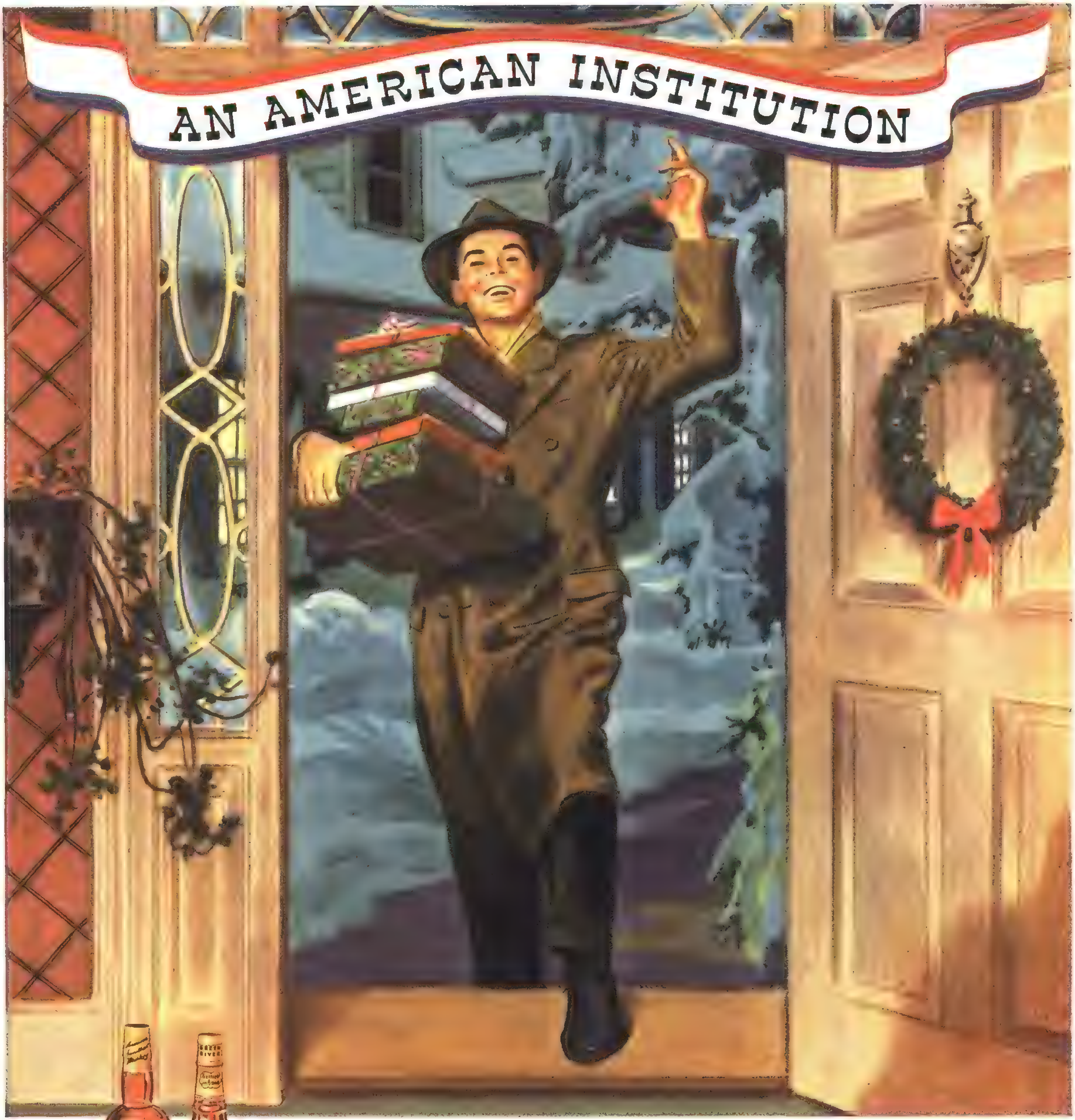
What commendable and truly feminine strategy that was! Still, perhaps she has not heard of this dinner, and it is only courteous to suggest menus to a housefrau. It is:

Mangrove oysters, with pepper-vinegar and limes. Puree of lentils, toast. Boiled red snapper, with May sauce. Blue crab farci. Stewed lappe with akee. Avocado salad. Morocoy with pigeon peas. Coconut ice. Guava preserve and cream. Dessert. Cheese. Coffee, wines, liqueurs.

The Mangrove oysters are among the finest to be found anywhere. They are brought in direct from the swamps with the oysters still clinging to the root. The pepper-vinegar must be freshly made. The crabs ought to be kept near the kitchen and fed on capsicum for a month. (Crabs farci is made by boiling, removing the flesh; the shells must be kept; mix the flesh with breadcrumbs and spices, and serve in shells.) Lappe is the Creole name for pocca, a sort of agouti, supposed to be the best game in the world. Akee is a fruit, and excellent with game. Morocoy is a land tortoise; it must be stewed in red wine, preferably Bordeaux, with spices. Its liver is said to be better than *foie gras*. Pigeon peas is just another name for peas. Coconut ice is the best in the West Indies, and how good it was at Mme Oloffson's at Port-au-Prince. Guava and cream is a fine combination. I have listed cheeses elsewhere.

Talking of such dinners, and how we are still able to have them here in the Western Hemisphere, one cannot help pondering the tragic culinary fate of the Europeans. What copious and marvelous Christmas dinners the Hollanders used to have! White wine soups, wonderful fish, goose, game, their excellent vermicelli pudding with fruit sauce, and all the ac-

*Continued at top of page 187*



GREEN RIVER
GREEN RIVER

The modern tempo of living may have banished many of the old time customs of former Yuletides. But the American trend of gift-giving still holds to the time-honored tradition of saying "Merry Christmas" via a bottle of Green River whiskey. No gift more truly marks the American spirit of hospitality and generosity. No time of year more truly establishes its standing as "An American Institution". Oldetyme Distillers Corporation, New York.

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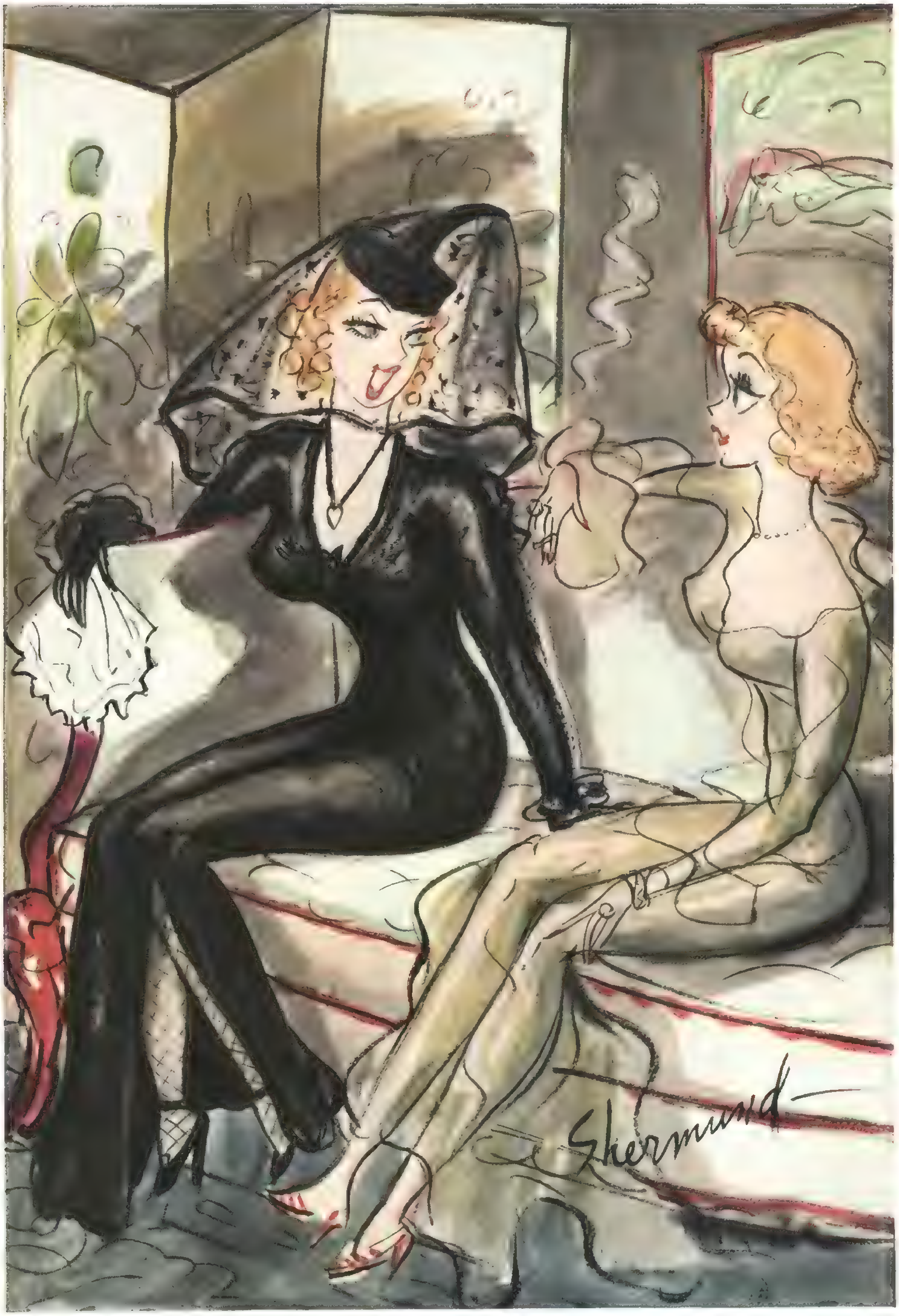

*"Of course I've seen his etchings but what the hell are aquatints?"*

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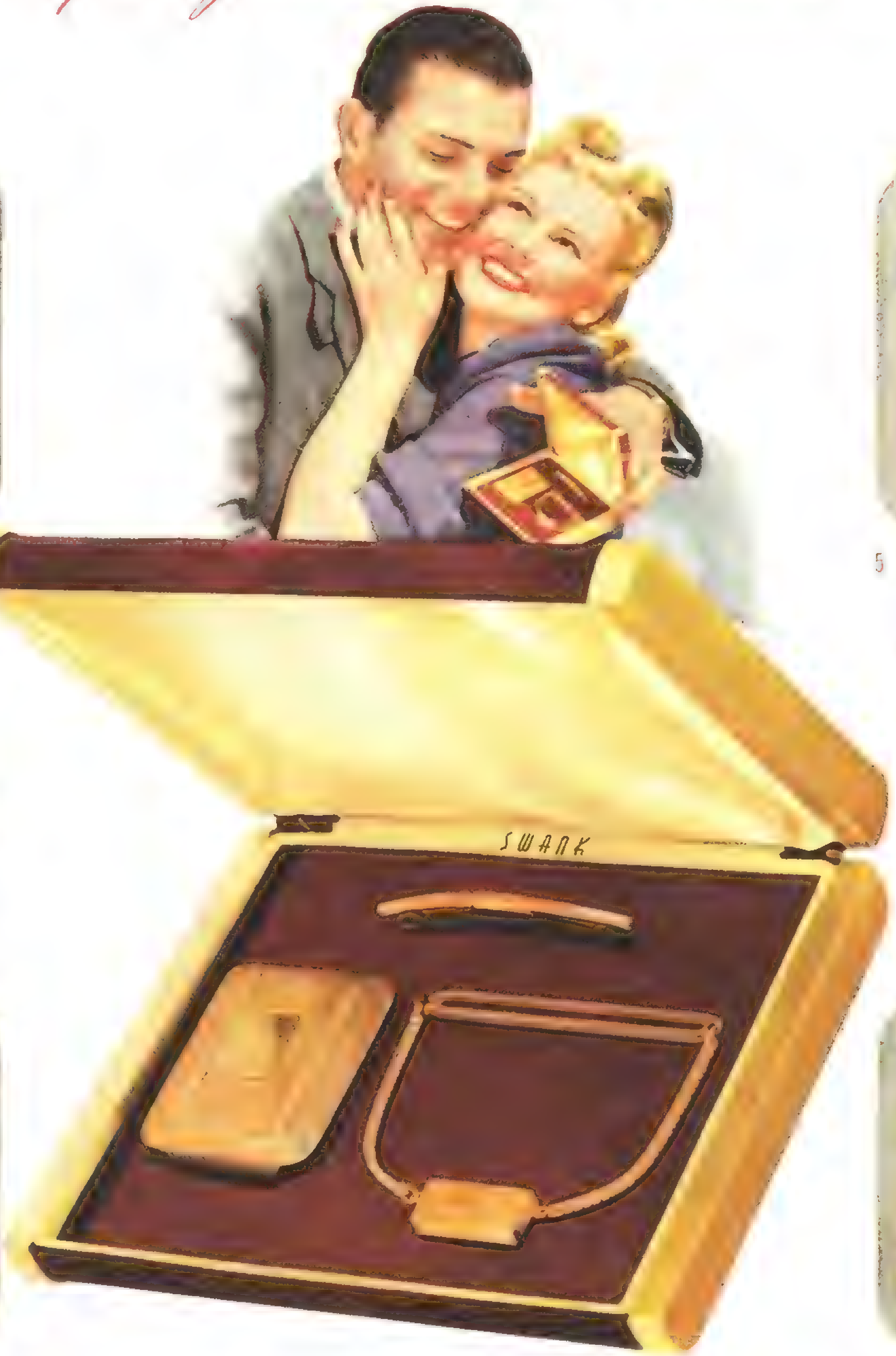
# She Always Gets Her Man...SWANK

1 Manicure knife with blade, nail trimmer, file and cuticle pusher... $3.50; with chain $5.

2 Cuff links...round, cabochon shape stones...in clear effects...variety of gem-like colors...pair $1.50.

3 Cravat chain and cuff links, cleverly modelled replica of champion airedale...also available with horsehead ...set $2.50.

4 Key chain (regulation length), cravat chain and collar holder...elegant pieces of creative craftsmanship in the best Swank tradition...set $3.50.



9 Cravat chain, buckle and collar holder in 1/20th 12 kt. gold filled, attractively hand-engraved...set $10.

Women who "read their male" correctly no longer ask "What?" but "Which?" when it comes to Christmas giving. They always get their men Swank. It's fun selecting from the wide assortment of Swank aids to good grooming...just the right jewelry for him...and him...and him. And when a lady gets her man Swank, she's getting him just what he would get for himself. Attractively packaged for gifts. At leading jewelers', department stores and men's shops.

SWANK PRODUCTS, INC., ATTLEBORO, MASS.

SWANK

5 Precious Tones cuff links and tie klip, with highlights and fiery depths that resemble real gems...in six colors... set $2.50. Sterling silver $4.00.

6 Evening set in smoked pearl for dinner jacket; or white mother-of-pearl for tail coat...set $3.50. Other sets $2.50 to $35.

7 Cameo cravat chain and cuff links... authentically executed...set $5.

8 Duo-gram key chain (regulation length), cravat chain and belt buckle...his initials in crest-like design...set $5. In 1/20th 12 kt. gold filled, $13.50.

## Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 178-180-182

cessories! The Italians went in for regional dishes; around Genoa they had Maccaroni Natale, Christmas-Eve maccaroni! Around Milan it was Risotto alla Milanese di Natale. And even the poorest had their Mostarda di Cremona, those very hot sweets that can't be duplicated anywhere else in the world, or Torroni di Cremona, a sweet that came in fancy little painted boxes. But there was turkey of course too for the Italians, and Aragosta, which was their name for lobster; it often followed the turkey, because the Italians thought it conventional for the fish to precede the meat course.

And what of England's Christmas dinners? The pheasant pies, and the "ancient sirloin," and the barons of beef? And the silver cup that passed from lip to lip, as the British yeomen sang, like their fathers before them:

The brown bowle,
The merry brown bowle,
As it goes round-about-a,
  Fill,
  Still,
Let the world say what it will,
And drink your fill out-a.
  The deep canne,
As thou dost freely quaff-a,
  Sing,
  Fling,
Be as merry as a king,
And sound a lusty laugh-a.

That would be worst of all to lose—and perhaps it may not be lost, even yet. ⧺

## Lovely to Ladle

### Comes Christmas, glad season of the punchbowl, Eggnog, and toddy

### by LAWTON MACKALL

▪ POTABLES ▪

It's a large order that's been handed us Americans, this job of acting as custodians of Christmas civilization. All the expansiveness of heart and girth, all the midriff good will toward men, all the pageantry of plum puddings, boars' heads, cranberried turks, clove-studded Virginia hams, oranged geese, apple-in-the-mouth piglets, brandy-ripened fruit cakes, all the traditions of lordly-bowled punching and nogging—these are our responsibilities now. It rests with us to see that Kriss Kringle is kept duly moist, not liquidated.

Fortunately, we are a people who don't shirk in such matters. If we are perhaps a little absent-minded in regard to Bobbie Burns's Birthday (January 25th) so that we forget to provide ourselves with haggis to go with our whuskie on that occasion, we nevertheless prove our Scottish fealty year in and year out, and as for Christmas our memory is wonderful. Hardly have we flipped over the sheet of the calendar to December, when one of our tonsils whispers to the other, "It won't be long now."

Still and all, there are a good many of us whose celebrational technique is a bit rusty in punch-bowling, who in fact regard a punch bowl as a quaint curio, obsolete as a mustache cup. They'd no more think of putting this gladsome utensil to practical use than they would of dragging down great-grand-dad's flintlock to go skeeting with.

They're the losers. For an honest-to-injun bowl of cheer, sporting its glory of fine porcelain or resplendent silver (most notably the monteith type, topped with a detachable crown), is a natural hub of a party. Nor has it any kinship with the sloppy "pink lemonade pond" that functions, amid a derelictdom of dirty glasses on a wet tablecloth, at nondescript dances where the budget for "refreshments" is modest to the point of prudery. No, you can blot such wishy-washies out of your memory when *this* is set down in company, for this is no mere adjunct to an occasion, it's the proud *pièce de résistance*, concocted of the lavish best and served with éclat.

Furthermore, the glasses aren't those cute-handled cuppies, alias knuckle-traps, you've struggled with so gracefully. They are *drinking* glasses—either stemmed, Delmonico, or (in case of much fruitage) outright tumblers. And their rightness checks with the old prints of sociable scenes of a hundred years and a hundred and fifty years ago. Those bluff squires and London bloods didn't ladle the sublime into the ridiculous, they were men of grasp.

Under Yule auspices, individualism can afford to yield to group solidarity, this being a season when no man should drink unto himself. Granted that during the routine course of the year he may be a gatherer of quickies, the very aspect of the punch bowl announces that here is a ritual of no ordinary sort, offering not merely potation but participation.

Sentiment in favor of a White Christmas finds its expression in Eggnog. Recipes for this sustainer, or theme tipple, are numerous as the stars of the Milky Way. Some are regional, some are ancestral, each pronounced perfect by its adherents and not subject to argument. Marylanders in particular bow to nobody in their nogging, of which the following is agreeably typical:

Baltimore Eggnog

(Recipe wrested from Mrs. H. G.)

1 doz. fresh eggs
1 doz. tablespoons granulated sugar
1 pint best Bourbon Whiskey

Continued on page 188

I LOVE DANCING WITH YOU, JIM!

**Jim used to wonder** why he never enjoyed dancing—why he hesitated whenever he asked a friend to be his partner. One evening when he was trying to make up his mind to ask a very charming young lady to dance, he suddenly realized that if his dancing were more modern . . . he would get more enjoyment out of life. Jim took a few lessons at the Arthur Murray Studios. Today he is not only an excellent dancer, but he has also gained poise and confidence.

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*Special low rates now in effect!*

Special dance rates are now in effect at all of the Arthur Murray studios. Plan to enroll while you can save money on lessons. The idea of our branch studios is to make you a distinguished dancer—smooth, graceful, sophisticated. Take advantage of the special offer and visit the studio most convenient for you. All you need is a few hours to gain the happiness and popularity good dancers enjoy! For a limited time you may obtain a trial private dance lesson for $1.

**FREE** Send *now* for Arthur Murray's new dance book. It contains instructions in the Rumba, Tango, Waltz, Fox Trot—the secrets of leading and how to follow—the proper way to hold your partner, etc. See how easy it is to be a thrilling partner—to be popular, sought-after wherever you go. Please enclose 10c to cover the cost of mailing and handling. Address Arthur Murray, Studio N103, 7 East 43rd Street, New York City, N. Y.

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| CHICAGO, Hotel Drake & 57 E. Jackson | |
| CINCINNATI | Netherland Plaza Hotel |
| CLEVELAND | Hotel Statler |
| DALLAS | Baker Hotel |
| DETROIT | Hotel Statler |
| HARTFORD | Bond Hotel |
| HOUSTON | 5000 Montrose Blvd. |
| KANSAS CITY, MO. | 4722 Broadway |
| LOS ANGELES | 707 South Hill Street |
| (Beverly Hills) | 357 N. Beverly Drive |
| MILWAUKEE | Hotel Astor |
| MINNEAPOLIS | Hotel Nicollet |
| NEW HAVEN | 1056 Chapel St. |
| NEW ORLEANS | Roosevelt Hotel |
| NEW YORK | 7 East 43rd Street |
| PHILADELPHIA | Bellevue Stratford Hotel |
| PITTSBURGH | Hotel William Penn |
| PROVIDENCE | Prov. Biltmore Hotel |
| SAN FRANCISCO | St. Francis Hotel |
| ST. LOUIS | 7742 Forsythe Blvd. |
| ST. PAUL | St. Paul Hotel |
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BAYONNE, N. J.

## Lovely to Ladle

*Continued from page 187*

1 pint heavy-bodied bouquet Rum
1 wineglass Peach Cordial
1 quart milk
1 quart cream
Grated nutmeg

Segregate egg yolks, beat them and add to them the sugar, working it in gradually; then half of the milk. Still stirring, insert the Whiskey and the Rum. Let stand 15 minutes or so, to give these elements a chance to get well acquainted; then add the other half of the milk, and also the cream, likewise the Peach Cordial.

The whites of the eggs, which have undergone a separate lashing till stiff, are now neatly folded into the mixture, which gets a light shower of nutmeg as a send-off.

A lovely thing to ladle, truly. And still more so to inhale. Yet the competition it has to buck is terrific, from 'way back. For example, in Colonial Williamsburg there has flourished a super-luxury version running thus:

OLD VIRGINIA EGGNOG

12 eggs, new born
2¼ cups granulated sugar
1 quart finest Brandy
1 pint Jamaica Rum, rich and ripe
1 gallon heavy cream

Beat the 12 yolks relentlessly, adding the granulated sugar, then alternate shots of the Brandy and Rum till full amounts are incorporated. Then three-fourths of the heavy cream and, foldingly, half of the egg whites, prebeaten in a side dish. Whereupon, beat up other half of egg whites stiffer than stiff, adding to them the cup of powdered sugar, plus (lightly stirred in) the other quart of cream, and fold this sideshow into the main show. Twelve hours' rest in a cool place of safety will be beneficial. Partakers will need spoons as this calls for spadework.

Fredericksburg Virginians who would rather imbibe drinks than eat them, devote their talents to the specifications hereinafter enumerated, which come from the home of a leading attorney:

RAPPAHANNOCK EGGNOG

1 doz. egg yolks (no whites used at all)
12 even tablespoons pulverized sugar
3 pints bouquet Bourbon Whiskey
3 wineglasses Peach Brandy
2 wineglasses full-bodied Rum with plenty of "nose" to it.
3 pints milk
1 pint whipped cream

Beat yolks in a kitchen bowl for 30 minutes. (An electric mixer is a good reprieve.) Add the sugar gradually, with no letup; then, shot by shot, the 3 liquors; followed by the milk. Last of all, the whipped cream. If the latter isn't interpolated until the next day, so much the grander.

Bedewing your lips with a sample thereof, it's hard to imagine why folks who can do this would ever want to do anything else. But the wily Fredericksburgers also do an

APPLE TODDY
(cold)

1 doz. pippin apples
1½ lbs. granulated sugar
2 quarts Apple Brandy
1 pint Peach Brandy
2 quarts boiling water
1 pint Sherry

Roast the apples with skins on and mash well while still hot. Add the sugar, Brandies, and boiling water; set to cool. When cold, add Sherry. Strain or not, as you wish. Serve well iced.

It's swell—and even better if put away for a year. In fact, a really provident apple-toddier starts off his New Year by making ready for next Christmas. But there are hazards about that. I'm told of a conscientious concoctor who was all set by January 3rd, yet somehow by February 3rd found himself destitute so that he had to start all over again, and from then on the year was just a dull grind.

Incidentally, you might say, if you're a stickler, that this poor fellow wasn't toddying at all, but punching, since toddies are on the hot side. But you'll have to take that up with the Fredericksburgers. One thing is certain, however: Punch can be either hot or cold. Anyone troubled with haziness on this point needed only to behold the Wine and Food Society's Jeanne ("Titania of the Tid-bits") Owen presiding over hot and cold Christmas Rum Punches as though she were a kettle-drummer. Here are the blueprints for them:

CHRISTMAS RUM PUNCH
(hot)

6 oranges
½ gallon sweet Cider
1 bottle Jamaica Rum, bestest
Sugar to taste
Whole cloves
Ground cinnamon and nutmeg

Stick the oranges full of cloves and bake them in the oven until they soften. Place oranges in the punch bowl, pour over them the Rum and granulated sugar to taste. Set fire to Rum and in a few minutes add the cider slowly to extinguish the flame. Stir in cinnamon and nutmeg, and keep the mixture hot.

CHRISTMAS RUM PUNCH
(cold)

Juice of 4 oranges
Juice of 2 lemons
Diced pineapple
½ cup granulated sugar
1 pony Curaçao
1 small bottle Maraschino cherries
1 bottle old Jamaica or New England Rum
1 bottle Club Soda

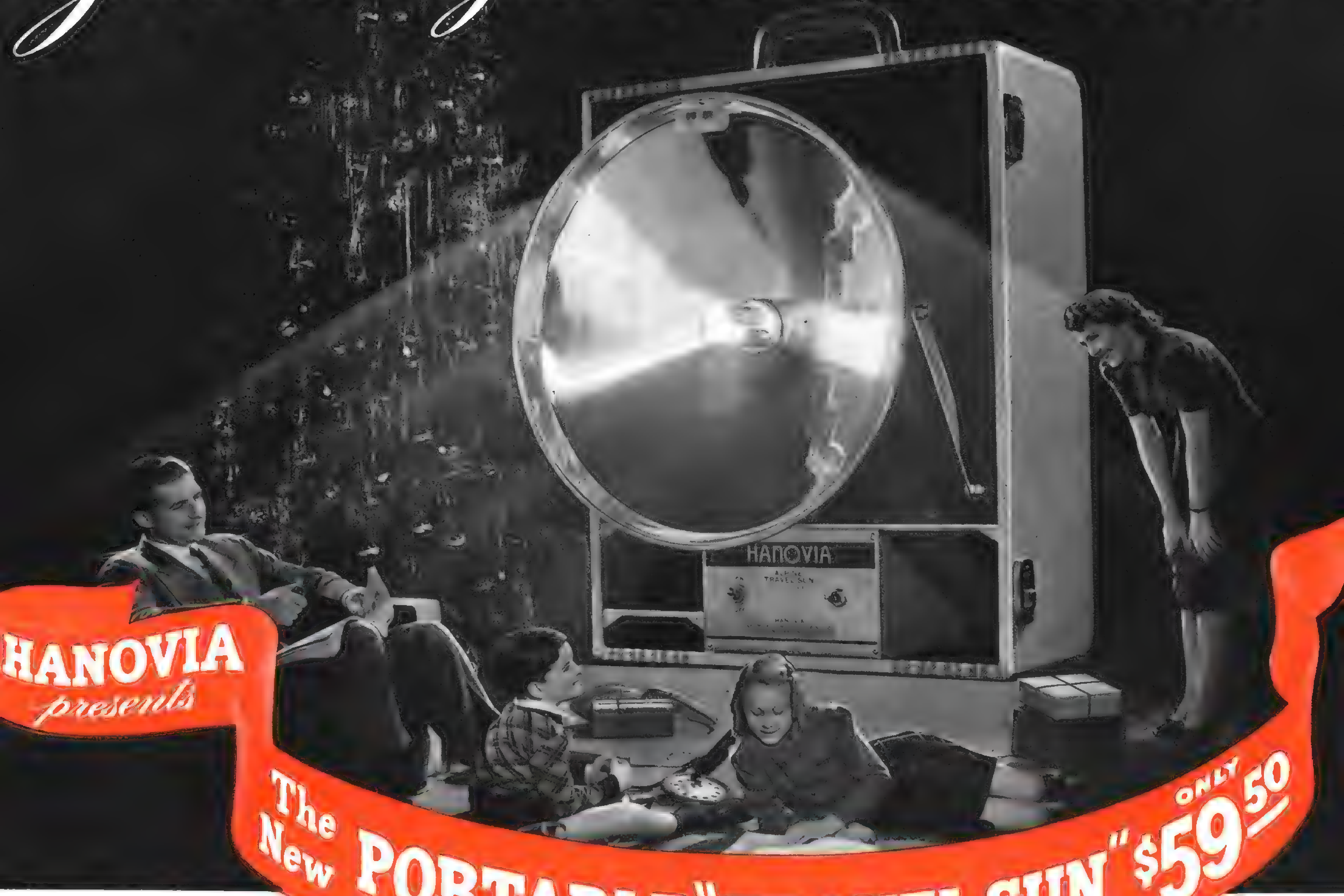
Place in punch bowl fruit juices, cherries and liquid of cherries; add garnishment consisting of 1 orange thinly sliced and 2 lemons ditto, and the diced pineapple. Also the sugar, Curaçao and Rum. Let stand for 2 hours. When due to be served, add ice (chunk) and Club Soda.

Whether we realize it or not, we are taking a stab at Sanskrit, lingo of Ancient India, when we utter the word *punch*. *Pancha* in Brahminic parlance a few thousand years ago meant "five," and in subsequent Hindustani *panch* signified "a mixture of five anythings," so when some unsung hero out there put together a drink boasting five ingredients, he dubbed it a *panch*. And before you knew it—that is to say, around three centuries ago—British officers of the great East India Company had caught on and wanted their *panch* or *punch* no matter how many ingredients it numbered, in due time bringing the term back with them to London. In consequence, when England colonized America, bed and board had an indispensable partner—the punch bowl.

And presently there were stirrings of independence, aided by distilleries which sprang up to toy

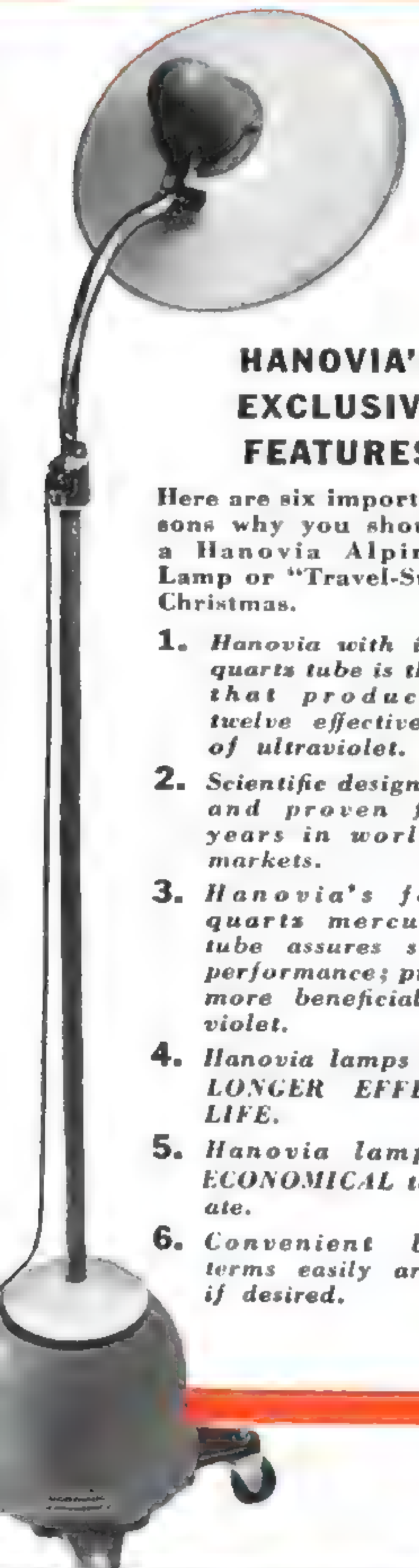
*Continued on page 190*

# *Give them year 'round Sunshine!*



**HANOVIA** *presents*

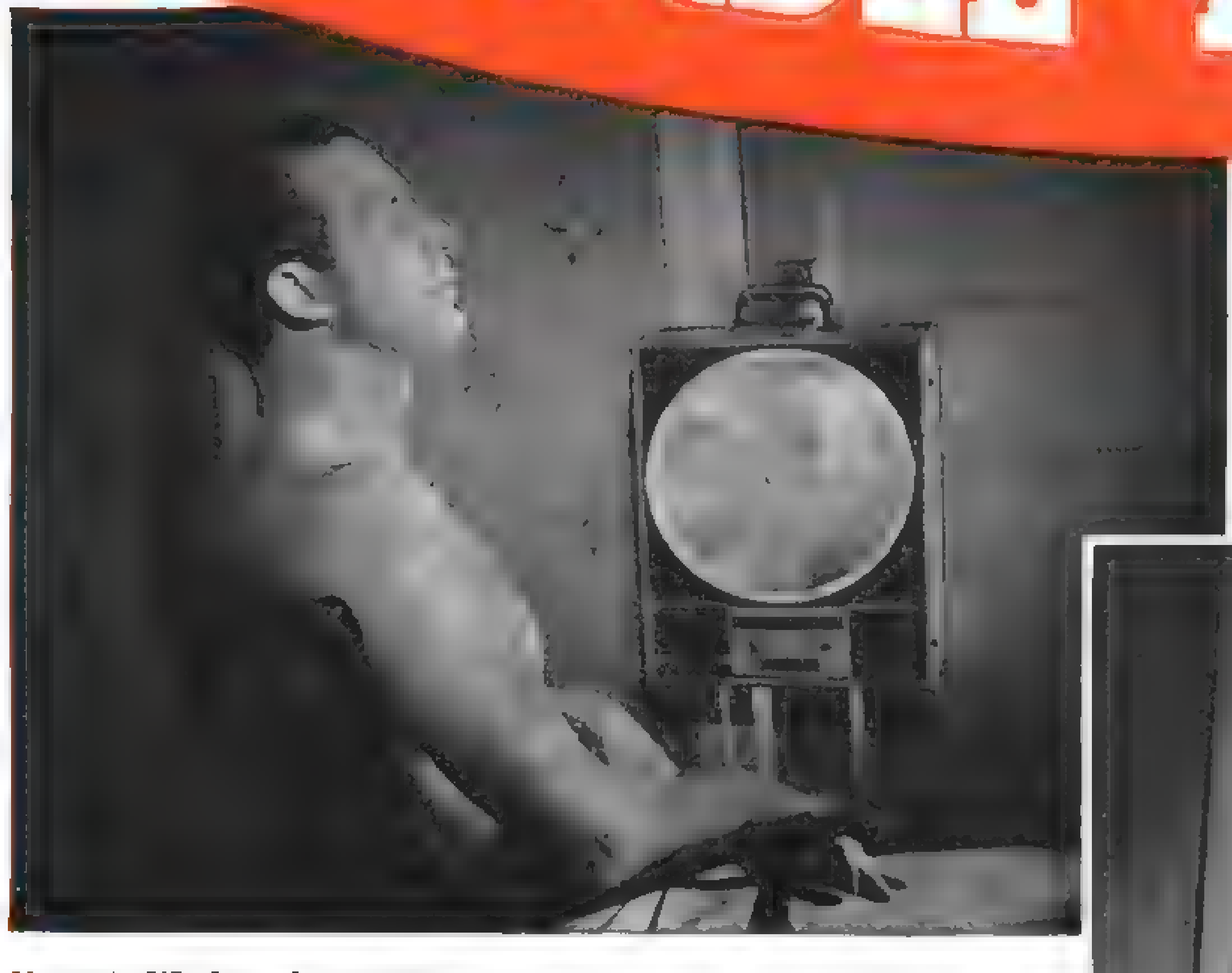
# The New PORTABLE "TRAVEL-SUN" ONLY $59.50



### HANOVIA'S EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

Here are six important reasons why you should buy a Hanovia Alpine Sun Lamp or "Travel-Sun" for Christmas.

1. *Hanovia with its pure quartz tube is the lamp that produces all twelve effective bands of ultraviolet.*
2. *Scientific design, tested and proven for 35 years in world-wide markets.*
3. *Hanovia's famous quartz mercury arc tube assures superior performance; produces more beneficial ultraviolet.*
4. *Hanovia lamps have a LONGER EFFECTIVE LIFE.*
5. *Hanovia lamps are ECONOMICAL to operate.*
6. *Convenient budget terms easily arranged if desired.*



**HANG IT ON A DOOR.** Or set it on a bedroom table. Have sunshine wherever you go. No effort at all. Whether you are in a hotel or home, just open the case and sunshine is yours. Let Hanovia's new "Travel-Sun" bring health to every room in your home. Start the New Year right.

**CONVENIENT AS CAN BE.** "Travel-Sun" takes up no more space than an ordinary overnight bag. After a few minutes' precious sunshine, close case and stow away in closet. Light as luggage can be, it's perfect for air travel.

**EASY TO CARRY.** Just imagine all the wonderful qualities of a Hanovia Alpine Home Sun Lamp placed compactly in a handsome traveling case. A child can carry it. No matter where you go, how far or how near, you always have vital sunshine by your side.

**LET SUMMER SPEND THE WINTER IN YOUR HOME.** During the bleak winter days keep your family and yourself physically fit with "Travel-Sun", Hanovia's new masterpiece in Ultraviolet Quartz Lamps. A new Christmas gift that brings health into the home.

Hanovia makes the finest ultraviolet equipment in the world. For Hanovia has the famous quartz mercury arc tube. This tube guarantees all twelve effective bands of ultraviolet. See that your family gets its necessary healthful sunshine all winter. Watch the glowing rays improve your appearance, increase your pep and keep you physically fit. This year, give the practical "Travel-Sun" Alpine Lamp. It comes in three colors—alligator brown, tan and grey, costs but $59.50 and may be purchased on easy monthly payments. See Hanovia Alpine Lamps demonstrated at Department Stores, Electric and Medical Supply Shops; also at our showrooms.

*Use this coupon for your free copy of an interesting and enlightening booklet entitled "Your Place in the Sun."*

**Hanovia Chemical and Manufacturing Company**
**Newark, New Jersey**

**Gentlemen:** Please send me further information on Hanovia Alpine Home Sun Lamps.

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ADDRESS________________________

CITY______________STATE__________

ES-12

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What you have a right to expect in a Shirt at
$2

Year after year, more men are recognizing the Jayson Whitehall as the ultimate in a white shirt. They can't always explain their preference. All they know is that Whitehall looks more luxurious, fits better and wears longer. Of course, there are reasons for this Whitehall superiority. The broadcloth fabric is costlier and finer in weave...the Troy tailoring details and construction features are better than in any other nationally known shirt at the price. Whitehall represents the best quality standards of fifty years of shirt making...it is Jayson's masterpiece. You need never be satisfied with less than this perfection.

Featured by good dealers everywhere. Sizes 13½ to 19...sleeve lengths 31 to 37...in neckband, regular soft collar or Jaysonized no-starch, wrinkle-free collar. Sanforize shrinkage less than 1%. Also available are Whitehall pajamas, in white and solid colors, at $2. If you cannot locate a Jayson dealer, send size and money order. We will see that you are served.

WHITEHALL
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
by Jayson
with CELANESE WRINKLE-FREE COLLAR
F. JACOBSON & SONS, INC., 1115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

## Lovely to Ladle

*Continued from pages 187-188*

happily with the flavors of home-grown bearded grain and of molasses cargoed from the West Indies. Lemons, sugar, and water were draped around Rye Whiskey and/or New England Rum, as for instance:

YANKEE PUNCH

2 quarts Rye Whiskey
1 pint New England Rum
6 lemons, sliced
1 pineapple, sliced
4 quarts of water
Sugar to taste
Ice

The Tom and Jerry era burst upon us later, in 1821, with the advent of a best-seller entitled, more or less completely you might say: "*Life in London;* or, *The Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorn, Esq.*, and his elegant friend Corinthian (meaning 'Esquirish') Tom, accompanied by Bob Logic, the Oxonian, in their Rambles and Sprees through the Metropolis. By Pierce Egan (Author of *Walks through Bath, Sporting Anecdotes, Picture of the Fancy, Boxiana,* etc.), dedicated to His Most Gracious Majesty King George the Fourth. Embellished, with thirty-six scenes from Real Life, designed and etched by I. R. & G. Cruikshank; and enriched with numerous original Designs on Wood, by the same artists."—which appeared first as a magazine serial and then a book, ending up as a stage hit on both sides of the Atlantic, making the characters Tom and Jerry as well known as Damon and Pythias. Result:

TOM AND JERRY

(Version No. 999, geared for 12 portions).

Act I. Crack a dozen unquestionable eggs which have been chilled in the refrigerator; separate, beat the yolks thin and the whites thick, adding 3 tablespoons of sugar to the latter. Reunite actively, achieving a light batter.

Act II. Deal this out into mugs or tumblers—2 tablespoons apiece, plus 1 jigger of Rye Whiskey or Brandy, and ½ jigger bouquet Rum. Fill up with hot water or hot (not boiled) milk. Past masters employ an extra mug and pour back and forth from hand to hand—practically a triumphal arch in air. Nutmeg.

By round No. 2 of the above, the cricket on the hearth seems to be doing nightingale imitations. And isn't it odd that the Sandman should carry such a funny sandbag?

But we are getting ahead of our Christmas story—hurdling the feast itself, which is too imposing an event to be taken in anybody's stride, though he may get up and walk around the table between chukkers, to regain capability. What we were intending to say, and would have if we hadn't been bowled aside and mugged out of our course, is that the turkey demolition session will call for sundry beverages as co-operators and performing magicians. Oysters, for example, lilt at the sight of sly, dry Sherry. Most soups, especially turtle, and Madeira are amorous about each other. Turkey takes to Clarets, Burgundies, and positively jubilates under the impetus of Champagne. Fruity Sauterne is dessert's sweetheart. And coffee is the signal for the parade of Cordials and Brandy, escorting cigars, with decanters glinting promisingly in the middle distance.

Without wishing to disrupt the party, I think I ought to mention a rumor I've heard to the effect that Christmas, for all its charm, isn't supposed to be just a gorge. It's being darkly hinted that one is supposed to *give.* Gifts.

Do I bewilder you? Then let me offer the reassuring thought that there is a store which has glass objects on display in its window, with necks to them. It's a place where one can drop in and browse among great names, fondling the rich and choice. Classic wines, bearing the labels of the grand old shippers and the gilt-edged importers. Celebrated whiskies of Scotland and Ireland. Revered Cognacs and Armagnacs, and the time-honored liqueurs—Bénédictine, Chartreuse, Grand Marnier, Cointreau, and so on—all luckily on this side of the water when France was invaded; and this is true of the wines too, both still and sparkling: Hitler gets no cut on your purchase.

And America's own proud products. Has anybody ever found the beat of a good Bourbon? Or heard any heartfelt complaints about our Rye? Or any barks against our popular blends? Or virulence toward what's coming from New England, Jamaica and Puerto Rico? And who grits teeth at America's fastidiously made gins? (The huge modern distilleries deal with heads and tails differently from the way bathtubs did.) Or who makes faces at our own American Cordials?

As for our American wines, the rising tide of quality as well as quantity is sweeping across the national palate, with Bacchus-kissed California, New York, Ohio, Missouri, New Jersey and the Carolinas already scoff-proof. People who erode their meals with water in a land of such plenty are becoming scarcer and scarcer.

Besides all of which, there's an American ingenuity—ready-bottled cocktails, using top-flight ingredients, now offer us a scope of eight varieties: three Martinis of different drynesses, Manhattan, Bronx, Old Fashioned, Side Car, and Daiquiri—the last named a clever accomplishment in fruit preservation without preservatives. The handy thing about such barkeeping is that when a guest names his regular drink, presto, you pour it (iced and strained) for him.

And in that store you will find it possible, nay easy, to have special gift baskets made up, of any combination that suits your generous fancy.

What? You say your friend already has a bottle? Oh, that's too bad.

Still, I once knew a fellow who had *two* bottles, and they lasted nearly all evening. But *that* wasn't *Christmas.* ⌗

# There's only one baby *in the world* with a foot *like this*

WHETHER it's a precious little bundle from heaven, or canned goods from the grocery, we want to be *sure* what's inside. Hence various means of *identification*—footprints, tags, marks, brands and what-not.

We like our brands.

They mean much to us.

They light up the market-place, so that we don't bark our buying shins.

They bond us against "*caveat emptor*."

What the beam and the beacon are to the pilot, brands are to the buyer—they keep us from getting lost, and help us to land *safely*.

Brands enable us to glory, with its maker, in the triumph of a worthy product; or to join in silent embargo against a product that falls down.

* * *

Mother, father—if the consumer researchers are right—if brands mean nothing—then it makes no difference *what* baby you take home—just so the little "fellah" is sound in body and limb, and reveals no glaring weakness *in the laboratory*.

Well—not without reason are newspapers, given names, too!

One of the most meaningful names is that of THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS.

It stands for something definite and fine.

The whole earth is the beat of the DAILY NEWS' staff. News cannot happen where a CHICAGO DAILY NEWS reporter cannot go. Barred doors are open to him. His is the communique for which an anxious world waits. To the virtues of courage, tirelessness and sincerity, he adds the priceless virtue of *accuracy*.

To the end that people *believe* what they see in THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS.

And the spiritual momentum of that belief carries over into its advertising columns—*people believe its advertising, too!*

So, when you want to let the people in America's second largest and most vital market know the truth about your product, what you say will be more effective if you say it in the newspaper which, of itself, has genuine *reader-in-the-home acceptance*.

## THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

*Chicago's HOME Newspaper*

*WITH THE MOST VALUABLE CIRCULATION IN THE CITY*

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DAILY NEWS PLAZA, *400 West Madison Street*, CHICAGO

NEW YORK OFFICE: *9 Rockefeller Plaza* · DETROIT OFFICE: *4-119 General Motors Building* · SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: *Hobart Building*

GIFTS men go for in a BIG way
*PATENT PENDING
NU-LOK
N

NU-LOK talks a man's language, in design, in craftsmanship. So give men NU-LOK they prefer it.

1. MAN'S JEWEL CASE by NU-LOK containing Collar Holder and Tie Chain (easy-on, don't slip), Cuff Links (easy to insert), Key Chain with *SHUR-LOK Key-ring (handy, secure) all in matching Cameo Knight Design — Complete, $5.

2. NU-LOK easy to insert Cuff Links. Knight in Armor, $1.50

3. NU-LOK Collar Holder and Tie Chain Set with Modern, man-size initial, $1.

4. NU-LOK Dress Set, Easy-to-Insert Cuff Links and matched studs, $3.50

*See the above and many other deluxe items attractively boxed for Holiday giving at the better shops everywhere.*

NU-LOK
*Jewelry Necessities*

FREEMAN DAUGHADAY COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

# Wings Over What?

## We need a thorough training program for air defense and we need it now

### by ROBERT W. MARKS

▪ MOTORS ▪

If the United States were to lose the number of bombers that the Nazis lose in two days of average fighting over London, we would have no more attacking air force—because we have exactly fifty-nine first line heavy bombers.

If we were to use our air force to defend New York against the kind of attack London has been facing daily, our arm would be as dead as Poland's in one week—because we have *all in all* 300 first line combat planes, including the heavy bombers.

If everybody weren't sick of national scandals and tired of calling his own Congressman a fifth columnist, this would be a national scandal—and everybody's Congressman would at least be a suspect for incompetence or political jingo.

This is no time for finger pointing or oral calisthenics. The Ides of March are close on us. This country is uniquely favored with a margin of time, with an abundance of men, raw materials, factories, technical skill—and what is even more important, a basic sincerity on the part of our key industrial, labor, and administrative people, a sincerity that can be made operative once the rust is scraped from their shells and a little penetrating oil shot into their creaking joints.

Now the fate and direction of the whole world today hinges on air power. This statement would go down as 1940's No. 1 bromide, if it were not that bromides today have almost become as unique and startling as Harvey's historic announcement about the circulation of the blood.

Yet our whole air program is about as gummed up as the bottom of a show girl's dressing table. Not only are we plane-poor, we are tragically deficient in trained personnel—and this in the midst of a new kind of economy of abundance. Fine men fresh out of college, and fine men who have never been to college (not to mention the good, lush, strapping girls), are practically begging for training—and about the same percentage get it as would ordinarily get Phi Beta Kappa keys in a state college.

Anybody encumbered with a vestige of logic in this dementia-praecox world would immediately ask: "What's the hitch?" The answer is necessarily complex, circular, cryptic, and evasive—taking in problems of organization, decision, imagination, profits, taxes, responsibility, and that peculiar brand of "patriotism" which Dr. Johnson once defined as "the last refuge of a scoundrel."

But before we stick any finger in any dike, let's outline the dike's hole with a stock inventory:

The Army has on hand, as of August 1940, the great sum of 800 training planes, 525 pursuits, 200 light bombers, 315 medium bombers, 59 heavy bombers, and 1,100 miscellaneous ships for transport, observation, photographing, etc. —making a grand total of 3,000 mostly-outdated planes—just about enough for one day's serious combat against some boomerang-throwing Tasmanians, now extinct.

Or take the Navy, if you prefer vanilla. Our warriors of the brine are equipped with some 288 trainers, 302 scout observation planes, 192 fighters, 519 scout bombers, 114 torpedo bombers, 240 patrol bombers, and 158 miscellaneous ships. Grand total: 1,813, about the same number that Germany will turn out during these Yuletide days of peace on earth and good will among men.

The first reason for the lag in our air defenses goes back to November 8, 1939, when John Hanes, then Undersecretary of State, sent President Roosevelt a confidential memorandum, holding that American industry would have to be given special tax concessions if it was to be expected to toe the mark in "patriotism."

This fact, however, is not as cynically-pointed as it would seem, at first glance. Modern politics, and indirectly most economic theorizing is built up around the question "Whose ox is being gored?"; and industry was—and is—in no mood to be stuck with over-expanded and heavily-taxable plants, once an estimated "short-lived" war is ended.

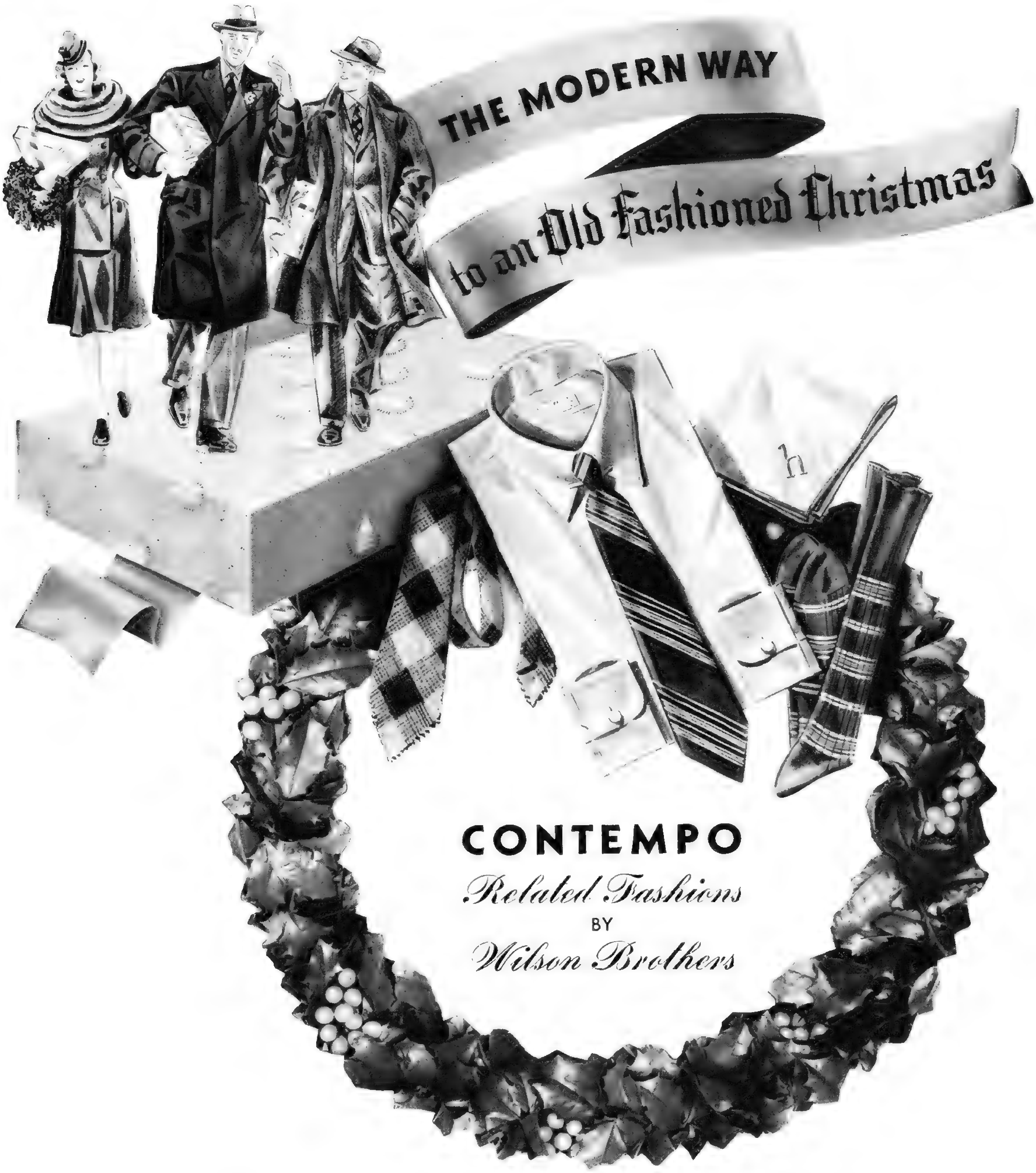
Hanes wanted the cost of new plants amortized as swiftly as a *blitzkrieg*. Then we would have the plane factories, actual, concrete, functioning—and we could discuss economies at leisure. But Morgenthau, it is said, had a better idea. Let France and England fork over the money.

But the way France and England bought planes, during the early phases of the war, is now Scotch history. A friend of mine, a reporter, asked the head of the Grumman Corporation, last spring, why we weren't sending more planes to France, what with Messrs. Weygand-Petain-Laval-Bonnet *et Cie.* yelling "Wolf! Wolf!"

"There is only one reason," he was told. "The French government never ordered them."

In the merry month of May, the Allies suddenly stopped whisking leaflets over the Maginot line —because the Maginot line had suddenly become a fragment of wishful thinking. Then the whole American picture changed. The French generals, had believed like

*Continued on page 194*


THE MODERN WAY
to an Old Fashioned Christmas

CONTEMPO
*Related Fashions*
BY
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We believe in mistletoe and carolers and a Santa Claus on every corner. We're old fashioned about Christmas in everything except men's gifts. And there we say . . . go CONTEMPO. That's the modern way to a Merry Christmas. You can give a man a CONTEMPO group of as many as five accessories ***made to go together.*** • • The CONTEMPO store nearest you has an excellent selection of Related gift groups . . . each designed, dyed, woven or knitted to be ***given together*** and ***worn together.*** There are outfits for various types of suits . . . as well as for evening clothes and leisure clothes. • • He'll think of you and thank you every time he is complimented on his CONTEMPO RELATED ENSEMBLE, his answer to ***what goes with what.***

You can buy the group illustrated above, or your choice of many other ensembles, for $5.00 at your nearest WILSON-CONTEMPO store. Get your free copy of the CONTEMPO gift booklet available at that store . . . or write Wilson Brothers, 528 South Wells Street, Chicago • New York: 180 Madison Avenue • San Francisco: 536 Mission Street.

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PORTO-BAR
THE Smartest PORTABLE BAR
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THE IDEAL XMAS GIFT
Bourbon
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A Gift That Will Be Appreciated

ULTRA MODERN SERVICE for...

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**PORTO-BAR**

is a swanky new, handsomely moulded Bakelite Bar, choice of Ivory and Gold, with gold rimmed highball glasses and jiggers, Hammered Silver and Black, Walnut and Ivory, Black and Silver finishes with silver rimmed highball glasses and jiggers. Contains complete accessories of 14 pieces, two beautiful glass decanters, six attractive highball glasses, four jiggers, and glass ice tray. Service for six persons. This richly designed portable bar adds to the charm and elegance of any room. Compact and lightweight, only 14 lbs., 7½" high, 10" wide, 24" long, PORTO-BAR can be carried anywhere. Easily stowed away when not in use.

$9.95 COMPLETE

**A GORGEOUS GIFT**

The smart, new and different gift for Christmas, birthdays, anniversaries, wedding presents, Father's Day, etc. Walnut and Ivory, Black and Silver finishes only $9.95 complete. Ivory and Gold, Hammered Silver and Black finishes, $10.95 complete. (Slightly higher prices west of the Rockies.)

**DEALERS—Write for full particulars**

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If your favorite store cannot supply you, use order coupon.

**PORTO-SERVER, INC., 40 No. Wells St., Chicago**

**PORTO-SERVER, INC., 40 No. WELLS ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS**

Enclosed find $.................. for .................. PORTO-BARS, checked below.
☐ Ebony Black with Silver Trim.....$9.95 ☐ Ivory with Gold Trim........$10.95
☐ Walnut with Ivory Trim......... 9.95 ☐ Hammered Silver with Black Trim 10.95
☐ Ship C.O.D.—I enclose deposit of $............ Will pay balance, plus small delivery charge on arrival.

*Name*....................................................................
*Address*....................................................................
*City*.......................................... *State*....................

## Wings Over What?

*Continued from page 192*

Lindbergh and the witch doctors on the island of Yap, that to make the enemy powerless, all you had to do was close your eyes, make a wish, then view with alarm anybody else who views with alarm. But the Nazis, unfortunately, had not closed their eyes; and, looking about, they made the revolutionary discovery that the easiest way to get rid of stuffed shirts is to blow the stuffings out of them.

This unpredicted discovery caught American industry with its plants down.

When we began to put on panic-speed to get our planes manufactured, and appropriated the necessary money for a starter, everybody took a cropper on the excess profits legislation.

A pretty mess had been existing on this score for some time. According to the amendment inserted by Congressman Tobey of New Hampshire in the so-called Vinson-Trammel Act, applying to the 1936 Naval Bill, manufacturers selling the Navy can make a profit of eight per cent—no more. But nobody, somehow, applied this limit to the Army. The only restriction applying to army orders was on planes—and this to limit profits only at thirteen per cent.

Some manufacturers, as a result, would sell to the Army, but not the Navy; others sold to both, and did cost accounting jobs that would have staggered Einstein. But as soon as the call came for all steam forward, the Treasury applied the eight per cent limitations to all government orders. And the air industry reared up on its hind legs.

This is the chief reason our air defense program was snarled. The problems of profit limitation and tax amortization had to be worked out in detail—and to everybody's satisfaction, including those Senators and Representatives who are agin' everything but a motion to adjourn.

The one group which has put no obstacles whatever in the way of speedy re-armament, and has, in fact, co-operated to the hilt, is Labor. One immense concession Labor has made, without fanfare—although this is not generally known—is the surrender of the much prized forty-hour week in the War Department Arsenals.

Henry L. Stimson, the Secretary of War, sharing the sudden panic over our lack of preparedness, called in Sidney Hillman, labor member of the National Defense Committee. "How can Labor help us step up production in the army arsenals?" he asked. Labor came through with eight more hours a week, and three shifts a day.

* * *

When the President sent out his SOS for 50,000 planes, all eyes turned to Detroit. Everybody expected Detroit to rush in and make two trees grow where only one vitamin-starved stump existed before. And everybody was let down. Detroit is better equipped to turn out mass-production planes and motors than any other manufacturing group in the country, but Detroit has its own headaches.

Re-armament faced three stumbling blocks here: (1) Detroit is hard-boiled; it deals in certainties not theories, and will brook no government interference unless drafted; (2) Detroit requires guarantees on profits, taxes, and amortizations, in self-protection; (3) The idea of change-overs is an opium dream—you don't change an automotive assembly line to an aircraft line by pressing a button; everything has to be changed, tools, dies, jigs, and metals. In many cases it is more economical to build entirely new plants.

What Detroit has that is unique is the knowledge and technique of mass production; and this is something that the aircraft industry is still playing fiddle with.

Nothing makes this clearer than comparative visits to the two types of plants. At the Curtiss-Wright plant, in Paterson, New Jersey, for example, where many of the air-cooled motors for our fighters are made, you will find almost every important engine part being hand-tooled. Every hole in an engine block, for example, is carefully bored individually, and with loving care. The result is a work of art—but with a maximum production rate of a thousand motors a month (and that in the future).

The big automobile plants, on the other hand, are wonder palaces of robot efficiency. Here giant tools perform hundreds of intricate precision jobs simultaneously, and automatic arms weave back and forth to play a symphony of inter-related mechanical themes. The result: thousands of completed cars roll off the lines every day; and each, it should be pointed out, more precise in construction than the high-priced, hand-tooled jobs in the European automotive industry.

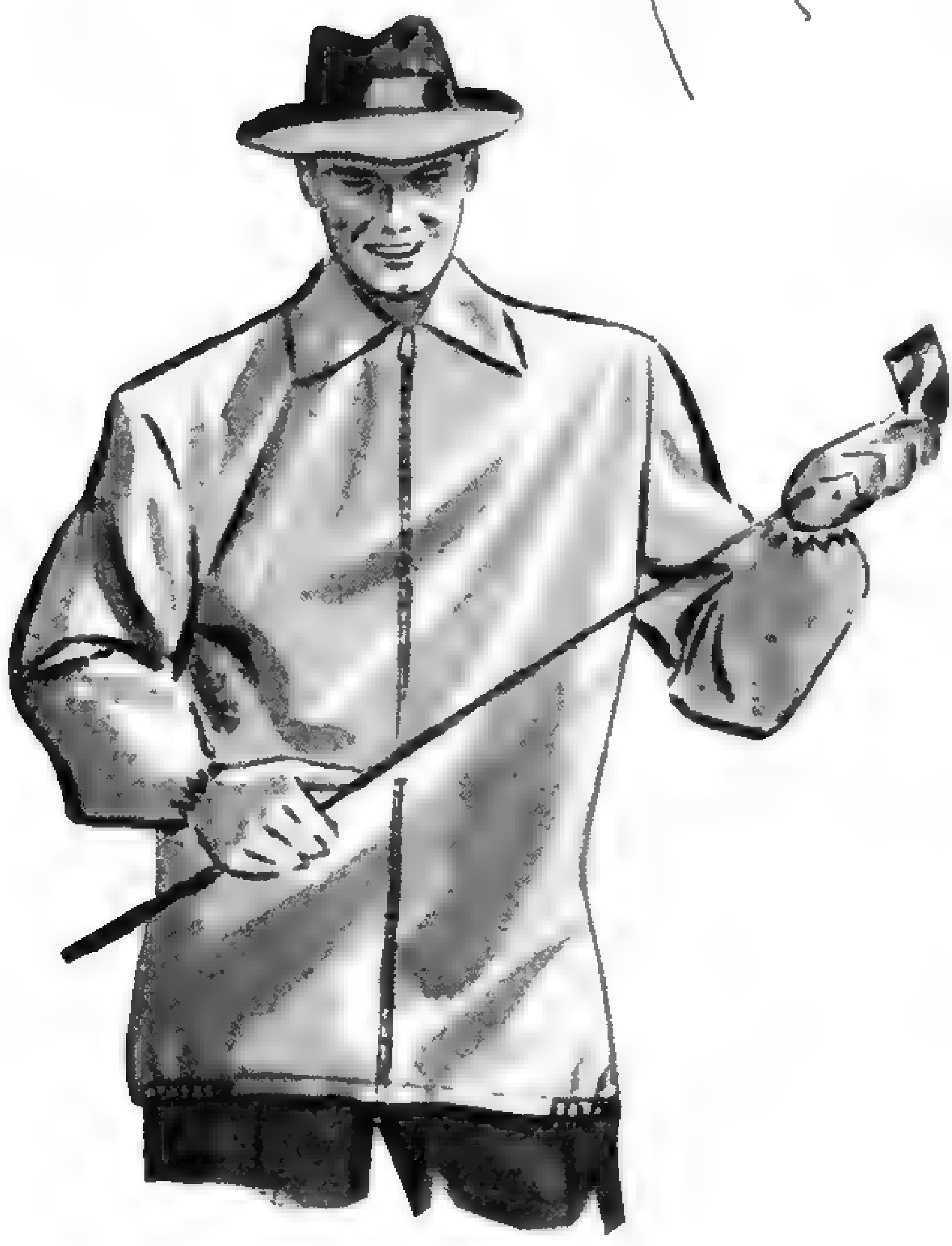
The airplane people have had a tendency to fight Detroit and Detroit methods. They have held, for one thing, that a plane engine is an entirely different commodity from an automobile engine, that it has to run at full blast from the moment the plane takes off (whereas an automobile is seldom run wide open for more than a few minutes at a time—and usually is operated at only twenty to thirty per cent of its available power); and that any structural failure carries with it the shadow of tragedy. Consequently, a plane engine *has* to be a work of art. It calls for thousands of micrometric inspections, and the most delicate finishing right down to the last nut. A little flutter in the wrong place can wave bye-bye forever. Quality means slowness and caution; not mass production.

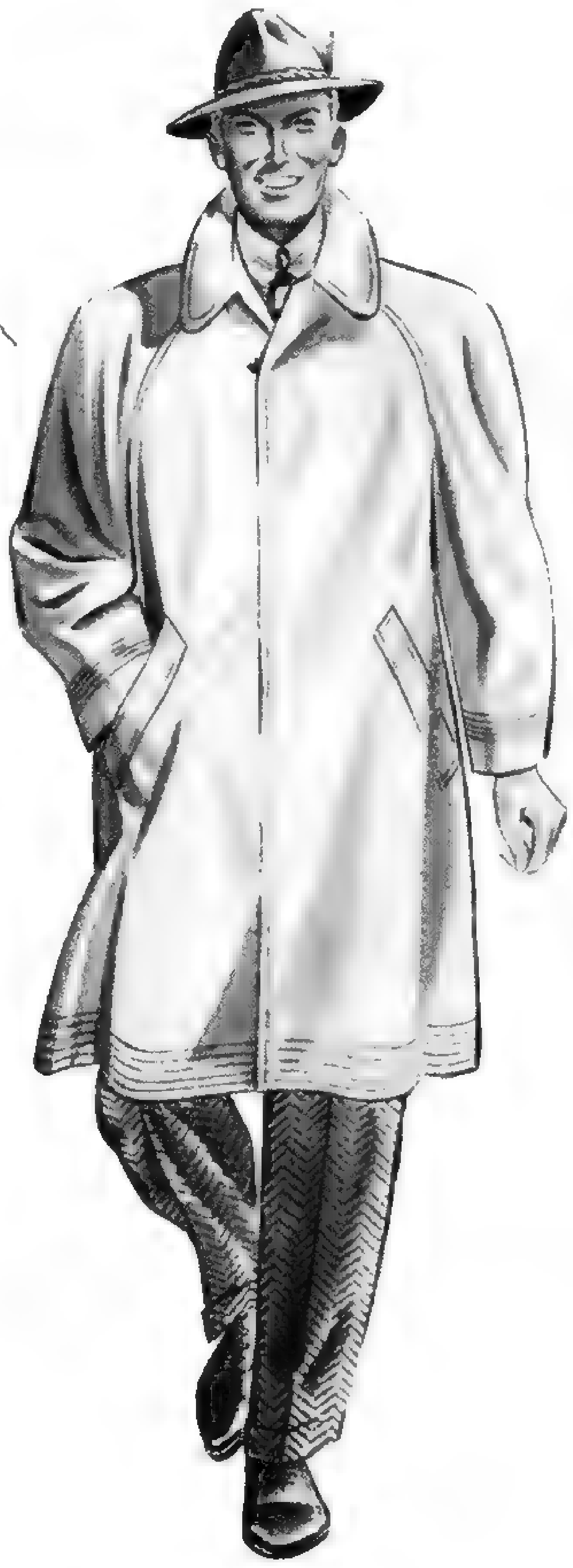
Detroit counters, theoretically, that the mass production methods don't necessarily mean sacrifice in

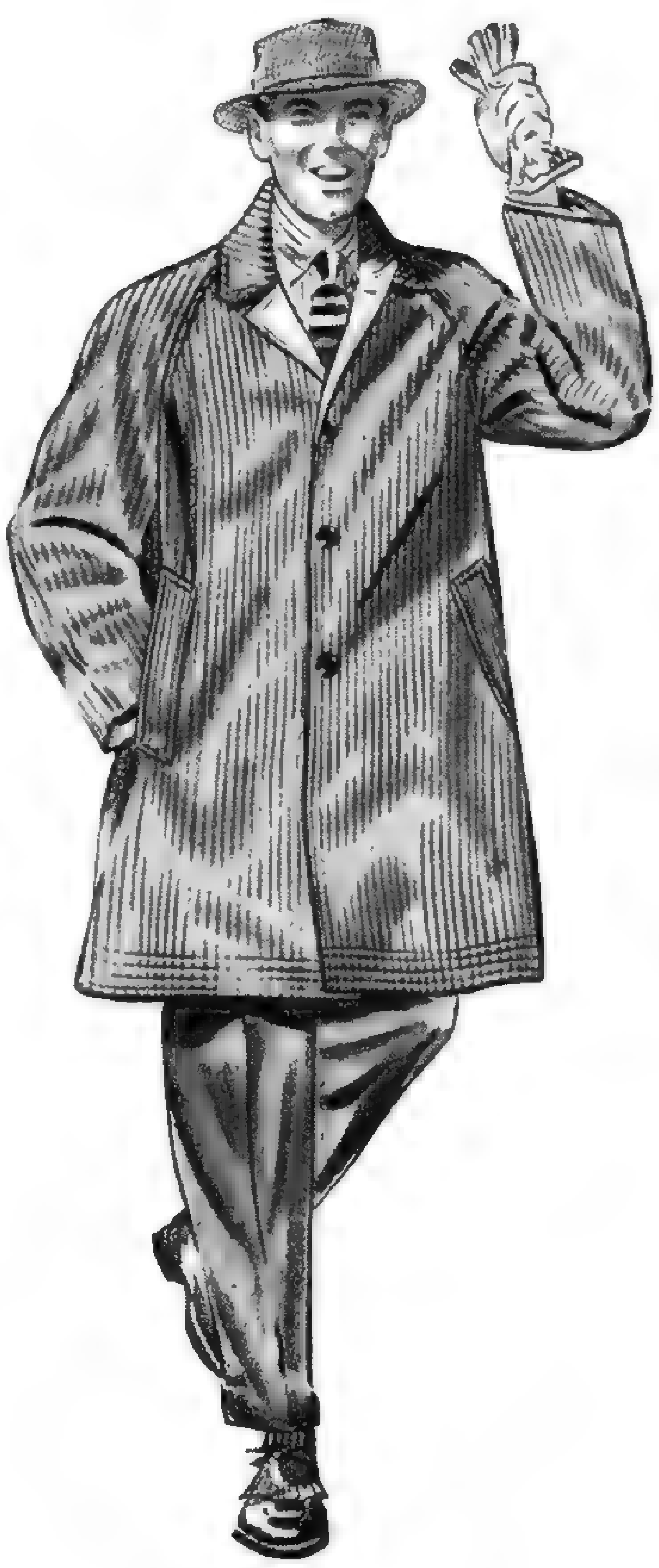
*Continued on page 196*

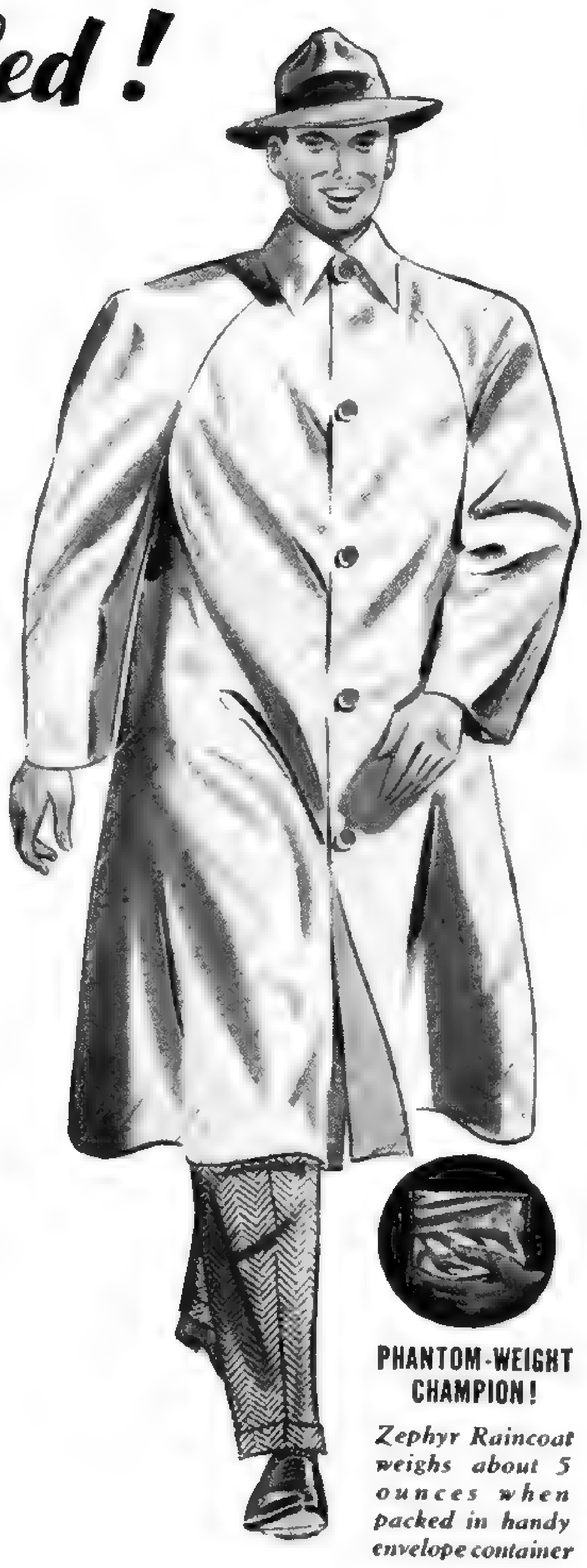
# He-Man Gift Problem Settled!

**He'll applaud your eye for style, your sense of value, your brilliant choice when you give him a *Rainfair!***









PHANTOM-WEIGHT CHAMPION!

*Zephyr Raincoat weighs about 5 ounces when packed in handy envelope container*

## ZEPHYR GOLF JACKET

$\$4^{50}$

Korosealed! Talon fastener, elastic cuffs and waist, full shoulders! Action free, does not interfere with your stroke! Always fresh as a daisy, no matter how long you leave it in your golf bag! Green in small, medium, large and extra large sizes. Guaranteed against anything except tearing or burning—and if it tears return for mending free of charge.

## FREE
## *by Dick Metz*

FREE with the purchase of a Zephyr Rain Jacket—"SHORT CUTS TO IMPROVE YOUR GOLF" by Dick Metz, nationally famous pro. Never published before! Not for sale in any store! Extra copies: 25c and the tag from any Rainfair garment.

Short Cuts to
IMPROVE YOUR GOLF
by
Dick Metz

## ZIPRAIN

$\$12^{50}$

**First choice of Rainfair's College Style Board!**

Ultra-smart English knee-length gabardine shower-proofed by Cravenette. Talon Fastener on fly front. Slash-through pockets. Railroad stitching on cuffs and hem. Bleached bone or light olive in sizes 32 to 44. Regulars or longs.

## UNIVERSITY

$\$12^{50}$

*Reversible!* Soft, water-repellent velvet corduroy on one side, on the other side fine-quality bleached bone gabardine shower-proofed by Cravenette. Finger-tip length, bal-type collar, slash pockets, railroad stitching. Rust, beige, or green in sizes 32 to 44. Regulars or longs.

## ZEPHYR

$\$5$

The Zephyr is the *only* man's raincoat made 100% waterproof by the amazing Goodrich Korosealed process! It's the raincoat you never expected to find! Perfect gift for the man in need of a quality, modern-styled raincoat. Small, medium, large and extra large sizes. Black, green or brown. Regulars or longs.

### 6 Points of Superiority

- 100% waterproof
- won't stick, stiffen or harden
- contains no oil or rubber
- absolutely odorless
- sun-proof, grease-proof, stain-proof, mildew-proof
- easy to carry in hand-size container

*Outstanding gift items . . . . selected from the fine-quality Rainfair line as four of the best styles of the year for men of all ages.*

### ON SALE AT THESE AND OTHER LEADING STORES

Akron, Ohio—The M. O'Neil Co.
Albany, N. Y.—Savard & Colburn
Alton, Ill.—Louis J. Hartmann Co.
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Ann Arbor, Mich.—Wagner & Co.
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Aurora, Ill.—Alshuler Bros. Co.
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Beloit, Wis.—Reitler Clo. Co.
Birmingham, Ala.—Odum, Bowers & White
Bloomington, Ind.—Kahn Clothing Co.
Sullivan's
Buffalo, N. Y.—Martin Jacobi, Inc.
Burlington, N. C.—Rosenbloom's
Canton, Ohio—The C. N. Vicary Co.
Champaign, Ill.—Kaufman's
Jos. Kuhn & Co.
Charlotte, N. C.—Belk Bros. Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn.—Koblentz
Chicago, Ill.—Baer Bros. & Prodie
Marshall Field & Co.
Chillicothe, Ohio—Katz's
Cincinnati, Ohio—The Biedenbender Co.
The John Shillito Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—The Higbee Co.
The May Co.
Taylor & Sons Co.
Columbia, Mo.—Barth Clo. Co.
Columbus, Ga.—Chancellor Co.
Columbus, Ohio—The F. & R. Lazarus Co.
Connersville, Ind.—Leo Kahn Co., Inc.
Davenport, Ia.—Simon & Landauer Co.
Dayton, Ohio—Metropolitan Co.
Daytona Beach, Fla.—J. B. Kahn, Inc.
Decatur, Ill.—Blakeney & Plum
Detroit, Mich.—The J. L. Hudson Co.
Hughes & Hatcher
Duluth, Minn.—The Big Duluth
Durham, N. C.—The Young Men's Shop
Erie, Pa.—P. A. Meyer & Sons
Flint, Mich.—Crawford & Zimmerman
Fond du Lac, Wis.—T. E. Ahern Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind.—Patterson-Fletcher Co.
Fort Worth, Tex.—John L. Ashe, Inc.
Grand Rapids, Mich.—Paul Steketee & Sons
Green Bay, Wis.—Stiefel's
Greensboro, N. C.—Wright's Clo. Store
Hampton, Va.—Wyatt Bros., Inc.
Holland, Mich.—Vaupell's Men's Shop
Houston, Tex.—Battlestein's
Rolle, Jewett & Beck
Huntington, W. Va.—Oxley-Betz-McPherson Co.
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Iowa City, Ia.—Ricketts & Shellady
Ithaca, N. Y.—Doll's
Jacksonville, Fla.—Cohen Bros.
Joliet, Ill.—Dinet & Co.
Kalamazoo, Mich.—The Geo. W. Taylor Co.
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Kenosha, Wis.—Isermann Bros., Inc.
Keokuk, Ia.—Johnson-Schmidt
Knoxville, Tenn.—S. H. George & Sons
Lancaster, Pa.—Frank F. Filling
Lansing, Mich.—Brooks
Lawrence, Kan.—Carl's
Madison, Wis.—F. W. Karstens Co.
Miami, Fla.—Burdine's, Inc.
Milwaukee, Wis.—Boston Store.
Chas. Stumpf & Sons
Minneapolis, Minn.—Carr's
Newark, N. J.—The Larkey Co., Inc.
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Norman, Okla.—S. K. McCall & Co.
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Barth Bros. Co.
Omaha, Nebr.—Nebraska Clo. Co.
Oshkosh, Wis.—The Continental
Parkersburg, W. Va.—Devine's
Peoria, Ill.—Johnson-Dozier Co.
Petersburg, Va.—The Globe Dept. Store
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne Co.
Portland, Ore.—Olds, Wortman & King Inc.
Racine, Wis.—Zahn Dry Goods Co.
Raleigh, N. C.—Wright's Clo. Store
Richmond, Va.—Young Men's Shop
Roanoke, Va.—The New Glenn Minnich's
Rochester, Minn.—M. C. Lawler
Rochester, N. Y.—E. W. Edwards & Son
Max J. Shulman & Bros. Inc.
Rockford, Ill.—Mason, Inc.
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St. Paul, Minn.—McCluskey Bros., Inc.
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Syracuse, N. Y.—Grody's
Toledo, Ohio—Hoffman-Thomas, Inc.
Topeka, Kan.—Ray Beers Clo. Co.
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Tulsa, Okla.—Clarke's
Tyler, Tex.—Caldwell, Hughes, Delay & Allen
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Wichita, Kan.—Spines Clothing Co.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—The Hub
Winona, Minn.—Neville's, The Continental
Winston Salem, N. C.—Hine-Bagby Co., Inc.
Wyandotte, Mich.—Armstrong's

**IF YOUR FAVORITE STORE CANNOT SUPPLY YOU SEND COUPON TODAY, TO RAINFAIR, RACINE, WISCONSIN**

☐ *ZEPHYR GOLF JACKET* ($4.50)
☐ *THE ZIPRAIN* ($12.50)
☐ *THE UNIVERSITY* ($12.50)
☐ *ZEPHYR RAINCOAT* ($5)

Color: .................. Size: ......
Length ☐ Reg. ☐ Long.
Check or Money Order ☐ Cash ☐
☐ C.O.D. (15c extra)

Please send Parcel Post Prepaid, coats as shown.

*Name*..............................
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***Money back if not satisfied! Sizes and colors gladly exchanged.***

Rolfs "Snap-It" Tobacco Pouch, Iceland-grained seal, $5. Others $1 to $7.50.

Rolfs "Golden Circle" Billfold in bright pin seal; double bill compartment, one leather and one silk lined, $5. Other Rolfs models, $1 to $15.

Rolfs "Director" Billfold, imported English Morocco. 2 duplicate key pockets, secret currency pocket, sliding card pocket, $5. Other "Directors" $3.50 to $12.50.

Rolfs Key Kaddy, individually removable hooks, license pocket, $2.50. Others 50c to $5.

Rolfs Fitall Travel Kit, imported English hazel pigskin, $10. Others $4 to $12.50. Ladies' models, $3.50 to $10.

"WILL HE LIKE THEM! HE'S A MAN ISN'T HE?"

Now, *there's* a girl who knows the airline route to a man's heart! She knows that men love good leather even more than a good meal.

For her, Rolfs has the answers! Rolfs Fitall is as near to travel kit perfection as ingenuity, finest leather and guild craftsmanship can make it. The automatic top opens itself and stays open, permitting a clear view of every corner. It's gadget-free, too, and all of its generous space is *usable* space. (*There are Rolfs Fitalls for the ladies, too, in case he hasn't heard!*)

Then, there's Rolfs "Golden Circle" Billfold, a gem of leather from another age. In it the finest, most pliable leather in all the world is carefully crafted by Rolfs "golden circle" of leather artists to the painstaking perfection that only skillful hand work can attain. For an even more bountiful Christmas, add a Rolfs Key Kaddy, in matching leather.

For the smoker, there's Rolfs "Snap-it", best yet for carrying tobacco. A patented closure holds it *open* for easy use—shut for air-tight protection.

*ROLFS PRODUCTS FOR LADIES INCLUDE: Rolfs LaGarde Handbags; Rolfs Fitall Travel Kits; Rolfs LaGarde Billfolds, Cigarette Cases and Key Kaddies.*

Rolfs LaGarde Bags, $5 to $30.

Matched ensembles of two or three pieces, $2 to $10. Billfolds, Key Kaddies, Cigarette Cases, singly, $1 up.

DISTINCTIVE LEATHER ACCESSORIES... BY Rolfs

330 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

## Wings Over What?

*Continued from pages 192-194*

precision; but there they emphasize *mass* when they talk; in other words: "Give us orders for thousands—or better yet, hundreds of thousands—motors and planes, and we can talk business. If you can't make up your mind to do some quantity thinking, you're going to sidle along with France."

But in all fairness to the aircraft industry, nothing was "frozen" sufficiently, until recently, to make *mass* thinking feasible. They told me at the Curtiss-Wright plant that every week changes come through in specifications—one set of blueprints after another. "We can't even begin to tool up for big jobs," they said, "until we quit changing designs."

* * *

It has been said that there was nobody in the Army willing to take responsibility for setting one fixed set of specifications for motors—or planes—and then throwing the big switch.

But aside from the Army, the disunity in Washington is discouraging to everyone but a professor of anarchy. The War Department wants one thing—and has just so much authority; the Navy wants another, and has other divisions of authority. The Air Corps has its hand in the pie, not to mention the Department of Commerce, the Treasury Department, the National Defense Council, the Civil Aeronautics Authority, and the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

Germany solved all these problems simply, and years back. There was created one single, central authority, the *Reichluftministerium*. This was the whole works.

The Air Ministry decided what types of planes were to be produced, and how many. It also decided—and decides—exactly what the air force is to do, (quite unlike our arrangement where the Army fliers defend the land, the Navy fliers the sea, and never never meet, unless, perchance in some far away concentration camp).

The same potential inefficiency we have, in the separation of Army and Navy air arms, actually gummed up the works in England during the early phases of the war. W. B. Courtney, the ace-reporter, dug up an amusing example of such lack of co-ordination during the Germans first air raid on Scapa Flow. It seems that while the German bombers were driving the British fleet to shelter, off the North Irish coast, the Royal Air Force pursuit planes were on the field at nearby Kirkwall, with engines running—waiting for the signal to take off. But the signal never came; Scapa Flow is a naval base, under control of the Admiralty. The local naval official wasn't authorized to give the word to non-navy men; and by the time the proper authority came by telegraph, the Nazis were back home, killing themselves off with *ersatz* knackwurst.

Specifications for a new type of plane in Germany are set by the Air Ministry. Competitive firms submit designs. One design is chosen. This design is immediately frozen; an order is handed out for a minimum unit of 1,000; and the winning firm is compelled to release its designs (on a royalty basis) to other manufacturers, for sub-contracting.

This procedure has made it possible for all the resources of mass production to be turned loose—large-scale tooling and all that goes with it. Desired improvements in design are withheld until the specified units have been produced; then the improvements, in turn, are thrown into the hopper of mass production.

Such good technical thinking on the part of Germany has had a tendency to make Detroit a little pro-Nazi in its thinking; not that any Detroit manufacturer that I talked with had an ounce of sympathy for Hitler, or for anything that the Nazis stand for. But, as one engineer said to me during the time of the Battle of France: "For the past three years the Nazis have had more than 5,000 men at work in technical aeronautical research. These men got facts—and it's these facts that are winning this stage of the war. The French are fighting with *tradition;* the Nazis are fighting with *gasoline.*"

* * *

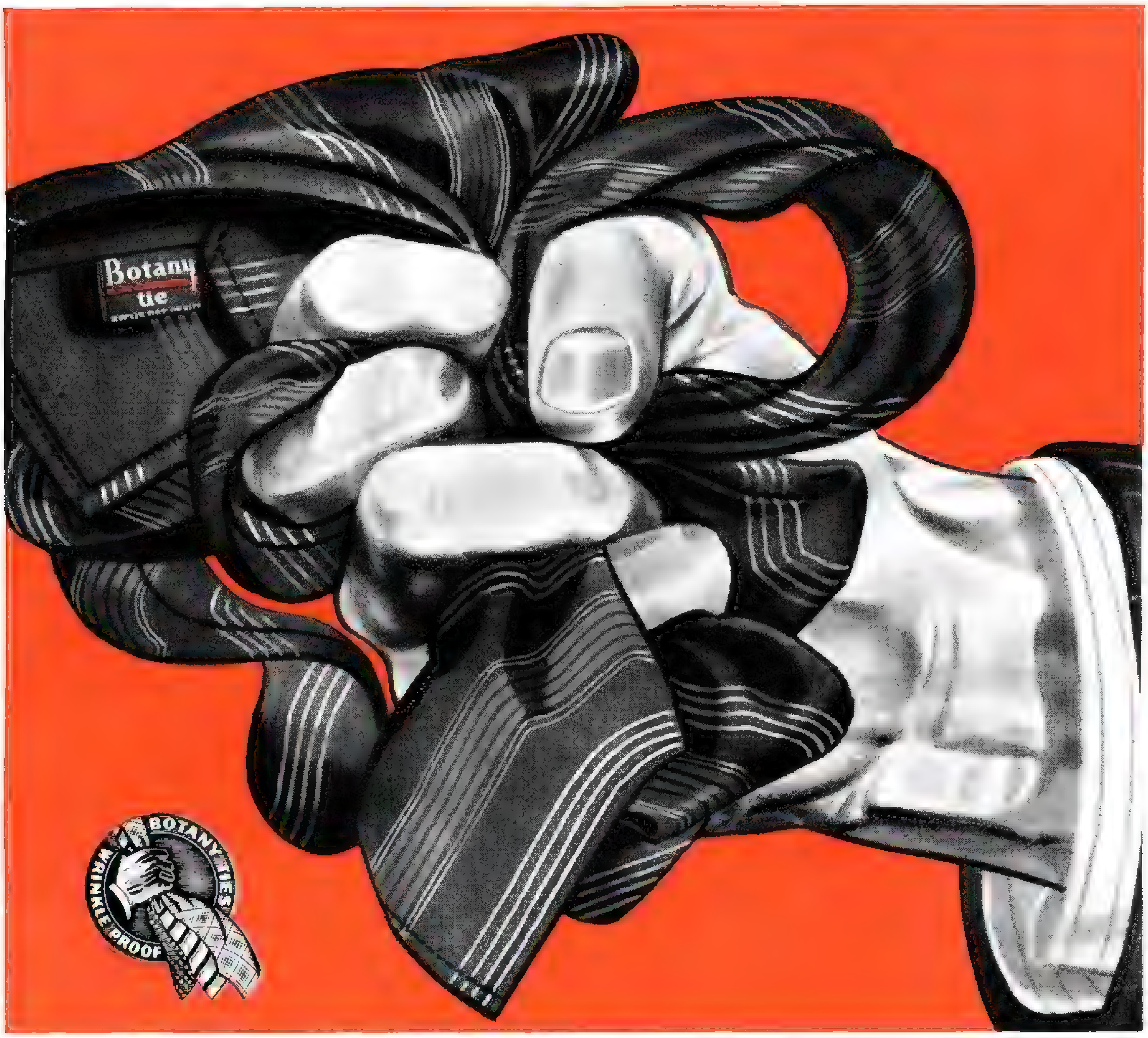
Here, however, is a sop to Cerberus. At the beginning of the last war, the American aircraft industry was turning out less than a hundred planes a year. Yet within eighteen months from the "Go ahead" signal, Yankee enthusiasm and realism—in spite of the limited facilities and knowledge of these pioneer days—had succeeded in producing 20,000 planes and 30,000 engines.

Progress *is* being made, during these dark, probing months, in spite of the national election, profit disputes, buck passing, and the international inability of officials to learn anything from history. (And this last is the most discouraging factor of all: if American manufacturers would read the detailed story of the fall of France; if the French industrialists and generals had read *Mein Kampf;* and if Hitler had read Krafft-Ebing's *Psychopathia Sexualis*—what a different picture we might have today.)

The much discussed Rolls-Royce engine, for months guarded in England so secretly that it was about to become a buried mystery, like the ancient Egyptians' art of mummification, was finally released. Mr. Ford's adventures with it are well known; and at last it promises to find a happy home, and reproduce its kind, in the Packard plant.

Ford, on the other hand, has undertaken to produce in quantity the Pratt-Whitney motor. This, with the Curtiss-Wright, is one of the finest air-cooled motors in the world. General Motors is

*Continued on page 198*



BOTANY
BOOK OF MAGIC

● Leading men's wear and department stores everywhere are showing the newest Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties. If you can't locate a Botany dealer, write us and we will direct you... and tell you where to get your copy of the BOTANY BOOK OF MAGIC...showing you many magic stunts you can do at home.

*Try this Magic with One of the Famous*
**BOTANY** *Wrinkle-proof Ties!*

*Magic of Famous Patterns*

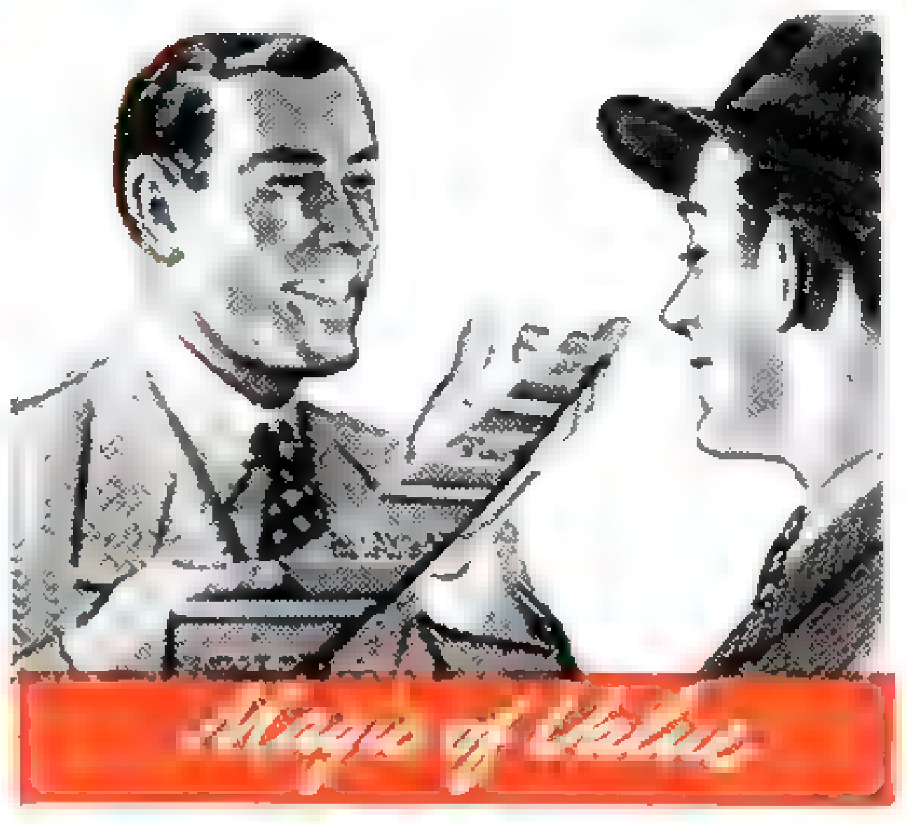
● Because Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties are made, from fabric to finished product, by one great mill...they come to you at the price of ordinary ties...only $1 each. Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties stay new many times as long as ordinary ties...a true economy.

*Magic of Designing*

● Crush a Botany Wrinkle-Proof Tie in your fist. *Feel* it resist the wrinkling, release it and *see* it spring back to fresh smoothness. The secret of this "magic" is the marvelous "live" fabric, available only in Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties. Make the "Squeeze Test" at your Botany dealer's.

*Magic of Knotting*

● Because Botany make their own shirts and sportswear, as well as fabrics for men's clothing . . . they have an advance picture of styles before each season. Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties are planned to go perfectly with smart shirts and suits.

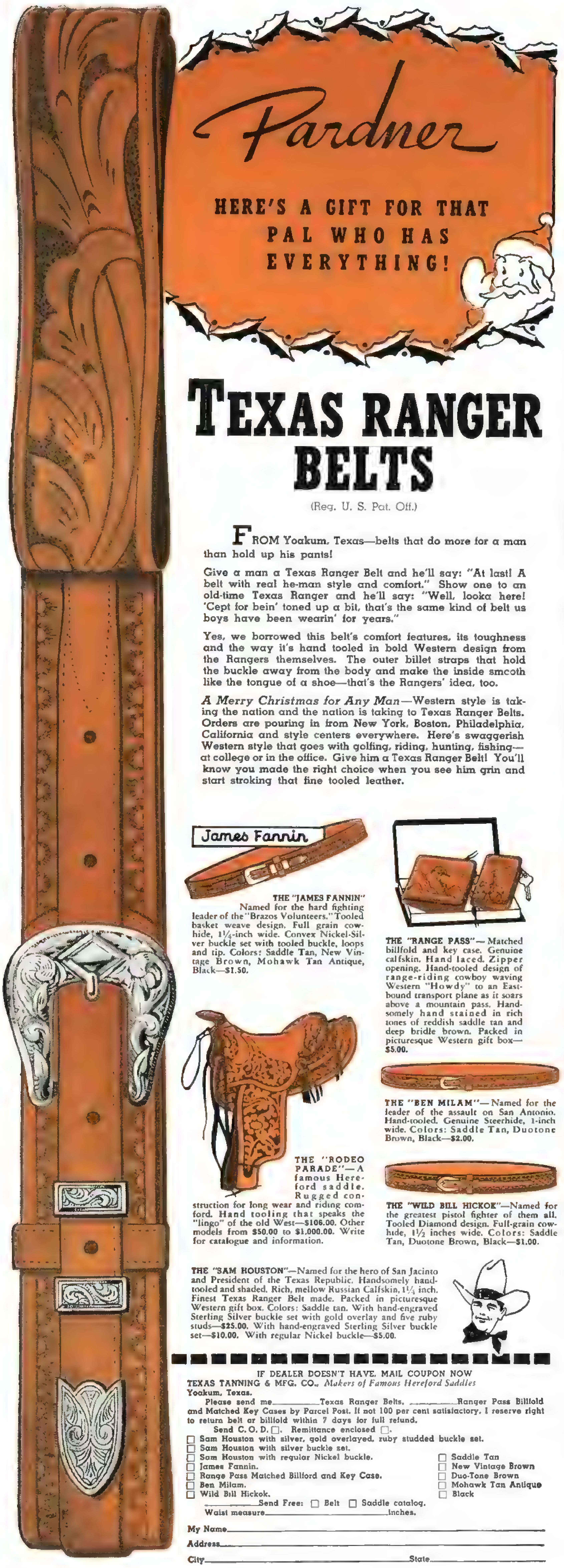

*Magic of Value*

● Every type of design is yours with Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties...stripes, solid colors, neat figures, foulard effects, authentic Scottish Tartans. An exclusive process makes this variety of patterns and richness of colors possible. They "ensemble" perfectly.

*Magic of Smoothness*

● Tie a Botany Wrinkle-Proof Tie around your neck. See how easy it is to knot it perfectly. Note that the knot is trim and will not slip. This advantage is also due to Botany's exclusive "live" fabric...a fabric of "natural resilience."

BOTANY WORSTED MILLS, PASSAIC, N. J. • Botany Ties • Botany Robes • Botany Sportswear • Botany Socks • Men's and Women's Wear Fabrics • Botany No-Dye-Lot Yarns



Pardner

HERE'S A GIFT FOR THAT PAL WHO HAS EVERYTHING!

TEXAS RANGER BELTS

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

FROM Yoakum, Texas—belts that do more for a man than hold up his pants!

Give a man a Texas Ranger Belt and he'll say: "At last! A belt with real he-man style and comfort." Show one to an old-time Texas Ranger and he'll say: "Well, looka here! 'Cept for bein' toned up a bit, that's the same kind of belt us boys have been wearin' for years."

Yes, we borrowed this belt's comfort features, its toughness and the way it's hand tooled in bold Western design from the Rangers themselves. The outer billet straps that hold the buckle away from the body and make the inside smooth like the tongue of a shoe—that's the Rangers' idea, too.

*A Merry Christmas for Any Man*—Western style is taking the nation and the nation is taking to Texas Ranger Belts. Orders are pouring in from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, California and style centers everywhere. Here's swaggerish Western style that goes with golfing, riding, hunting, fishing—at college or in the office. Give him a Texas Ranger Belt! You'll know you made the right choice when you see him grin and start stroking that fine tooled leather.

James Fannin

THE "JAMES FANNIN" Named for the hard fighting leader of the "Brazos Volunteers." Tooled basket weave design. Full grain cowhide, 1¼-inch wide. Convex Nickel-Silver buckle set with tooled buckle, loops and tip. Colors: Saddle Tan, New Vintage Brown, Mohawk Tan Antique, Black—$1.50.

THE "RANGE PASS"—Matched billfold and key case. Genuine calfskin. Hand laced. Zipper opening. Hand-tooled design of range-riding cowboy waving Western "Howdy" to an East-bound transport plane as it soars above a mountain pass. Handsomely hand stained in rich tones of reddish saddle tan and deep bridle brown. Packed in picturesque Western gift box—$5.00.

THE "BEN MILAM"—Named for the leader of the assault on San Antonio. Hand-tooled. Genuine Steerhide, 1-inch wide. Colors: Saddle Tan, Duotone Brown, Black—$2.00.

THE "RODEO PARADE"—A famous Hereford saddle. Rugged construction for long wear and riding comford. Hand tooling that speaks the "lingo" of the old West—$106.00. Other models from $50.00 to $1,000.00. Write for catalogue and information.

THE "WILD BILL HICKOK"—Named for the greatest pistol fighter of them all. Tooled Diamond design. Full-grain cowhide, 1½ inches wide. Colors: Saddle Tan, Duotone Brown, Black—$1.00.

THE "SAM HOUSTON"—Named for the hero of San Jacinto and President of the Texas Republic. Handsomely hand-tooled and shaded. Rich, mellow Russian Calfskin, 1¼ inch. Finest Texas Ranger Belt made. Packed in picturesque Western gift box. Colors: Saddle tan. With hand-engraved Sterling Silver buckle set with gold overlay and five ruby studs—$25.00. With hand-engraved Sterling Silver buckle set—$10.00. With regular Nickel buckle—$5.00.

IF DEALER DOESN'T HAVE, MAIL COUPON NOW
TEXAS TANNING & MFG. CO., *Makers of Famous Hereford Saddles*
Yoakum, Texas.

Please send me________Texas Ranger Belts. ________Ranger Pass Billfold and Matched Key Cases by Parcel Post. If not 100 per cent satisfactory, I reserve right to return belt or billfold within 7 days for full refund.

Send C. O. D. ☐. Remittance enclosed ☐.

☐ Sam Houston with silver, gold overlayed, ruby studded buckle set.
☐ Sam Houston with silver buckle set.
☐ Sam Houston with regular Nickel buckle.
☐ James Fannin.
☐ Range Pass Matched Billford and Key Case.
☐ Ben Milam.
☐ Wild Bill Hickok.

☐ Saddle Tan
☐ New Vintage Brown
☐ Duo-Tone Brown
☐ Mohawk Tan Antique
☐ Black

________Send Free: ☐ Belt ☐ Saddle catalog.
Waist measure________inches.

My Name________
Address________
City________State________

## Wings Over What?

*Continued from pages 192-194-196*

continuing to turn out the liquid-cooled Allison engine, which, reports have it, are powering such new fighters as the Army Curtiss XP-40 in the direction of 500 miles per hour.

It is unfortunately true that these are being turned out at the rate of only two or three a day; but at least that is something—about a thousand a year—which bulges by comparison with our last year's Rip Van Winkle program.

It is reported that Chrysler has a whopper of a 2,000 h.p. airplane motor on paper; and that Packard's Vincent Price, co-designer of America's World War Liberty Motor, also has a record-breaker—on paper. These miracles, however, are in the offing.

And over all, we have this as a powerful buttress: although our production is admittedly confused, troubled, asthmatic, and prone to epileptic fits, we have what the battle front laboratory is consistently showing to be the finest planes in the world.

The dispute between air-cooled and liquid-cooled motors is still in progress. The chief advantage of liquid-cooled motors is that since the individual cylinders don't have to be exposed to the elements for cooling, they can be lined up in a row, like spikes in a picket fence—giving minimum resistance to the air. Now it is a law of aerodynamics that resistance squares itself with speed: the air resistance of Miss Lily Pons at fifty miles an hour becomes that of two Kate Smiths at a hundred. This means that when you start monkeying around twenty-four air-cooled cylinders, each sticking out like a sore thumb, and at the same time jack up your air speed to around twice that of an old-fashioned bullet, you've got a type of high pressure on your hands that was never covered in the push-ahead-boys curricula of Mr. Dale Carnegie.

On the other hand, liquid-cooled engines are hyper-vulnerable. One good bullet through the cooling jacket, and you can enjoy your speed record only as a ghost.

* * *

If we ever do get started producing in a man's-size way, the fact that we started late can even be turned to our advantage. The remarkable recent work of the English aircraft industry, which during the time of Mr. Chamberlain's Munich would have made an insignificant exhibit in Morris Gest's Midget Village, is a case in point. The earlier blunders of British Air Force in slipping up on Socrates' maxim—knowing itself—actually have been turned into a late profit; it has made it possible to experiment in actual battle, even at a tragic cost, and develop finally machines that can fly circles around the Germany's "frozen" swarms.

One of the greatest surprises of the war was the success of England's Boulton-Paul *Defiant*. This plane, defying all traditional authority, has a four-gun, hydraulically operated turret, designed to fire broadsides—like a battleship.

A certain Dr. Magnus, experimenting in Cazeau, France, once established the theory that the spin given a bullet fired from one side of a machine traveling at high speed throws it up or down, according to the side it is thrown from; and the degree of deflection is proportional to the speed of the plane. In other words, this kind of firing is about as ineffectual as a drunken man with palsy at a brain operation. No gun sight can make it accurate.

But what Dr. Magnus didn't count on was the modern practice of shooting tracer or incendiary bullets—1200 a minute. This kind of shooting leaves a flaming streak in the air, and the streak can be aimed like a fire hose.

The *Defiant* made capital of this streak. The pilot, today, simply pulls up at the side of a German bomber—safely out of the restricted arcs of the bomber's guns; then the *Defiant's* four guns proceed leisurely to blast the victim to Marshal Goering's private Valhalla.

* * *

Now, a word about training; it is obvious that without radio control the best plane in the world is no good if you haven't anybody to fly it—yet here is another sore spot in our black-and-blue air body.

Society is full of old cantraps, such as "Every Owner a Booster," "Every Boy a Scout," and so on. Yet the best possible air reserve we could have is one which hinged on the fact that every able-bodied man or woman was a flier.

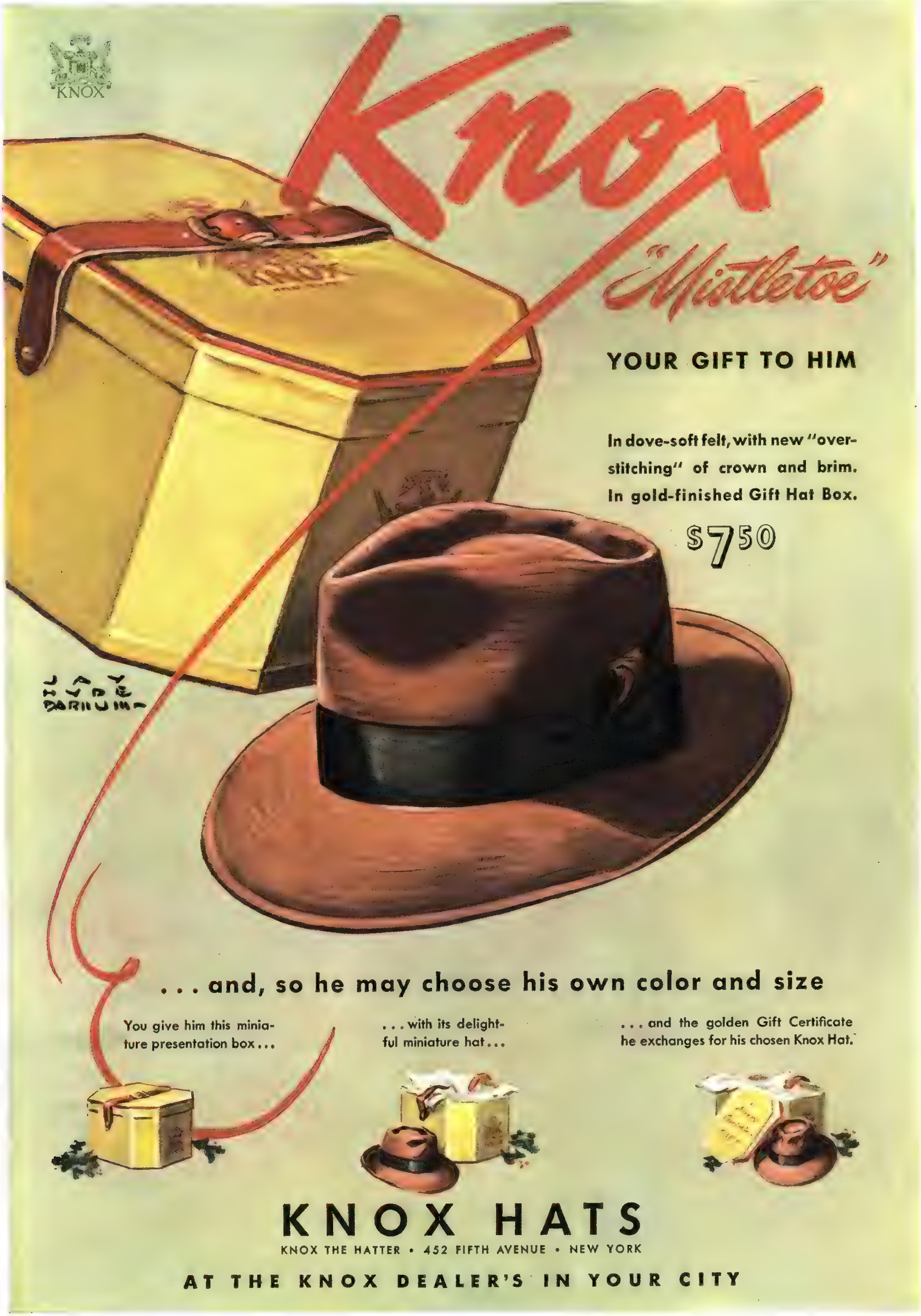
Air war today involves two types of flying: (1) Highly skilled work, calling for arduous training in aerobatics, navigation, and tactics—for interceptor fighting, or hard wayfaring to distant objectives. And (2), simple, follow-the-leader flying, for ordinary bombing, ground strafing, or dropping leaflets saying "We are your friends: make ten copies of this and send it to ten friends—or bad luck will follow you all your life."

Now in the first group, we are doing a pretty good job. Our fliers in France were some of the best men who never left the ground.

The Army Air Corps is skimming the cream of the country's youth; demanding as entrance qualifications not only physical perfection and a sixth sight, but the ability to read Aristophanes *Clouds* in the original Greek. It takes these men and gives them such a training, that after they're initiated they can swoop like hawks, dive like falcons, and lay an egg.

But for the rest of us—some forty million perfectly good bomb droppers—the Army has cynical disinterest. The Army hasn't yet observed the German fliers, those that haven't learned to navigate, whose ships don't even have navi-

*Continued at top of page 203*



# Knox "Mistletoe"

**YOUR GIFT TO HIM**

In dove-soft felt, with new "over-stitching" of crown and brim. In gold-finished Gift Hat Box.

**$7.50**

**. . . and, so he may choose his own color and size**

You give him this miniature presentation box . . .

. . . with its delightful miniature hat . . .

. . . and the golden Gift Certificate he exchanges for his chosen Knox Hat.

## KNOX HATS

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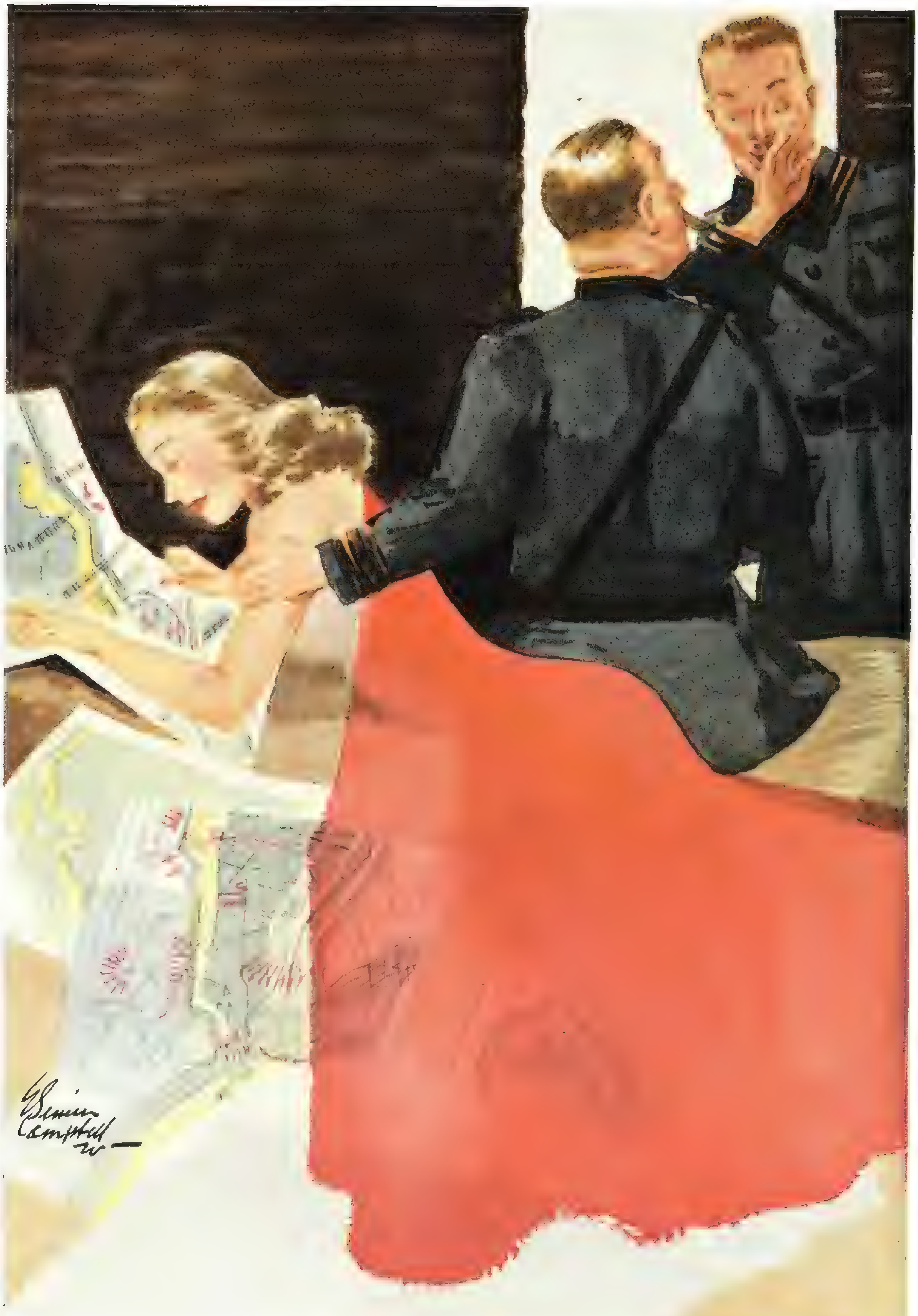
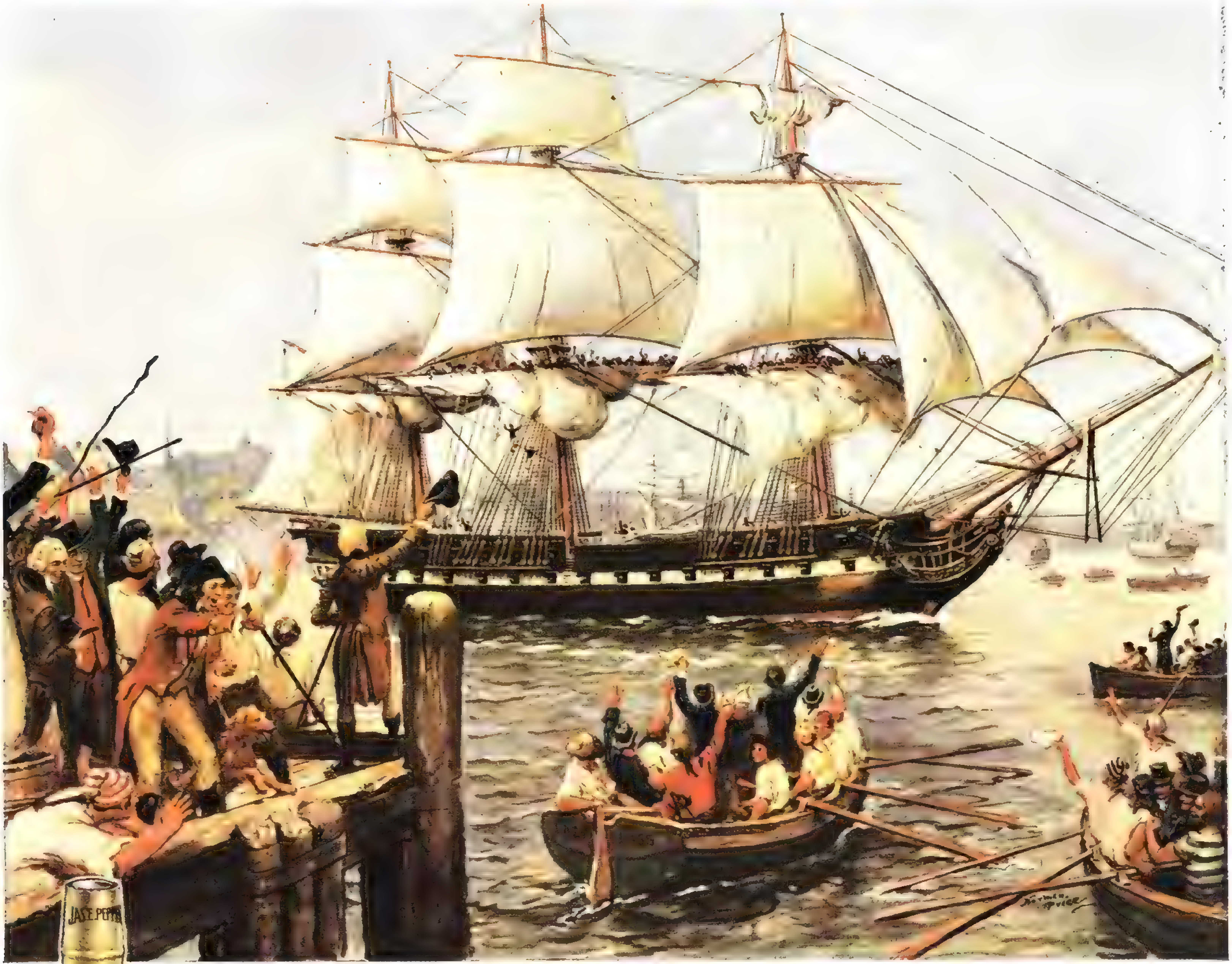
**AT THE KNOX DEALER'S IN YOUR CITY**


E. Simms Campbell

*"Ask her if she knows any other spies!"*

"BORN WITH THE REPUBLIC"

*JAMES E. PEPPER*
Bottled in Bond Whiskey
is Numbered Among the
Few Fine Kentucky
Straight Bourbon Whiskies
in America Today!



BOTTLED IN BOND
JAMES E. PEPPER
BORN WITH THE REPUBLIC
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

Birth of Our Navy—1797

IT MAY NEVER HAVE BEEN your pleasure to enjoy *James E. Pepper*. But you should try it. There is no whiskey finer than *James E. Pepper* Bottled in Bond Kentucky Straight Bourbon.

Many men keep *James E. Pepper* locked up in their private stocks. They may serve other whiskies more frequently—*James E. Pepper* is reserved for personal use or special occasions. As a gracious host, you should have a bottle of *James E. Pepper* Kentucky Straight Bourbon on hand at all times. You can buy none finer. It's a great compliment to your friends and guests to serve this distinguished whiskey. "Born with the Republic"—it's America's traditional bourbon.

• • •

Beautiful 8" x 12" collectors' prints of the above illustration (and of 5 others in this series) by Norman Price available in color without advertising. Send 25¢ for each print to James E. Pepper & Co., Inc., Dept. E, Lexington, Ky.

JAMES E. PEPPER
Bottled in Bond
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY—100 PROOF

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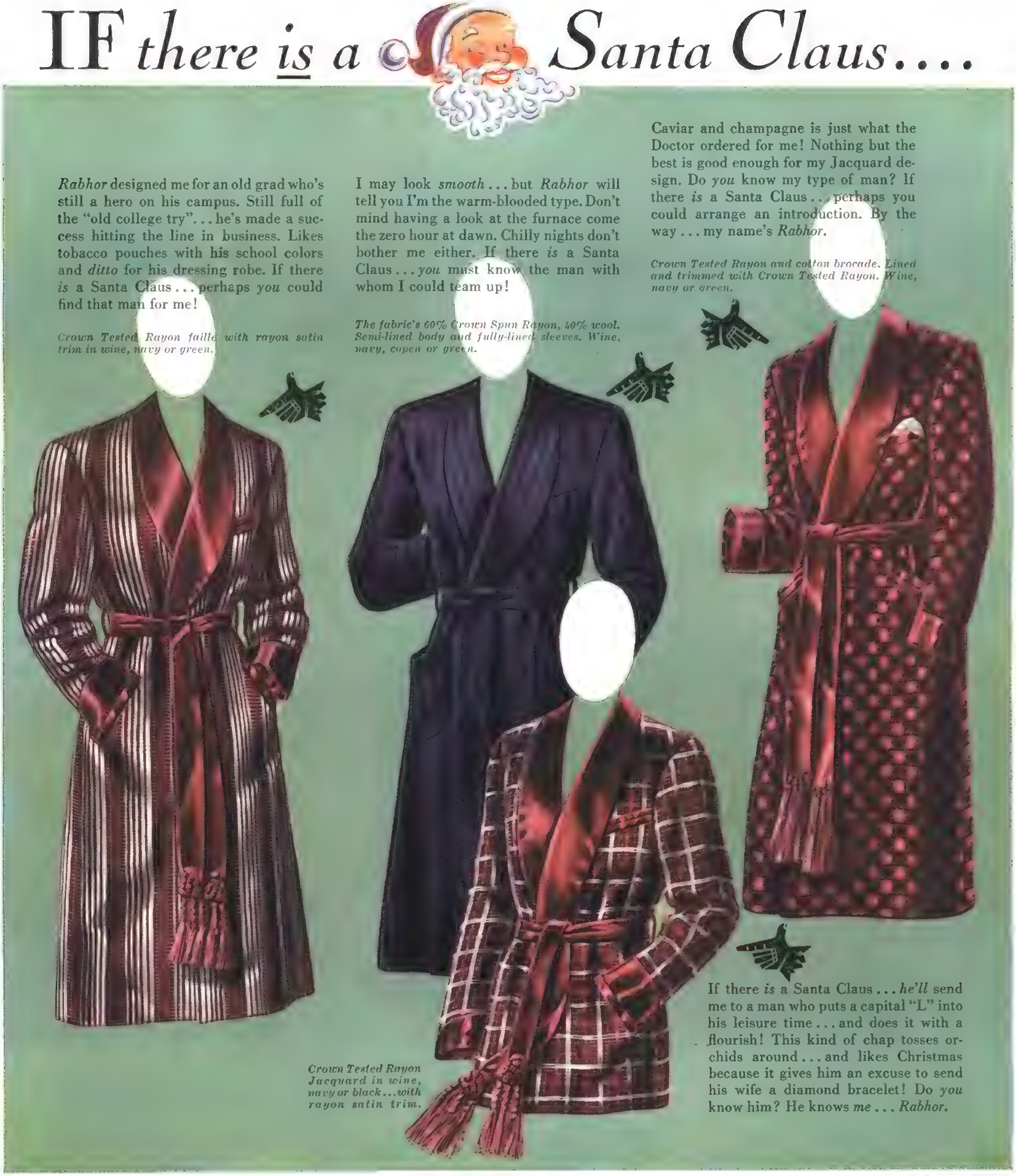
# IF there is a Santa Claus....



*Rabhor* designed me for an old grad who's still a hero on his campus. Still full of the "old college try"... he's made a success hitting the line in business. Likes tobacco pouches with his school colors and *ditto* for his dressing robe. If there *is* a Santa Claus... perhaps *you* could find that man for me!

*Crown Tested Rayon faille with rayon satin trim in wine, navy or green.*

I may look *smooth*... but *Rabhor* will tell you I'm the warm-blooded type. Don't mind having a look at the furnace come the zero hour at dawn. Chilly nights don't bother me either. If there *is* a Santa Claus... *you* must know the man with whom I could team up!

*The fabric's 60% Crown Spun Rayon, 40% wool. Semi-lined body and fully-lined sleeves. Wine, navy, copen or green.*

Caviar and champagne is just what the Doctor ordered for me! Nothing but the best is good enough for my Jacquard design. Do *you* know my type of man? If there *is* a Santa Claus... perhaps you could arrange an introduction. By the way... my name's *Rabhor*.

*Crown Tested Rayon and cotton brocade. Lined and trimmed with Crown Tested Rayon. Wine, navy or green.*

*Crown Tested Rayon Jacquard in wine, navy or black...with rayon satin trim.*

If there *is* a Santa Claus... *he'll* send me to a man who puts a capital "L" into his leisure time... and does it with a flourish! This kind of chap tosses orchids around... and likes Christmas because it gives him an excuse to send his wife a diamond bracelet! Do *you* know him? He knows *me*... *Rabhor*.

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## Wings Over What?

*Continued from pages 192-194-196-198*

gation instruments—but whose bombs still explode with just as much of a bang as all the others.

The government, through the Civil Aeronautics Authority, has launched an extensive and good civilian training program. But try to get in. If you're out of knee breeches the government doesn't want you. Age limit: 26.

One C.A.A. official explained it to me this way. "We probably won't do any fighting for ten years. Now look at it this way: it's gonna cost the government from $350 to $1,000 to train you. Now suppose you're 33 now. By the time we start fighting you'll be almost 45; and a man of 45 doesn't feel like fighting any more. He'd rather stay home and listen to the radio. So the government would just be throwing away its money."

It should be pointed out that France saved millions by such astute economies—but for whom?

The Civilian Aeronautics Authority has a program now on foot to give primary training to 45,000 new youngster pilots by July 1st, 1941. It is also undertaking to give refresher courses to some 5,000 inactive pilots with commercial ratings, and some 7,000 private pilots. All of which is good enough as far as it goes; but it doesn't go farther than the frizzly ends of mama's apron strings.

We need a whole-hearted, coats-off training program, with no ifs, no ands, and few buts; we need it now. In times of war you don't drive nails with whiskbrooms.

We should give full primary training to everybody who will take it; we should have a reserve set of fliers almost to the extent that we have car drivers.

And since every plane requires servicing, we should give full and free mechanical training to everyone who will take it.

We should have a highway program corresponding to that of Germany's *Reichsautobahnen*—highways in strategic areas, four to ten lanes wide, and free from all obstructions—emergency landing and take-off fields. An alternate or supplementary plan is for landing strips located at regular intervals alongside important highways. When our large ships, like the Army's Flying Fortresses get away from their regular bases, they have either to keep flying or crack up; the number of flying fields available for them could be counted on one line of a baby's abacus. And should it somehow or other occur to the enemy to bomb these few sanctified retreats, our giant bombers will have to hobble around as best they can, pretending to be tanks.

* * *

In the summing up, this point is clear: the present storm and fustian, would have no being if several years back certain responsible statesmen had been responsible to something more than the shadow thrown by a passing hope.

Many Europeans who relied on them have been cast onto growing pyramids of bones; and, as Sir Thomas Browne once pointed out "to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant," is of questionable value.

If our air program is delayed much farther, we shall have to act like Aesop's rooster, who having to spend a night in a stable, and having no perch, was constantly in danger of being crushed by the stamping horses. "Gentlemen," he said, "pray let us not move around so much, for fear lest we might trample upon one another." ##

# Esquire on the Record

### *Christmas Music from Bethlehem,* in Pennsylvania, is worthy of its name

***by* CARLETON SMITH**

**• RECORDS •**

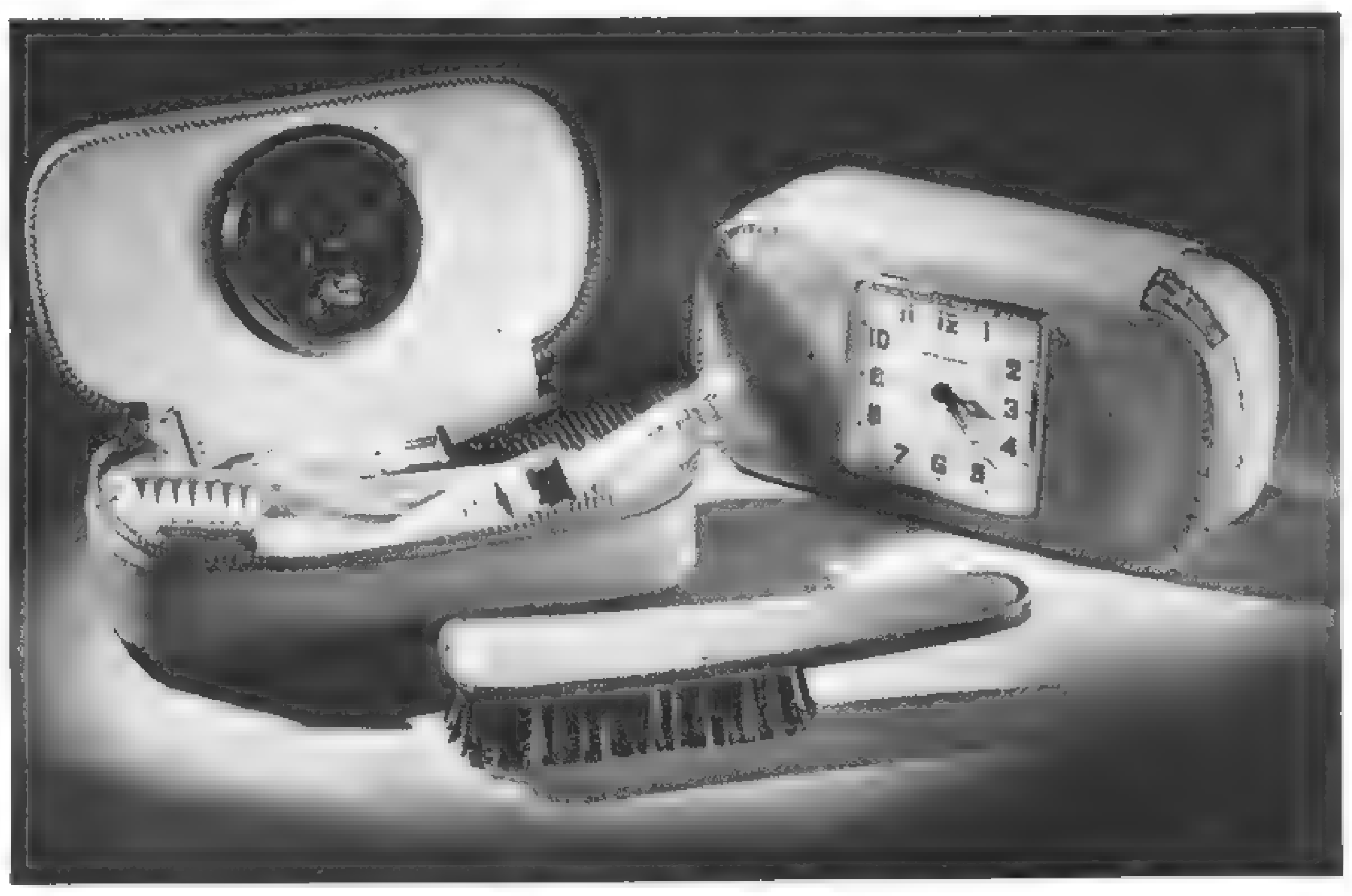
Like all intelligent men, I abhor Christmas. It revolts me to see a whole nation abstain from music for weeks in order that guys may rifle each other's pockets under cover of being festive. It really is an abominable institution, this Christmas. We must gorge ourselves because it is Christmas. We must get drunk because it is Christmas. We must be hypocritically generous: buy things that nobody wants, give them to folks we don't like; we must applaud absurd entertainments that make even our eight-year-olds satirical; we must over-tip endless elevator and errand boys, all because it is Christmas—that is, because the bulk of our population depends on a week of license and piracy, waste and gulping—disguised as *good cheer*—to wipe out excess liabilities at the end of the year.

As for me, I shall fly from it all tomorrow or next day to some remote spot miles from a shop, where nothing worse can befall me than carols sung by passing street urchins, or some equally harmless survival of medieval custom, shyly proffered, not advertised, and soon over. And where, if I am in the mood, I can ponder in silence the word of God and His servant, Johann Sebastian.

* * *

It is heartening to know, in days like these, that the United States has a Bethlehem . . . and that our Bethlehem can give us a lofty and spirited token of the ancient ideal —a token worthy of the first Bethlehem. Musicraft has just

*Continued on page 204*



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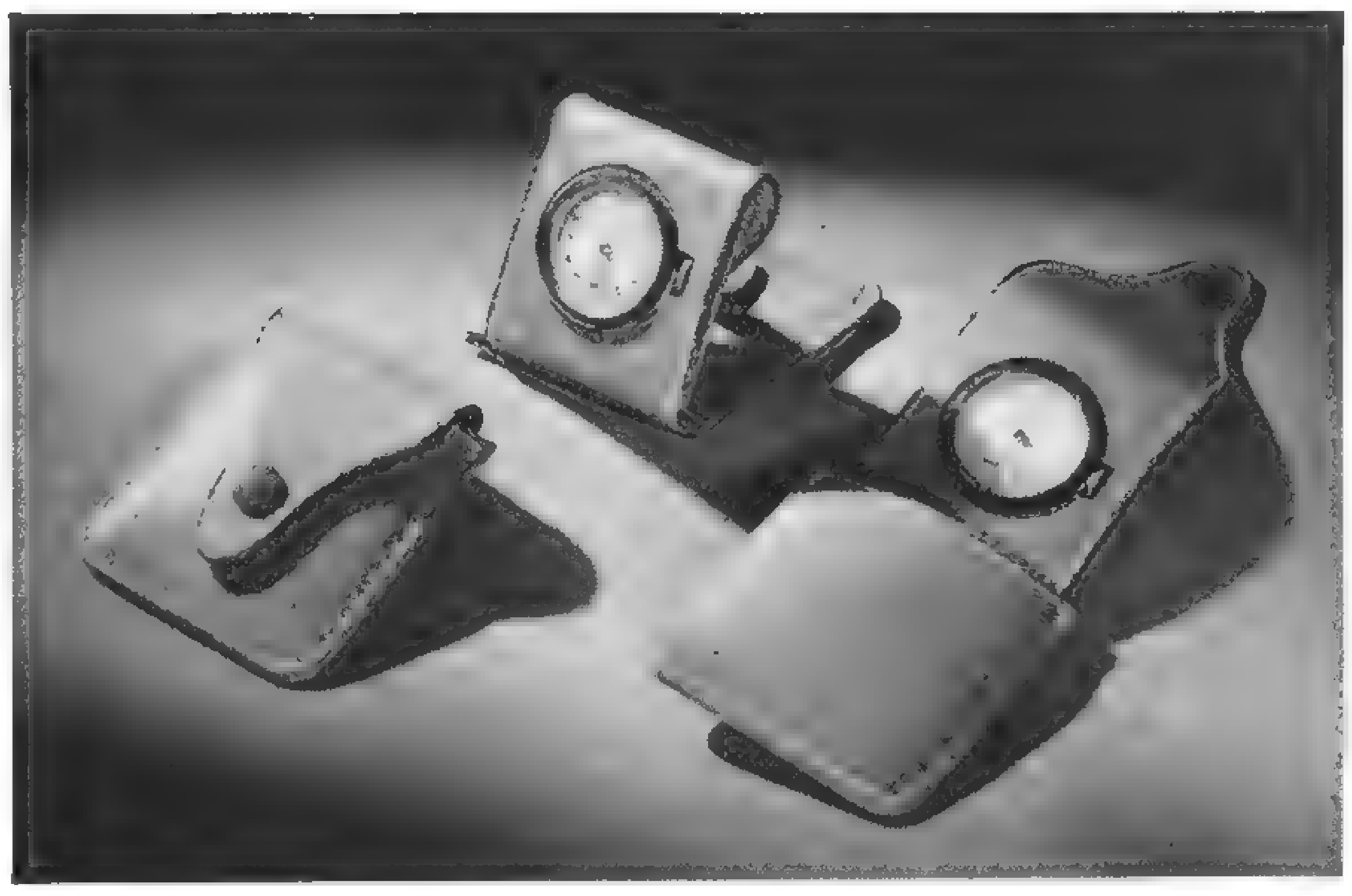

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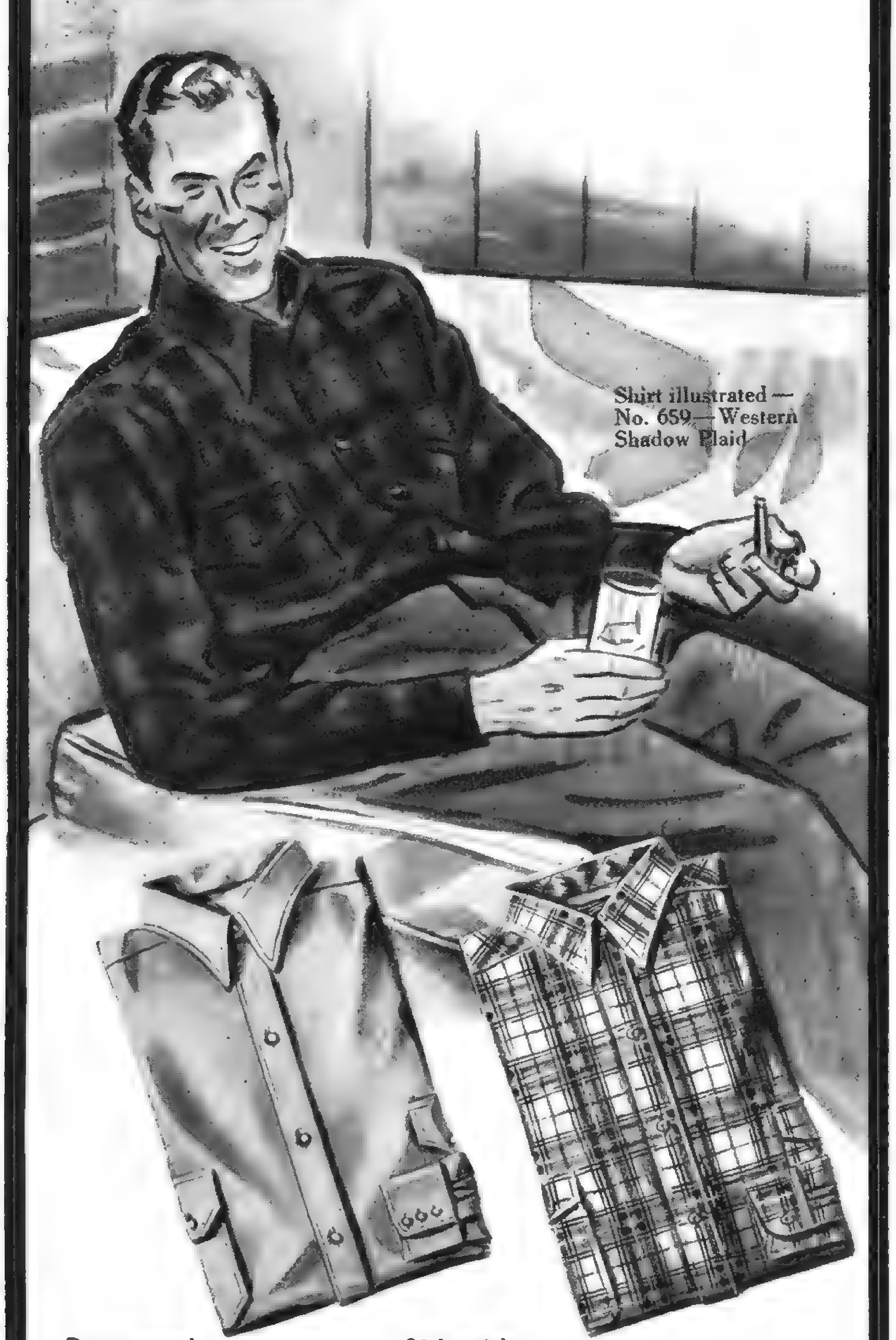

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## Esquire on the Record

*Continued from page 203*

issued an album of *Christmas Music from Bethlehem*, including eight chorales from Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* and Christmas hymns by Bortinansky and the late Dr. J. Fred Wolle, founder of the Bethlehem Bach Choir. They are sung *a cappella* by the male choir of the Cathedral of the Church of the Nativity with organ interludes, and were pressed by order of Huff's Music Store in Bethlehem.

From the Bethlehem in Judea to the Bethlehem in Pennsylvania . . . from the River Jordan to the Lehigh, the way is long. Since that first Christmas, many battles have been fought, many nations have gained and lost their power. Maps were drawn in sand. Temples have been bombed into dust. Art has flowered and perished. Inventions have uplifted and degraded the spirit of man.

The scars of man's cruelty to man have cut deep . . . and will not easily heal. The spirit of Christ has almost gone from us. But there are those who hear His Voice, His message in these chorales of Bach. They have not lost the faith of the angel who sang:

PEACE ON EARTH
GOOD WILL TO MEN

After a long absence from record lists, Rachmaninoff returns with a Christmas gift of his own. This month RCA-VICTOR releases his third piano concerto played by himself and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Thirty years old, dedicated to Josef Hofmann, this superb example of his art could not be more tellingly set forth. As spokesman for his own music, Mr. Rachmaninoff is without peer. His prodigious digital gifts enable him to dispose of insuperable difficulties with ease. Richly sonorous tones alternate with lush singing passages, and dazzling cascades of sound confirm his complete understanding of his instrument both as executant and composer. His music is sentimental, but convincingly so. It doesn't aspire to be more than it is.

Not satisfied with a single gift from the god, RCA-VICTOR persuaded Rachmaninoff to record an album of solos and to conduct his first and third symphonies, an experience not one in a thousand of his admirers has shared. Until last winter, Rachmaninoff had not conducted in New York for thirty years. But from the first downbeat, his mastery was taken for granted. The players knew his wishes and responded. His power and presence were indisputable. They are in these discs.

The lonely pine, the towering Slav, is an exception among composers. He can conduct, and with such singular effect that you are convinced his music is better than it is. Actually in these albums, the conductor outshines the composer.

What the verdict on his music will be, only future generations can say. It pleases many people today. Its Byronic melancholy, its unfailing flow of melody strike their ears. But there is in it no rude, large-hearted speech, no deep, childlike spontaneity. It is, as a penetrating connoisseur remarked, "Tschaikowsky without the hysteria and without the energy . . . a mournful banqueting on jam and honey . . . filled with the sadness distilled by all things that are a little useless."

Perhaps you like it. If so, forget the connoisseur's chatter. Order these discs and wallow in their sonorities. Can't be better played.

* * *

Kirsten Flagstad's Christmas present is a visit to her native Norway: Edvard Grieg's matchless song cycle *Haugtaussa*

One frosty evening three winters ago, Madame Flagstad sang thirty or forty Norwegian songs for me. When she came to this cycle, it was obvious that here was the larger, the essential Grieg, not obscured and badly projected in the manner of German lieder but sung by a sovereign artist, in the dialect of the Norwegian peasants, the original *Landsmaal*. If Grieg had been overrated in his lifetime, certainly of late he was under-rated. Listeners who knew all Schubert's and Brahms' songs had never heard these. Madame Flagstad sang them last season at Town Hall and now she has recorded them.

This album is a complete refutation to those who contend she is not a singer of songs. There may be certain emotions—eroticism and carnality among them—which she does not easily encompass; but, if you have been told Madame Flagstad is only an operatic singer and cannot tell a story in song, listen to this tale of the strange, lovely herdsgirl who went up into the mountains, saw trolls and wood sprites, and talked with them . . . who met the fair boy of her dreams and slept in his arms the whole night through . . . and then, when he did not return, told her loneliness to the brook.

It is a story of the world set in the North: vivid, touching, real. It catches the gentlest feelings of the heart. Great as Grieg is, he is not great by weight or force. He does not thunder the deeds of mighty gods nor shout the sagas of ancient heroes. Minstrel of his native heath, he sings of quiet landscapes and spontaneous moods that glow not with the heat of the sun but with inner warmth. His music catches the subtlest meaning in the text.

And Madame Flagstad lives these songs. She is, still, the greatest singer of our century and the first lady of song!

* * *

For Christmas, there are albums of carols, portions of the *Messiah*, familiar German folk tunes, and old friends like John McCormack singing *Adeste Fideles* and Ernestine Schumann-Heink *Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht*. For my holiday trip, I'm taking from my collection, records I never tire of hearing:

Mozart's *Magic Flute* (Victor 541, 542), Koussevitzky conducting Debussy's *La Mer* (Victor 643), Beecham conducting Mozart's *G Minor Symphony* (Columbia 316). Toscanini's Wagner Album (Victor 308), Muzio Operatic Recital (Columbia 259), Chinese Classical Music (Musicraft), Kipnis' Brahms Album (Victor 522), André Kostelanetz' *Music of Victor Herbert* (Columbia 415), Serkin and Adolf Busch Chamber Ensemble playing Mozart's *E Flat Major Concerto* (Victor 657), Weingartner conducting Brahms' *First* (Columbia 383), Bach's *Sonata in A Minor* for unaccompanied flute (Musicraft 32), Flagstad-Melchior Wagner Album (Victor 644), Lawrence Tibbett singing *In a Kingdom By the Sea* (Victor), Carmen Miranda in *The South American Way* (Decca 109), Lily Pons Album No. 2 (Victor), Heifetz playing Brahms' *Violin Concerto* (Victor 581), *Vocal Music of the Renaissance* (Musicraft 20), Beecham conducting Haydn's *Symphony No. 93 in D* (Columbia 336), Beethoven Quartets Nos. 12 and 15 (Victor 489, 490), Koussevitzky conducting Sibelius' *Fifth* (Victor 474), *Folk Songs of Many Lands* (Musicraft 39), Artur Rubinstein playing Chopin's Mazurkas (Victor 626, 656, 691), Faure's *Requiem* (Columbia 354). ⧺

## Esquire on the Record

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*And So Do I; The One I Love;* Tommy Dorsey. 26660

*Siboney; I Want My Mama;* Xavier Cugat. 26522

*A Portrait of Bert Williams; Bojangles;* Duke Ellington. 26644

**(BLUEBIRD POPULAR)**

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*Music of Victor Herbert;* André Kostelanetz. Set M-415

*Symphony No. 5 in E Minor* (Tchaikovsky); Artur Rodzinski & Cleveland Orchestra. Set M-406

*Introduction and Allegro* (Ravel) *Maid with the Flaxen Hair* (Debussy); L. Newell (Harpist), Stuyvesant String Quartet, J. Wummer (Flute), R. McLane (Clarinet). Set X-167

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*Stormy Weather; Sophisticated Lady;* Duke Ellington. 35556

*Beat Me Daddy (Eight to the Bar)* Parts I & II; Will Bradley. 35530

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*I'm Nobody's Baby; Buds Won't Bud;* Tommy Tucker. 5634

*A Million Dreams Ago; Avalon;* Dick Jurgens. 5628

*Fifteen Minute Intermission; Rhapsody in Rhumba;* Cab Calloway. 5644

**Musicraft Records, Inc.,**
**New York, N. Y.**

*The American Songbag;* Carl Sandburg. Album 11

*Toccatas and Fugues*—Volumes 1 & 2 (Bach); Carl Weinrich. Albums 36-37

*Negro Sinful Songs;* Leadbelly. Album 31

*Chinese Classical Music;* (Wei Chung Loh). Album 44

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## A Swap of Souls

Continued from page 83

dog. The sound put my teeth on edge. No sooner had he done this than the other natives pointed their hands upward and howled in the same manner. That was good full-lunged howling they did, and like nothing on earth except the sound of a dog letting out his lusty best in time of excitement.

"Cap'n Snow was to send relief," Blair told the captain, "but we fear his boat was lost, or taken by some other islanders. There's been no news, and we've sighted no ship until you came. We're in fear of our lives, though the savages have done us no harm yet. What they're up to we have no idea, except that they mean to keep us. They're the most uncivilized savages we ever saw, and dangerous to monkey with."

Captain Pease asked a good many questions, as to how many of the savages there were, and the chances for taking the white men off against their will. It appeared that the island was well populated, and Blair was of the opinion the natives would fight and try to take the ship rather than let their captives escape. While he was telling all he could, the captain ordered that gifts be offered to the natives, and we made signs of friendship toward them. It was plain we made no headway in gaining their understanding or their friendship either. They were a bold lot, and so curious about us that we were put to it to keep them at arm's length. If we had not watched closely and kept them off the ship, the whole lot of them would have boarded us from the canoes.

"What do you think, Mr. Athearn?" Captain Pease asked the first mate.

"I think we'd best be out of this. The least risk taken, the soonest mended. From what this man says, he and his company are in no danger. We can report them at New Zealand."

The captain turned to me next, and I said, "I don't like the look of it. These savages seem afraid of nothing. We've the ship and the voyage to think about."

"For God's sake," said Blair, "don't leave us. We're in a desperate situation, I tell you."

We could all see that, but we could not help thinking of some of the ships which had been lost and the blood spilled in circumstances not greatly different from these.

"I don't think we can take you from the island by force," said Captain Pease.

"You've got a cannon," said Blair. "Why can't you use that and put the fear of God into these savages?"

He was in a frenzy, and it was impossible not to be sorry for him. It was true that we did have a small cannon. Most whaleships carried one in those times, and could use it on occasion, but we knew why it would not do to try anything like that now.

"If we commence a war," the captain said, with a serious look under his lowered brows, "we know your men will not be safe a minute. We can kill some savages, but there will be plenty left to kill you. That won't do. The only way I can see is to keep up an appearance of friendship and make what headway we can."

He had something in mind, and when Blair calmed down enough to see the situation as it was he began pressing the captain with questions. Finally the one important answer came out.

"I guess we can take off some of you. That's about the size of it. I can't see any way of taking all, but we can take some."

Blair was taken aback by that. A man who has been living with savages as he had been for months on end can't be expected to receive such news all in the matter of course. He was desperate. It was easy to see how his mind was working. If some were to be saved by the *Enterprise*, which ones should they be? That question could not be kept down, and it would not be human to think of the advantage of others first. Any man alive would find himself saying that if some were to be saved, he himself must be among them, and then calculating craftily, even without so intending, to make this self-preservation come true.

This Blair, behind his heavy beard and long hair, was a young man, perhaps in his middle twenties. He had a rugged build, blue eyes, and a direct manner of speech. He had plenty of life ahead, and the spirit which looks ahead to things to make them real even before they come abreast of him. I pitied him, for the strength of a young fellow like that can be a handicap.

Sometimes it's not a bad thing to be able to give up.

We were waiting for the next word from the captain, and were glad this was his problem, and not in its main sense ours, though we stood by to carry through whatever plan he might have.

"The first thing to do is to keep Blair here on the ship and send the savages back," said Captain Pease, quiet and businesslike. But he turned to Blair and told him not to take too much heart from that. Blair could not well heed such a warning, since the captain's first order had rung in his ears like the sound of salvation.

It was no simple thing to hold Blair on board, for the savages at first refused to leave him. We gave them presents of cloth and various small articles, indicating that these were by way of trade for the white man; but these natives were the most dissatisfied customers I ever saw. They were interested enough in the things we gave them, but it was plain they still thought Blair was their property and were not minded to part with him. We handed more gifts to the natives in the canoes, and after some considerable time they left for the shore, still occasionally pointing

Continued on page 208

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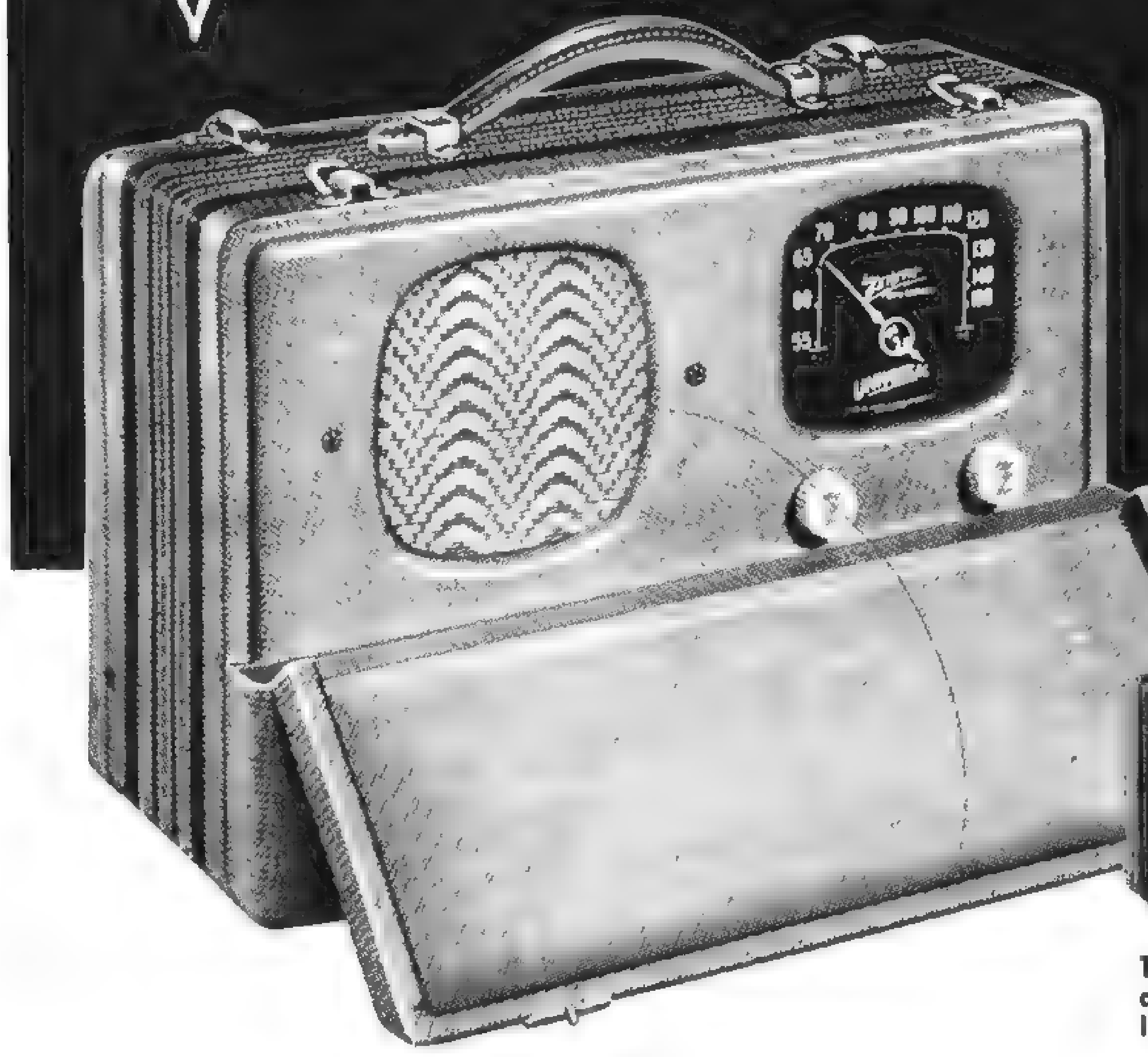

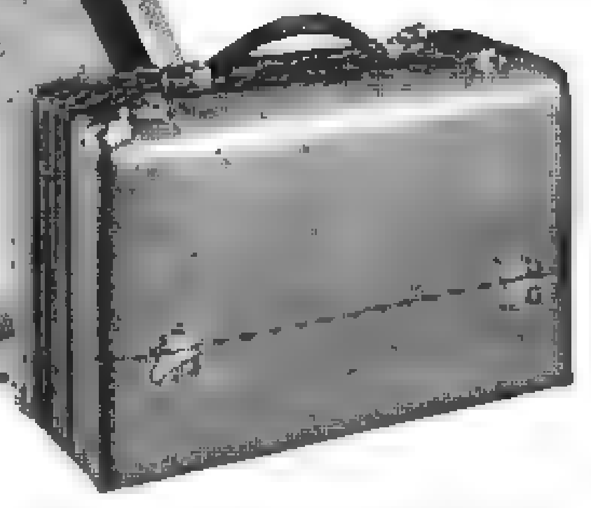

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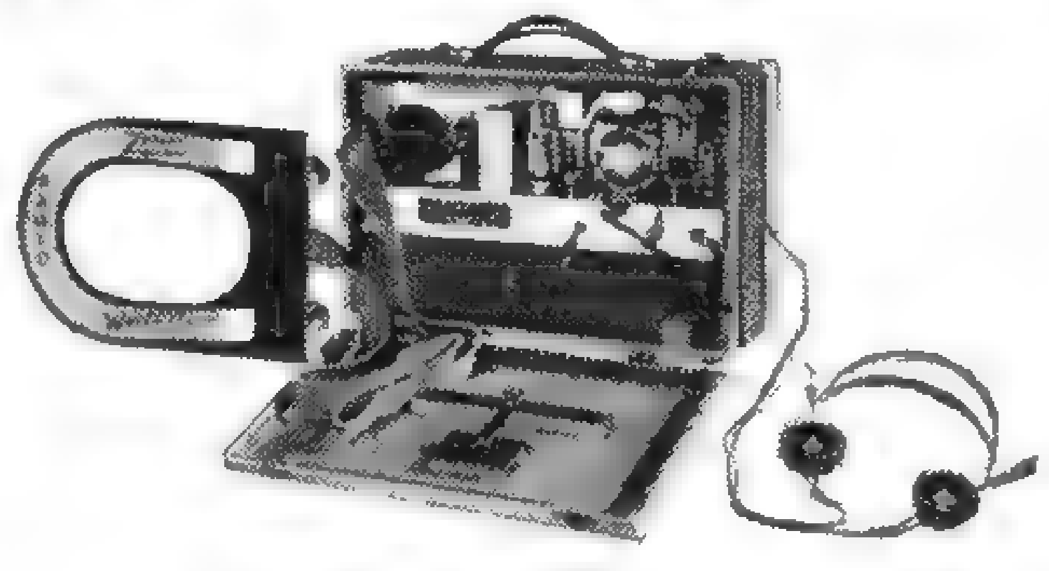

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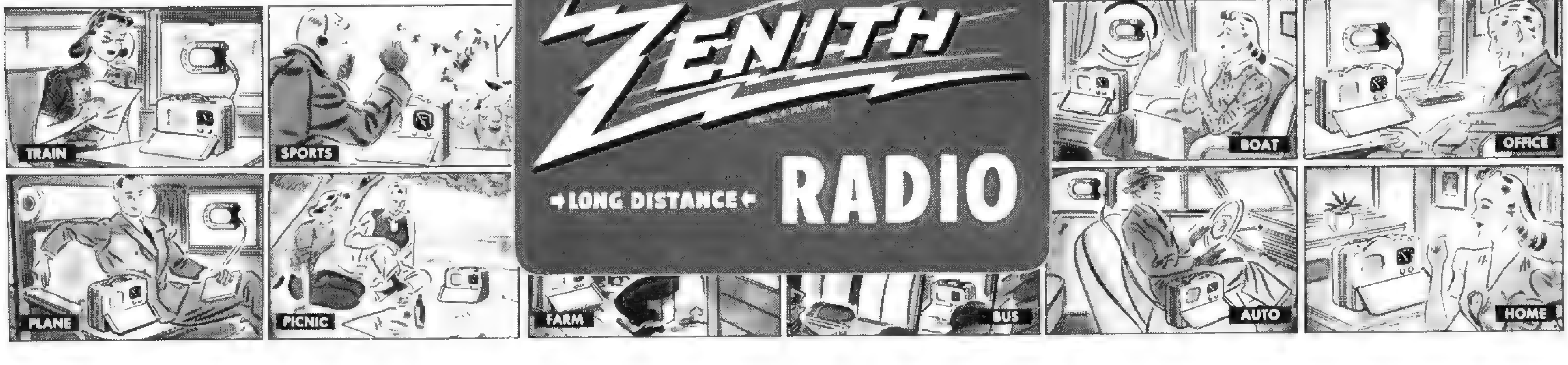

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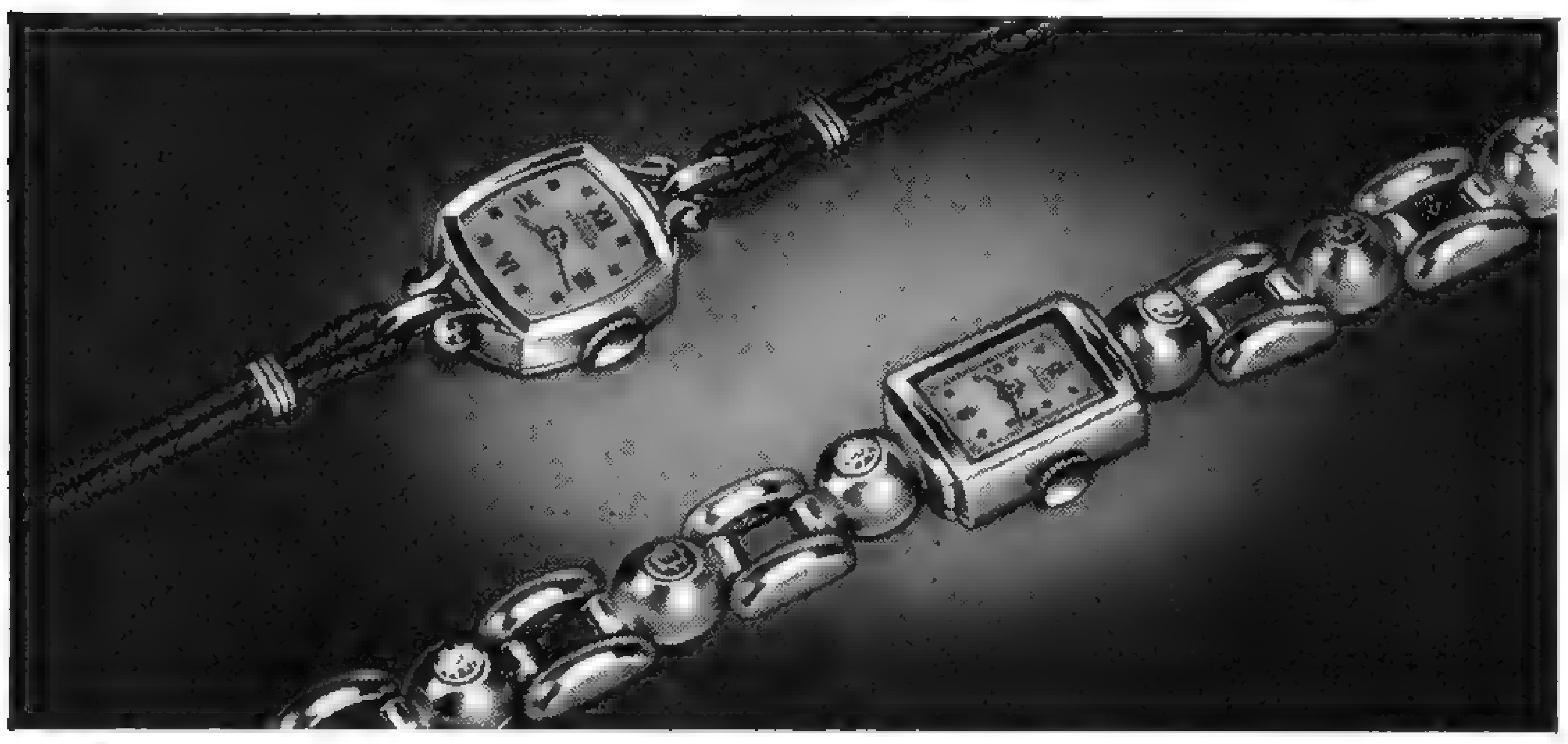

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## A Swap of Souls

*Continued from pages 83-206*

toward the sun and uttering unearthly howls.

As things stood then, we had one white man aboard and there were nine more on the island. I couldn't see any real gain, unless for the man Blair. But Captain Pease seemed to be up to something. He had us dress Blair up fancily, not in seaman's clothes, though we had plenty of suitable garments in the slopchest and enough gear to take care of all the castaways. No, Blair must be fitted out in drapings of calico cloth, some of which we had for trading purposes, until he looked most fantastic. The crew fell to laughing and joking, but Captain Pease was as grave as a Chinese image.

"Now," said he, "we're ready for those savages to come aboard of us again."

They came, too, just as he had known they would. The ones that had been out in the morning must have showed off their new possessions, and the curiosity of the whole place was aroused. No brave or chief on that island would miss a chance to come out to the ship, and we were most concerned lest too many try to board us at once. But they had some caution on their side, too, and the same number came in the canoes as before; but this time they had no white man with them. It did not look as if the captain's plan was working out well.

We allowed some of the natives on the ship, and they behaved as the others had done before, but with greater confidence, and with curiosity to examine everything in sight. Captain Pease told us not to give them much, and we did as he said. They showed all manner of interest in Blair, who had been instructed to sit still in his ridiculous costume, and to look as important as he was able. It did seem as if the captain had made a mistake, for when the savages began to see how we had treated Blair they wanted him worse than ever.

One of them, a strapping big savage with a ferocious countenance, took hold of Blair and made as if he would remove him from the ship by force. At that, Captain Pease made gestures in a stern sort of way, indicating that this was one of our men now. I thought the savages were going to be enraged, but before they had a chance to communicate among themselves to any extent, the captain made further signs, mostly with his fingers.

He was giving them to understand that they could have Blair by trading for him. He pointed first to Blair, then held up two fingers, and pointed toward the shore. If they wanted Blair, it would have to be a trade of two for one. Even the most ignorant savage could not fail to understand what the captain was driving at.

Blair, who had been feeling secure, began to protest and plead, and the rest of us had considerable sympathy for him. When we understood for the first time what the captain had been driving at, and that he had played his cards well instead of making mistakes as we had thought, we were thunderstruck. Mr. Athearn was the only one who had seen through the plan all along, and his face was as stiff and frozen as that of a prophet. We all felt helpless, but it went against the grain to give a man up, once you had saved him, particularly as Blair went on with his entreaties.

"Don't do it!" he yelled, "Don't give me up, I beg of you. I can't go back there. I can't stand it."

The savages were taking this in, along with everything else which went on. When they saw that Blair was worked up into a fury of emotion, he must have seemed more important and more desirable to them than before. At any rate, they had to have him, and sure enough some of their number went off in the canoes and we saw them coming back in a little while with two white men aboard. We took the two new ones over the rail first, and passed Blair back into the canoe a minute later. He was screaming and struggling to the last, but the savages seemed more struck with wonder than anything else and showed no animosity toward him.

Now we had two of the castaways on board the *Enterprise*, and there were eight left ashore, which was a gain of one.

Of the newcomers, one was a stoutish man named Grebel, a German we took it. He was bald except for a ring of yellowish hair. The other was an older man, called Paul, who had been second mate of the wrecked brig. Grebel began thanking God for his rescue, but Paul took things calmly except for shaking hands all round. The captain warned them, again, not to feel too cheery, since the matter was by no means completed yet.

"I aim to save as many as I can," he told them, "but how many and who I can't tell yet."

"Whoever's left is likely to get killed," said Grebel in a low, awed tone.

"That's a chance," agreed the captain, "but we've no way of dealing in anything except chances here. Don't forget there's a chance of losing everything, this ship and voyage included, if we don't keep a careful eye out."

There he stood, that young captain, and ordered Grebel and Paul rigged up as we had rigged up Blair, but much more so. Josiah Pease was hardly more than a boy, but there he was with his mind made up as to what to do, and ready to shuffle human lives about as if they were cards used in a game. The two shipwrecked sailors protested and declared it was a form of inhuman cruelty he was practicing, and Grebel refused to have a wreath put on his head. In the end he was compelled to put up with it.

The mental sufferings of the

*Continued on page 210*

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## A Swap of Souls

*Continued from pages 83-206-208*

men were such as to make us hate to look on, but it was as the captain had said. We aimed to save as many as possible, but how many and who they might be still lay beyond the power of any of us to say. It was clear that without some trading with the natives we would be able to take off nobody at all. At best we could have seized Blair, the first man aboard, and gone off with him, leaving the others.

The savages watched us with their eyes almost bulging out, and in a short time the captain had them in a state of anxiety to get Greble and Paul back again. They were not easy bargainers, but those two men were decked out as no white men ever could have been before, and to the eyes of the natives they must have seemed a prize consignment. Toward the last, the captain grew short and sharp with them, and it seemed to me the savages were not greatly different from children. You could see that the unwillingness of Greble and Paul made an impression on them. It looked as if the affair were dead serious, and there was no suspicion of any game being put up.

In the end the captain got four men for the two, which was better than I would have believed possible. Blair came back to the ship on that trade, and a happier man you never laid eyes upon. So now we had four castaways on the vessel, as against six on the island.

We all looked to the captain, eager to learn what he would do next. He had been pacing up and down the deck, and pretty soon he called all hands forward, including the men we had saved from the island.

"I figure I can make one more trade," he said, "and after that whoever is left on the island will have to stay. We must be off, and when we get to New Zealand we'll report matters there. If any man here has any suggestion to offer, let him speak and I'll be glad to hear what he has to say."

Blair spoke up and said, "I've been through enough of this, sir. I should be allowed to stay on the ship."

There was a murmur of assent to this from our own men, for they thought Blair had been handed about enough. No one else was in a hurry to offer any advice, and the captain turned to Mr. Athearn and asked his opinion.

"Why as to numbers, sir," said Mr. Athearn, "I think we're doing first rate. If we can get a couple more, we'll have reason for rejoicing, and so will these poor souls. But what troubles me is that the best men may be left on the island. We all know that on any ship there's always a man or two worth any three of the others."

That was true, and I was surprised that I had not thought of it myself. We all eyed the four rescued men closely and began to compare them in our judgment with the two last put ashore. Mr. Athearn's idea had come as a new thought to the captain, too, and he was in a brown study.

"What do you propose we should do about it?" he asked.

"Let us choose as we would choose men for a crew of our own liking," said Mr. Athearn. "Things have come along nicely up to this point, and we still have a chance to take the fittest and leave the others."

"What has anybody to say to that?" inquired Captain Pease.

One of the last lot from the island was a young fellow, still in his teens, with a face hardly furred in spite of the long time away from soap and razors.

"If it comes to that, captain," said this boy, "I know well that I'm not one to be considered among the fittest, yet I should like to be saved now. I have a great craving to be taken from that island."

"Are you afraid to go back there?" asked the captain.

"I guess I am, and there's no use denying it," said the boy.

"Is there anybody not afraid to go back?"

None of the four spoke, none wanting to be a candidate for the dubious honor. The other three, however, wanted to say what good seamen they were, and how useful they would be, if taken off on the *Enterprise.*

"Which ones need to be saved most?" I asked, pointing out that some might have wives or sweethearts and others might have no one watching for their return.

They all tried to talk at once, and in a few minutes one of the four, a rangy, long-legged fellow named Smith, was offering the captain all sorts of money as a price for rescue. That was a new consideration. We heard plenty about loving parents and pining sweethearts, and now we were being offered a taste of wealth.

I could not bring myself to blame any of these men, and I do not doubt that any four selected at random would have behaved in the same way under the circumstances. As for the captain, I could see no help for him in deciding what he must do. Talk about the judgment of Solomon—it was nothing to the puzzle-facing young Josiah Pease that day.

"Who would you select to be taken off in this ship?" he asked the boy, suddenly.

"I can't say," the boy answered, after floundering about a bit. "If it's put up to me, I can't well give the word to save myself as against the others. But just the same I want to be taken off as much as any of them."

"That's well spoken," said the captain, and we all thought so, and looked with favor on the boy. He did not put the question to the others, assuming that all the answers would be the same, and they would have been, which was a credit to these ragged castaways

*Continued at top of page 212*

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## A Swap of Souls

*Continued from pages 83-206-208-210*

after what they had been through.

"I still think, sir, the fittest should be chosen," said Mr. Athearn. He was a most methodical, reasonable man, and he made out his case directly, in few words. We all looked at the captain again, and he wheeled about and paced the distance of the deck once more. When he came back it was clear that he had made up his mind.

"I've listened to all that's been said," he declared, "and I won't say Mr. Athearn's opinion is without merit. But there's one thing which weighs against it. We come from a country which was founded on the spirit of equality, and a man's a man in the eyes of the law. You can't run a ship that way, but to my mind that's the only way to run a country. I might mention that every man has a soul, as well, and one soul is as desirable in the eyes of the Lord as any other, but religion goes too deep and too high for me to be presuming to preach it here. I choose to act in a general way according to the Declaration of Independence, which gives every man equality, and no matter who has to be left on the island, I intend to take away the greatest number possible. Inasmuch as the matter cannot well be decided by majority vote, these four will pull straws to see which will be traded again to the natives for the advantage of the largest number."

And that was done. It went hard to see Smith and the boy go over the side again. In order to make the final trade, the captain had ordered red paint daubed over their clothes, and they were startling spectacles. This was what made the deal go through at last. In return we got back Paul and three others, an exchange of four for our two. For a while it looked as if the captain could not possibly make it, but he hung on with determination and would have nothing less from the natives.

Late in the day the *Enterprise* put out to sea, and we had on board six of the shipwrecked men, leaving only four behind us on the island. We felt that Smith and Greble and the boy, especially the latter, were friends of ours, and we thought of them gravely as the coral shore dropped on the horizon and we saw only the waving palms once again. But I doubt if any captain could have done half so well as young Josiah Pease, all without bloodshed, and with his full duty in mind. He did not forget our own ship and the oil we had below, he cheated the savages to the best purpose possible, and he saw that every man of the *Chatham's* crew had as much of a chance as could be contrived, though in some instances a slim one. The main trouble with equality is that you can't quite hit it.

We gave an account of the affair at New Zealand, but I never heard anything more about the survivors of the *Chatham*. Some years later it was reported that the natives on the Penrhyn Islands were not so much savage as ignorant, and had no real harm in them. I hope this was true, but have no way of knowing because I never raised that island again.

## Backstage with Esquire

*Continued from page 48*

the *Post* and *Liberty*, and fiction for the pulps, and has nine books to his credit.

•

MORRISON COLLADAY, who appears in our satire department this month with *An Abstractionist Is Born* (page 100) lives on an old place on the Hudson, a hundred miles north of New York, where there are no conveniences and no neighbors. He is perfectly content, he says, with this combination. He was born at Cape May Point, New Jersey, educated in Philadelphia. Several hundred of his stories and articles have appeared in national magazines.

*Morrison Colladay*

•

BUCKLIN MOON says: "When I graduated from Rollins College in 1934 I set out for New York like many another, ready to take over the editorship of any reputable magazine that was willing to make me a good offer. I got over that fast. I've been doing magazine editorial work and writing publicity ever since, until last fall when I found I didn't have all the sand out of my shoes and went back to Florida. For nine months I worked as a bartender, then all the Yankees went north, leaving me out of a job. Now I am in Wisconsin where I was born, running an oil station. But I've still got sand-in-the-shoes trouble. I'm twenty-nine, have a wife who knows enough to keep out from under foot and a gal young 'un who doesn't. I've been writing as long as I can remember. Have been published in the old *Review of Reviews*, *The Digest*, and *Harper's*.

*Continued on page 214*

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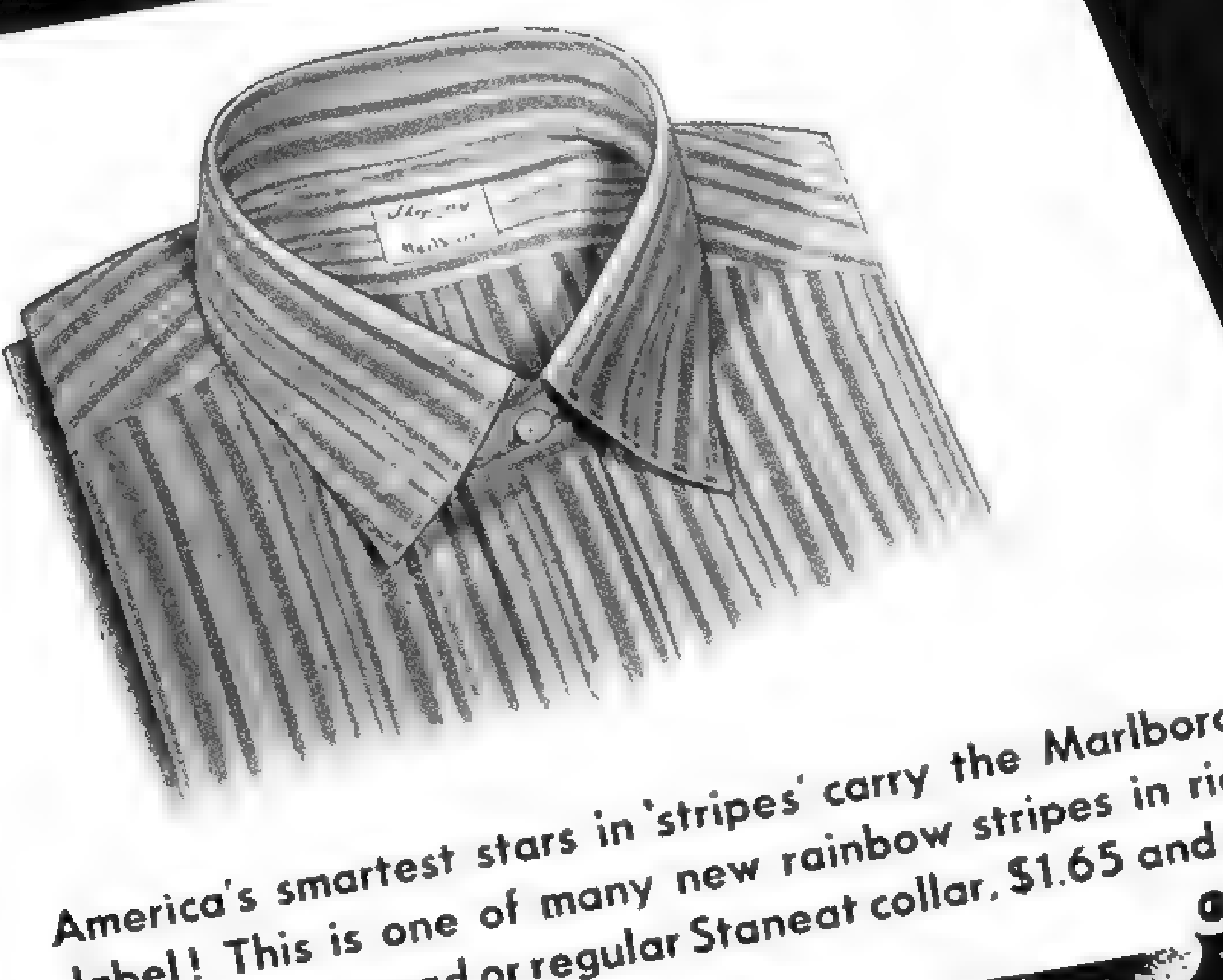

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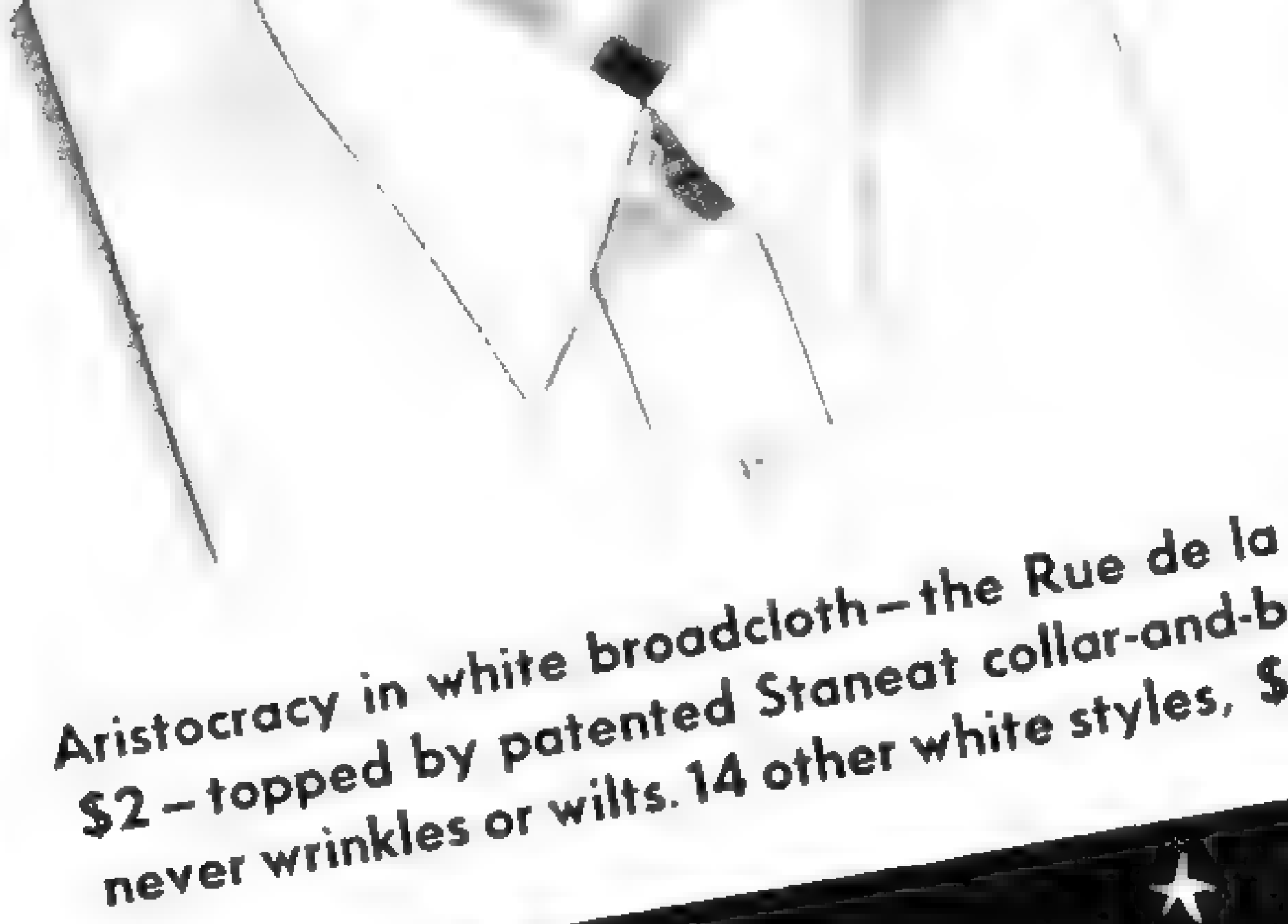

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## Backstage with Esquire

*Continued from pages 48-212*

JIM KJELGAARD (*Stalking the Seal*, page 67) says: "My formal education consisted of a painful struggle through high school and two years of college. I started writing because I thought it easy. When I found it was not, I kept on anyway. I've held down a variety of jobs from ditch digger to teamster to factory hand and once achieved the distinction of being foreman on a pipeline. My ambitions are: to be as good a guy as my old man; to write a lot of swell stories; to shoot a mountain sheep and grizzly bear; to catch a ten-pound brook trout. As for the rest, I'm married to a beautiful young lady who seems to me to be fetchingly dressed and am the proud father of a six months old daughter named Karen."

•

For the past twenty years, HENRY BEETLE HOUGH, together with his wife, Elizabeth Bowie Hough, has been editor and publisher of the *Vineyard Gazette* on the Island of Martha's Vineyard. He says: "I was named for a Vineyard whaling captain, my grandfather, and I began early the newspaper training to combine with an Island life. This training began on the *New Bedford Standard*, of which my father was managing editor for many years, and continued through the Columbia University School of Journalism where I received my degree in 1918. My city jobs, in New York and Chicago, were in publicity and during the World War, I was in the Office of Naval Intelligence, assigned to a tugboat in the Potomac River, the *Triton*. Life with the *Vineyard Gazette* has led to the recently published *Country Editor*. I have also written a history of Martha's Vineyard as a summer resort, have contributed to a number of magazines and to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. In my spare time I ride a bicycle and raise things in a garden.

•

JAMES REMINGTON MCCARTHY, of *Million Dollar Flame*, was born in Watertown, New York, in 1900, was educated at St. Patrick's School there, St. Mary's in Rochester and the University of Rochester. After a turn as cub reporter on the *Democrat & Chronicle*, he worked successively for the City News Bureau in Chicago, the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, *Minneapolis News*, *Denver Express* and *Sacramento Union*. With this as a background he went to New York, joined the *World*, as reporter, rewrite man and feature writer, achieving some fame with his column, *This World We Live In*. His next jump was the *Morning Telegraph*, then King Features, and after that free-lancing. He is the author of *Peacock Alley*, *Special Agent* and *The New Pioneers*. During the New York World's Fair in 1939, he was chief feature writer for the publicity department. After that, he worked for an advertising agency, where he became interested in diamonds. Now he is writing for movies in Hollywood.

•

For Ten O'clock Scholars: the sources of the titles listed by William Lyon Phelps last month are:

1. Poetry of John Donne
2. Gospel of St. John
3. Gospel of St. Matthew
4. Macbeth (the porter)
5. Gospel of St. Luke
6. Poetry of John Donne
7. Milton's Lycidas
8. Shakespeare's Sonnets
9. Poem by Alfred Housman
10. Macbeth (Lady M. describing him)
11. Gospel of St. Matthew

•

Reading below, from left to right, ROBERT HELLER, TOM LEE and BARRETT GALLAGHER are the authors of no stories in this issue. They painted us no paintings, rhymed us no rhymes. They are here, not by virtue of their decorative pans, but because: Robert Heller and Tom Lee contributed their talents to Esquire's Christmas Fair, which opened at the first of this month in Rockefeller Center. Robert Heller is the architectural designer of the Christmas Fair. His creative powers cover a wide range, begetting everything from modern teapots up to and including streamlined delivery wagons. Tom Lee designed the gift counselors' costumes and the merchandise displays. He's Bonwit Teller's display manager, recently branched into stage design, doing the costumes for *Louisiana Purchase*. Barrett Gallagher snapped the four-color gift suggestions which begin on page 115. He uses an ancient camera, and its Deadeye F6.3 lens and the heart and hands of young Mr. Gallagher record photographs that are tops. After graduating from Cornell, Gallagher contrived to attend both Cambridge and Oxford in one summer. And he knows Orson Welles, Burgess Meredith and Franchot Tone well enough to call them Skunk. ##

*Robert Heller*

*Tom Lee*

*Barrett Gallagher*

## The New Wheary COLONEL

The gift that will make any man happy! . . . Flexible, soft luggage built of squeaky, creaky tack-room saddle leathers in oxblood bronzes, British browns, sorrel creams. Exclusive new linings in hound's-tooth weaves, bachelor tweeds and Highland checks!

See the new "Colonel" and its companion overnight case, the "Little Colonel". Wheary luggage is on sale at better stores . . . priced $32.50 and up.

**The simplest case ever designed for wrinkle-free packing!**

The "Colonel" has the famous patented Aviator fixture. All three pieces of your suit fit on hanger as shown.

Your suit drapes in one movement over the fixture . . . completely packed in a minute. On arrival, suit will be wrinkle-free, ready to wear.

*Travel Tested by United Air Lines*

# WHEARY

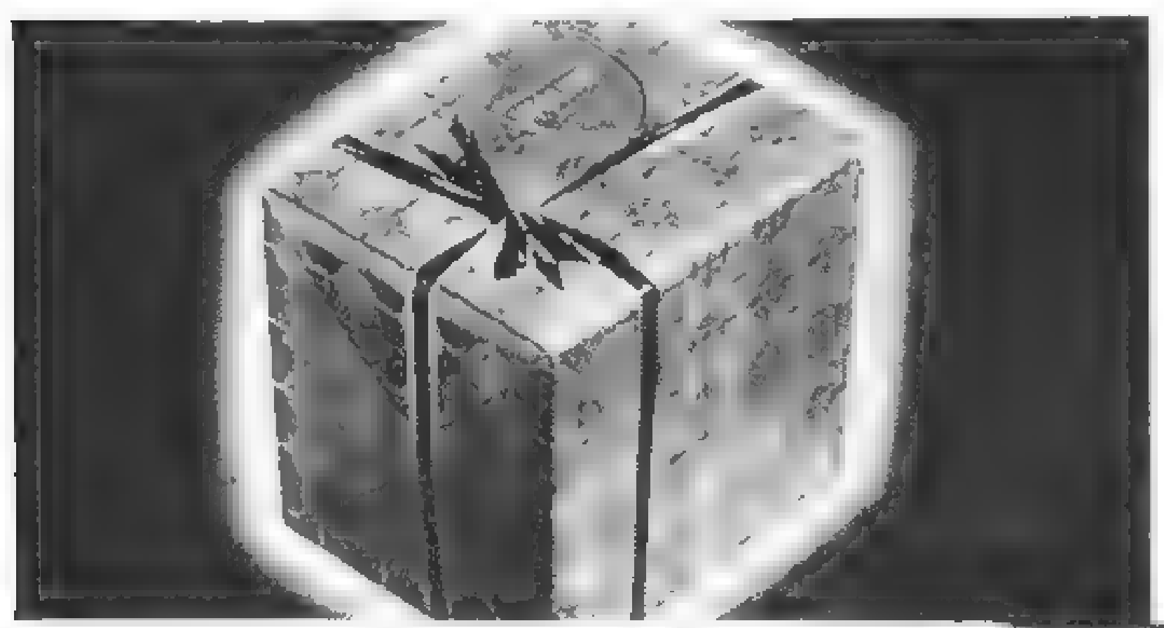
RACINE, WISCONSIN

WHY MEN STAY HOME
John Middleton's "BLEND-YOUR-OWN" Tobacco Kit

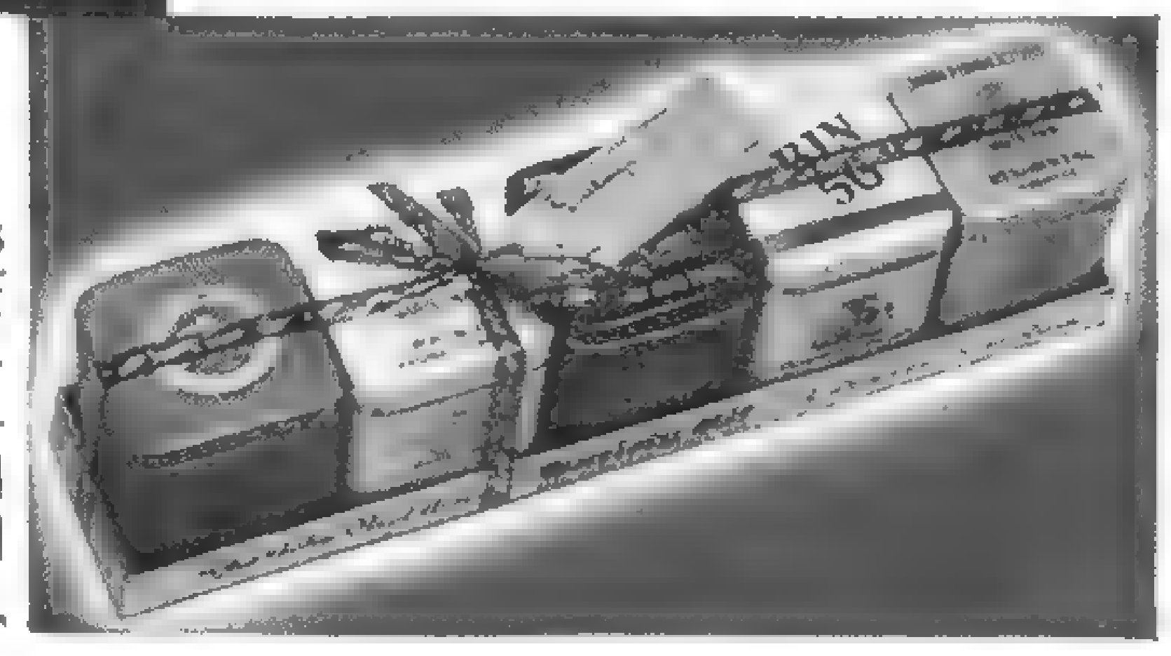
BLEND YOUR OWN TOBACCOS

*Kit of World's Finest Pipe Varieties* $1.95

What pleasant hours await the man who gets a John Middleton BLEND-YOUR-OWN Tobacco Kit! Here's a truly intriguing hobby—blending special, fine pipe-tobaccos into different mixtures *of your own,* producing *rare flavors* and *distinctive aromas.* Anyone can do it—instruction book is included—also measuring jigger and a mixing humidor. The most sure-to-be appreciated Christmas gift—it's absolutely new this year. For only $1.95, this Blend-Your-Own Kit is a remarkable opportunity to get the very finest pipe-tobaccos in the world. Contains seven tobaccos including basic types not ordinarily available—created by John Middleton, blenders of fine tobaccos since 1856. Ask to see this handsome Kit today—*at your dealer's.*



HUMIDOR TIN OF WALNUT BLEND—A craving suppressed by many smokers is their yearning for a really fine tobacco, like Walnut, which contains the World's seven finest tobaccos in one perfect blend. In festive Yuletide box, 1 lb tin, $2.25, ½ lb. tin, $1 15



MIDDLETON'S VARIETY KIT $1·
Another ever popular Christmas gift—contains 5 handsome tins of Middleton's famous blends—Walnut, America's finest tobacco, aromatic Regimental; mild, smooth Old Mariner; popular Club Mixture and Bin 56. A remarkable value at $1.00.

John Middleton
INCORPORATED
Blenders of fine tobaccos since 1856

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS

*If not available, use this coupon*

John Middleton, 1211 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Send postpaid and wrapped as gift:

☐ Blend-Your-Own Tobacco Kit . $1.95 ☐ 1 lb. Walnut Blend . $2.25
☐ Variety Kit . . . . . . . $1.00 ☐ ½ lb. Walnut Blend . $1.15

Check or M.O. enclosed. Am't.........
(Prompt refund if not satisfactory)

Name.........

Address......... City.........

# The Sound and the Fury

*Continued from pages 10-12*

### SELF-PORTRAIT

After a thorough perusal of your magazine for the past year I have come to a disturbing conclusion.

Your very cynical intelligentsia who clutter up the payroll see only two types of women.

The shapely and dumb or homely and brainy (and I object to both classifications) are the formula types.

In argument I offer myself—if you will—as a specimen to correct these impressions.

Physically—(by your tone—your main if not only interest), I am:
1. A luscious blonde (by luscious I mean curvacious and sort of dewy eyed and moist lipped.
2. Soft spoken of tongue but interestingly insinuitive of blue-gray eyes.
3. A possessor of twenty exciting years.
4. An owner of a 118-pound body which stands 5 ft. 4 inches from terra firma and is covered by soft white skin.

I have had measles, (?) three teeth out in assorted spaces, a love affair (to understate) and a husband, none of which I suffer from at the present moment.

Mentality: The regular schooling with French, Trig, English Lit, Spanish and Social Sciences.

I enjoy the novels of Hilton, Steinbeck, Nathan, Gautier, Morley; the poetry of Goethe, Frost, Browning, Dickinson, Shelley, Lindsay; the nonsense of Lewis Carroll, Dorothy Parker, Hecht and MacArthur, Blondie and Dagwood, Snuffy Smith, Ogden Nash; the music of Tschaikowsky, Ella Fitzgerald, Chopin, Hoagy Carmichael; the painting of Matisse, T. H. Benton, Dégas; the acting of John Garfield, Margaret Sullavan, Micky Rooney, Marjorie Mann and James Cagney.

My favorite book is *The Fountain;* Play—*Berkeley Square:* Song—*Night and Day.*

I like soft lights, springtime, poetry clubs, jewelry, concerts and Esky.

And I will, upon request, substantiate the above for any skeptic.

Brooklyn, N.Y. DIANA

### THE OLD REFRAIN

For five years I have been a loyal subscriber to your fine magazine, therefore I feel that I am entitled to this one criticism, the fact that women are sticking their noses into men's business again. I have noticed in the last several issues that the females have had the nerve to write criticisms of our magazine to the *Sound & Fury.* On the cover of ESQUIRE are the words "ESQUIRE—THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN" and that is as it should be. If men wish to criticize "ESKY" that's O.K. but if the women don't like what's in ESQUIRE, why in hell don't they stick to the *Ladies' Home Journal?*

I don't give a damn if women smoke, I can overlook their wearing slacks, but to criticize ESQUIRE, well that's carrying things too far.

Yours Truly,
Menlo Park, Cal. JOHN H. BRICKELL

### VARGA FOR VIGOR

ESQUIRE mellows like wine with the years and tickles my taste like olives—the more, the better. Such is my experience with ESKY after all the years I've been reading him.

Then came the October issue. And brother, the Varga girl is *le beau ideal!* The symmetry of a burning dream, the dazzle of a gold mine waiting to be picked up, gorgeous as your best girl before marriage, enchanting as your worst desire.

Lord, if there were only Varga girls to look at in real life! But that's where ESKY comes in, the lucky stiff! Put a Varga girl picture before the W.P.A. projects and watch the dirt fly. Soon there wouldn't be any projects left!

Wearing dark glasses,
MICHAEL PAKELTIS
Sioux City, Iowa

### VARGA WITH VARIATIONS

While I am naturally moved to add my congratulations to the callithumpian chorus of approval due you for your acquisition of the Varga Girl, may I observe that ESQUIRE can hardly go on thinking of itself as a humanitarian project of the highest order until it succeeds in inventing some process by which the Varga Girl can be translated into Braille. For, as Shakespeare has so aptly said,

"He that is strucken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost."

Palo Alto, Calif. LOUIS PAUL

### VARGA WITH CREAM

Your latest addition to your hilarious monthly, the Varga girl, is, as we would say—"creamy." By this we mean she is voluptuous, coy, demure, delectable, seductive, enticing, alluring, tempting, fascinating and—provocative, because as we slowly, yet cautiously survey each curve we realize that there "ain't no sech animal."

BOB LAWSON, DONALD HESS, ALFRED HOFFMAN, WALTER KRAMER, WILLIAM MAXWELL, "RED" BOWERS
Hershey, Pa.

### DUB, DUB, FUN AND FROLIC

This is a golfer's (??) answer to the clever article entitled *Dub, Dub, Toil and Trouble,* which was published in the September issue of your magazine.

Such a man, imagine not having any fun when one plays golf. Although married to a golfer who is a combination of every horrible type the author of *Dub, Dub, Toil and Trouble* described, it hasn't yet taught me to understand *why* he can't enjoy the game. Why is the spirit of competition so strongly developed that the week end is ruined completely when on Saturday afternoon he is defeated by one stroke in the Shadbake Special. What if he plays a rotten shot in the rough or misses a putt after much kneeling on the green and gazing at the cup with wild hope and in deep despair. Heaven must be such a place as a golf course, no telephones, no doorbells, no interruptions, no planning of meals, no thinking of the dust moss under the beds, no worrying over the children or a (they *can* be problems too) husband. And it's fun even when an approach shot goes over the green and then the next shot is over the other side, and we chase merrily back and forth until we finally, a mere ten or twelve strokes, sink panting in the pin. There is always an appreciative howl when someone sinks a putt under three attempts, ask Ripley. It's fun to play alone too, did you ever try it? Almost all sports call for partners, but the pleasure of trying to find one's little ball all by one's little self is unexcelled.

For a bit of fun and frolic, come down and play with us sometime.

MARGARET H. STEVENS
Bethesda, Md.

### VARGA FOR KEEPS

Do you have any extra reproductions of your new sensation in your October issue of ESQUIRE, meaning VARGA? Keep her in your magazine, she is soft and lovely. If you have any reproductions I would like to have one to get the artist to sign for me. I have practically all of your illustrators or artists' pictures autographed.

Humboldt, Kan. HARRY L. BUSKIRK

*Continued on page 218*

*beautifully designed . . . handsomely packaged precision built . . .*

# The Season's Most Exclusive Christmas Gift . . .

# Toothmaster

**THE MODERN WAY TO BEAUTIFUL TEETH AND HEALTHY GUMS**

**FOR HER:** Dainty . . . Clever . . . Brilliant in result

**FOR HIM:** Smart . . . Time-saving . . . Thorough

An EMC Product

**Why It's Exclusive! Shortly after Christmas, Toothmaster will be on sale at your dealers. But not until after Christmas. Now sold only by the coupon on this page or by mention of this page and your dealer's name and address. . . . Also, please note that this advertisement will positively appear in no other magazine except this December issue of Esquire.**

● Actually used and regularly recommended by the dental profession, Toothmaster cleans and brightens teeth (or massages the gums) by thousands of gentle, tiny toothbrush vibrations. It eliminates the messy, elbow-swishing, hand-brush methods. And for the very young set, it adds zest and drama to monotonous dental rites.

### FOR THE PERSON WHO "HAS EVERYTHING"

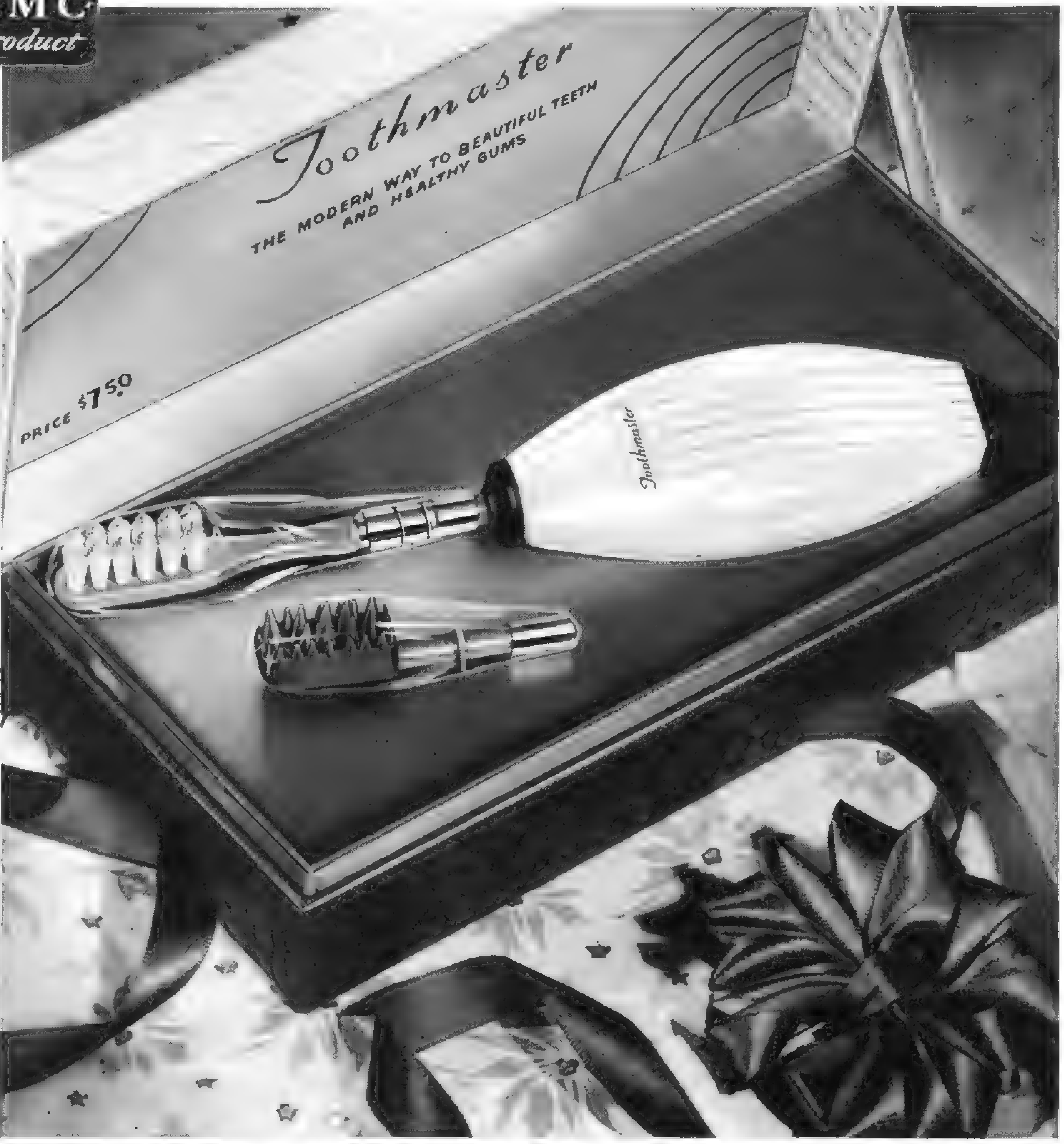
For Christmas 1940, it has the added feature of exclusiveness. This—in addition to being a most practical gift at a modest price—is something that makes a happy solution to the gift problem of those discerning persons who already have everything a modest amount of money will buy.

### BEAUTIFULLY DESIGNED—PRECISION BUILT

Toothmaster is beautifully streamlined in design and small in size. Its efficient mechanism is housed in attractive ivory color case. Easy to use. Weighs only 4½ ounces. Operates on AC current only. And comes to you complete with ample cord, switch, separable brush and rubber gum massager. Extra brushes and massagers for other members of the family available in a variety of colors.

Use the coupon in ordering. Your order will be shipped promptly, prepaid, special delivery registered and securely packed. Order today . . . for a finer . . . exclusive gift for personal use.

**Electric Motor Corp., 1215 State St., Racine, Wis.**



*On display, Esquire Gift Fair, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City*

Dentists recognize the scientific value of Toothmaster's tiny, gentle vibrations in promoting the health of the gums. They use it because it simplifies their work and helps nature in maintaining healthy, beautiful teeth.

Toothmaster can be used in the boudoir—anywhere there is an AC electrical outlet. No water necessary. Care of the teeth is simplified, made easier without mess or fuss. Children love it. It's absolutely safe.

### ORDER WITH THIS COUPON

Electric Motor Corporation, 1215 State St., Racine, Wis.

Please ship me a gift-packaged Toothmaster for which is enclosed (check) (money-order) for $7.50. Toothmaster is guaranteed for one year against defective workmanship or materials.

*Name*..........................................................

*Street*............................*City*.............*State*.............

*Dealer's Name*..........................................................

*Address*..........................................................

SHE'LL BE SNUG
AND HUGGABLE
IN THIS NEW
KAMORE
ROBE
IT'S
America's
Sweetheart*
ASK FOR IT
BY NAME
In Ivory, French Blue,
Dusty Rose, Aqua,
Royal, Wine.
Sizes 12 to 42
$7 95

Soft as a powder puff and a laundry-lover for sure.
Kamore has styled this robe in the most luxurious
chenille—chosen the softest pastel colors and
given it the romantic detail that makes
"America's Sweetheart" a doubly welcome gift.
Sunfast, pre-shrunk, piece dye and yarn dye.

**At leading stores throughout the country including:**

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| New York City | Arnold Constable |
| New York City | James McCreery |
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| Akron, Ohio | A. Polsky & Co. |
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| Binghamton, N. Y. | Hills, McLean & Haskins |
| Birmingham, Ala. | Loveman, Joseph & Loeb |
| Boston, Mass. and Suburbs | Filene's |
| Bridgeport, Conn. | Howland D. G. Co. |
| Buffalo, N. Y. | Adam, Meldrum & Anderson |
| Buffalo, N. Y. | Wm. Hengerer Co. |
| Chicago, Ill. | Mandel Brothers |
| Cincinnati, Ohio | Mabley & Carew |
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| Lincoln, Nebr. | Miller & Paine |
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| South Bend, Ind. | Robertson Bros. |
| Spokane, Wash. | The Crescent |
| Springfield, Mass. | Albert Steiger Co. |
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| Worcester, Mass. | Filene's |

**For store in your city, write GEORGE KATEB, INC., 105 Madison Avenue, New York**

*Design Patented . . . Trade Mark Reg.

# The Sound and the Fury

*Continued from pages 10-12-216*

### FRANK NAGY'S AMEN CORNER

Dr. Pollak and I, as well as our friends, have been very much interested in your photographs of the work of Frank Nagy, sculptor. The figures are beautifully strong and show wide variety of appeal. I am wondering if a folder of Mr. Nagy's works would not be extremely popular not only to readers of Esquire. We look forward to a continuation of the series, which in the opinion of many makes a good magazine even better.

Very sincerely yours,
Peoria, Ill. Bertha S. Pollak

### A WOLF IN ESQUIRE'S CLOTHING

The philandering walrus on top of your cover
Could never have had a father or mother.
With manner so wanton,
He was only begotten
In the throes of remorse
By a hybrid sea-horse.
(The walrus and sea-horse are kin, did you know?)
However, I must not diverge
While feeling this urge
To crucify that little pest
Who is at his best
When passing salient sallies at the genre female
In the tone of the esquirian male.
He is too damn cock-sure
And should be more obscure.
In making his passes
At all the young lasses,
With that passionate gleam in his button-pop-eyes,
He fills all their faces with looks of surprise,
Then the woman he's after
Follows it up with plenty of laughter.
Poor males! Just a flash in the pan.
They're pretty good fellows and do what they can,
But to look on your cover
And see that crass lover;
A pain lifts my eye-brow,
And however high-brow
Your Caliban or Casanova appears,
No need of fears, or shedding of tears—
He will get just deserts
Like the rest of the flirts,
And as time marches on,
His type will be gone.
One probably much worse
Will take his place, while the hearse,
(That fiend on wheels)
Gives one last good ride to that champion of "heels."

Ocean City, Md. Betty Smith

### WHO KNOWS?

In *Dub, Dub, Toil and Trouble,* September Esquire, Anonymous was neck-and-neck with his opponent on the thirteenth hole. Anonymous was closed out on the fifteenth hole. I find, using my eighteen toes and fingers as an abacus (an opponent caught me kicking a ball out of a trap and whacked off two toes with a sandblaster), that if Anonymous had lost the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth holes he would have been three down with three holes (or toes) to go. He still would have had a Chinaman's chance. How come he was closed out on the fifteenth hole? Did his opponent zipper up his bag so that he could not get his clubs out? What's the answer?

Indubitably stymied,
Oshkosh, Wis. George G. Schmidt

### SMITH'S OPPOSITION

Please consider this an observation not a complaint. In my short but varied time I have noticed that those writers who have iconoclastic leanings are more often than not either jealous failures or petty persons sans ability to produce constructively yet determined to become conspicuous. I have not been one of the ardent Orrin Tucker-Bonnie Baker fans but never-the-less I enjoy their music. Mr. Carleton Smith in his article "Esquire on the Record" dealt only with the vulgarity and lack of artistry he claims are the sole selling points of Bonnie Baker. Being a Marine in Line Duty I am thrown in constant close contact with men from all walks of life and of every moral or immoral type. When Bonnie Baker records are playing on the radio most of the men gather around and listen. It gives me great pleasure to be the one to calm Mr. Smith's fevered fears. Except in one or two isolated cases the men have responded to Miss Baker's vocalizing in a most unorthodox manner. If they are questioned they will admit that she makes them think of that girl back home. And, disastrously for Mr. Smith's "disintegration of race" theory, not in a sexy way.

I had to get that off my chest. Thank you for your patience.

Sincerely yours,
San Diego, Cal. P. F. C. Hitchcock

### THE SMITHS ARE SOUR

I like Orrin Tucker's band and Wee Bonnie Baker.

I think your description of his rise to fame would better fit your lousy magazine than it would Orrin Tucker's band.

Yours for tripe reading Esquire.
A Patron of the Arts
Norristown, Pa.

### AGREED

On page eleven of your August issue you publish an excellent defense of the literary value of Esquire with which I wholeheartedly agree.

In support of your contention that people actually do read Esquire, I would like to point out that in the second paragraph of the aforementioned article you misuse the word "inferring" with an élan and nonchalance that probably has Mr. Alexander Woollcott tearing his hair out in great patches. The verb "to infer" means, according to Webster, "to derive by induction or deduction" and is not to be confused with the verb "to imply," which latter verb is obviously the one you should have used.

If you should disagree with me on the above, let us at least agree that Esquire is the finest magazine that our current coin of the realm can buy.

Yours very truly,
S. S. Oriente, Louis R. Fiore,
Cuba Mail Line, N.Y.C. 3rd Off.

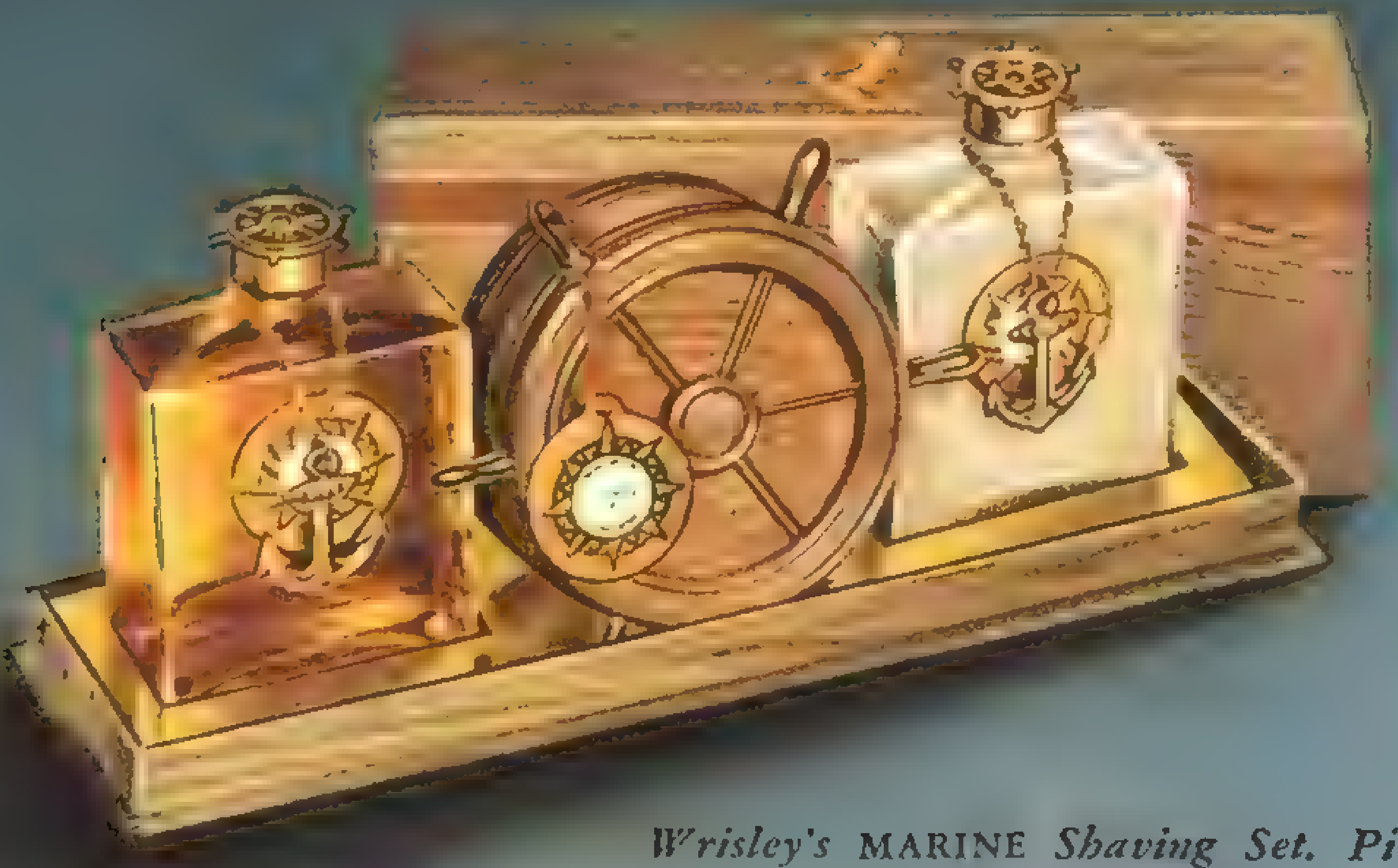
### STACKED DECK

Having been a subscriber to Esquire since infancy, (Esquire's, not mine) I am somewhat bewildered by the appearance in your pages of illustrated limericks, which, obviously are just space-fillers. I refer, of course, to Phil Stack's "elevating" stuff, just one step removed from the "funnies." Why not modernized, illustrated, nursery rhymes next, such as:

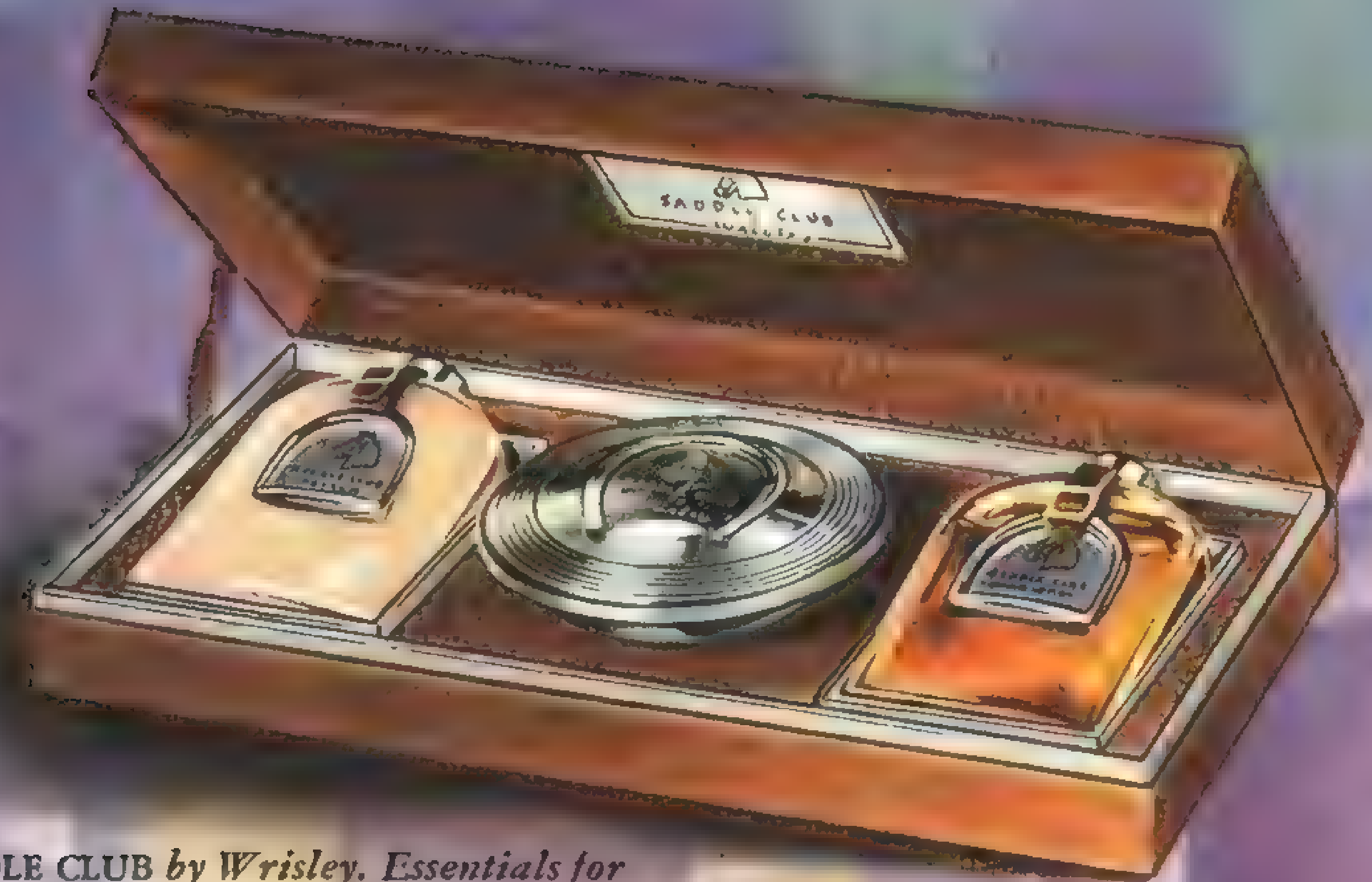
Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall
Followed by a nice winter
Spring and summer.
or
There was an old lady
Who lived in a shoe
She had so many children
Cause she didn't know
What to do.
or
Fe Fi Fo Fum
I smell . . .
Why Not?

Bet'cha Don't
Berkeley, Calif. Leslie H. Lutz

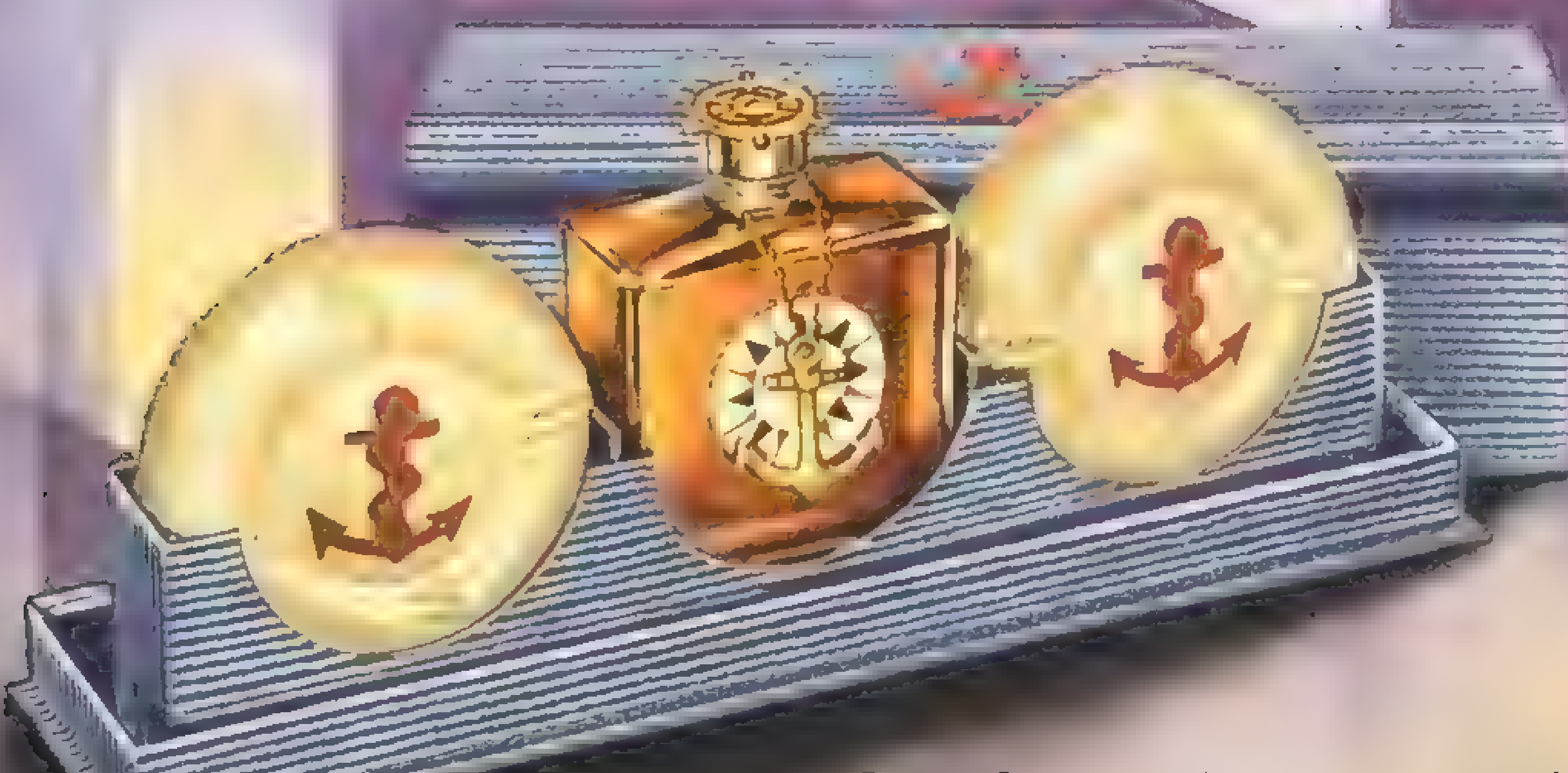
*Continued on page 220*



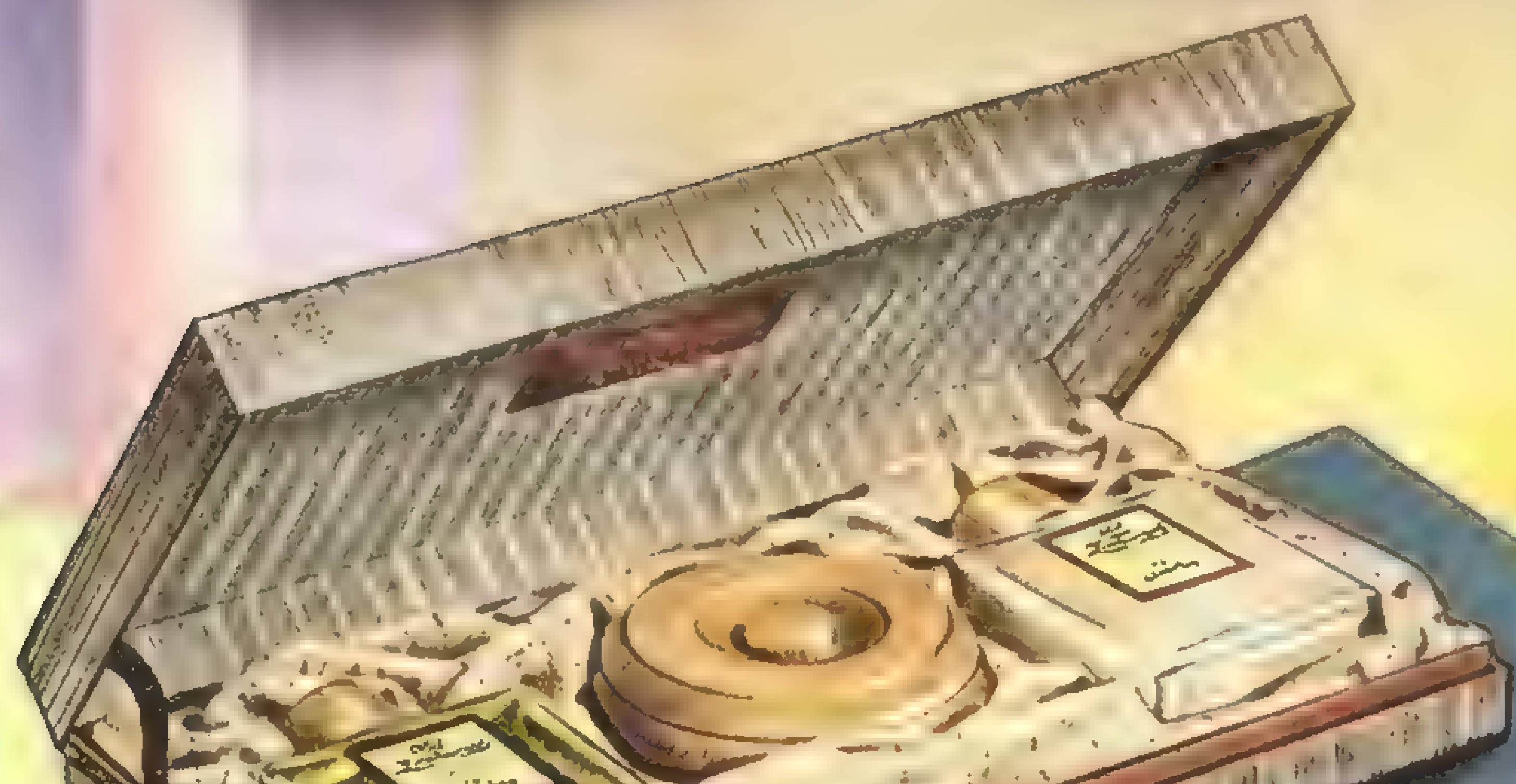
*Wrisley's* MARINE *Shaving Set. Pilot Wheel Shaving Bowl, after-shave Lotion and Talc, with authentic nautical fittings of polished soft-lustre brass..$3.00*



SADDLE CLUB *by Wrisley. Essentials for good grooming in chrome-and-leather motif. Refreshing Lotion and Talc for after-shave use, and a luxurious chrome-finished Shaving Bowl...........$3.00*



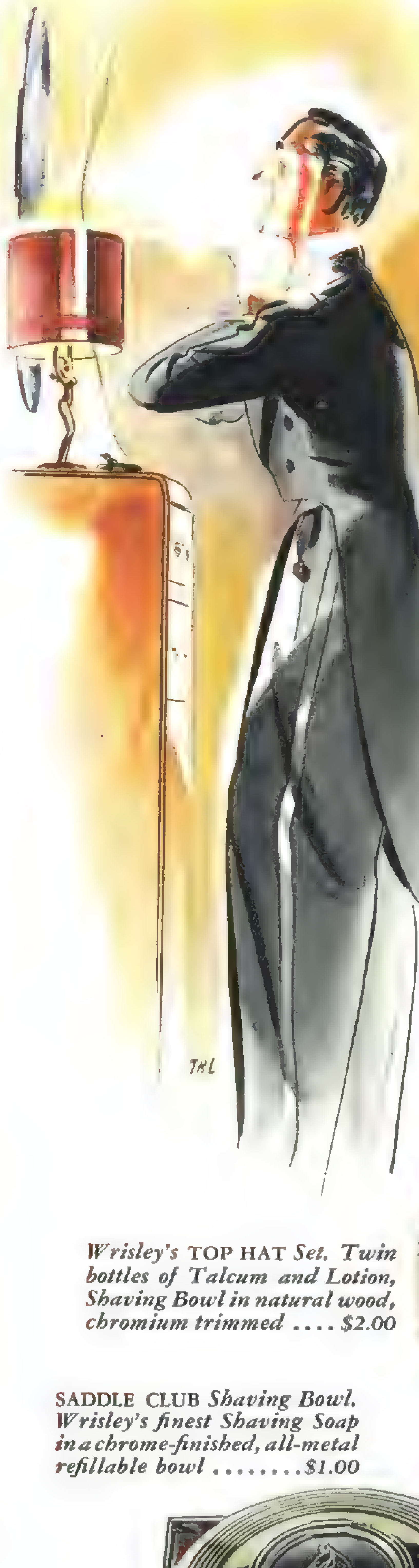
*Wrisley's* NOR'EASTER*.... a ship-shape bath set. Two nautical cakes of fine Bath Soap and a swank bottle of tangy masculine Cologne..$2.00*

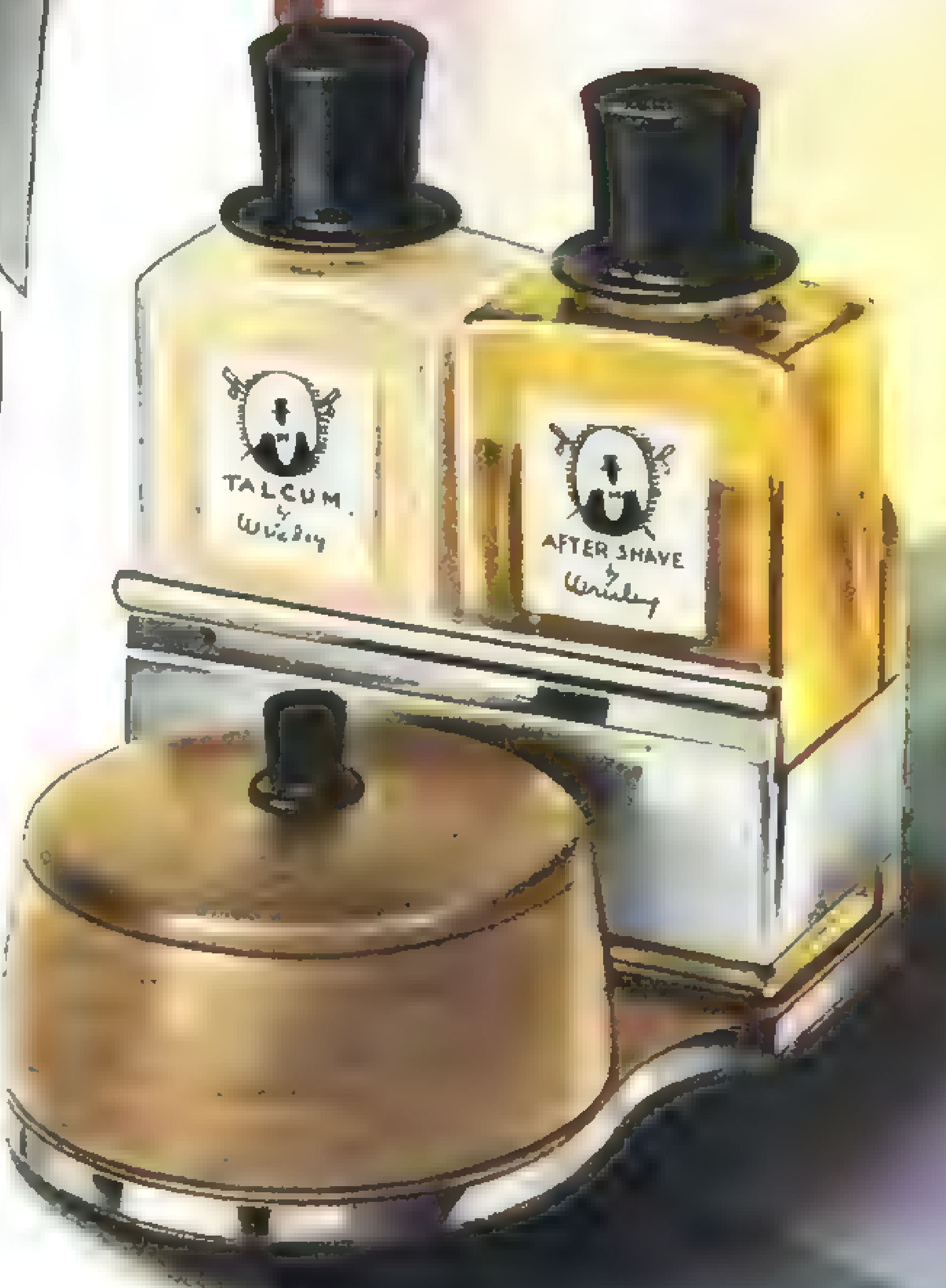


*Wrisley's* LAVENDER *Set for men. The famous Lavender Bowl of rich-lathering Shaving Soap, with after-shave Lotion and Talc......$1.50*

# *Gifts that can't miss!*

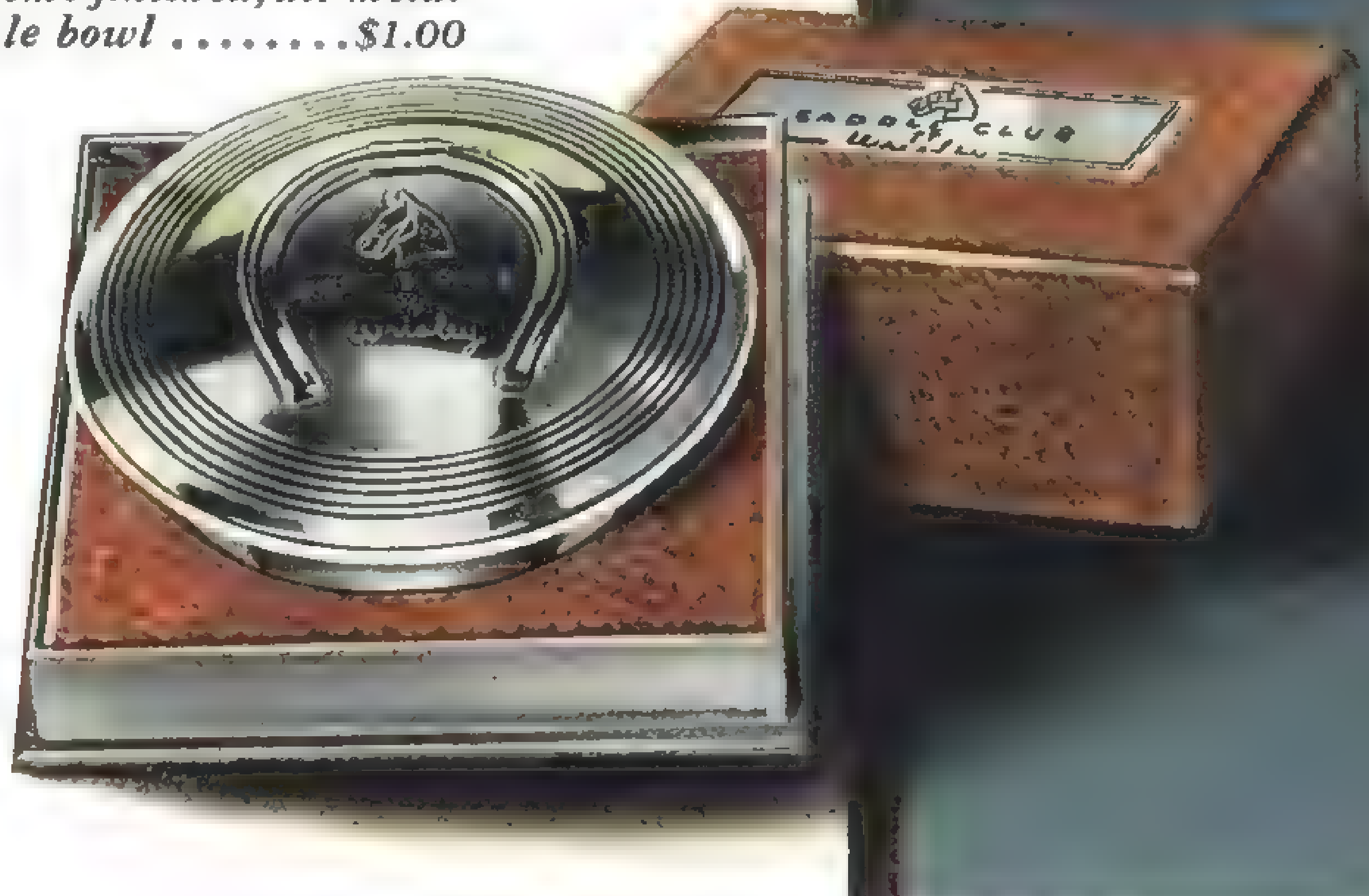
In the sleek masculine array of Wrisley's Toiletry Sets for Men you, anxious giver, will find that priceless thing — a gift exactly right for him, whoever he may be; a subtle tribute to his flawless taste.





*Wrisley's* TOP HAT *Set. Twin bottles of Talcum and Lotion, Shaving Bowl in natural wood, chromium trimmed .... $2.00*

SADDLE CLUB *Shaving Bowl. Wrisley's finest Shaving Soap in a chrome-finished, all-metal refillable bowl ........$1.00*



*At Department Store and Drug Store Toiletry Counters*

Wrisley

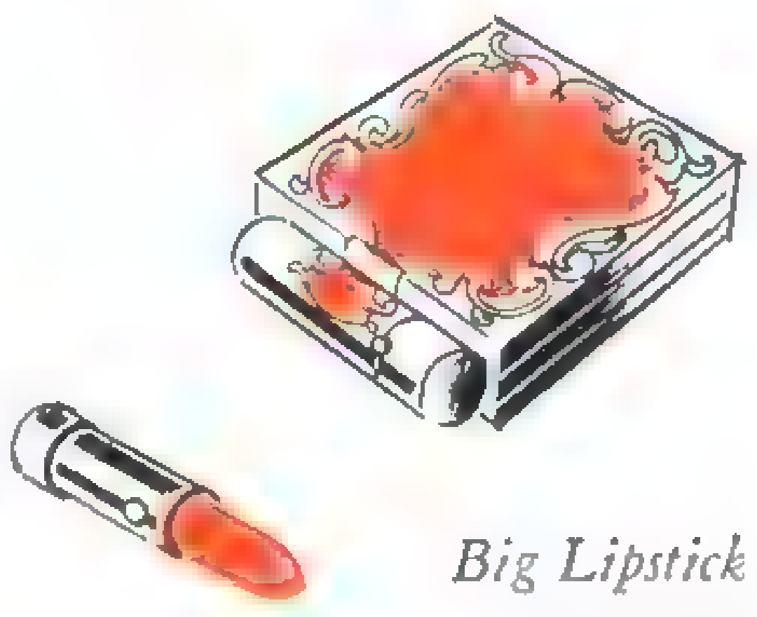
NEW YORK CHICAGO

She'll love you for it!

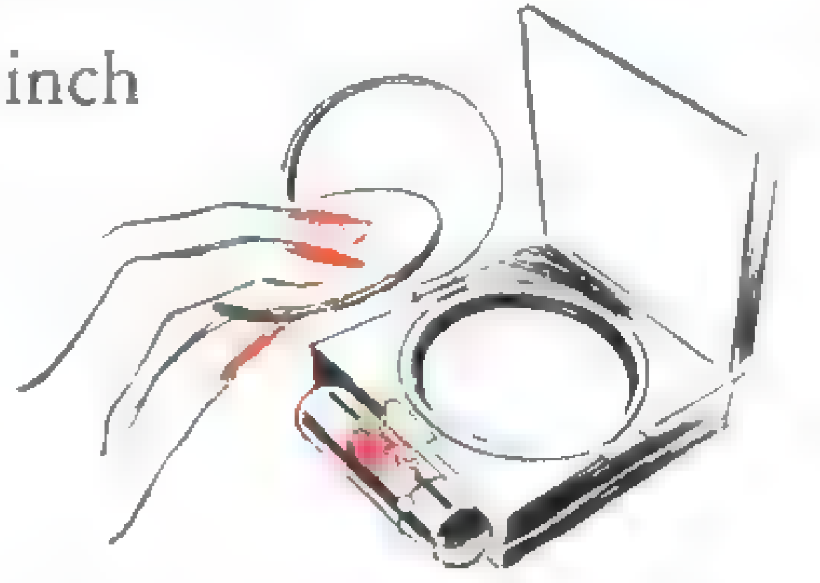
Helena Rubinstein's

MINUTE MAKE-UP VANITY, 5.50

Refreshing Cleansing Pads

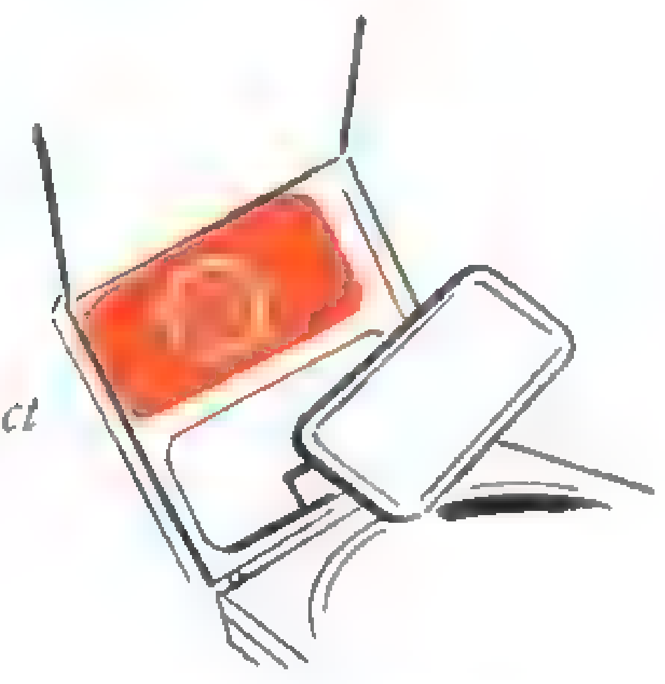


Big Lipstick Forms Clasp



Loose Powder

Give "Her" (and her sisters and her cousins and her aunts) this incredible Helena Rubinstein vanity. It holds powder, a big lipstick, rouge, and—what women will particularly appreciate—cleansing pads! All this is to your advantage. It means that when you take "Her" out she has all the make-up she'd have at the most elaborate powder-room dressing table . . all in a beautiful two-inch compact in the palm of her grateful hand!



Compact Rouge

★ ATTENTION HUSBANDS, BEAUX! If you haven't time to shop for this beautiful Helena Rubinstein Minute Make-up Vanity, fill out the coupon below and we will Christmas-gift wrap it for you and send it to your office.

helena rubinstein

715 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK AND AT ALL SMART STORES

*Please send* ☐ *$5.50 Helena Rubinstein Minute Make-up Vanity. Gift-wrapped* ☐

Name________________

Address________________

City________________

Black ☐ White ☐ Lacquer Red ☐

Amount Enclosed________________

*Send me Helena Rubinstein's booklet of other Christmas Gifts from simple remembrances to luxurious "tributes."* ☐

Compact comes complete with jar of cleansing pads

# The Sound and the Fury

*Continued from pages 10-12-216-218*

### MOTION IN ORDER

The outstanding feature of your October issue is the lithograph of Seabiscuit. Let us have more Kings and Queens of the Turf.

Thank you.
CLAUDE L. MANN
Richmondville, N. Y.

### ESQUIRE WILL GET YOU IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT!

Tell me not in mournful dreams
That ESQUIRE is just what it seems.
I've been lying here for hours,
Counting sheep and counting flowers.
I can't doze or half shut-eye,
Morpheus has passed me by.
It's on my mind, I cannot sleep.
I'm so damn mad I want to weep.
Why should your rag keep me awake?
I think I'll get up and cook a steak.
No—, on second thought I shall
scramble eggs
While thinking of the silly yeggs
That McKay pictures so unusually,
Then I shall crawl back dutifully,
And begin where I left off—,
Unless pursued by the ogres of Hoff.
—The roosters now are on my mind,
As well as Shermund's latest find.
The Hill-Billy gang has me in a jam;
I'll HAVE to get up now, CAN'T stay
where I am!
SLEEP—, BED—, that's what I
require,
But I cannot do it while reading
ESQUIRE.
GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU LOUSE!
I'll never have another of you in my
house.
The Senator said to the Beautiful,
"May I come in?
Where have you been
All my life?"—NERTS!
I know this hurts,
But you can take it MAG.
With just one more gag
Or two, I think I can sleep,
But shucks! sleep will keep,
I must get on with my reading.

Ocean City, Md. BETTY SMITH

### GOOD MEMORY

This being a free country, here's my personal opinion.

Cut out so much dry wit and give us humor. Your last best story was by Alan Macdonald in November of 1936: "You Can't Sleep with Women."

What do you think?

Yours truly,
Troy, Ala. H. BOYD SMYTH

### RHAPSODY OF RECOGNITION

In my wildest dreams I have never pictured myself as a model, least of all for ESQUIRE. But I have just read a picture of myself under the title *Women Talk Too Much* by Creighton Peet. Much as I hate to admit it, it's too perfect.

However, there's just one slight error. And how could Mr. Peet know whether or not I talk to myself? The only time that could happen (technically) is when I'm alone. So to put him straight, I'll inform him I do talk to myself. Of course my remarks are addressed to the pottery duck, plush rabbit, or some non-functioning household appliance.

My husband is away much of the time, (you figure that out) and I do like to talk, so I talk to myself.

But since I'm writing now instead of talking, it is possible to cut it short.

Loquaciously
Chicago, Ill. AIMEE JOHNSON

### BOOST UP FOR THE BEGINNER

I was reading Mr. Richard Tooker's *Dude Ranch Manual* in the August issue of the ESQUIRE. I think Mr. Tooker is wrong on his directions of how to mount and dismount from a horse. A dude would find it very awkward getting on a horse with the check of the bridle in one hand. Only an experienced rider can do that properly. The best way for a dude to get on a horse would be, to take the reins up snugly tight in the left hand, not too tight for that will cause some horses to rear or start backing up, and put the left hand on the horse's neck close to the withers, put the left foot in the stirrup (not the whole foot), grasp the saddle horn with right hand and swing on, and also stand by the horse's shoulder when you prepare to mount.

The reason I say only part of the foot in the stirrup, is because, if a horse tries to get away when you are getting on, the whole foot will probably hang in the stirrup, and well, one is very apt to be dragged around on the seat of one's pants, and if you only have the toes of the foot in the stirrup you won't be caught. That is very important. That also applies when you are getting off a horse. And if a dude comes in from a ride, sore and tired and stands up in his stirrups and reaches way out there to get the check of the bridle he'll probably fall on his face.

So, I would say when getting on and off a horse, the reins in the left hand, the left hand on the horse's neck, the toe of the left boot in the stirrup, the right hand on the horn and keep an eye on the horse because he's probably got his eye on you.

Sincerely yours,
Pagosa Springs, Calif. JAKE SAMUELS

### TO COIN A WORD

Just read the article in the Oct. by Hart Stillwell. Of all the diabolical, nonsensical, ignorant, egotistical articles I ever read, this one tops them all. It is very evident that Stillwell evidently was a flat failure as a young musician and was one of those know-it-all-don't-want-to-practice individuals when in his diaper days and therefore cannot say enough in condemnation against the piano. His article is putrid —it stinks. It makes the Oct. issue of ESQUIRE stink. Candidly, I think ESQUIRE owes its readers an apology for letting such an article get past the editorial desk.

Stillwell is very evidently a music HATER, not a music LOVER. The article insinuates Paderewski has wasted his time. I'd be ashamed to say I wrote such a contemptical article.

Kalamazoo, Mich. O B. SERVER

### OUR PUBLIC

Re the rather long editorial in Oct. 1940 ESQUIRE, re the number of cans of beer—after all, that was a lot of ink to waste on a discussion of such a plebian beverage. Most people believe it might better be "given back to the horse."

Nevertheless—a constant reader—since Vol. 1, Is. 1.

Salt Lake City, Utah. J. K.

### REVISING AN OLD LEGEND

Just to set the record—and Messrs. Bellah and Pakenham—straight;

In their story of the 5th Field Artillery in your October issue, page 67, the authors make the statement that Alexander Hamilton's battery at the battle of Princeton "lobbed a 6 pound shot at the chapel which legend has it, penetrated that building and passed through the head of the portrait of King George the Second. At any rate, you can still see the portrait."

Actually, legend has nothing of the sort. What legend does have, backed up by facts, is that Hamilton's battery fired at Nassau Hall in which the retreating British had sought refuge. One shot went through the prayer hall in the rear of the building, and did wreck George's portrait. But you cannot "still see the portrait." What you can see, however, is the frame in which the portrait was hung; it now contains the famous Peale portrait of George Washington.

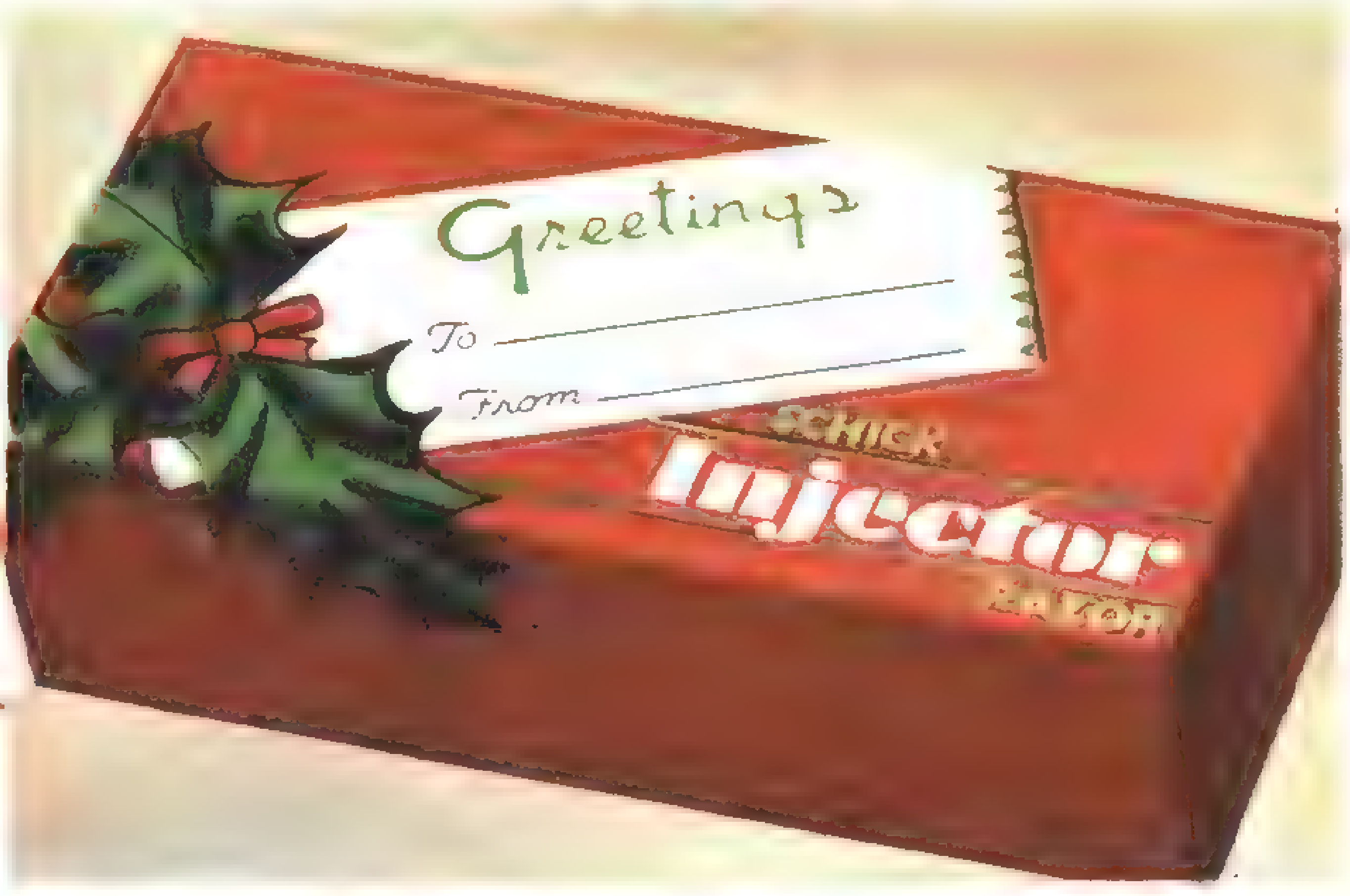
Yours,
Maplewood, N. J. A. C. M. AZOY

*Continued in center of page 239*

*Presenting the*

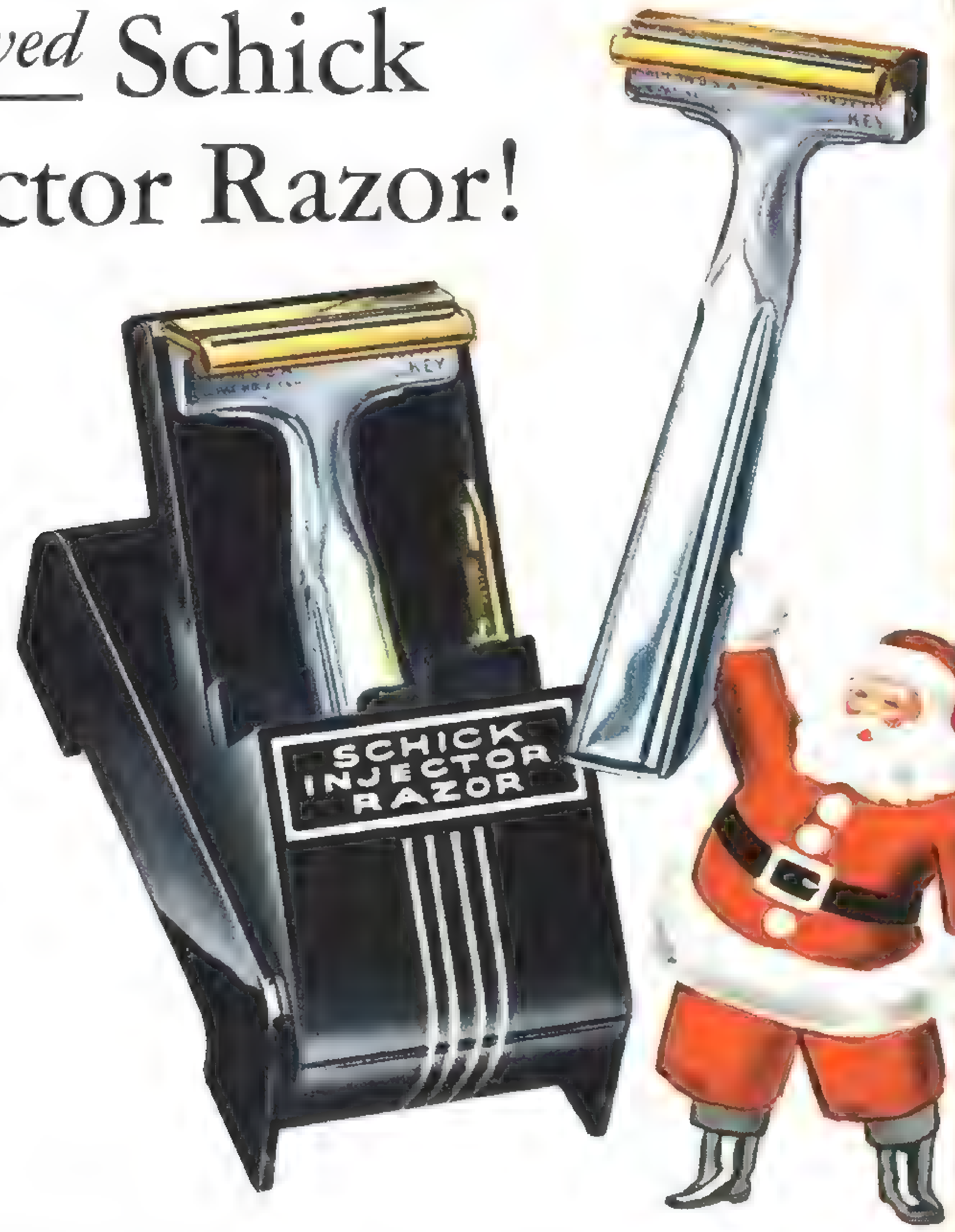
# *Schick Injector Razor*

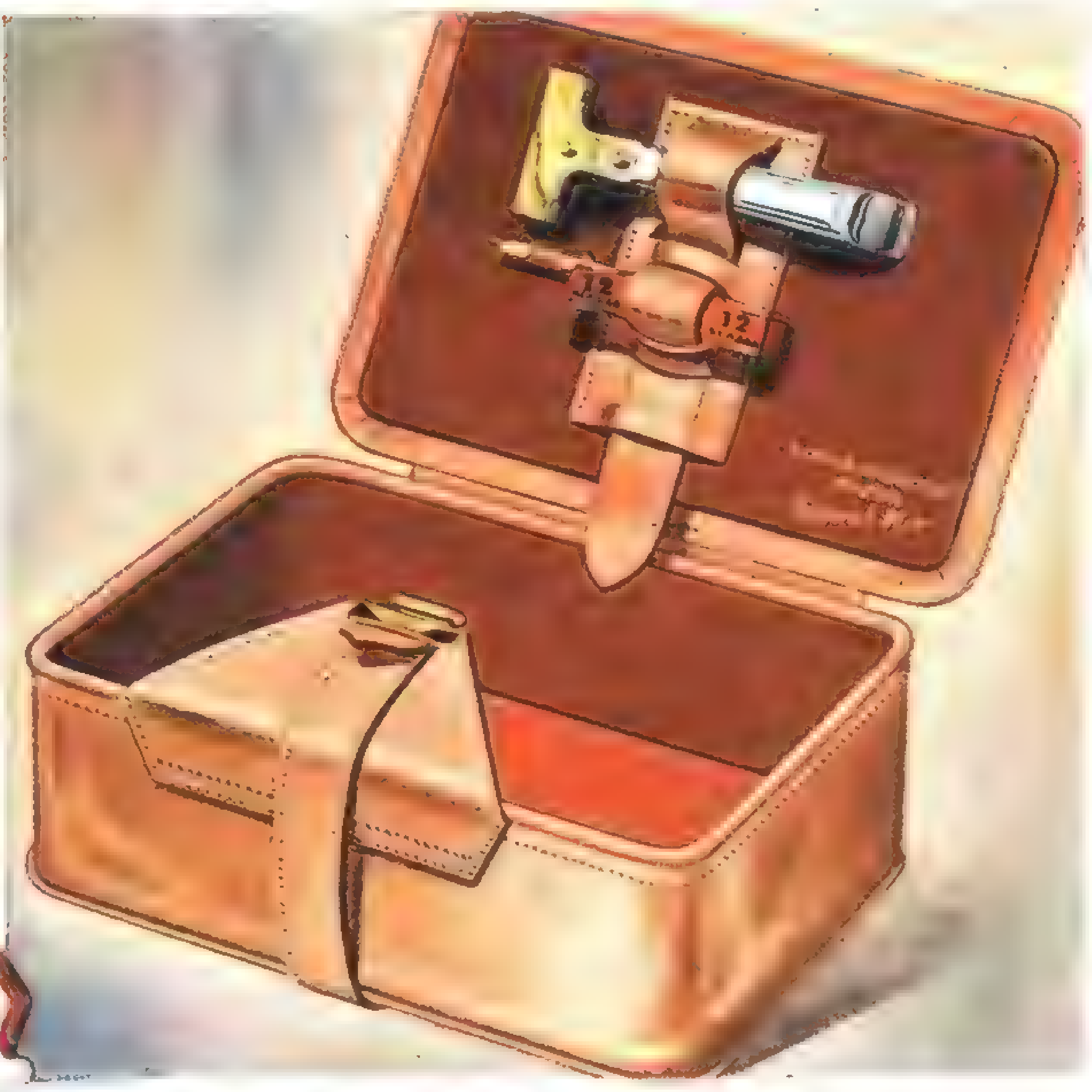
## CHRISTMAS GIFT SETS



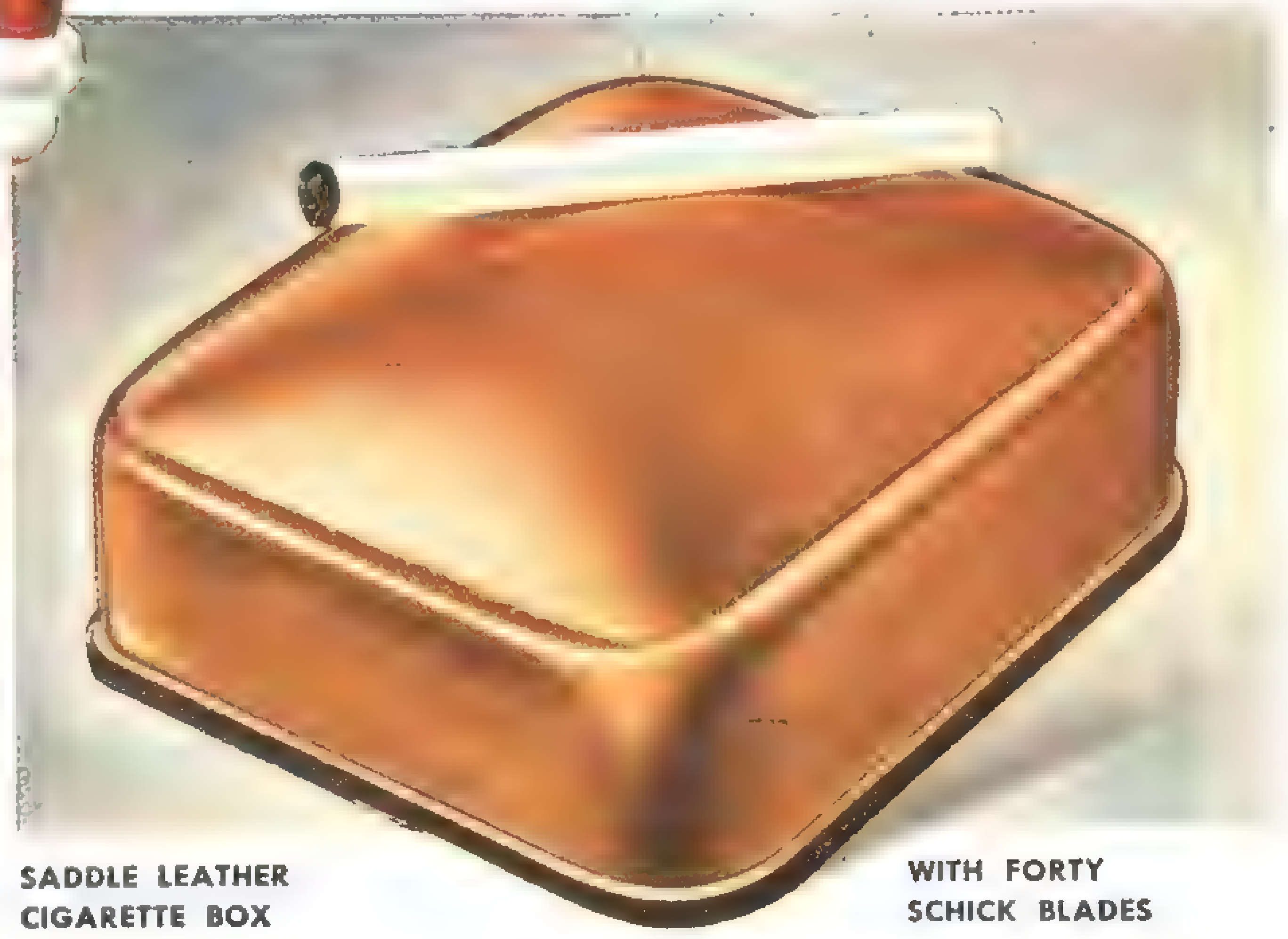
**SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR GIFT PACKAGE** for the new improved razor shown to the left below. Complete with streamlined lustrous plastic case, new improved Schick Injector Razor and 12 Schick Blades. $1.00

## *. . . and introducing the new* *Improved* Schick Injector Razor!





**SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR TRAVEL KIT** made of genuine saddle leather in the popular natural color, smartly lined with hunting red, large enough for all toilet accessories. Fitted with the new improved Schick Injector Razor and 12 Blades. $3.50



**SADDLE LEATHER CIGARETTE BOX**

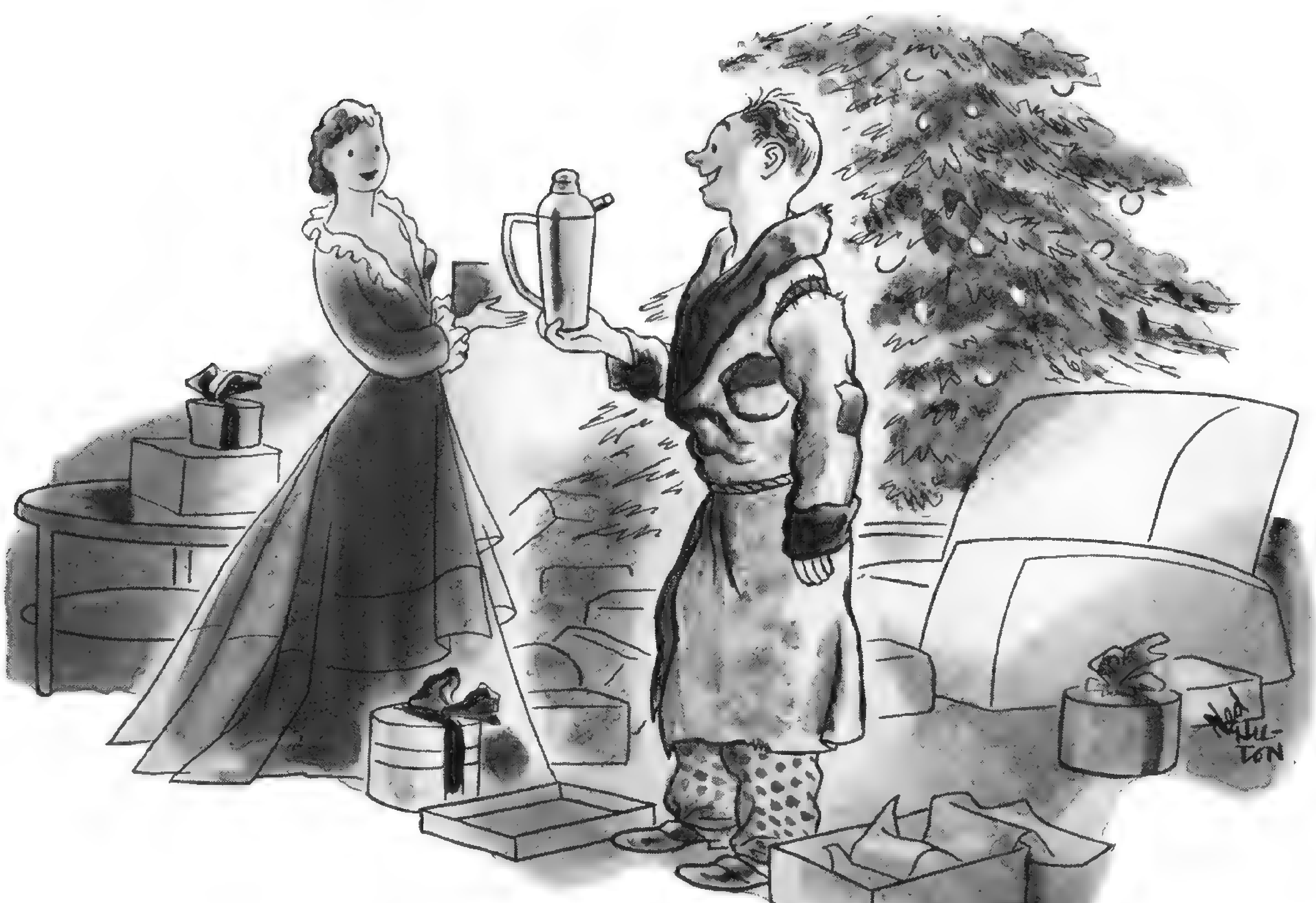
**WITH FORTY SCHICK BLADES**

Genuine heavy saddle leather cigarette box—for both *long* and regular cigarettes. Contains two 20 blade cartridges of Schick Injector Blades. Attractively packed with Christmas holiday gift card. $2.50

HERE'S the ideal gift for a man's Christmas! Latest edition of the famous razor that introduced the greatest improvements in safety razor design in more than 35 years. New streamlined shape. New perfected balance for easier, faster and closer shaves. Comes packed in this newly designed kit of lustrous black plastic. All contained in Special Christmas package, shown at top of page. $1.00

# Schick Injector Razor

**Magazine Repeating Razor Company, Bridgeport, Conn.**



*"I was afraid you might be getting me a bathrobe"*

# this Christmas... something fitting...

This Christmas, more than ever before, American men will appreciate a Christmas gift that is dedicated to *relaxation* and *entertainment*. That's where Esquire comes in!

For Esquire will convey your heartiest Christmas wishes and good-natured regards *throughout* 1941. Each issue of Esquire is a giant-sized package of rich humor, bright color and engrossing reading . . . a beautiful volume, painstakingly prepared for men, by men, with a man's point of view.

And above all, Esquire is designed expressly for *relaxation* and *entertainment* . . . as is no other periodical. That's why, despite the fact that it is directed solely to men, Esquire is today the world's largest selling 50c magazine. For you'll find that when busy men seek solace, they inevitably reach for Esquire.

That's why, too, for Christmas, 1940 . . . man to man (or woman to man) the perfect luxury gift will be Esquire!

## Esquire's Low Christmas Rates

| | |
|---|---|
| One subscription, one year | $5.00 |
| Two subscriptions, one year | $8.00 |
| Three subscriptions, one year | $10.00 |
| Additional subscriptions, each | $3.00 |

(for foreign postage add $2.50;
for Canada add 50c)

## Your Christmas Gift Card... An Esquire Cartoon!

An original natural-color cartoon, especially drawn by Shermund and never before reproduced . . . will be *your* Esquire Christmas Gift Announcement Card. Accompanied by appropriate verse by Phil Stack, to convey your wishes for a year of unheralded happiness, Esquire style, your card will have your own name inscribed on the inside leaf. It will be mailed to reach your friends' or relatives' homes just at Christmas!

Esquire
**THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN**
**919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

## You're Not So Hot Yourself

*Continued from page 148*

on staying at home, you ought to get wise to yourself, John J. Jones. You think business at the office is tough, eh? Well, don't think housekeeping is any picnic. Remember your wife is human too. It isn't any fun to wash dishes from morning till night, to taxi the dog over to the neighbors' and then call for him when he's through playing, or to be interrupted by the telephone when you're right in the middle of manicuring your nails. Remember that unselfishness is the basis on which all successful marriages rest. Get wise to yourself, and give the old lady a break.

Oh, so you go out to the movies, eh? Listen, you! Do you know that America has the highest divorce rate in the world? Do you know *why* it has? Because the American wife is hopelessly spoiled. Because the American husband hasn't the backbone to stand up for his rights. Are you wearing the pants in your family, Milquetoast, or aren't you? If you're tired, you're tired, and you want to stay home. For heaven's sake, develop the backbone to say so.

*Question:* When you take a girl driving, do you park and attempt a little necking or do you behave like a gentleman?

*Answer Analysis:* If you go in for the sex stuff, I wouldn't go around boasting if I were you. After all there are other things in life besides that. A girl doesn't want to be admired just for her physical charms. She wants you to respect her intellectual and spiritual qualities. Why can't you be a decent fellow, and look on her as a pleasant and stimulating companion? The chances are that you are oversexed, and that there is plenty of trouble, including a few law suits, and a possible horse-whipping in store for you.

So you behave like a gentleman. Well, I don't want to be an alarmist. Don't get me wrong, and don't get panicky. You *may* be perfectly normal, and I'm not saying you're not. But if I were you I'd make sure. It may be unpleasant to face, but I'd go see a competent doctor. Don't hold anything back. Have a frank heart to heart talk with him, and tell him all the facts. Perhaps he can do something for you.

*Question:* Do two highballs go to your head, or can you hold them without batting an eye?

*Answer Analysis:* If they go to your head, you are the type who should let liquor strictly alone. You haven't got the physical or nervous system for it, and you might as well face the fact. You are apt to get in fights and automobile accidents and, some morning, to find yourself engaged to a widow with six children. You are obviously of a flighty disposition, and there is no sense in permitting booze to aggravate that trait.

If you can hold two highballs without batting an eye, you are very *definitely* the sort of person who should let alcohol alone. You will soon approach the habit-forming stage if you haven't already. And if you don't get any kick out of drinking, what in the world is the sense of going to all that expense and ruining your health for nothing? You'd better come to your senses in a hurry or it will be too late.

*Question:* When you go to a dance do you request the leader to play the latest hits, or do you ask him for old-time numbers?

*Answer:* If you ask for the latest hits, this shows that you are a lover of the novel and the up-to-date, which is to say the trivial. You are devoid of standards and taste and judgment. All you care about a thing is that it shall be the latest. Inside of a week or so you tire of it, and want something new. In the more serious battle of life you are, accordingly, unable to apply yourself to problems at hand. You tire from them too easily.

If you ask for old-time numbers, you had better be thoroughly psychoanalyzed, for it is obvious that you are suffering from a fear complex. Your present is unsuccessful and your future uncertain, and for that reason you prefer to live in the past where you don't have to face unpleasant facts. That is why you want to hear old tunes. You associate them with older and happier times, and they take you away from your current problems which you know down in your heart that you can't solve. This is a very unhealthy manifestation.

*Question:* Do you make dogmatic statements, or are your answers to even the simplest questions carefully thought out and qualified?

*Answer Analysis:* If you make dogmatic statements, this indicates that you lack real faith in the caliber of your mind. Subconsciously you realize that you haven't thought out the problem logically, so you attempt to bull through and beat down opposition by blustering, by making a blanket statement. This fools nobody, and you had better give it up.

If you qualify your answers methodically, this shows intellectual dishonesty and lack of courage. You are not really trying to get at the truth, but merely to frame an answer covering so many contingencies that it actually says nothing at all. You aren't *really* striving for calm, thorough analysis of the problem, but merely to avoid offending people, for you are a coward at heart, and can't stand your beliefs being picked to pieces by those better qualified to grasp realities.

There are not many questions here, but I have so framed them that they cover many phases of your character. Looking over your answers and grading them according to my scale, I am now enabled to form my conclusion which is—you ought to be ashamed of yourself. #

smart end
to all gift headaches . . .
24 TABLETS
ASPIRIN
CCHARIN
A
B
C
D
E
F
G
H
I

**A.** *black enamel, gold metal border, rhinestone half-moon.* **B.** *black enamel, gold metal border, rhinestone square.* **C.** *black enamel, gold metal border, colored enamel decoration as illustrated.* **D.** *black enamel, gold metal border, cloisonné ornament.* **E.** *black enamel, gold metal border, colorful enamel decoration.* **F.** *plain gold metal, raised ornament with red stones.* **G.** *plain gold metal, rhinestone and enamel bird ornament.* **H.** *black enamel with gold metal border, floral design in raised enamel.* **I.** *dull gold metal, with cloisonné ornament.* ***Also (not illustrated)*** **J.** *white enamel, gold metal border.* **K.** *black enamel, gold metal border.* **L.** *plain gold, dull finish.* ***Order by letter.***

give her . . . VOLUPTÉ'S BRIGHT NEW MINIATURE PILL-BOXES . . . they're terrific!

**O**nce in a blue moon (except for us immodest souls at Volupté who, so help us, do it more frequently) somebody breaks out with an idea so downright ingenious it clicks with smart people everywhere. Now, behold Volupté's Pill-Box! In size (1⅛" by ⅞" by ½") they're tiny replicas of old-fashioned pill-boxes . . . *but in modern dress.* She'll proudly tote it in her handbag filled with aspirin, saccharine or some other civilized necessity. So good-looking, they're also naturals for collectors of miniatures. So well made, they reflect credit on Volupté, whose smart precision standards for compacts and cases are famous. What an amusing gift for any lady . . . and what fun for you to give! Order one, or by assorted dozens, if you've rounds to make, or an office full of girls to remember. $1 each.

*at better stores everywhere, or mail convenient coupon*

**VOLUPTÉ,** *Inc., 347 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.*
*Please send me the following Volupté Pill-Boxes at $1 each. I have noted quantity desired in each style:*
*A.......... B.......... C.......... D.......... E.......... F..........*
*G.......... H.......... I.......... J.......... K.......... L..........*
*Or send me Assorted: 1 doz. (12)* ☐ *2 doz. (24)* ☐ *3 doz. (36)* ☐. *I enclose check* ☐ *money order* ☐ *cash* ☐ *for $..........*

*Name..........*
*Street..........*
*City..........State..........*

GIVE HER
Perfumed Enchantment
CORNUCOPIA $1.00
ORLOFF COLOGNE $1.00
GIFTS BY
Orloff
ORLOFF
Entirely made in U.S.A.
SACHET HANGERS 2 TO BOX $1.00
CRINOLINE SACHET BASKET $1.00
AMERICANA WARD-ROBE BOULE $1.00
This symbol is your assurance of an original Orloff sachet creation.

These are the feminine niceties that give her boudoir the glamour she adores. Perfumed sachet boules for her lingerie, hankies, linens and intimate possessions—fragrant sachet hangers and wardrobe boules for her closets—entrancing cologne for her toilette. At smart shops everywhere, or write to

PARFUMS ORLOFF 10 W. 33rd STREET, NEW YORK CITY

## Preparedness, American-Style

*Continued from page 60*

been the accepted routine.

So different are conditions in the Pacific, however, for no navy has ever fought across its broad reaches, that they create their own set of problems. War there, as viewed by naval experts, must inevitably be an affair of long trains of merchant ships in convoys prohibitively big for the narrower waters of Europe. There would be less opportunity for mining operations (except in the vicinity of island bases); less destroyer work; less use of airplanes as striking instruments and more use of them for scouting and patrol.

Convinced of this, the navy in Hawaii has concentrated on the effectiveness of its air arm for scouting and patrol. It is perhaps the most spectacular function of the navy in the islands, and certainly the one most familiar to civilian residents. Day after day, powerful twin-engined patrol bombers roar around Oahu on twenty-four-hour duty, flying sometimes in pairs, ever watchful of the approach of any craft, however seemingly insignificant. They patrol the 300-mile area around Hawaii, shuttle back and forth between Pearl Harbor and the new bases on Midway, Johnston and Palmyra islands, and have made massed flights from the West Coast to Hawaii and from Hawaii to the Philippines, and back. Small wonder it has been said that the American Naval Air Service is a model which other nations still despairingly try to match.

Such is the regular workaday life of the navy in Hawaii. Matching the hectic pace of officers and men at sea and in the air is the feverish activity attendant upon tripling navy facilities on Oahu. New docks are being built at Pearl Harbor, time of construction being cut one-third by the awarding of cost-plus contracts; increased mooring facilities, enlarged barracks, new storehouses, a new power plant and distribution system, and over on the other side of the island at Kaneohe Bay, a new naval air base—all these and many more new naval constructions are taking form amidst the tropical splendors of the island.

If the defense precautions of the permanent navy force in Hawaii seem elaborate, they are as nothing compared with what goes on when the fleet is in. Then, even more stringent restrictive orders are issued, to furnish it one hundred per cent protection during its stay. Recently, when for convenience the aircraft carriers *Saratoga* and *Lexington* anchored off the Waikiki shore (the rest of the fleet, including the carrier, *Yorktown*, slipped uneventfully through the narrow channel into Pearl Harbor), a destroyer patrol was maintained day and night, as were plane patrols. Aerial scouting missions were increased. An anti-torpedo boom was swung across the Pearl Harbor channel and there was rigid restriction of all land and water movements in and around the base. As a routine of war-time conditions, there were increased shore guards of marines and inner harbor watches.

In short, the navy took no chance on having an enemy, still theoretically Japan, cripple harbor facilities or the American fleet at a time when, strategically, it could best be done. Patrols were empowered to halt all ships trespassing in a three-mile square area south of the Pearl Harbor channel. Incessant search yielded on several occasions fishing sampans, owned and manned by Japanese alien residents of Oahu, who were promptly conducted before the authorities and either fined or warned to stay away from what was technically a "defensive sea area."

It is no idle generalization that Pearl Harbor is the best-defended naval base in the world; the U. S. Army has made it so. In the process it has spent well over half a billion dollars—two dollars to the navy's one in Hawaii. To the military theory that any place can be taken if the attacking power is able and willing to pay the price, the army responds: we intend to make the price of taking Pearl Harbor so prohibitively high that no enemy would want to pay it.

And so, the Hawaiian Department of the army, 25,000 strong and the largest permanent military concentration in the country, has girded itself through incessant "alert" exercises to defend Oahu, whether the fleet is in the Pacific or the Atlantic. It, too, operates on a wartime basis, uses live ammunition in its gruelling daily maneuvers, and can take the field at any moment, day or night. It possesses the greatest mobility, the greatest firepower of any division in the army, and it has at least $20,000,000 worth of ammunition stored away against M-day.

The army expects to have to defend Oahu under the most unfavorable circumstances conceivable, and in this connection has followed more closely, perhaps, than the rest of the country, the defense organization of the British Isles. For while the Hawaiian Command worked out detailed plans to resist any enemy long before the European war started, it is particularly concerned, as in the case of Britain, with these defense phases: first, the disposition of sufficient men and material to beat off an invader, approaching assumedly by sea and by air; second, the availability of enough food supplies to sustain the island's 257,000 inhabitants in case of blockade (again assuming that the fleet could not come to the aid of beleaguered Oahu); and third, the unerring detection and suppression of all fifth column activities.

Oahu, be it said, is the inner "keep," to be held at all costs. For this reason practically all defenses are concentrated there. Air fields and defensive barriers have been

*Continued on page 226*

## Here's How To Have

# "MORE FUN IN BED!"

## This Year!

Individual switches permit using radio and lamp separately or together, as desired. Complete band coverage. A. C. or D. C. Flexible brackets fit any size bed.

**It's the SENSATIONAL new Lullaby**

**BED LAMP - RADIO**

● Read under light that is kind to your eyes—as the music of your favorite orchestra plays softly in your ears—and when sleep overtakes you, you simply reach up and with a flip of the fingers—the light's out, the radio's silent and off you go to sleep! . . . with a Lullaby above your head.

The Lullaby is the first product of its type ever offered the public—the first time you could have your radio and bed lamp combined in one streamlined compact unit. Full, rich tone is provided by a full-size electro-dynamic speaker adequately baffled for volume handling capacity. The radio has 5 tubes and an advanced superheterodyne circuit—plus the new built-in "Air Magnet" that eliminates aerial or ground wires. The bed lamp consists of a powerful tubular type bulb and frosted curved lens for a maximum of glareless light.

The Lullaby cabinet was created by one of the country's foremost designers. Its new modern streamlining—in a choice of deep-toned walnut or soft ivory—blends beautifully with any room interior.

**and the Lumitone**

**TABLE LAMP-RADIO**

● A never-before-performed feat of engineering provides you with a beautiful table lamp with a powerful 5-tube radio built in! Seat yourself comfortably and prepare to read and listen to the radio. No need to walk across the room to tune the radio or change stations—your lamp and radio are at your elbow—within easy reach. The Lumitone is of beautiful cream color bakelite with a rich gold base in which the radio dial is mounted. Shade is of celanese taffeta with self-fold trim and gold piping. 5-tube radio has a full-size electro-dynamic speaker. Complete band coverage provided. No aerial or ground wires required. 6″ reflector provides direct-indirect light and a 3-way switch permits selective lighting.

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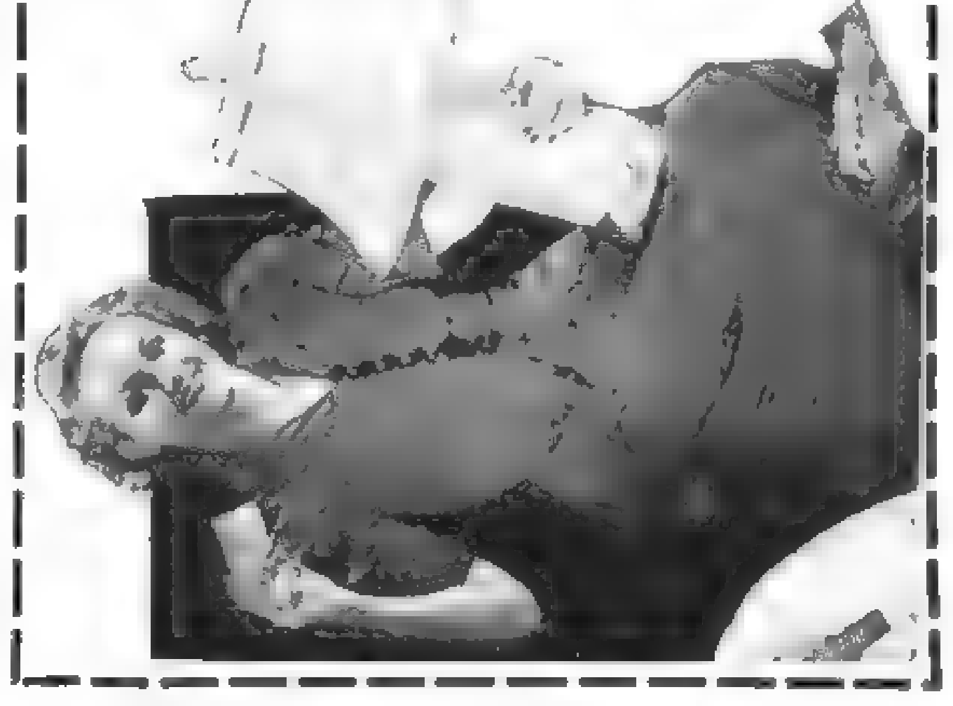

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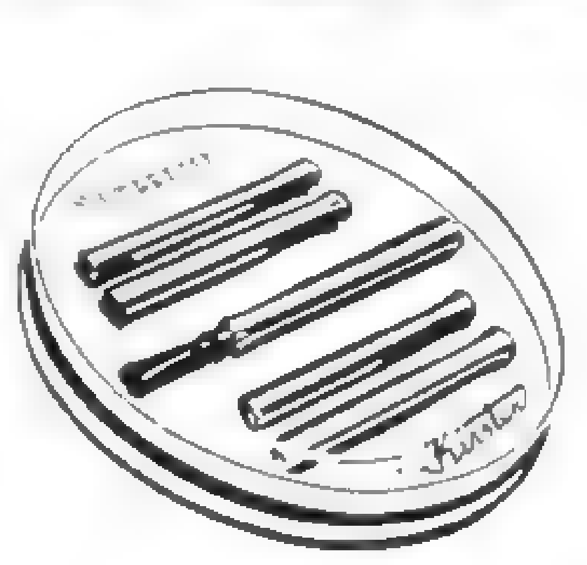

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"RADIATOR" PIPE

## Preparedness, American-Style

*Continued from pages 60-224*

established on the outlying islands of the Hawaiian group, for the army is figuring on holding them, too. But an enemy so weak that he couldn't land on, say, the island of Hawaii, 250 miles south of Oahu, is hardly the kind of foe for whom the army has been preparing.

Nature was fairly kind to the army on Oahu. On the northeast and southwest coasts it provided mountain ranges, two, three, and four thousand feet high, and almost perpendicular on their seaward sides. Save for a pass in each range, one built by the army, the other with army approval, the ranges are unbroken. The outer walls shoot up, abruptly from the sea in some cases, forming cliff barriers, the heights of which are unassailable from the beaches.

The inner sides of the ranges slope gradually to a fertile valley, in which grow miles of sugar cane and pineapples. In this valley, thus naturally protected on two sides, is Schofield Barracks, the headquarters of the Hawaiian Division, from which mobile troops can be rushed over a superb network of metaled roads to any point on the island's 604 square miles of territory. Too, secret military roads, some of them spectacular engineering achievements, have opened up the inner slopes of the mountain ranges, both of which are studded with gun emplacements, observation posts, and fire-control stations.

On the southeast coast, however, where Honolulu and Pearl Harbor are situated, and on the northwest coast, where there are open beaches, nature was not so friendly. And it is in these areas that defense preparations are most detailed. Rimming the southeast shore from beyond famous old Diamond Head to Barber's Point, beyond Pearl Harbor, is a formidable series of coast artillery forts which command the entire region. Most of them are located in densely populated sections of Honolulu and its environs—which bodes no good to residents, should a hostile air force seek to reduce anti-aircraft batteries and the mammoths of island defense, concealed 16-inch guns and artillery of lesser caliber. Oahu's defense is complicated, of course, by the likelihood that an enemy, before attempting to land on the island, would seek to silence the batteries by sending over bombing planes, which would conceivably take off from aircraft carriers far at sea and drop their "eggs" on strategic military and civilian objectives. In this event, as has been proved by the war in Europe, the marked superiority of land fortifications would be effective only as long as the enemy could be prevented from becoming superior in the air.

To meet this threat, the army in Hawaii is rushing its air corps expansion program, which is giving it, among other things, Hickam Field, the largest air corps station in the country. But as General George C. Marshall, chief of staff, stated when he visited Oahu last spring (the first time, incidentally, that a commander-in-chief of the U. S. Army had ever visited there), the island does need more planes and anti-aircraft defenses.

Nevertheless, the several hundred planes now at Hickam and Wheeler fields can hardly be dismissed as inconsequential defenders. Roaring into the air day and night, they practice incessantly machine-gunning and bombing, and have theoretically beaten off "enemy" planes invading Oahu simultaneously from half-a-dozen directions.

One irate citizen, whose sleep had been periodically disturbed by the roar of motors overhead, asked a flight commander if his men lived entirely in the air. In answer, the officer referred him to a back page of the morning newspaper, which gave detailed notice of aerial firing practice, listing the offshore areas unsafe for shipping or civilian aviation.

In that particular month, the 18th Wing of the air corps, practicing gunnery and bombing, was firing at slick water and towed targets at half-a-dozen points off the south coast of one of the neighboring islands (Danger Space: from the surface to 20,000 feet); at twelve points off the west, north, and east coasts of Oahu; and at offshore points in the vicinity of three subsidiary air fields.

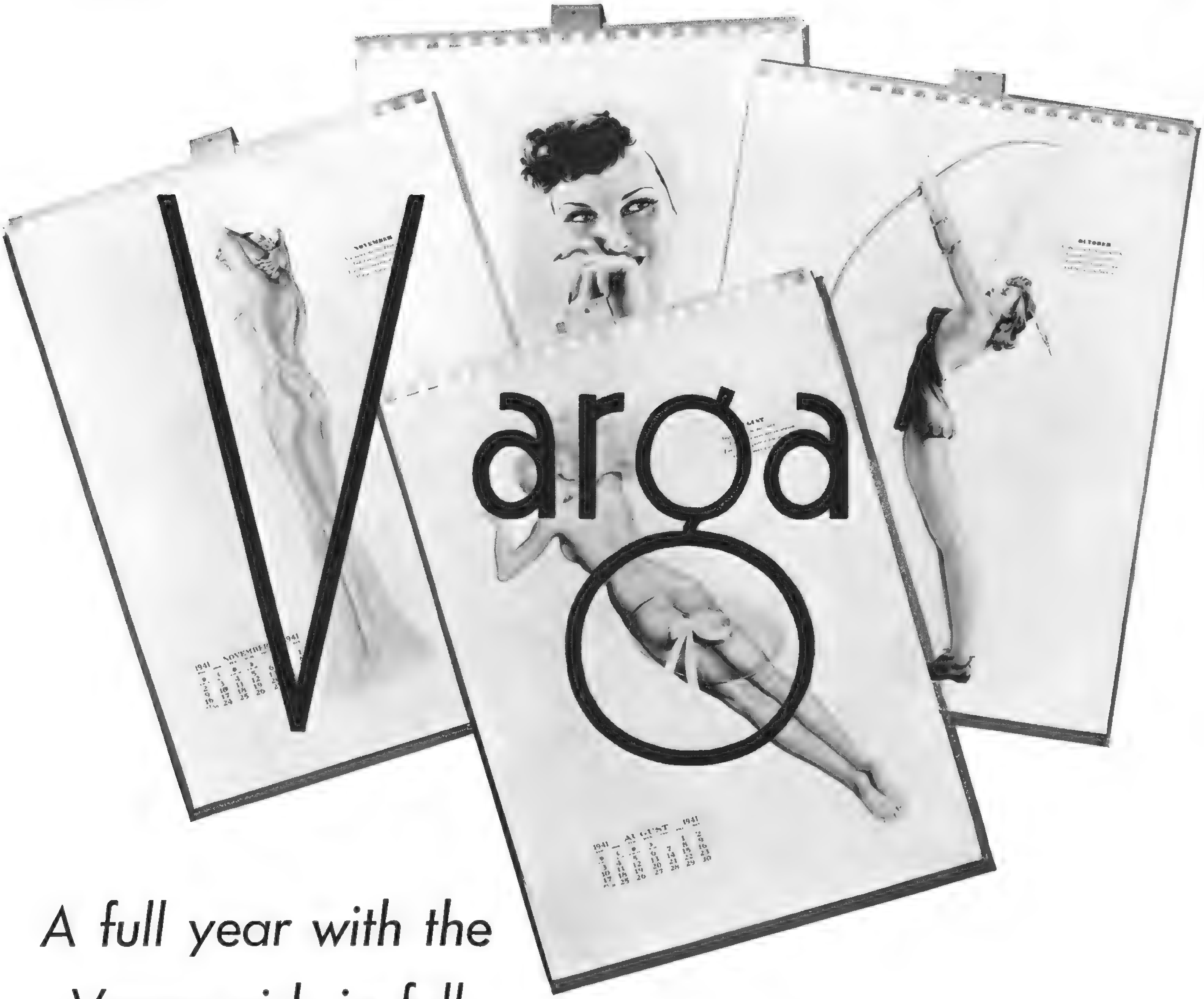
As for Oahu's northwest coast, where there are good landing beaches, no fringing reef dangerous to an attacker, no mountain walls, no coast artillery fortifications, the army only hopes that an invader will have the temerity to attempt to force that approach. It is the most logical one for an attack and the army has practiced repeatedly there against landing maneuvers put on by the navy.

Should an enemy attempt to land there in small boats, he would find himself shelled by a merciless barrage of fire laid down by field artillery, rushed hastily into positions already prepared in the canefields which slope toward the water. Should a few boats survive the deadly rain of steel and slip through to the beach, they would be raked by a withering machine-gun fire from emplacements all along the shore.

Meanwhile, the heavier caliber guns of the field artillery, located strategically back in the mountain ranges, would be blasting away at the mother ships of the landing parties with an accuracy guaranteed by automatic range-finders. And in the extremely unlikely event that defense batteries were silenced and the shore gained, the enemy would find himself pounced upon, hit a tremendous blow, and driven back into the water by infantry who have been practicing for years for just such an occasion.

In the disposition of men and material, Oahu defenses are "ade-

*Continued on page 228*



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## Preparedness, American-Style

*Continued from pages 60-224-226*

quate," admits General Marshall —which is decidedly more than he has been willing to admit about defenses on the mainland United States. Lieutenant-General Charles D. Herron, Commander of the Hawaiian Department, goes even farther. On the basis of his detailed knowledge of island defenses, he said at the recent annual maneuvers: "Hawaii is the best prepared place in the world; it will never be exposed to a blitzkrieg attack.

"This is why: we are more than 2,000 miles away from land, whichever way you look, which is a long way for an enemy force to steam. Besides, it would have to smash through our navy.

"But we plan for the worst possible situation, which means we assume that the navy might be too busy elsewhere to help us.

"So we have developed a potent air defense. Our reconnaissance bombers are going farther and farther to sea. Our air bases here could be reinforced overnight from California bases. The potency of this striking power, which would engage an enemy long before he sighted Oahu, means that to land on Oahu the enemy must first win mastery of the air above it.

"Assuming that happened, enemy transports then would have to anchor offshore, making them fine targets for our coast artillery. Our high-speed, mobile forces can be rushed within an hour to any point on Oahu. They pack devastating power.

"As tensions increase in the Pacific, the war of nerves comes closer to Hawaii. So we double our vigilance, our intensive training. We won't let up until the future is perfectly clear."

On two counts, at least, that future is not yet perfectly clear: the lack of sufficient food supply in time of blockade, and the problem of sabotage.

Hawaii has grown rich, raising things to eat, yet it does not feed itself. Its two-crop economy—sugar and pineapples—make it as vulnerable in war as it is prosperous in peace. Oahu, on which lives sixty per cent of Hawaii's population, produces but fifteen per cent of its own food supply. No matter how strong the island's fortifications, obviously the army cannot fight with a starving population at its back.

And so, the army has set to work to rectify this flaw in Oahu's defenses. It has experimented with quick-growing crops that could be put into the ground on the day of mobilization, and it knows that some, notably potatoes, can be harvested in eighty days. Well aware that, under ordinary circumstances, stores of civilian foodstuffs are sufficient for only fifty days, (army supplies are greater), it has plotted the 25,000 acres necessary to sustain life on Oahu. Should there come the dread M-day, specified acres of broad, flowing cane fields would be ploughed under and potatoes and vegetables planted.

But the food question is by no means solved, despite army efforts to encourage the raising of a greater proportion of locally-grown crops.

Highly interesting to army authorities in this connection is the experimental production by the island sugar industry of yeast-plant, grown on sugar solutions. The most concentrated source of protein known, it is equivalent, so the scientists tell us, to beefsteak —only you can't chew it. Enough yeast can be produced in forty-eight hours, it is claimed, to feed the combined civil and military populations of Hawaii. But to most inhabitants, the prospect of having to subsist on yeast until the U. S. Navy could arrive and relieve Oahu from an assumed siege, is hardly reassuring.

For all the army's pains to prepare for every conceivable emergency, there remains one unknown quantity: the Japanese in Hawaii. Whether they would prove loyal to the United States in a war with Japan has badgered the military command ever since it arrived in the island.

Say army intelligence officers: we expect that the overwhelming majority of the 118,000 island-born Americans of Japanese descent in Hawaii would be actively helpful to us. As for the 37,000 alien Japanese, their loyalties are undoubtedly to their native land. But in any case, we can't afford to proceed on the assumption that the Japanese are not a "problem," for their passive resistance, if not overt opposition, would obstruct our war plans for civilian co-operation.

As would be expected, considering this attitude, intelligence officers, both army and navy, are continually on the alert. Some of them, having served as language officers in Japan, read and speak Japanese, which enables them to sound out currents of opinion reflecting fairly accurately the viewpoints and aspirations of the Japanese community. They are aided, too, by the Honolulu office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, whose G-men keep close tabs on civilian activities. Moreover, with an elaborate system of civilian informants scattered throughout the community, the officers are in a position to know just about as soon as the Japanese themselves what the leaders of the latter are up to.

In the late twenties and thirties, the army seriously considered rounding up all alien Japanese, should there be war between this country and Japan, and interning them in concentration camps. This presented difficulties, however, and was hardly calculated to engage the sympathies or support of American citizens of Japanese ancestry. Substituting for this plan closer peacetime surveillance, army authorities came to the conclusion

*Continued at top of page 230*

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## Preparedness, American-Style

*Continued from pages 60-224-226-228*

that by controlling the leaders of the Japanese community, they could probably control the masses. In any case, that should not be difficult, since war would inevitably bring military rule, some concentration camps, and if necessary, firing squads.

Yet the enemy within is not alone the actual and potential fifth column activities of the Japanese; it is also civilian disorganization, that bogey of successful army operation in any thickly populated area, large or small. Conceiving that the removal of such disorganization is just as much a defense measure as the maintenance of an effective striking force, the army has for years fostered an increasingly close relationship between island residents and itself. In stiff military parlance, it has sought "to provide that measure of control and supervision necessary in order that all civilian agencies will have their efforts directed towards the defense of Oahu." Army endeavors in this direction have been markedly successful.

If and when M-day comes to Hawaii, martial law will be declared at once. The army will be in command, but civilians, automatically mobilized, will operate the economic machine. These men have been selected; their commissions are ready for signatures; each knows what he is to do, how he is to do it, who will assist him. One will direct food; others transportation, communications, utilities, finance. Everything is down on paper, including the functions of professional people, doctors, engineers, contractors, and so on. Additional National Guard units have been organized, new armories built, the number of members expanded until today, with approximately 2,000 officers and men, the Hawaii National Guard is proportionately larger and better trained than any in the country.

Not to be overlooked is the fact that Oahu's residents, isolated on a tiny island thousands of miles from Europe's holocaust, are more conditioned for war than any other similar-sized American community.

They know what it is to experience blackouts, to hear heavy army trucks rumbling over roads in the dead of night; to watch tanks scream their way through downtown streets; to bear the seemingly interminable rattling of window panes, caused by heavy gunfire. They have seen troops throw up barricades around vital communication centers and man them with machine guns. They know that the army is constantly practicing repelling landing parties from every direction, including the landing of enemy parachute troops. They are familiar with the roar of planes maneuvering overhead, and with the spectacle of warships slipping in and out of Oahu waters. In short, they know they are living in one of the world's mightiest arsenals and they know what that may mean for themselves, as well as for the thousands of lithe, khaki-clad defenders from every state in the Union.

It may never be necessary to defend the mainland United States with the terrific reserves of men and material corresponding to Hawaiian defenses. God forbid! But as we rush American defense-preparations elsewhere, let it not be forgotten that in those isles of paradox, of hulas, flower leis, and booming surf, we have the best available blueprint of what preparedness, American-style, really entails. ⧻

## Booby Trap for National Defense

*Continued from page 61*

deep; it makes such a shallow indentation into the land it's a bay in name only. The largest ship afloat may steam into it and anchor within a few hundred feet of the shore.

Suppose the great warships occasionally seen on Santa Monica Bay are not the friendly ships of the U. S. Navy? Suppose they are enemy ships! With a single salvo, any old battlewagon of Spanish-American War vintage could blow the Douglas plant off the face of the earth. With the banging of high explosive shells and the roar of flames that would follow, roughly fifteen per cent of our military aircraft production sources would be in ruins. This same little trick could also be done by the six-inch deck guns of one or more modern submarines rising to the surface of Santa Monica Bay.

Remember, too, that other nations, as well as the United States, have such submarines with a cruising radius of 3,400 miles independent of contact with land or "Mother" surface ships.

Far from being the defensive barrier some Americans still consider an ocean to be—an ocean is simply a highway of invasion for any nation lacking the naval strength to deny its use to an invader.

The width of the Atlantic, even in the days of sailing ships, did not keep Britain from landing armies on American soil to oppose George Washington. And it did not keep France from sending armies to Washington's assistance. Again, in 1814, still in the days of sailing ships, the Atlantic was no barrier to an invader from Europe who occupied several parts of our East Coast—burned the National Capitol in Washington! Likewise, the width of the Atlantic, in contrast to the small size and slowness of windjammers was no barrier to the half-million European soldiers who grabbed Mexico to set up the Maximilian Empire at a time when the U. S. Navy was too

*Continued on page 232*

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## Booby Trap for National Defense

*Continued from pages 61-230*

busy with our own Civil War to do anything about the Monroe Doctrine.

Many similar incidents from history merely prove that an ocean can be a barrier to invasion only when nations bordering upon it have the naval strength to keep potential invaders off.

The bigness of an ocean, moreover, does not change it as a highway of invasion. The bigger it is, the more difficult and complicated becomes the job of any naval force seeking to hunt down and repel would-be invaders! Consider, for example, the job of the U. S. Navy in the Pacific: As long as we have a friendly British Navy to keep trespassers off the Atlantic, we have fifteen battleships, miscellaneous cruisers, destroyers, submarines and other supporting craft to guard twenty-eight-thousand miles of American coast line—to patrol ninety-eight-million square miles of a Pacific ocean that is nearly half the surface of the earth!

That means spreading naval forces like the forty loaves and forty fishes with which Christ fed the multitude!

How then, in time of war, could we hope to guard the seventy-five per cent of the American aircraft industry now set out like a clump of sore thumbs on the beaches of three California counties where the plants are all easy targets for naval gunfire? Of course, we could do it as long as the whole U. S. Navy hovers along the seacoast from Santa Monica Bay to San Diego. But no intelligent military enemy would ever let us work that way.

If he wanted to smash the California airplane factories and miscellaneous other vital national defense industries to be logically included—and concluded—in a single naval raid, he would first see to it that the U. S. Navy has urgent business elsewhere. A thrust at the Panama Canal—a jab at Hawaii—a threat to Alaska—or perhaps, a menace to all three launched simultaneously, would leave us nothing but a skeleton naval force with which to defend the California coast. Such a skeleton naval force would then be polished off by a superior force.

After that, the victorious raiders would be all set for a push-over. It would simply be a running bombardment along the coast from Santa Monica Bay to San Diego—shooting up airplane factories, petroleum tank farms, gasoline refineries, rubber factories, chemical plants, etc. The whole assembly—aircraft plants and all, is lined up for such a naval attack like a flock of ducks for a pot shooter with a swivelgun!

But the invitation to naval gunners is by no means the worst of this situation. A few days ago the Douglas Aircraft Company successfully tested the first of a new type of long-range bomber it is now preparing to build in quantity.

This craft can take off from Santa Monica with a five-ton load of bombs, drop its "eggs" on England and return to Santa Monica. There is also every indication that the six-thousand-mile bomber of today will beget the ten-thousand-mile bomber of some early future date. In any event such bombers now loom as Frankensteins to threaten destruction upon their creators; any national defense industry in California will be on very hazardous ground in time of war. We simply cannot build enough of a U. S. Navy to "comb" the Pacific looking for airplane carriers working three-thousand miles offshore. And such bombers can also strike into California from numerous, once-distant Pacific islands that have suddenly gained new significance as air bases in terms of mechanized warfare.

Any vital war industry that now lies under the threat of naval guns and aerial bombing has become a monument to folly that no nation can tolerate except at the risk of national extinction. But having seventy-five per cent of our aircraft industry and many another important national defense industry exposed to such hazards, isn't a patch on an old pair of pants compared to what a military enemy could do to California and everything in it by one incendiary raid with a single airplane, against the state's enormous vulnerability to a seasonal and sectional fire hazard!

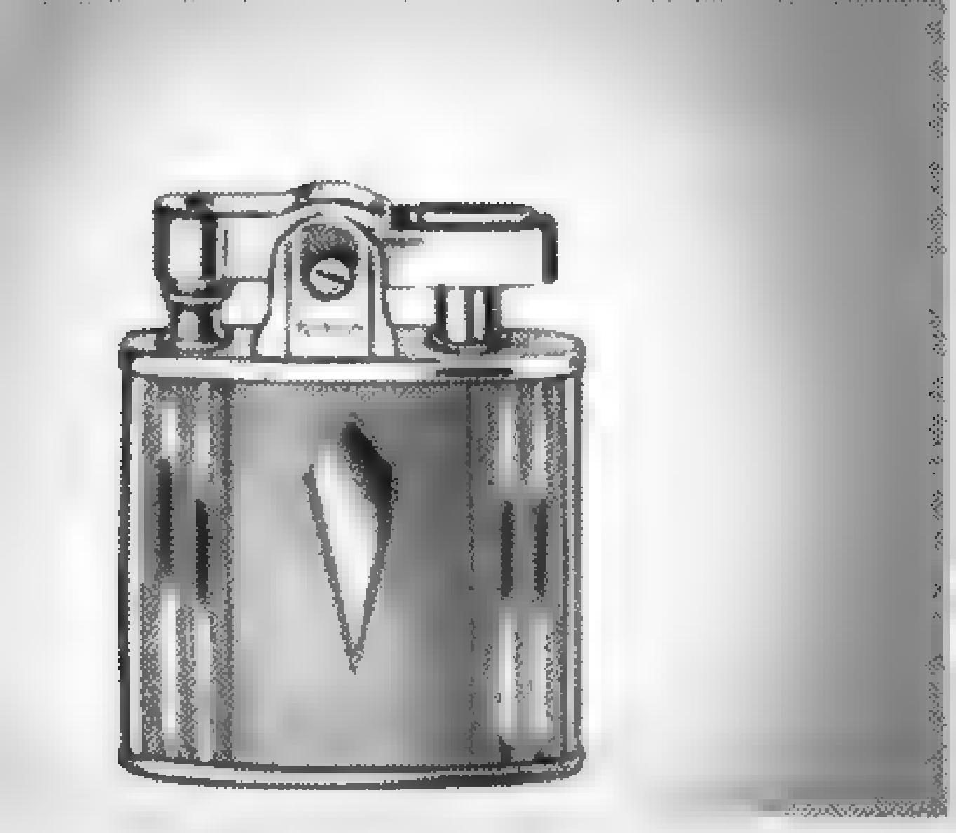
Because of seasonal rainfall and semi-aridity the very existence of human life in California hinges upon the careful conservation of a single priceless resource. That resource is water! The state derives it almost exclusively from its fifty-nine-million acres of forests and watersheds. The only exception is a relatively minor supply now being taken from the Colorado River—indirectly from the watersheds of other states.

Well watered with rain, and with snow in the higher elevations, during the months of the winter rainy season, the California forests and watersheds are the natural reservoirs of water resources. But as surely as day follows night, every winter rainy season is followed by a long, dry summer when Californians may not see a drop of rain from May until October. During these long rainless summers the state would fold up and go out of business without the life-sustaining water stored under its great forests and brush-covered watersheds.

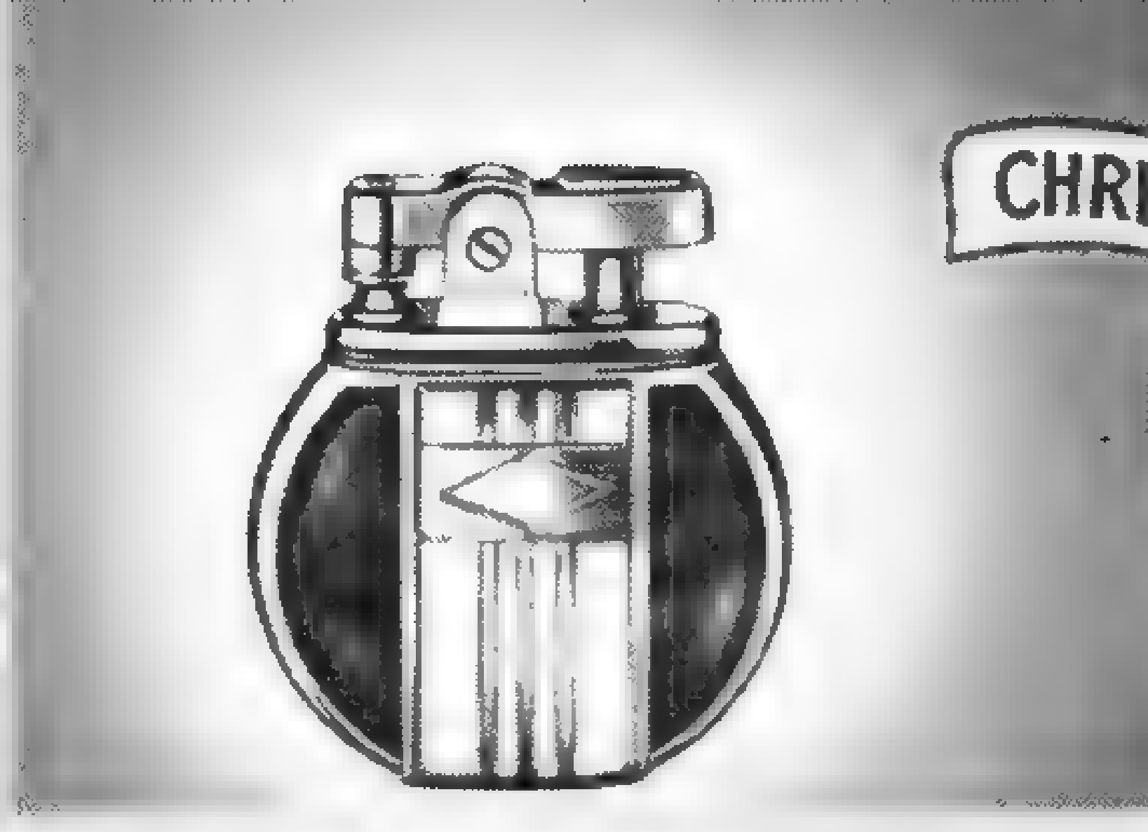
That is the water that turns the turbines of the hydro-electric plants, fills the irrigation ditches—sustains fertile valleys, rich coastal plains, great cities. Without it California would be as lifeless as the Sahara.

Here is a ghastly picture! Like some terrible nightmare, it is not

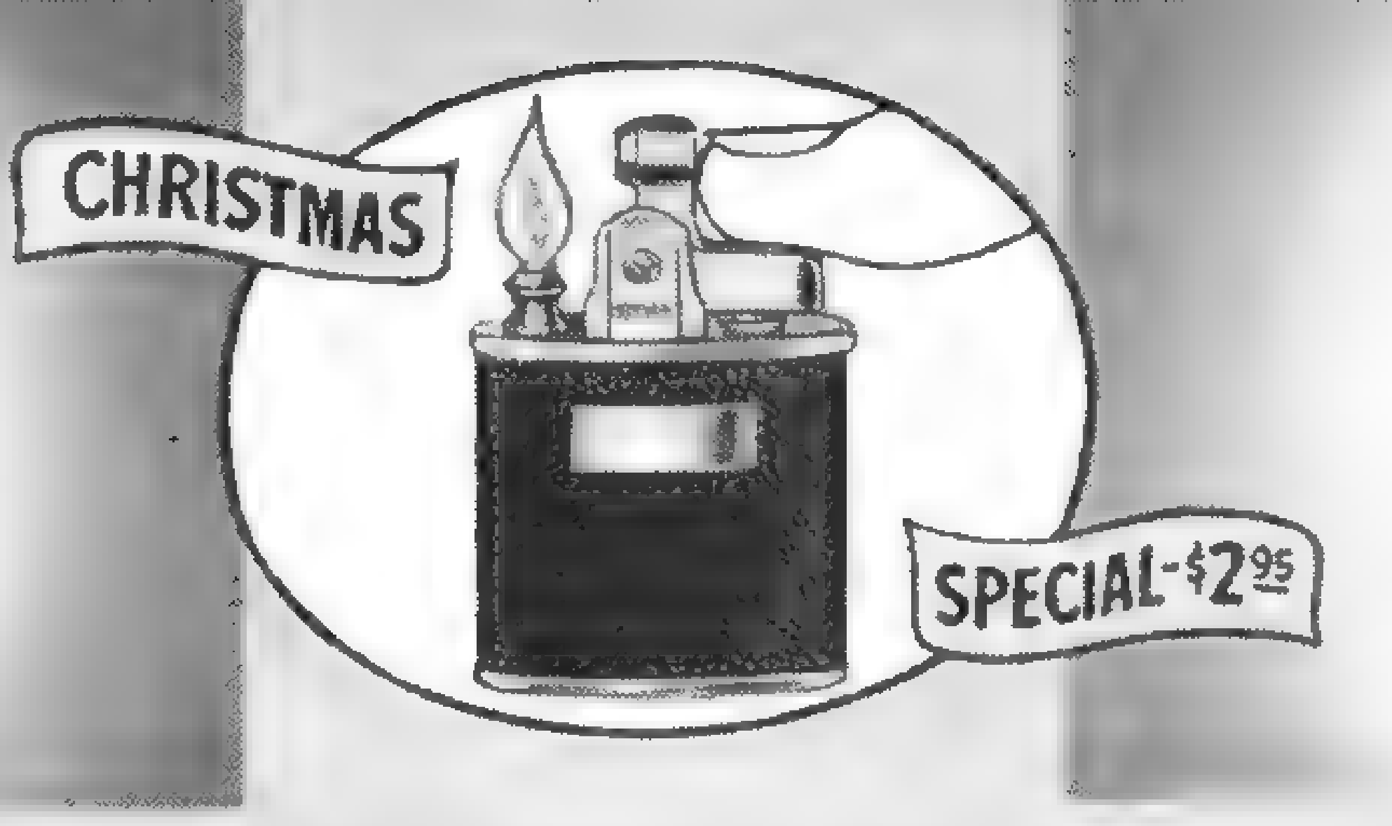
*Continued on page 234*



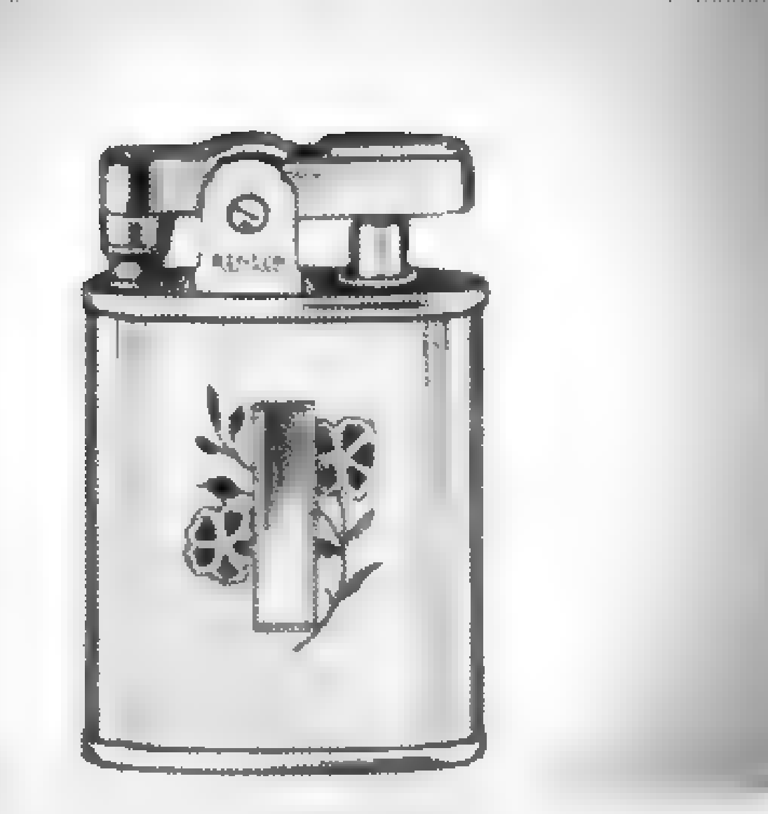
CESS — For his pocket or her handbag. An ingly useful, impressive gift which "doesn't nuch" ........ $3.75



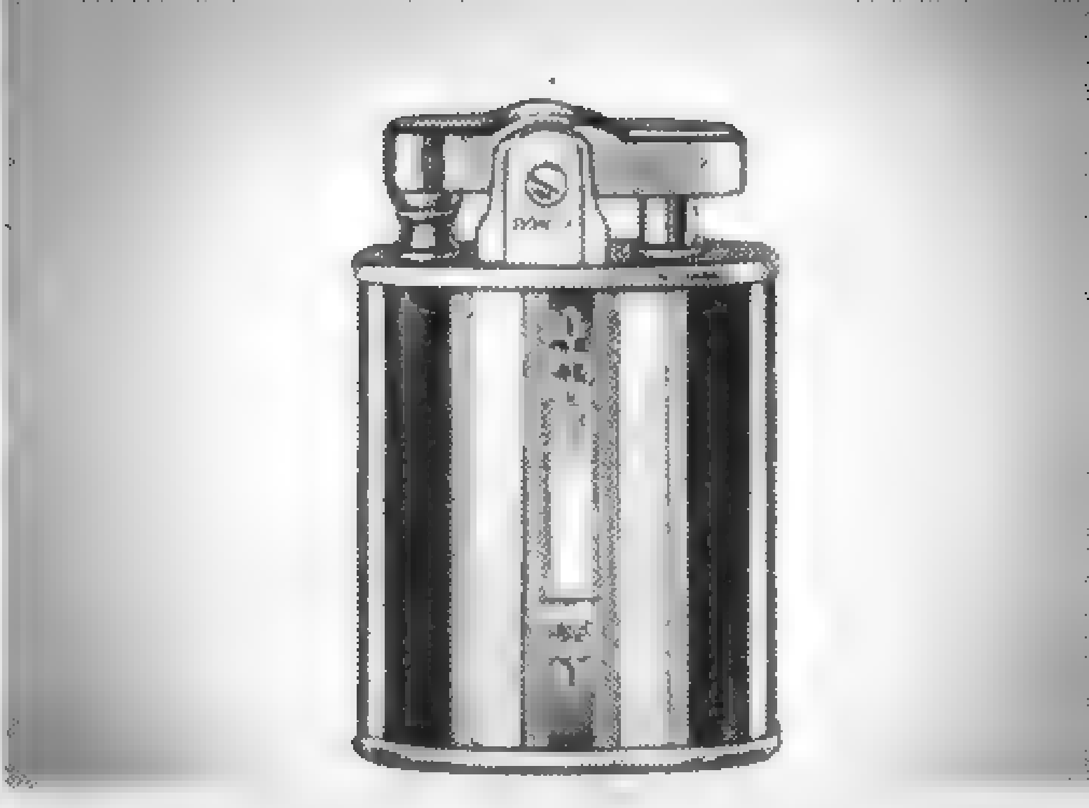
VICEROY—As trim, serviceable and handsome as a fine watch. An "I-couldn't-do-without-it" convenience........ $5.00



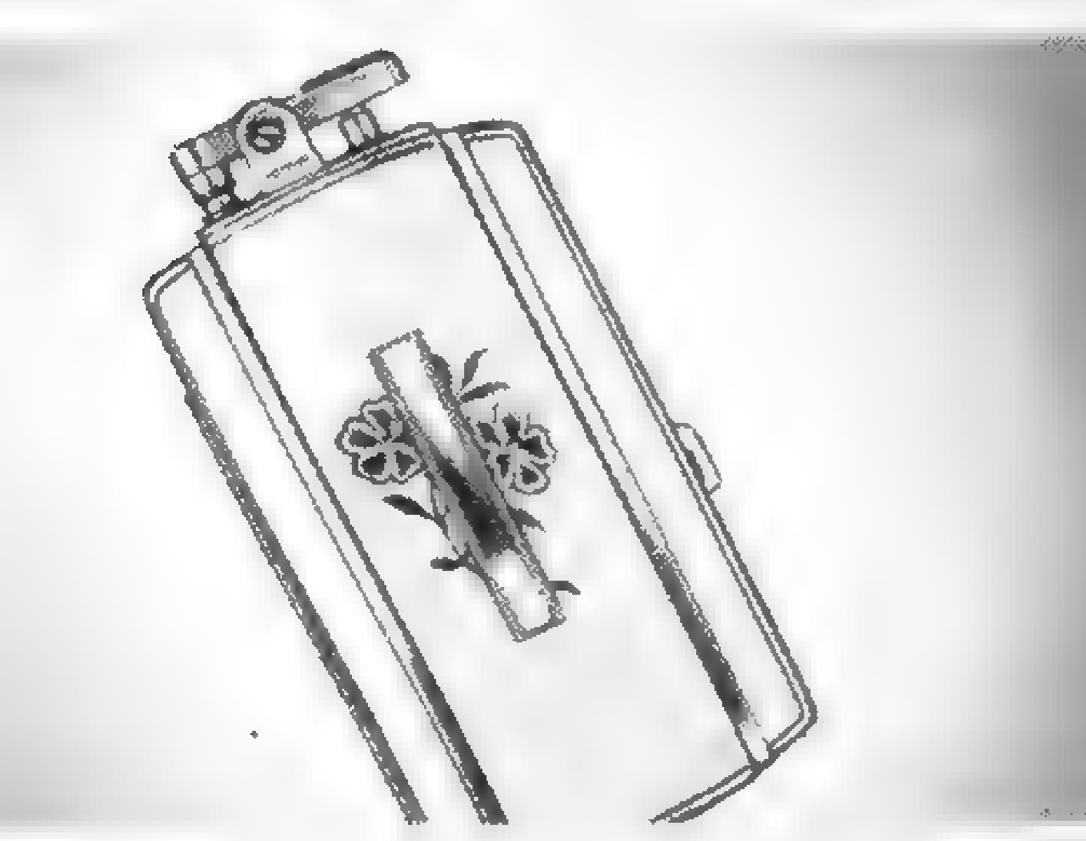
PRINCESS—Leather-covered in genuine Morocco. A smoker's indispensable. "Christmas Special"........ $2.95



GEM—A dainty bit of feminine smoker's jewelry which will make any girl say "How perfectly lovely"........ $5.00

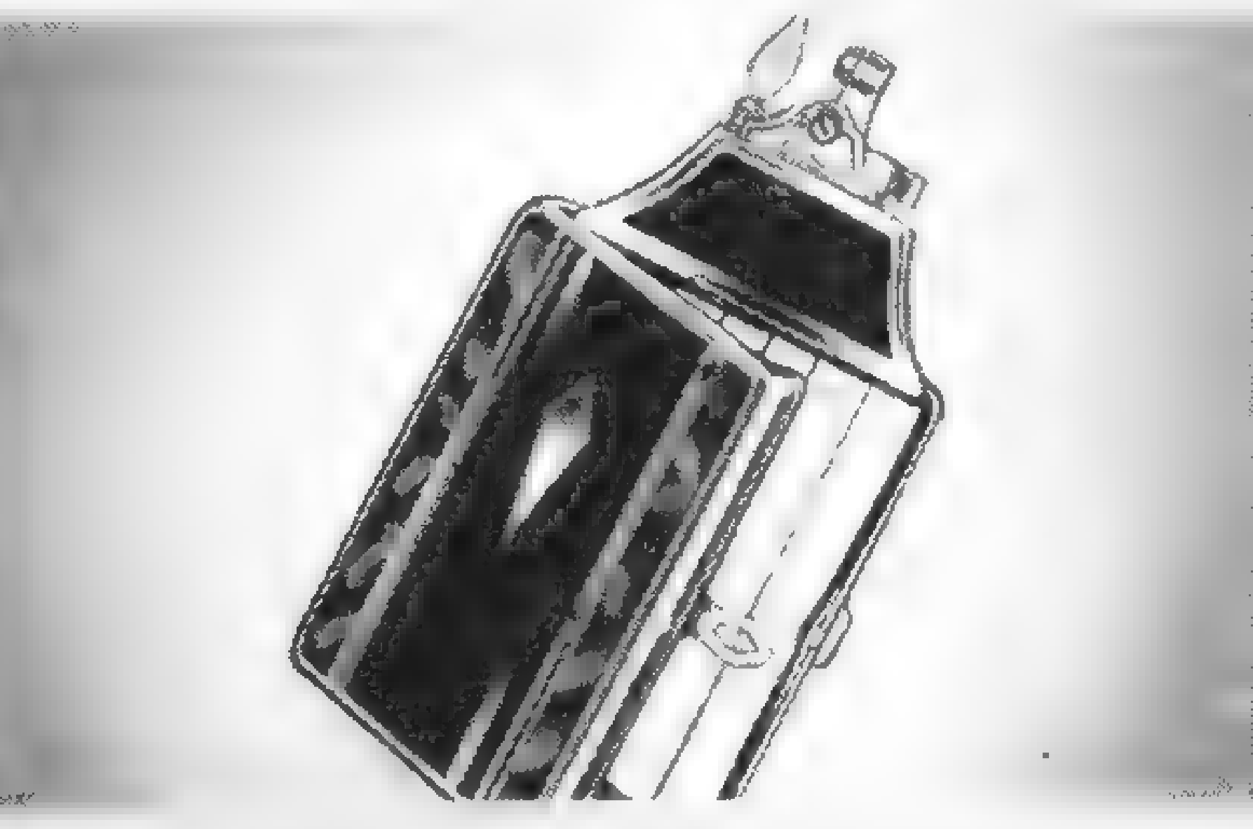


BANKER—For that friend whose taste is restrained, hard-to-please and a bit-above-the-average........ $5.00

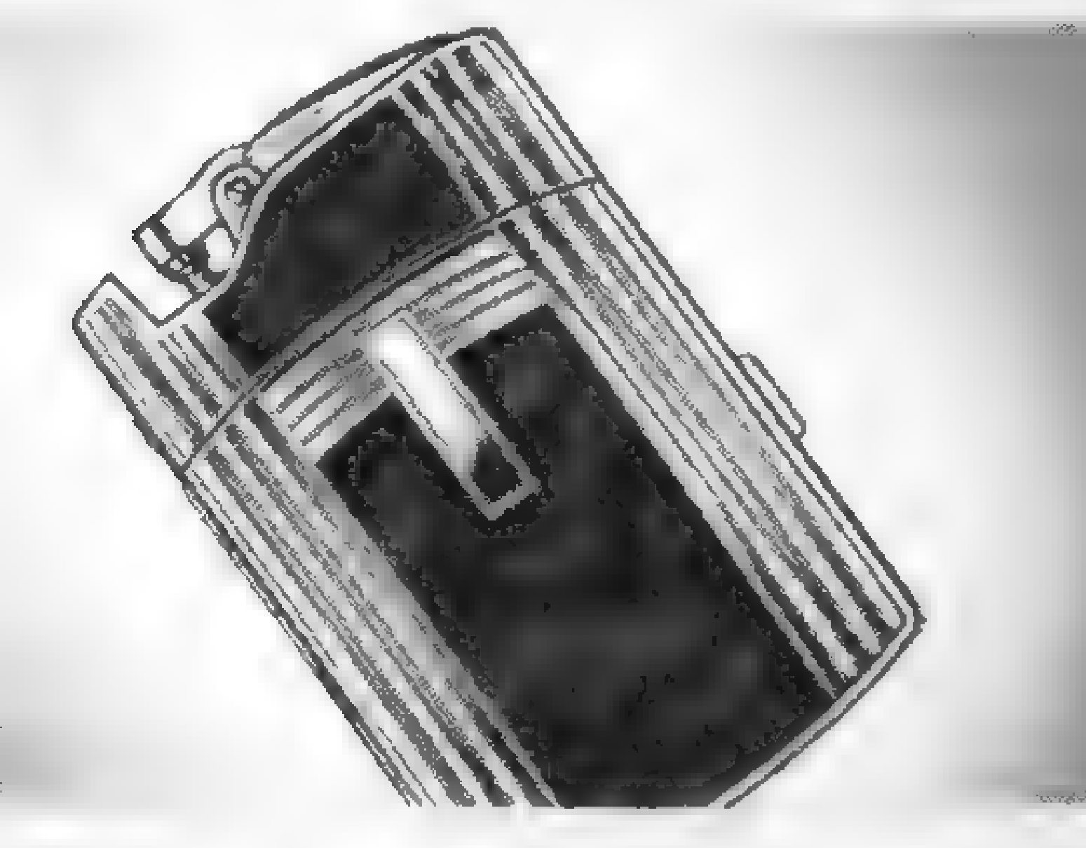


RTCASE—If her little gasp of pleasure and admiranean anything to you, give her this beautiful lighterette case........ $7.00

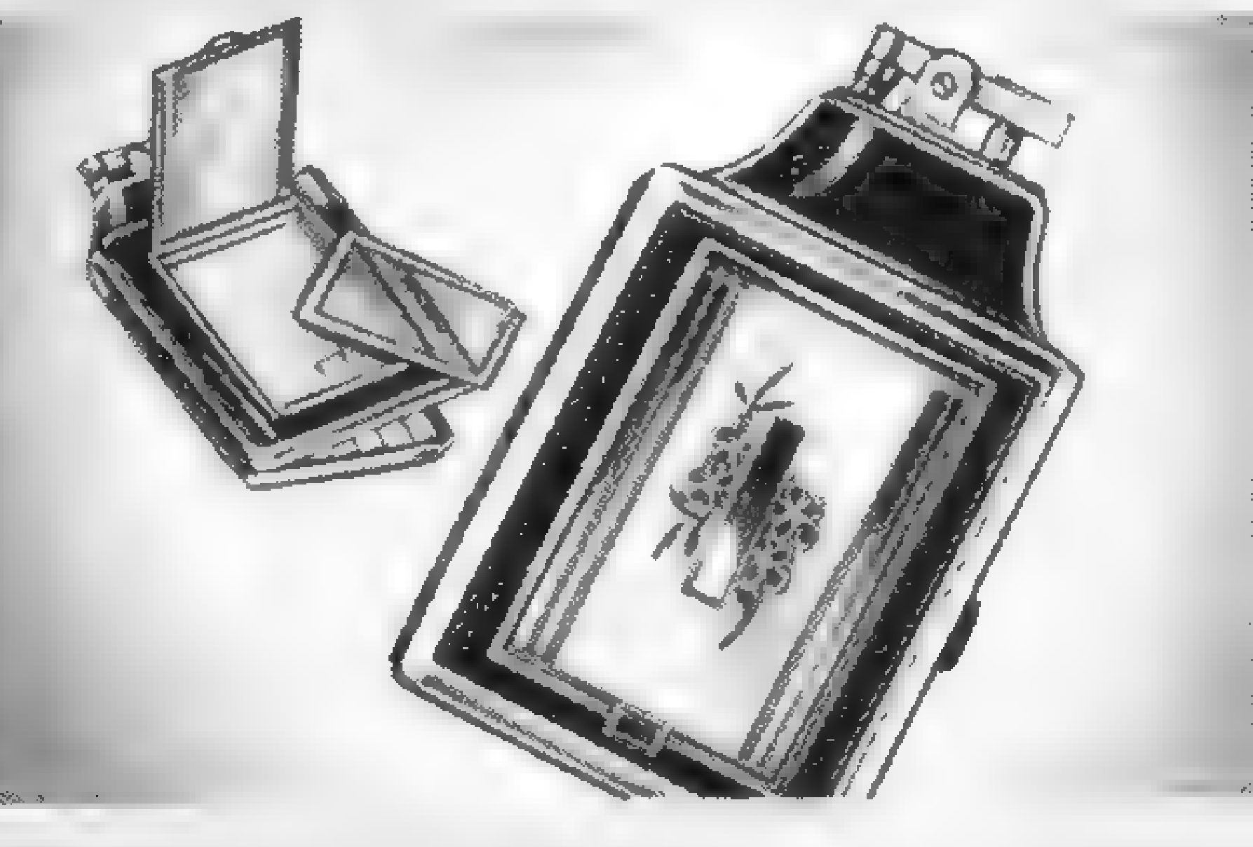
"Darling ...it's just what I wanted!"



MASTERCASE—Lighter-cigarette case. RONSON precision craftsmanship keeps cigarettes in fine condition. $7.95. Also made in KING model for "long" cigarettes. . $8.95



EDO—Thin, streamlined, modern lighter-cigarette . A perfect gift for men who realize the business and l importance of smart personal accessories. $12.50



MASTERPACT—A 3-in-1 indispensable for Her. Lighter, cigarette case and compact. An exquisitely enameled bit of feminine smoking jewelry........ $11.00

### To Every Smoker On Your Christmas List

## Give RONSON
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

## the gift that has everything

Beauty, many-times-a-day Usefulness, Safety and Endurance. And, regardless of price, every RONSON is built to exquisite jewelry standards. 8,000,000 delighted RONSON owners are 8,000,000 endorsements of this incomparable gift.

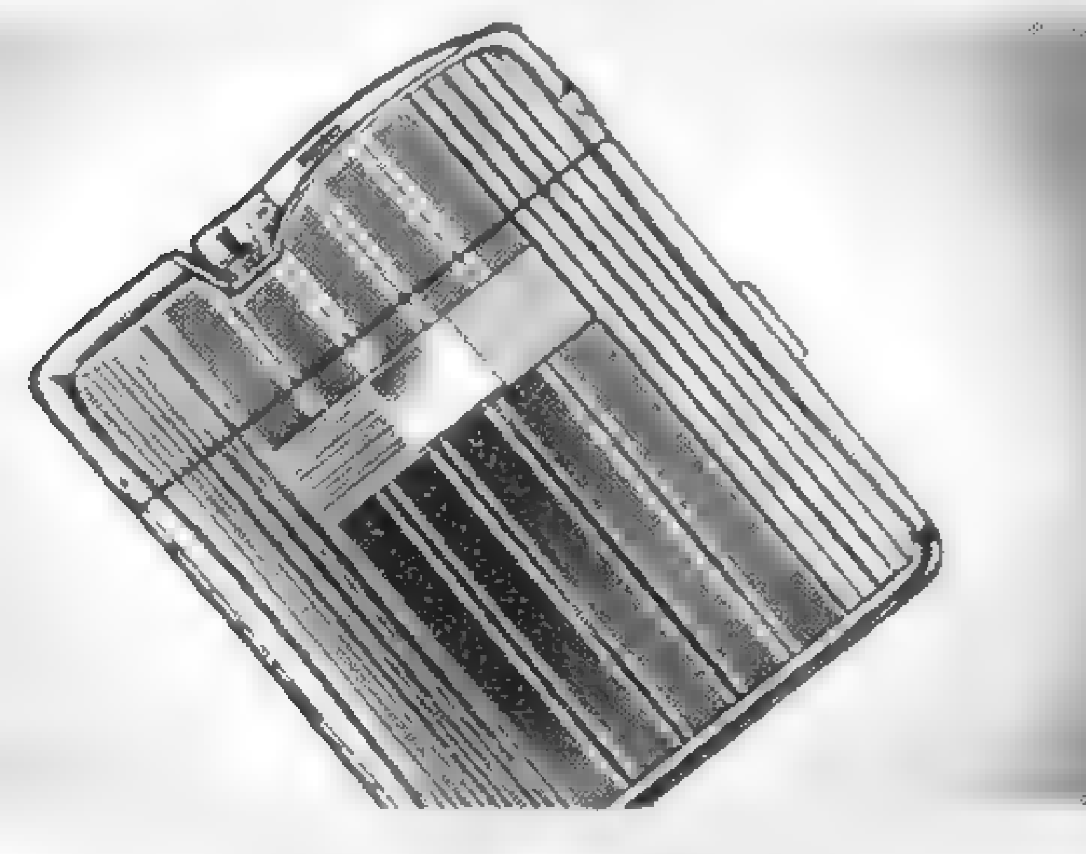
**GIVE RONSON LIGHTERS—IT PAYS**

See these and other RONSONS at your jeweler, department store, gift or smoke shop, etc.

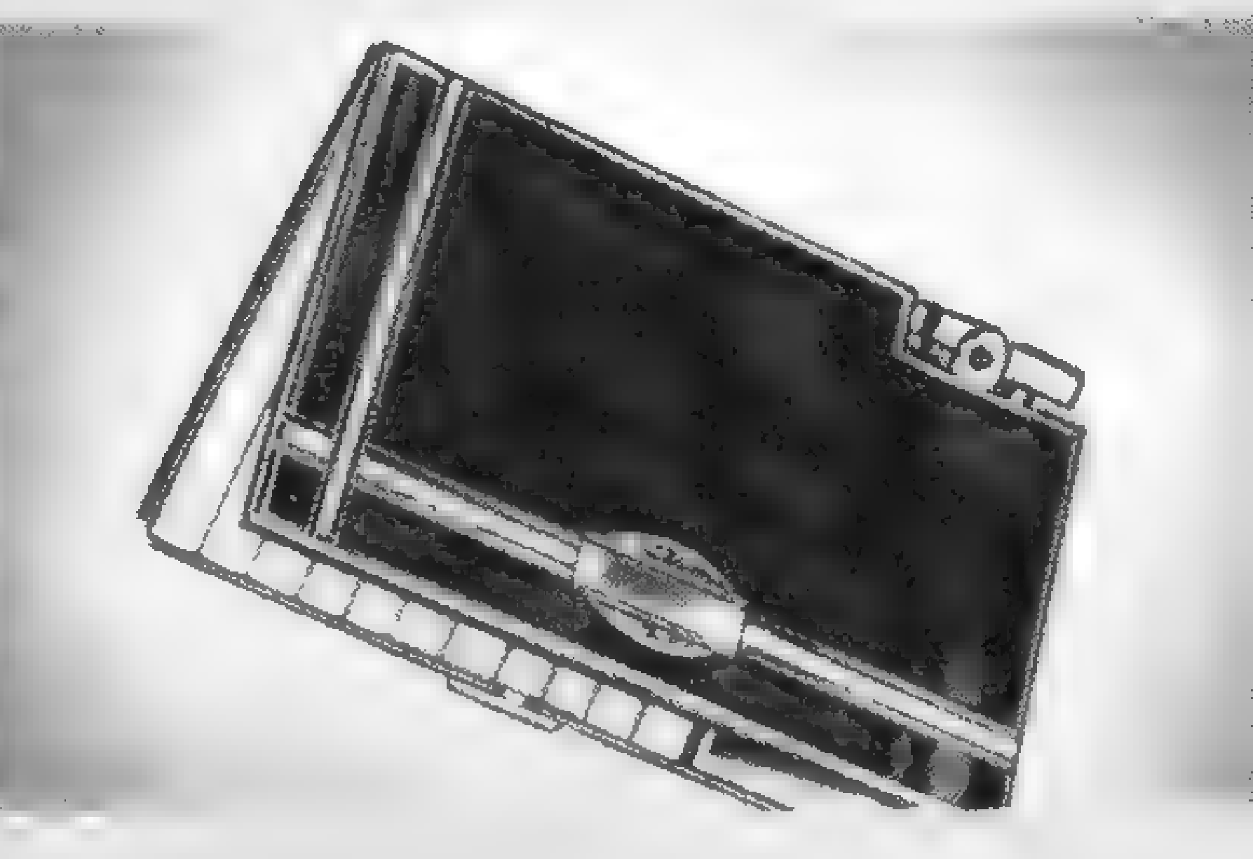
RONSON, Newark, N. J.

*Pocket Lighters for Men and Women*

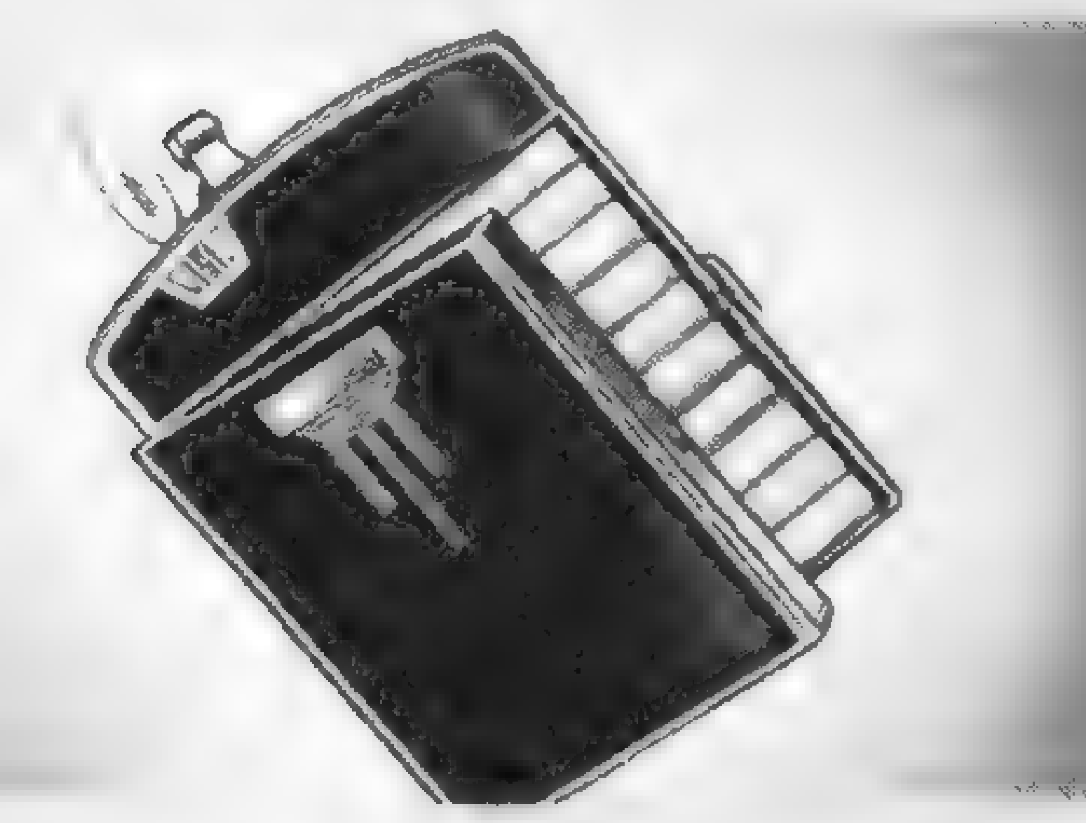
*Table Lighters for Home and Office*



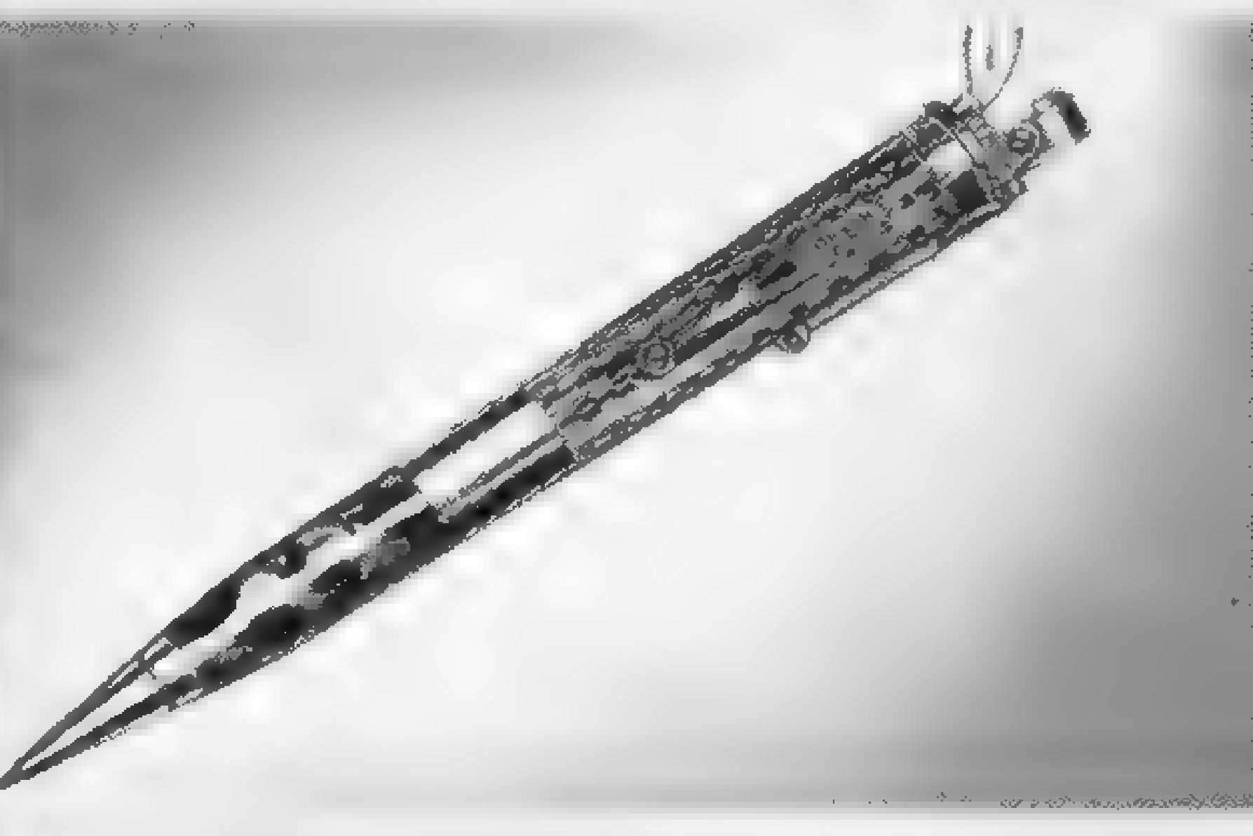
-A-CASE—The great popularity of this rich-looking er-cigarette case assures you that it will be not a "safe" gift but a warmly welcome one. $11.00



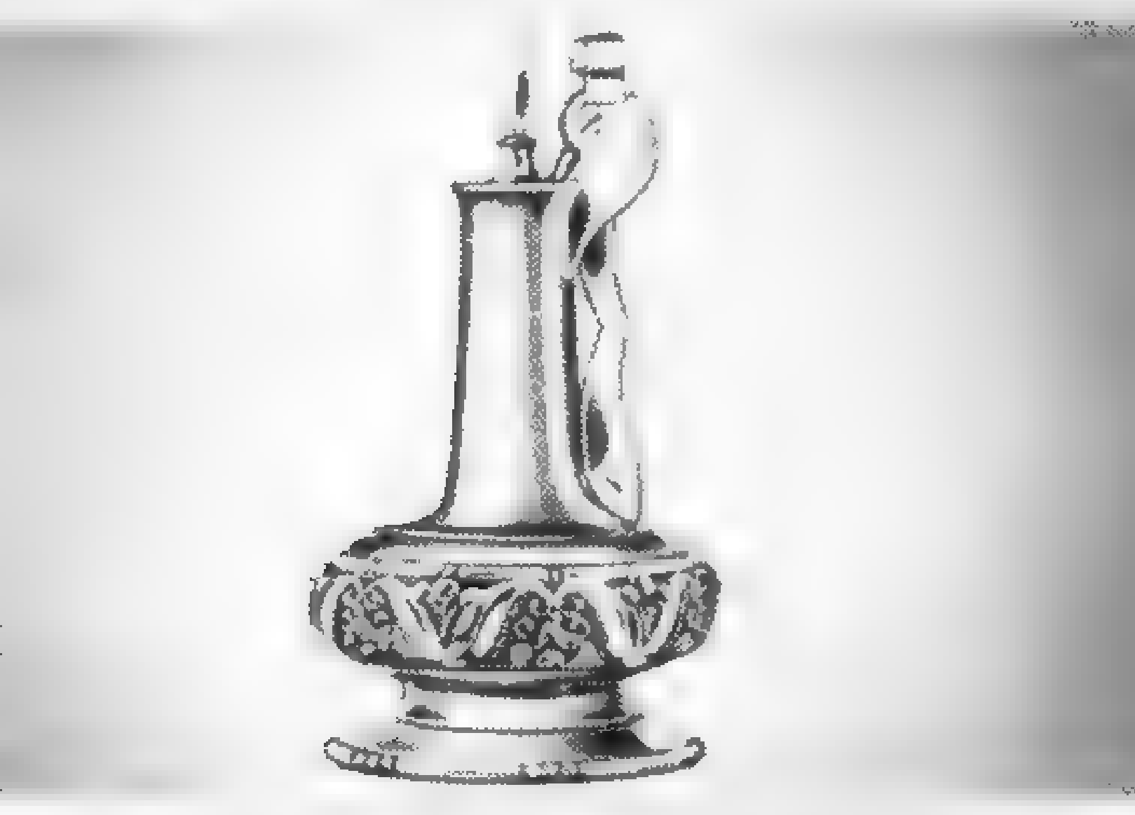
ULTRACASE—Handsome lighter-cigarette case. Expert stylists who "know" have said "The case alone is worth much more"........ $10.00



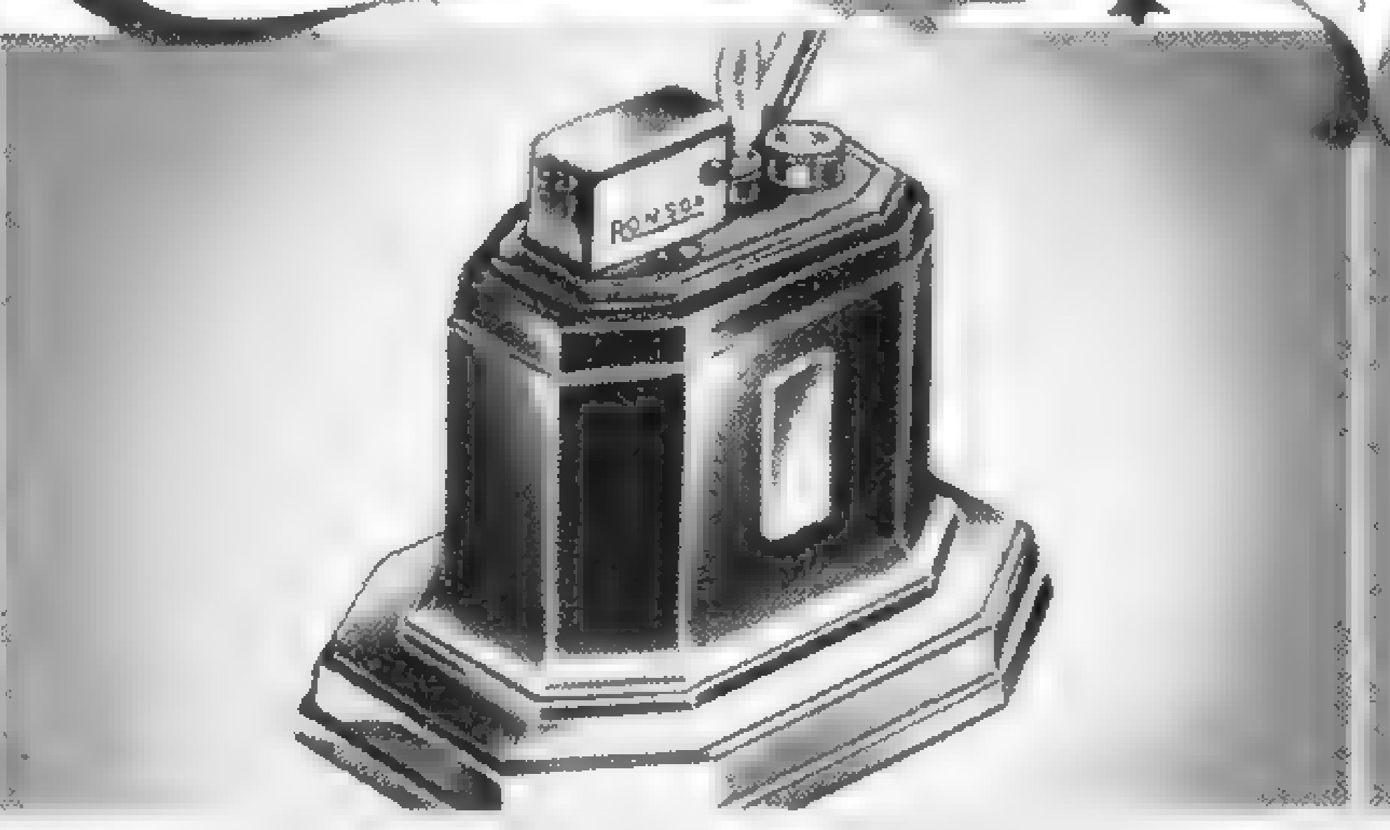
ENTYCASE—To look at this slim, admirationnpelling lighter-cigarette case you'd never believe olds a full pack........ $15.00



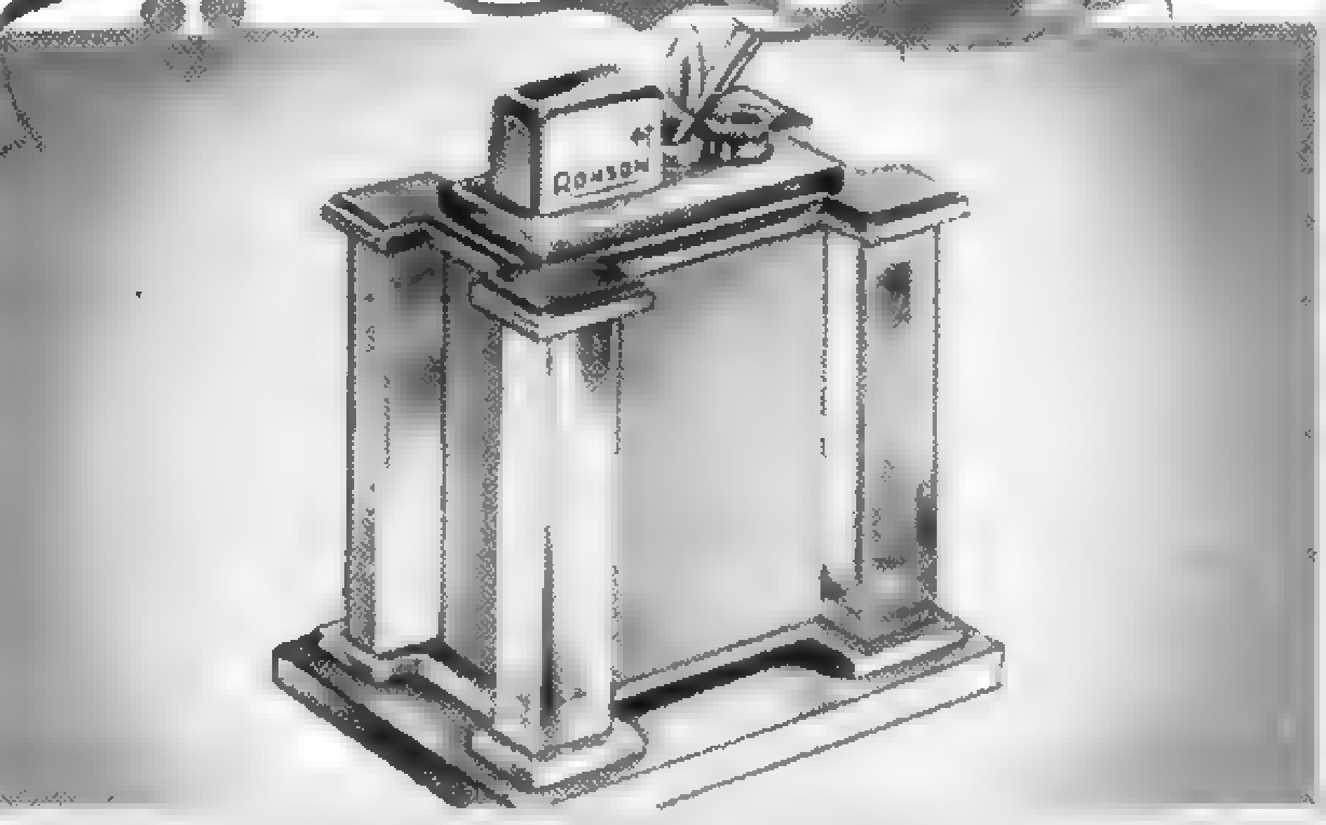
PENCILITER—A genuine RONSON lighter and super-fine propel-repel pencil in one! A vastly "different," practical gift........ $4.50



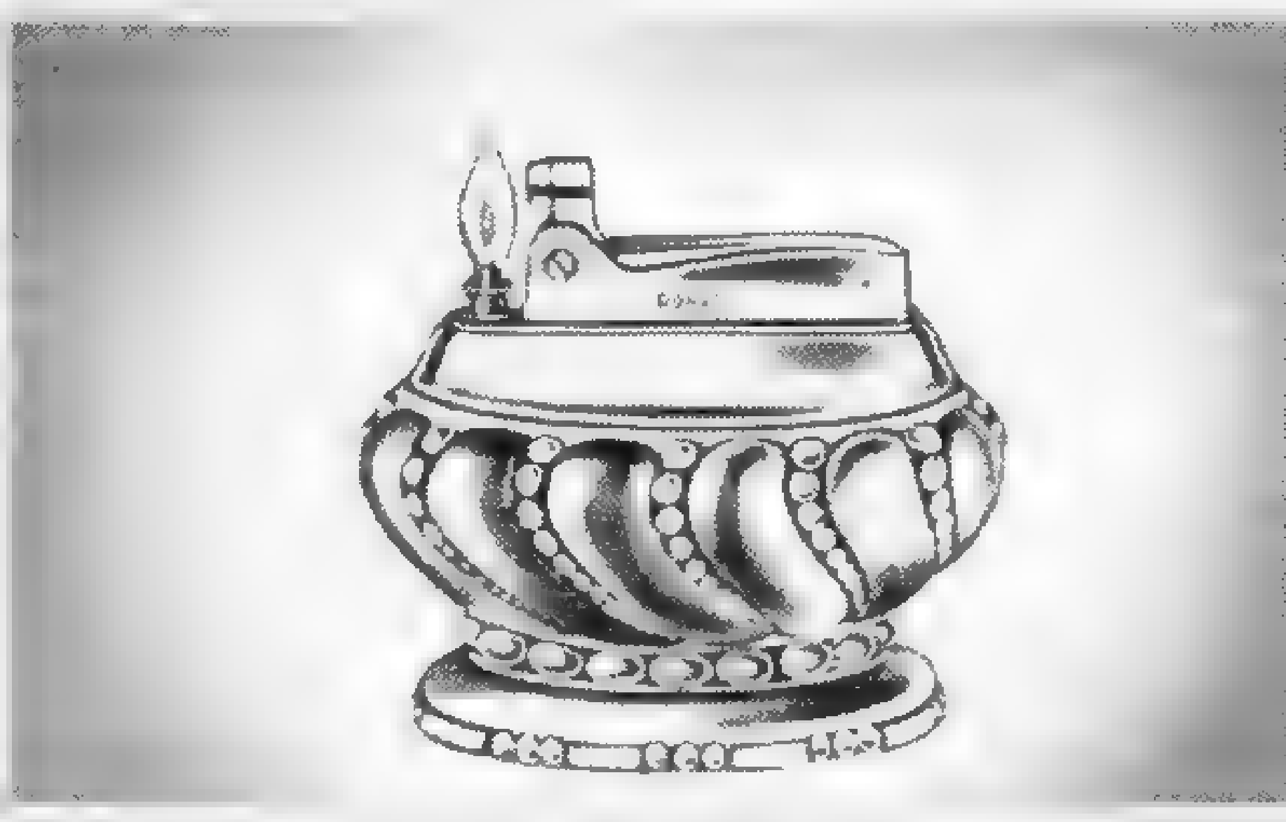
CANTER deLUXE—This superb silver-plated tablenter is rapidly replacing matches on the dining and idental tables of our "best homes"........ $10.00



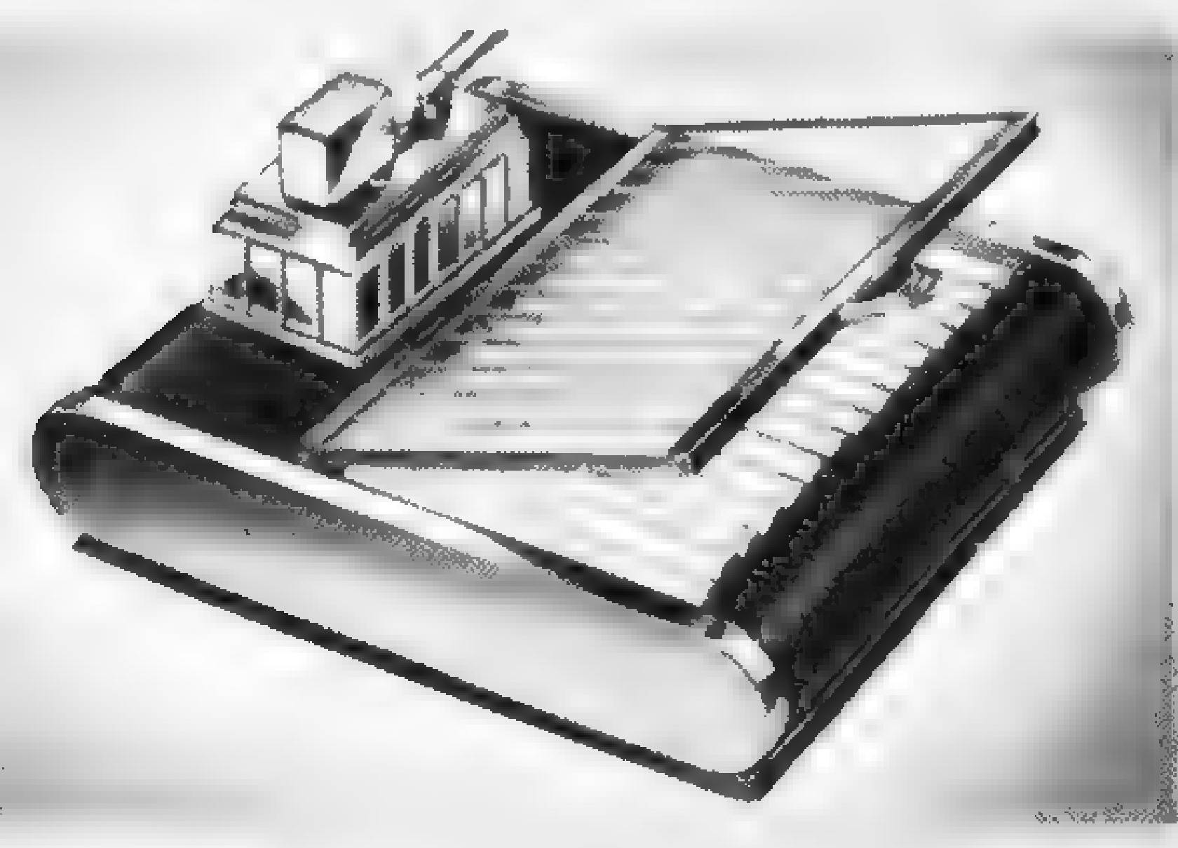
TOUCH-TIP—This impressive table-lighter looks as if it costs much more than its remarkable price of.... $5.00



COLONNADE—Beautiful, silver-plated table-lighter with transparent Lucite columns. Will win any woman's lasting gratitude........ $10.00

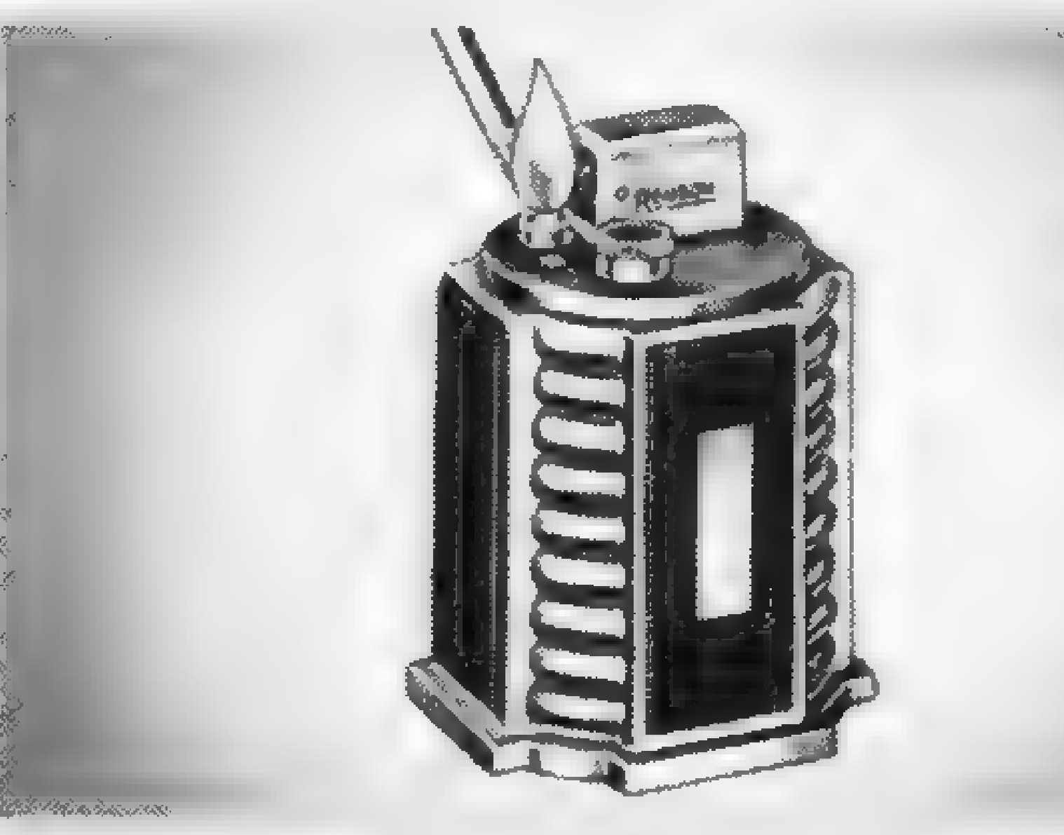


CROWN—If you saw this silver-plated table-lighter in the window of a famous Danish silversmith it would appear most expensive. Yet it costs only........ $6.50

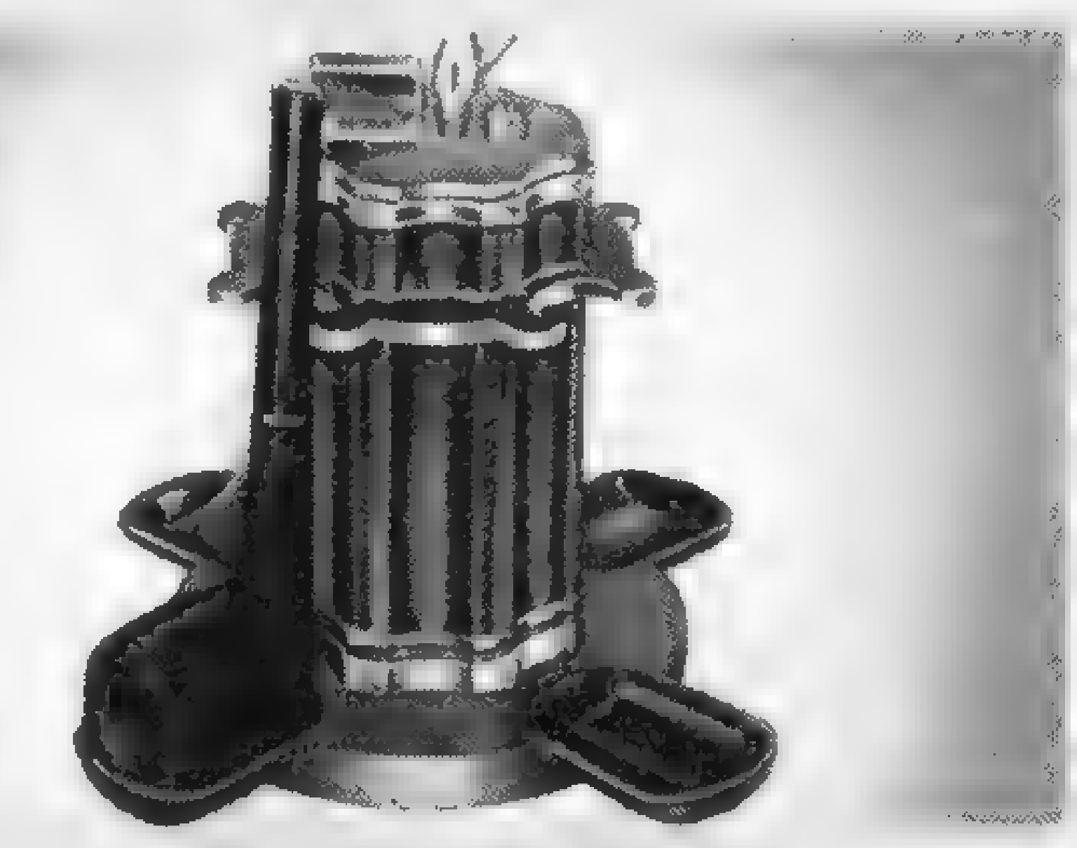


UCH-TIP & CIGARETTE BOX—Gracefully streamlined, modern set with hinged lid of transparent Lucite will ase him no end. Holds 3 layers of 15 each... $15.00

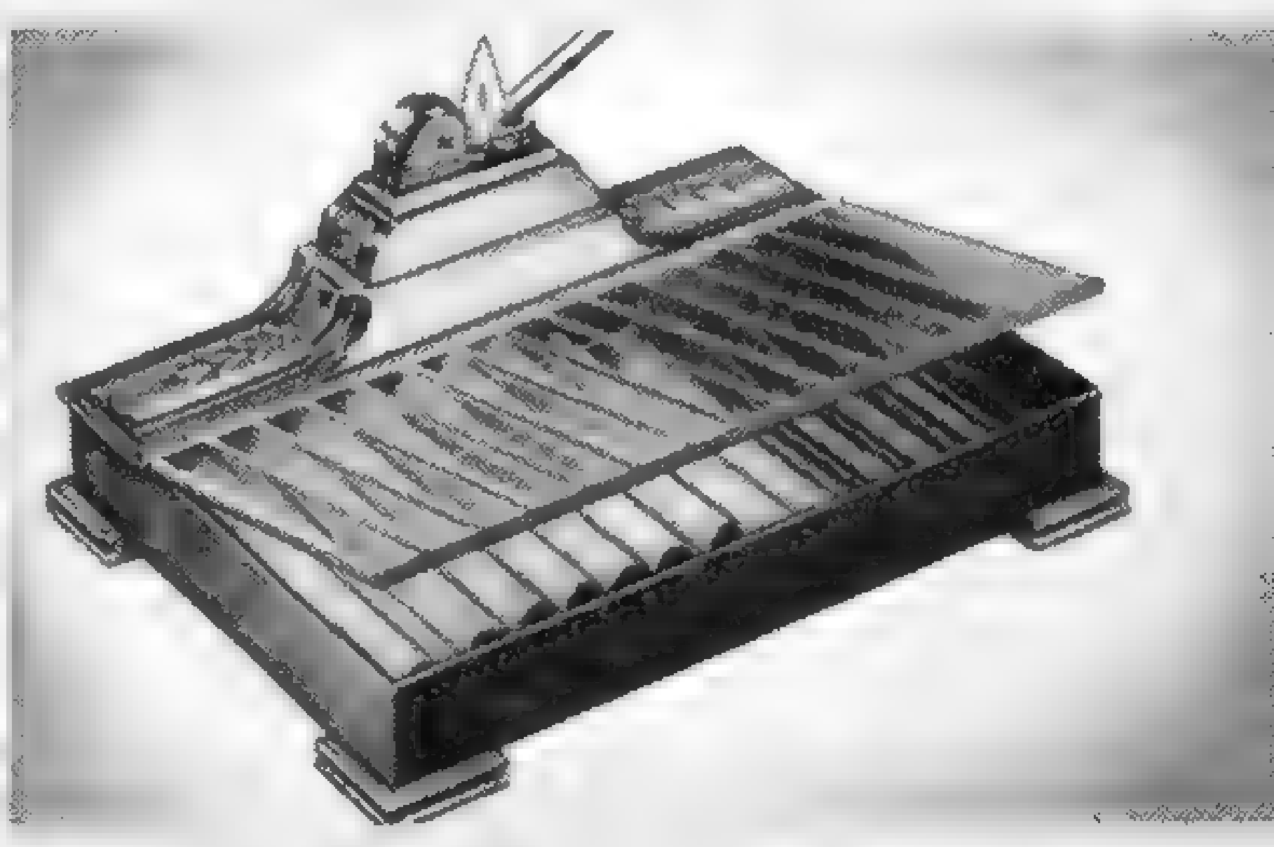
TOUCH TIP & IT'S LIT!



TOUCH-TIP TURRET—Table-lighter "in the modern manner." As in many RONSONS, the monogram shield permits you to personalize this stunning gift........ $7.50



TOUCH-TIP & PIPE REST—As a gift for his den or office this Georgian bronze finish Touch-Tip lighter is masculine, handsome, convenient and highly useful. $10.00



TOUCH-TIP & CIGARETTE BOX—A gift masterpiece which they'll use, display and "remember you by" for years. Gold-colored Dureum and transparent Lucite. $16.50

Sandeman
"BROWN BANG" SHERRY
A magnificent cream sherry... rich, golden Oloroso. Delightful at all times, especially before dinner (chilled, of course) —and very reasonably priced.
Sandeman
"PARTNERS" PORT
Unique ruby port produced for the Sandeman Partners and other connoisseurs. Its distinctive nutty flavour "rounds off" a meal. Delicious with cheese.
BROWN BANG SHERRY
SANDEMAN
PARTNERS' PORT
SANDEMAN

Dine tonight with the Sandeman Don

Tonight let the Sandeman Don, world-renowned symbol of fine wines, introduce you to an unforgettable sherry...Sandeman "Brown Bang" Sherry.

Very smooth and very mellow . . . superb in bouquet and flavour . . . "Brown Bang" is one of the prize sherries of the Sandeman Cellars, famous since 1790 for incomparable Sherries from Spain and Ports from Portugal.

SANDEMAN

IMPORTED • ESTABLISHED 1790

Ports and Sherries

Alcohol 19% to 21% by vol. Alcohol 18% to 20% by vol.

*Leading dealers and bars carry a special "shelf" of Sandeman Ports and Sherries. There is a type for every taste . . . a price for every purse.*

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U. S. A. • McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N. Y.

## Booby Trap for National Defense

*Continued from pages 61-230-232*

a pleasant thing to think about—but this is no time for Americans to be shrinking from facts: By mid-summer, after weeks or months of exposure to parched air and a withering sun, all the forests and watersheds become gigantic tinderboxes.

Discard a cigarette butt, let a campfire get out of control, drop a spark anywhere—the slightest carelessness with fire—and all hell is turned loose! Any fool can start a fire; thirty thousand men may have to be drafted to put it out.

Burn off an acre of California water-bearing land and two acres go out of agricultural production during the next dry season. That is why Californians take their accidental, peacetime, forest and watershed fires so seriously. It accounts for the state law under which every able-bodied adult male citizen may be drafted to fight fire just as he may be drafted to fight off a military invader. It explains why huge areas of the state are often closed to all persons during "fire season" whenever the U. S. Forest Service deems such action advisable.

Now suppose a military enemy of the United States would like to get rid of the California aircraft industries and all the other vital, national defense industries that are so heavily clustered in this balmy land that is little more than a reclaimed desert? Here we have to assume that he's out to destroy military objectives and doesn't give a damn about the lives, property and social welfare of civilians who are co-workers in our war effort.

Such an enemy would not have to waste any fuel oil or naval shells on airplane factories. He wouldn't have to drop a single bomb.

All he'd need would be a normal, California, dry-season and one, small, fast, high-flying airplane loaded with a few thousand thermite or phosphorus, incendiary pellets—no bigger than peas! It would take that plane, perhaps, two or three hours to cover all the forests and watersheds from Mexico to Oregon—letting down its pills of destruction into vast, sprawling, tinderbox targets! Fire is self-propagating; progressively destructive to the limits of combustibles in its path!

One such raid and we can write California out of the American Union. It would burn the state off the face of the earth, obliterate water resources—turn it into a desert.

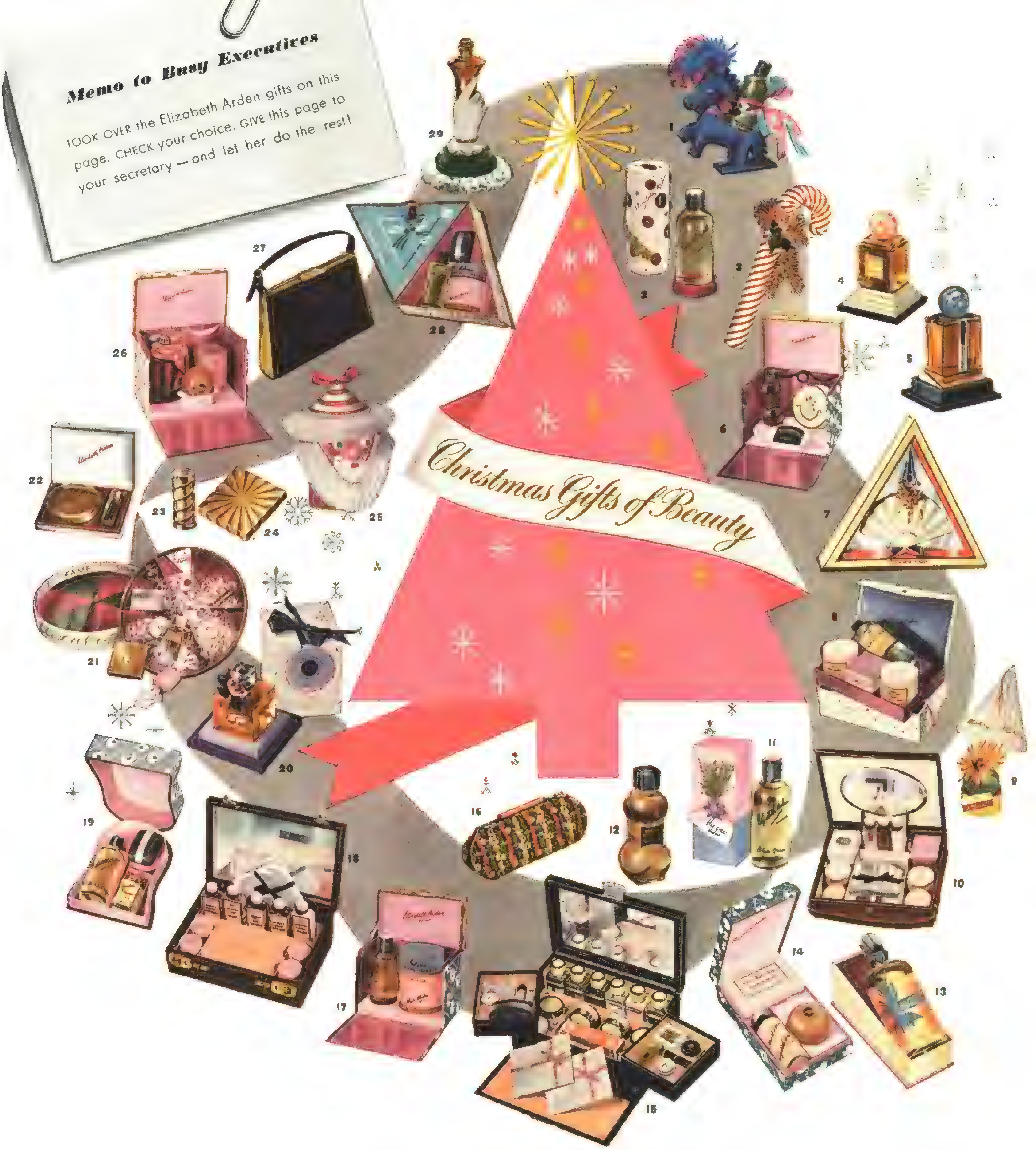
Six million Californians would be sent packing eastward in a mass migration to make *The Grapes of Wrath* sound like a Sunday school picnic! With torrential downpours of the next rainy season crashing like water off a roof from fire-blackened forests and fire-denuded watersheds, there would be floods, soil erosion and a silting-up of valleys, rivers, harbors and coastal plains such as mankind has never witnessed. Everything in the state would be so completely destroyed it would be a hundred years before a Navajo Indian could ever scratch a living out of the ruins!

The U. S. War and Navy Departments and the U. S. Forest Service know every detail of this fire hazard. They've known about it, studied it for years and have taken every possible precaution against the fire-brand saboteur—against unauthorized aircraft flying over areas prescribed by the Forest Service. Naval craft—surface ships, airplanes and submarines are on guard in the Pacific. Anti-aircraft batteries are being set up in strategic positions. Day and night swarms of U. S. Army combat planes drone over the landscapes of California.

Such defense measures are obviously inadequate and Californians are jittery. All their previous conceptions of war have been knocked into the proverbial cocked hat; they know, too, that declarations of war are a picturesque, old-fashioned formality. As a result the communities that live largely by the aircraft factory payrolls are now full of hysterical women and nervous men. The "war of nerves" already with us has boosted suicides and insanity.

Landlords with houses and apartments near the airplane plants complain that their tenants are moving out—and such properties cannot be rented—not even to the factory employees. Several palatial homes now under construction in the Los Angeles metropolitan area have been announced, equipped with bomb-proof cellars. Such things have brought about the realization that, after all, the only safe and sensible thing yet to be done—is to get the aircraft industries out of California. With them, on the march to the Middle West must go hundreds of other big and little industrial plants, which like the airplane factories, now loom as invitations to disaster for state and nation.

Of course, Californians are sorry to face the prospect of seeing these great industries, with their enormous weekly payrolls moved out of the state bag and baggage. But they're intelligent enough and patriotic enough to know that they dare not place any personal desire ahead of the welfare, peace and security of state and nation. So the sentiment seems to be: "Get 'em out of here! Take 'em to the Middle West and chuck 'em underground; we've got to rig our necks in!" Oddly enough, too, the aircraft manufacturers have begun to display a remarkable willingness to be governed by the advice of the Army and Navy. Apparently, they've had some bad nights recently. Being human, like the rest of us, they're scared. And when Americans get scared they get action! ⧻



**Memo to Busy Executives**

LOOK OVER the Elizabeth Arden gifts on this page. CHECK your choice. GIVE this page to your secretary—and let her do the rest!

1. BLUE GRASS GIFT HORSE with Blue Grass Flower Mist. $3.50 2. FLOWER MIST PEEK-A-BOO GIFT PACKAGE—Cyclamen or Blue Grass Flower Mist. $1.75 3. SURPRISE CANDY CANE holds Blue Grass, Illusion or June Geranium Dusting Powder and a Lipstick. $2.50 4. NIGHT AND DAY PERFUME. $1.50 to $25.00 5. BLUE GRASS PERFUME. $1.25 to $60.00 6. BLUE GRASS BATH SET—Blue Grass Eau de Toilette, Dusting Powder, Hand Soap. $10.00 7. CYCLAMEN PERFUME. $2.25 to $35.00 8. ARDENA GIFT BOX—Essential Preparations. With Velva Cream, $12.75; With Orange Skin Cream, $14.00 9. CHRISTMAS BAUBLE holds a dram of Blue Grass Perfume. $2.00 10. BEAUTY SATCHEL—Fourteen Elizabeth Arden Make-Up and Beauty Preparations. $7.50 11. GIFT-WRAPPED BLUE GRASS FLOWER MIST. $1.50 12. BLUE GRASS EAU DE TOILETTE. $8.50 13. BLUE GRASS FLOWER MIST MAGNUM. $8.75 14. BATH SET—Hand Lotion, Bath Soap, Bath Mit. $3.00 15. FITTED TRAVEL CASE. $67.50 16. VELVET BROCADE FITTED EVENING BAG. $27.50 17. BLUE GRASS BATH SET—Blue Grass Flower Mist and Dusting Powder. $3.00 18. FITTED TRAVEL CASE. $20.00 19. BLUE GRASS BATH SET—Blue Grass Flower Mist, Body Sachet, Hand Soap. $6.00 20. "COUP D'OEIL" GIFT BOX, "It's You" Perfume. $14.75 and $24.75 21. WHEEL OF FORTUNE, filled with Make-Up and Beauty Preparations. $10.00 22. OVAL COMPACT AND JUMBO LIPSTICK SET. $6.50. Separately: Compact $5.00, Monogram extra; Lipstick $1.50 23. LUCITE LIPSTICK. $1.50 24. "SUNBURST" SIFTER COMPACT. $4.00 25. SNOWDRIFT SANTA conceals a box of Snowdrift Dusting Powder. $2.00 26. JUNE GERANIUM BATH SET—June Geranium Bath Salts, Dusting Powder, Soap. $5.00 27. FITTED DAYTIME BAG. $29.50 28. TRIANGULAR BATH BOX—Blue Grass Flower Mist, Dusting Powder, Hand Soap. $4.25 29. "IT'S YOU" PERFUME. $37.50

Elizabeth Arden

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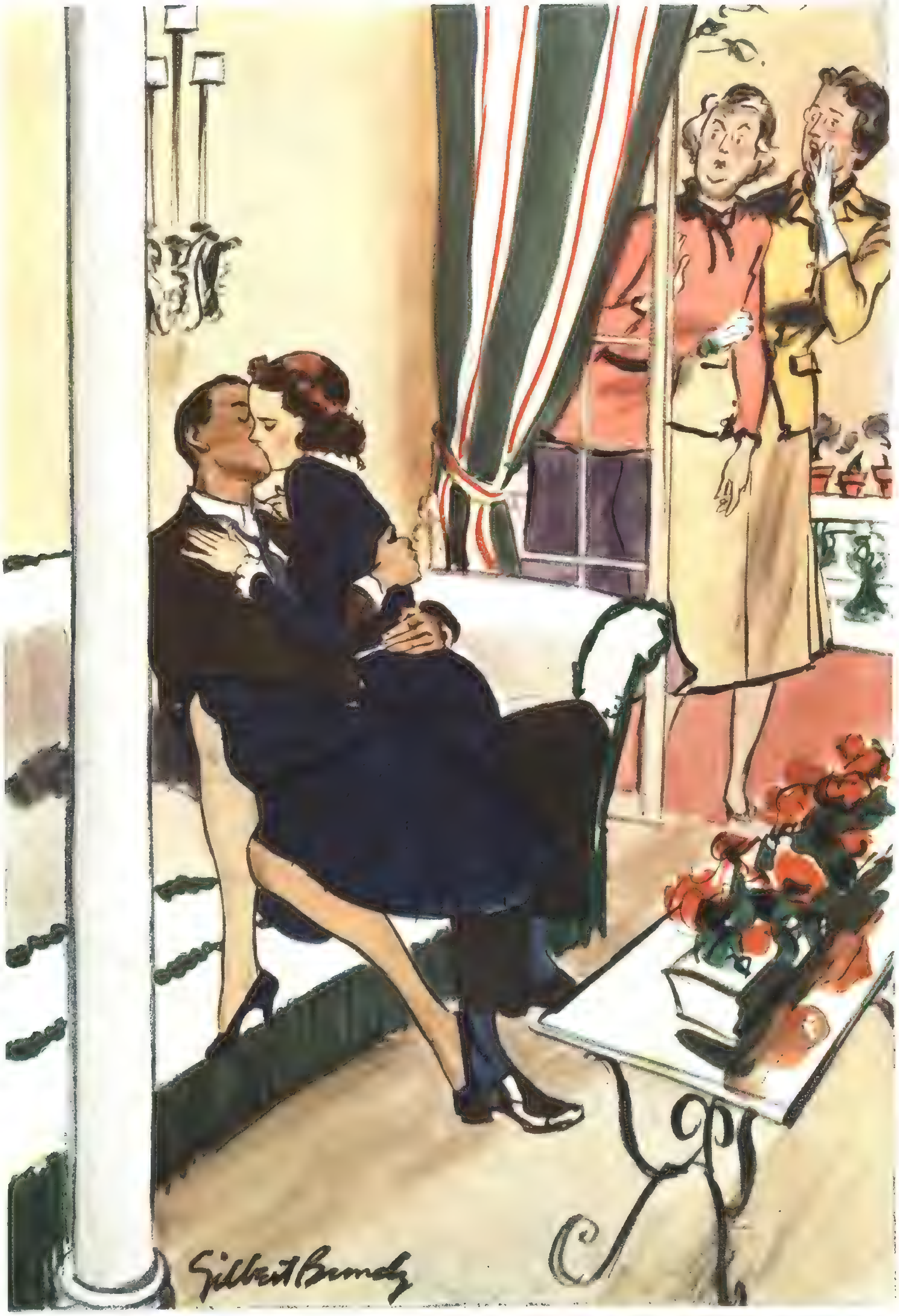
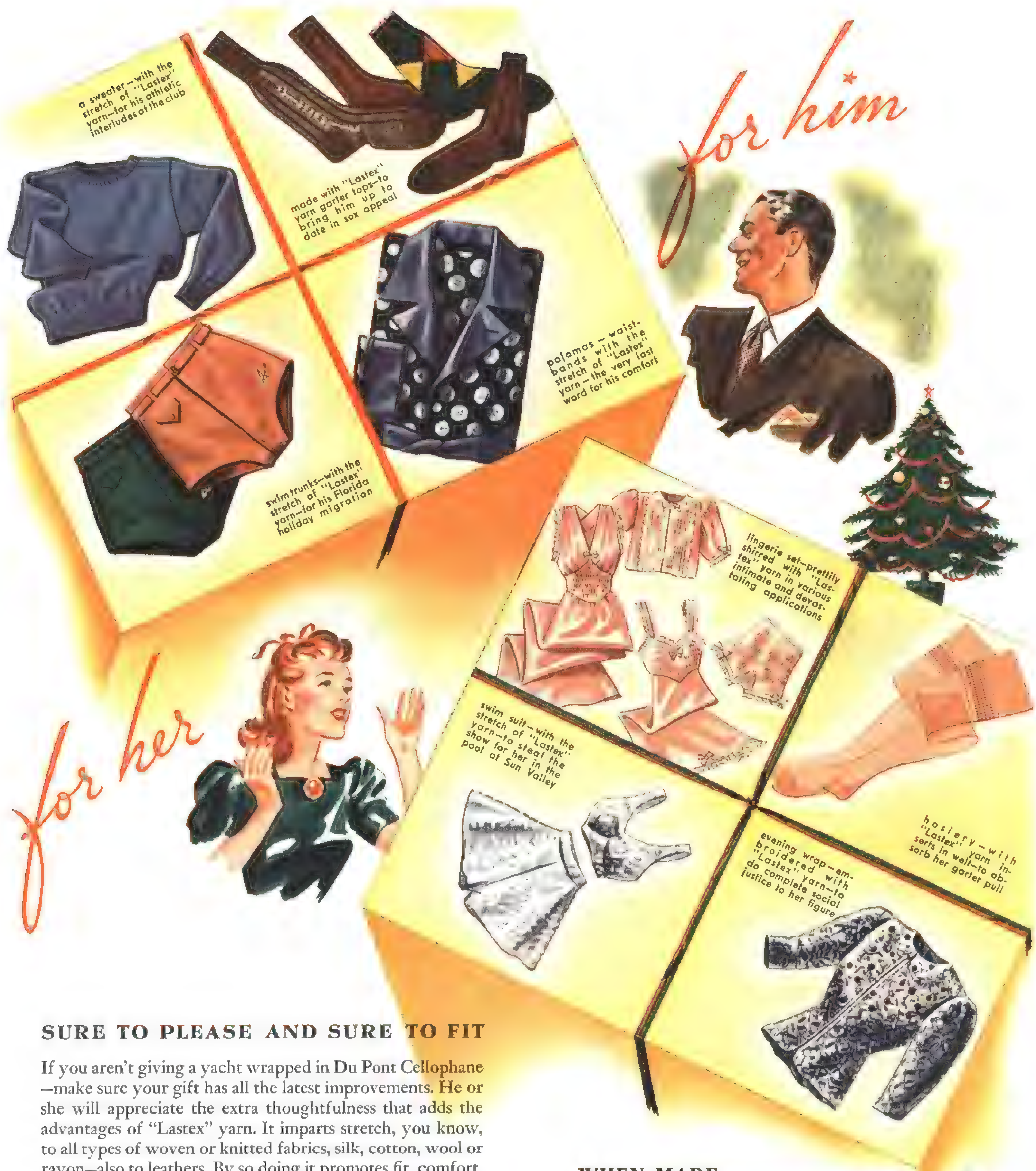

Gilbert Bundy

*"I told her what that leads to, but she evidently doesn't care"*


for him
a sweater—with the stretch of "Lastex" yarn—for his athletic interludes at the club
made with "Lastex" yarn garter tops—to bring him up to date in sox appeal
pajamas — waistbands with the stretch of "Lastex" yarn — the very last word for his comfort
swim trunks—with the stretch of "Lastex" yarn—for his Florida holiday migration
for her
lingerie set—prettily shirred with "Lastex" yarn in various intimate and devastating applications
swim suit—with the stretch of "Lastex" yarn—to steal the show for her in the pool at Sun Valley
hosiery—with "Lastex" yarn inserts in welt—to absorb her garter pull
evening wrap—embroidered with "Lastex" yarn—to do complete social justice to her figure

## SURE TO PLEASE AND SURE TO FIT

If you aren't giving a yacht wrapped in Du Pont Cellophane—make sure your gift has all the latest improvements. He or she will appreciate the extra thoughtfulness that adds the advantages of "Lastex" yarn. It imparts stretch, you know, to all types of woven or knitted fabrics, silk, cotton, wool or rayon—also to leathers. By so doing it promotes fit, comfort, control or convenience, as the case may be, in finished apparel. These are only a few of some eighty-odd items for men, women and children, made with benefit of "Lastex" yarn, to be found at better stores. Only part of a long cavalcade of things to wear that give more pleasure and satisfaction when they're made with this fourth dimension of fashion. When it comes to apparel, make "Lastex" yarn a "must have" on your shopping list. Ask for it by name at the stores you usually patronize whenever you buy apparel for yourself—for your family—for your friends—at Christmas or at any other time.

**WHEN MADE**
**WITH THE MODERN TOUCH OF**

**Lastex**
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**THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT**

*An elastic yarn manufactured exclusively by United States Rubber Company*
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## FOR CHRISTMAS, GIVE HIM 90-SECOND SHAVES WITH

# THE ONLY DOUBLE-HEADED SHAVER

REMINGTON
DUAL

### TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE

This year give him the gift he'd choose for himself—the new electric shaver that's the talk of the nation.

Your man will be astonished at the way this "double speed" Remington Dual shaves. The famous United States Testing Company, in a series of impartial tests, proved that it can shave in 90 seconds just as close and clean as any man could ask. This is possible because the Remington Dual has 360 double-edged cutting blades—109% more cutting length than any other shaver.

All good stores carry the new Remington Dual along with five other popular models in the Remington line at prices from as low as $7.50. See them today and we'll warrant the Christmas shopping for the men on your list will begin and end at the Remington shaver counter. *General Shaver Division of Remington Rand Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.*

**REMINGTON DUAL** $15.75 AC-DC

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### ...AND THE ONLY TRIPLE-HEADED SHAVER

TRIPLE-HEAD
PATENTS PENDING
5S

The famous Remington Dual plus a trimming head for: 1. Sideburn trimming. 2. Mustache trimming. 3. Stray hairs on neck and Adam's apple. 4. Stray hairs on back of neck. 5. Clearing up all stray hairs on cheek bones, etc.

**REMINGTON TRIPLE-HEADER..** $17.50 AC-DC

*Products of the same precision manufacture that brings you the following* REMINGTON RAND OFFICE EQUIPMENT: NOISELESS, STANDARD AND PORTABLE TYPEWRITERS..ADDING, CALCULATING, BOOKKEEPING AND PUNCHED-CARD ACCOUNTING MACHINES . . RECORD PROTECTION . . VERTICAL, LOOSE-LEAF AND KARDEX VISIBLE SYSTEMS OF BUSINESS CONTROL . . PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORDS EQUIPMENT . . *And Other Precision Products.*

# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

### WEDNESDAY NIGHT CRIME DOESN'T PAY

If, come some Wednesday night, you're tuned to WEAF and the crime drama thundering through your loudspeaker bears a coincidental resemblance to a recent gaudy newspaper exposé—it's no accident. The show you're listening to, "Mr. District Attorney," dotes on such similarities, and while the action and names mentioned are necessarily fictitious, there are evidently hundreds of citizens from the Bronx to Hollywood who remain convinced that they're hearing the real low-down on crime conditions in the country.

"Mr. District Attorney" recently completed its second year as a radio show. On its first birthday it was a "network feature," otherwise known as a sustaining program. Shortly thereafter, however, "Mr. D. A." justified the honest sweat of its script writers and the prayers of its actors by proudly annexing a sponsor, whom it has held on to ever since.

Today, "Mr. D. A." rates about third of all half-hour shows, which is a commendable batting average for a drama. The show is usually written around a recent underworld happening, with the action speeded up to satisfy the more bloodthirsty radio fans. Three of the characters have a permanent niche on the program: Jay Jostyn, as the forthright D. A., Vicki Vola as his competent and attractive secretary, and the hard-boiled Len Doyle as his faithful and occasionally blundering assistant, who provides the comedy relief. About three or four extras complete the weekly cast.

Jostyn is one of the most competent character actors in the business, and around the studios they still talk of the record he set by recently appearing in thirty-six script shows in one week. He served an eight-year apprenticeship in stock companies throughout the West, and turned his attention to radio some six years ago, while in California, where he appeared in the very successful serializations of Chandu, the Magician, and the Tarzan stories. Since then he's figured in hundreds of programs, not excluding the ever-popular and highly remunerative soap operas. He took over the chore of the D. A. when the show went commercial and has been cleaning up the town's vice and crime single-handed every week since.

"Mr. D. A.", which consistently reiterates the theme that crime-does-not-pay, draws a large amount of peculiar fan mail. Jostyn estimates an average of 150 letters are addressed to him personally after each broadcast. They range all the way from the indignant Iowa lady whose prize petunias were being swiped from her garden ("we're citizens and taxpayers, and I demand that action be taken against this thief!") to the lad in Brooklyn who fumed via the mails that his neighbor had erected a high fence which was keeping the sunlight out of his house. In the first few hundred answers, Jostyn attempted to explain his position to his faithful following. This penetrated not at all. Now Jostyn merely forwards these complaints to the proper officials with a mimeographed note explaining how he got them in the first place.

Nor has Miss Vicki Vola, his make-believe secretary, escaped entirely unscathed. She's one girl who can get a job as secretary to any one of a half-dozen district attorneys in different parts of the country whenever she wants it. For the most part, however, her admirers think she takes entirely too many chances coming into contact with such unscrupulous lawbreakers, and wouldn't she like to quit that hazardous job and settle down.

Occasionally circumstances will interrupt the smooth flow of program after program. This happened at vacation-time, when Jostyn decided to go home to Milwaukee for a visit. A consultation between script writers and producer was called, for it was a situation that demanded the utmost in ingenuity. "Mr. District Attorney" would not be "Mr. District Attorney" without "Mr. District Attorney," the voice of Jostyn. The brains behind the show triumphantly emerged with a solution Herculean in its simplicity. They simply decided to give the D. A. a case of laryngitis. He would be on hand to uphold law and order, but he'd be unable to talk. With pencil and paper he'd direct the activities of his principal aides, Harrington and Miss Miller. He'd solve the case in bed.

So Mr. Jostyn frolicked in Milwaukee while his aides mourned his temporary loss of voice. He returned to find about three hundred pieces of mail, all suggesting throat remedies and offering sympathy.

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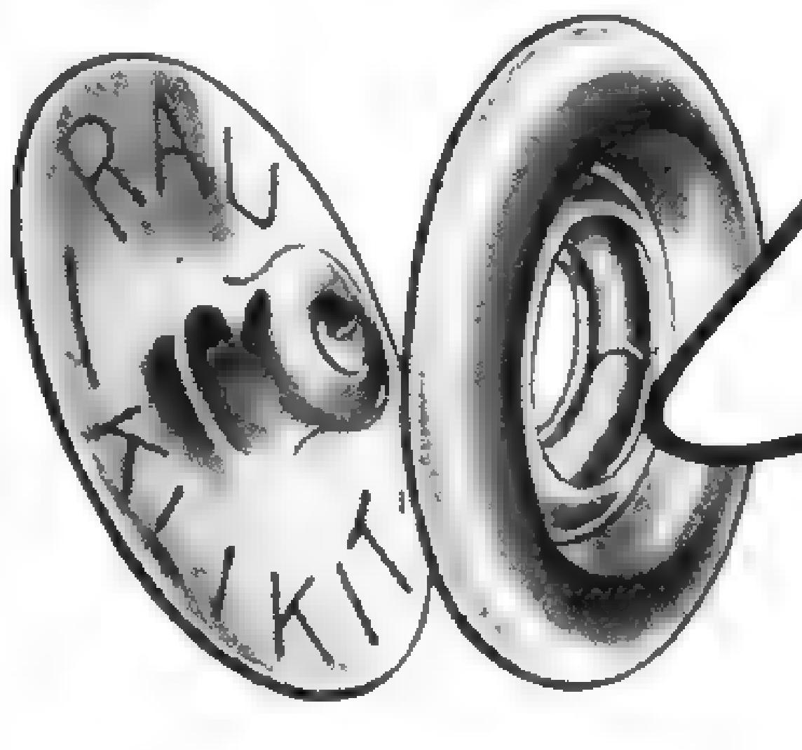

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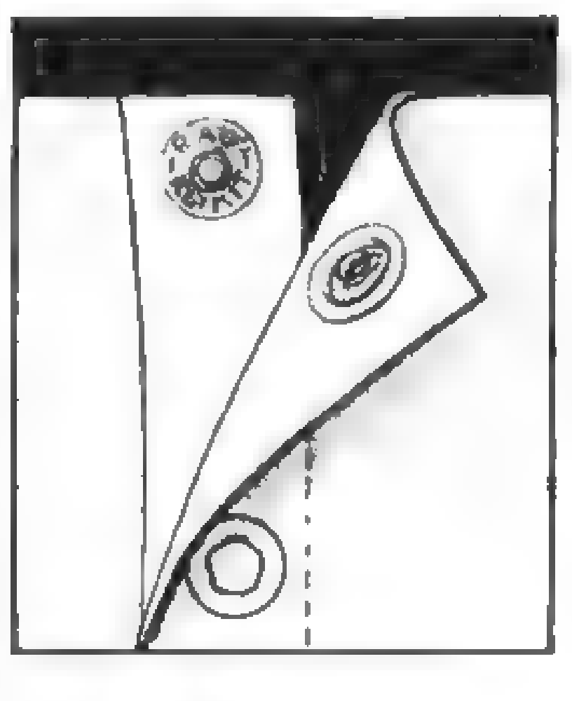

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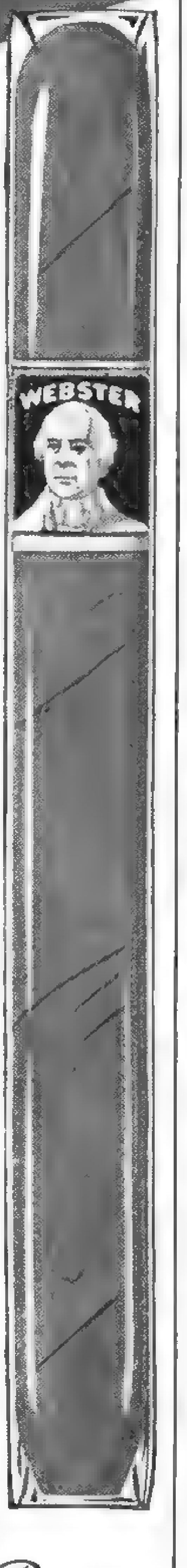

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CUSTOM-MADE CIGARS

*First in the Social Register*

## Ship-Builder in Lilliput

*Continued from page 102*

tory for archives and bric-a-brac of the sea) at Newport News, Virginia

A curious twist in Law's setup is its association with the long defunct institution of the patron. The making of historic models is no overnight task; and Law's delicate artistry is something that calls for months of patient and microscopic motions. If he had to finance his own efforts, he would have long since joined Thomas Chatterton—or the passengers on the ill-fated *General Slocum*.

Hague provided a happy solution by contracting for a series of ships, calling for full time work for many years to come. Law was to construct replicas of the *U.S.S. Constitution*, the brigantine *Marie Celeste*, the whaler *Wanderer*, the river boat *Robert E. Lee*, the *U.S.S. Hartford*, the brig *Niagara*, and the clipper ship *Cutty Sark*. Other subjects were to be added, on the completion of these.

Law retired from the field of commercial art, hired a studio solidly equipped for his commission, and plunged in. Unfortunately, Hague died before the completion of the first commission; and death, traditionally, ends a gentleman's agreement.

Until another patron arises, to carry on the spirit of the Medici, grand and romantic projects will have to lie dormant in the salt-sprayed realms of Mr. Law's fancy; even though the business world once again is enriched by a singular craftsman—at a drawing board instead of a bench. #

## The Cruise of the *Lola Montez*

*Continued from page 130*

trade this vessel was employed in was none of my business. I was working my way to New Orleans, earning my passage. What went on aft was no concern of mine. For another thing I was gratified by the difference between the exterior and the interior of the *Lola Montez*. If, for her own good reasons, she was crusty with slime and innocent of new paint on her hull, she was gleaming and spotless on board. A good sailorman commanded her, whatever villainous commission she pursued. Just one thing bothered me. Why had they enlisted a white American in their crew? I wasn't exactly afraid, just puzzled.

That night the yacht put out of the harbor. I'd finished my stint on deck. The watch I belonged to consisted of four stolid, long-haired Indians, the old grey-haired Castilian, and myself. I had tried to show my friendliness in the bunk room when we'd eaten supper together, but finished up feeling like a pane of glass. Now I stood by myself against the foredeck rail and watched the lights of Tampico fade slowly into the dark horizon. So far nothing had happened to indicate that this was not the most routine of voyages. A big, good-looking Panamanian Negro wearing a spotless gold-braided cap and a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, apparently chief mate of the *Lola Montez*, gave short efficient orders. The captain, so far as I could observe, did not make his appearance, but remained below. There was little to distinguish our departure from those others I had made on various tramp steamers when I'd been in search of something quite as harebrained as Mayan photographs. There was only one important difference. The destination of the ship I was now on was unknown.

I kept my curiosity to myself. The gulf was smooth and the helmsman steered a plotted course. When the winds were fresh in the west we sailed under canvas; when leeway fell off we used the Diesels. One day I holystoned, the next chipped paint, the next mopped companions. Then one night our watch worked its eight hours moving stores belowdecks. There were enough foodstuffs in the *Lola Montez* to call it a cargo—cases of Argentine beef, canned butter, condensed milk, Mexican yams, Armour's hams packed in Colombia. There was flour in sacks and the small ice rooms were jammed with fresh meat. Personally I thought a yacht was an awkward sort of vessel for the transportation of foodstuffs. So far, however, I hadn't been asked to do anything that wasn't part of a seaman's job. I kept my curiosity to myself. I didn't even try to figure out the ship's course when I was working around the binnacle. The crew was silent and orderly.

The grey-haired Castilian, in charge of our watch, went by the name of Don Miércoles—that is to say, Mr. Wednesday. He talked a lot but I couldn't understand his swift slurred syllables. I spliced rope or polished brass conscientiously, however, and we got on fine. I saw very little of the Panamanian mate. And, curiously enough, nothing of the captain. The ship's master never, so far as I ever saw, came above. But you could feel, in the orderliness of the routine, in the sailor-like manner in which the watches were employed, the tangible presence of the Old Man. He might have been a recluse but he wasn't one of these rummies that stay boozed up during an entire cruise. The discipline aboard was as rigid as if he'd spent all his time on the bridge.

We were a week out and I was off watch when the Panamanian mate called me aft. I had just been thinking that a week of easting ought to have got us out into the Atlantic Ocean. I'd been in the Caribbean several times and thought I'd recognize the change in weather if we hit the Channel trades. We couldn't be going much

*Continued on page 238*

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*Sterling Silver Gifts*

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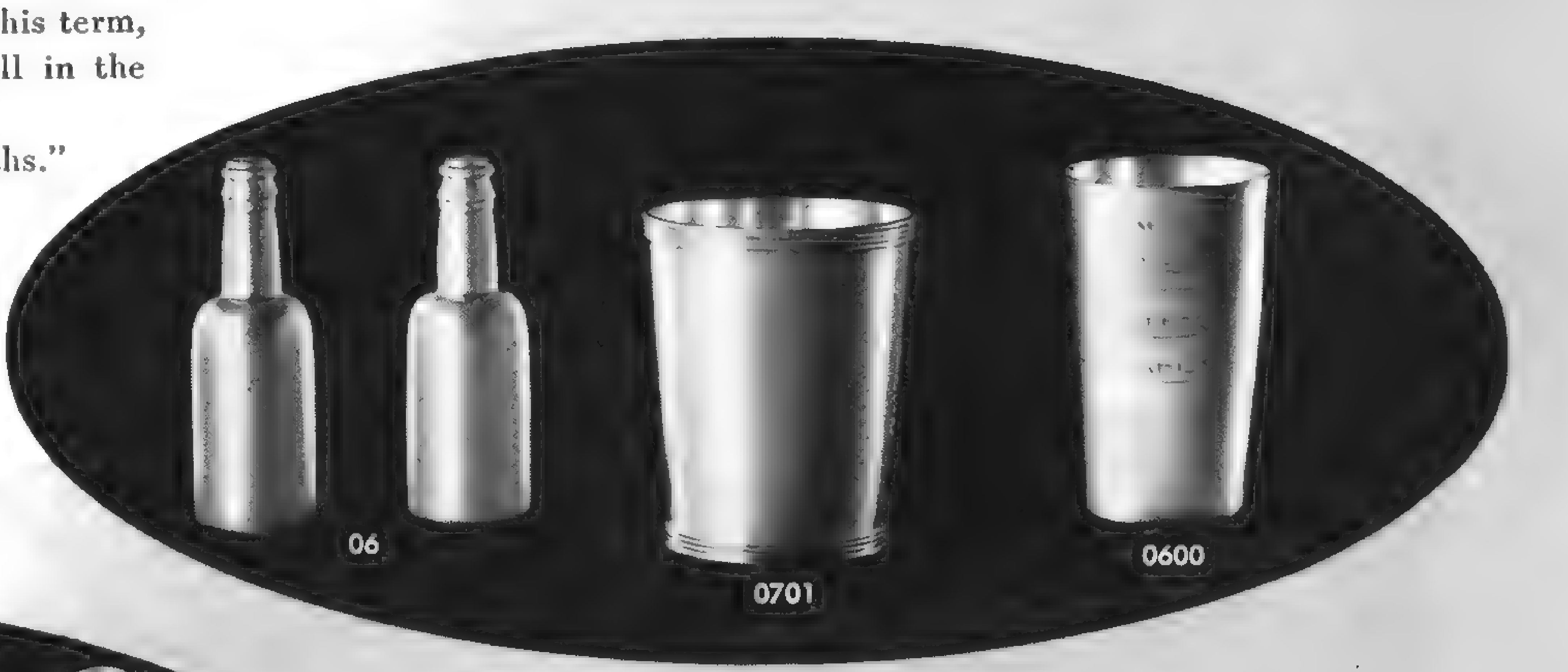
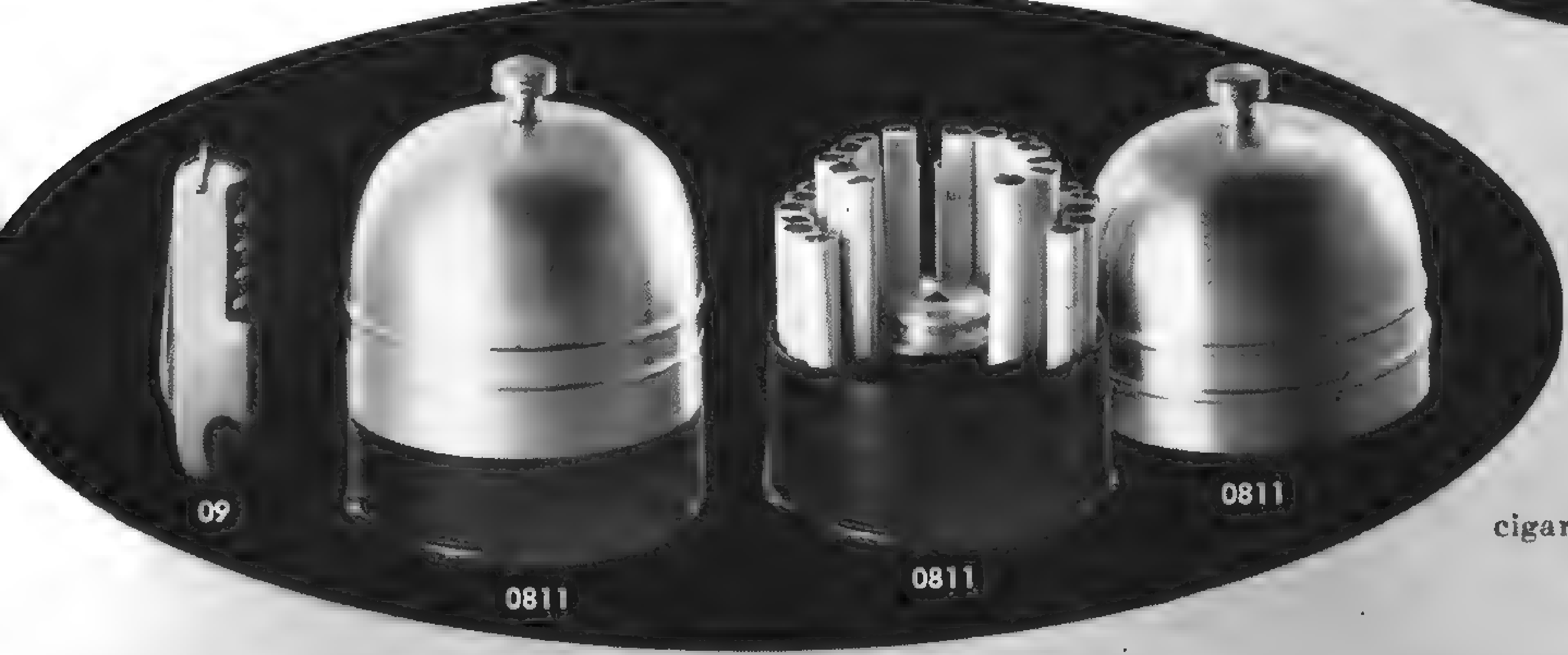
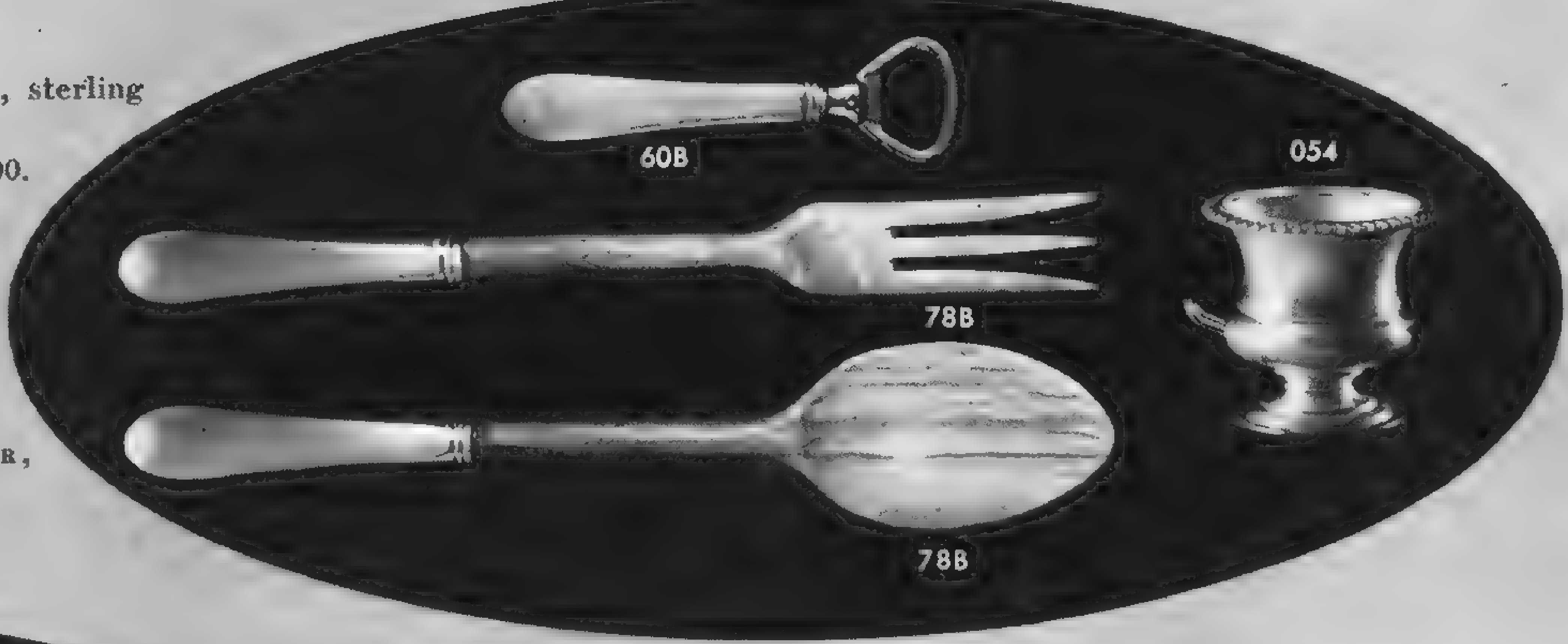




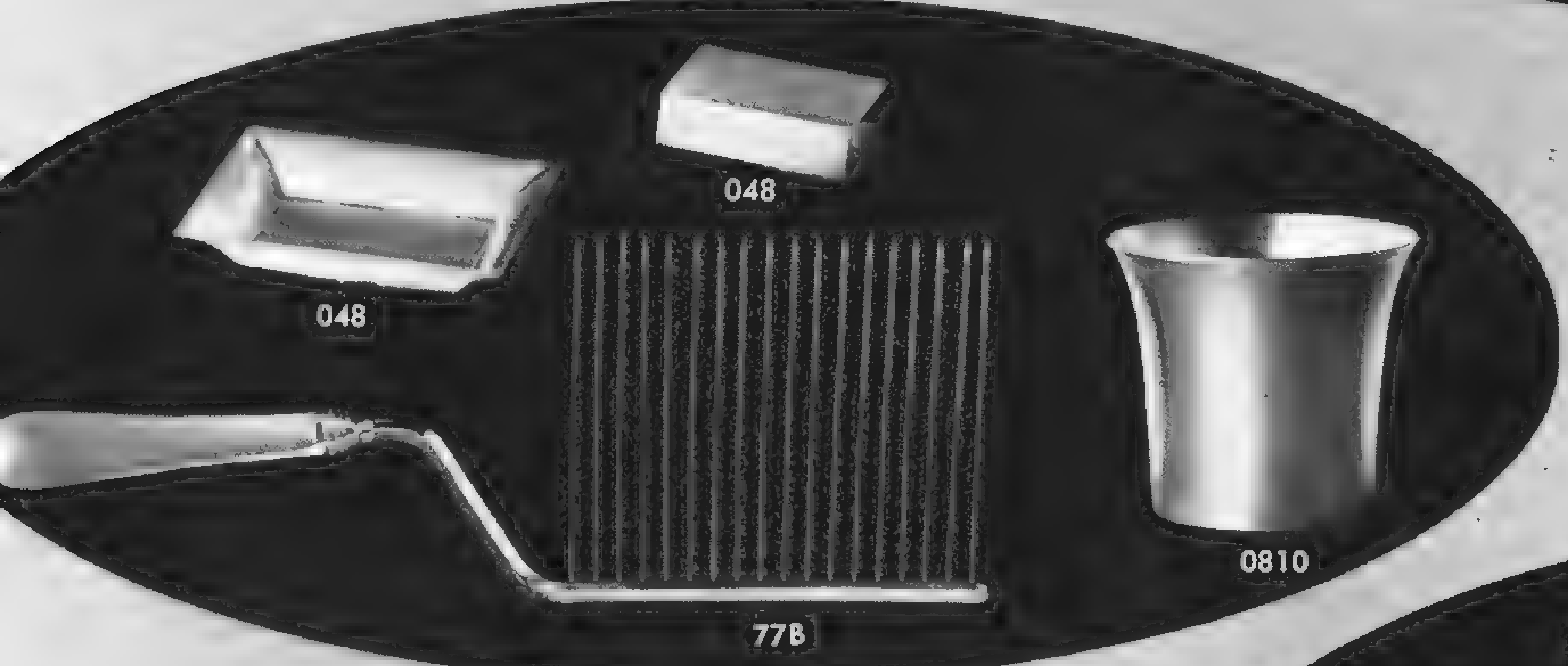
*Above* **06** Bottle SALT AND PEPPER SHAKERS (salt shaker has only one hole) sterling silver, height 3¾", $7.50 a set. **0701** Sterling silver MINT JULEP CUP, copy of Kentucky mint julep cup, $7.50, height 3¾". **0600** Sterling silver WHISKEY CUP, with engraved "Ladies, gents, pigs", height 3⅛", $6.75

*Left* **09** CLUB KNIFE, sterling silver, stainless steel blade, bottle opener and corkscrew, length 3", $2.75. **0811** Sterling silver HUMIDOR, holds two packs of cigarettes, 2-piece humidifier keeps cigarettes moist, height 4¾", $7.50

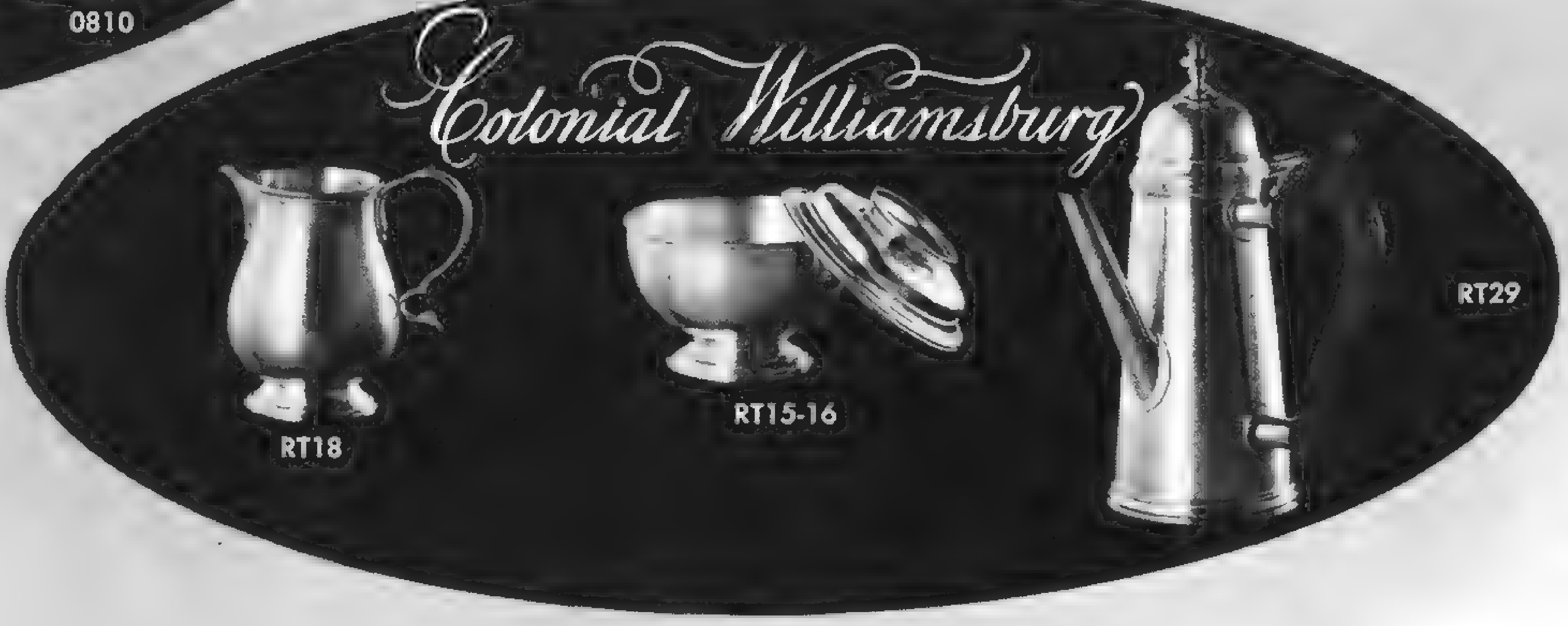
*Right* **60B** BETSY PATTERSON BOTTLE OPENER, $2.50, sterling silver, length 5¼". **78B** Plain olivewood BETSY PATTERSON SALAD SET, sterling silver handles, length 10¾", $5.00. **054** Individual sterling silver CIGARETTE HOLDER, miniature copy of Old English wine cooler, holds 6 to 8 cigarettes, height 2", $5.00

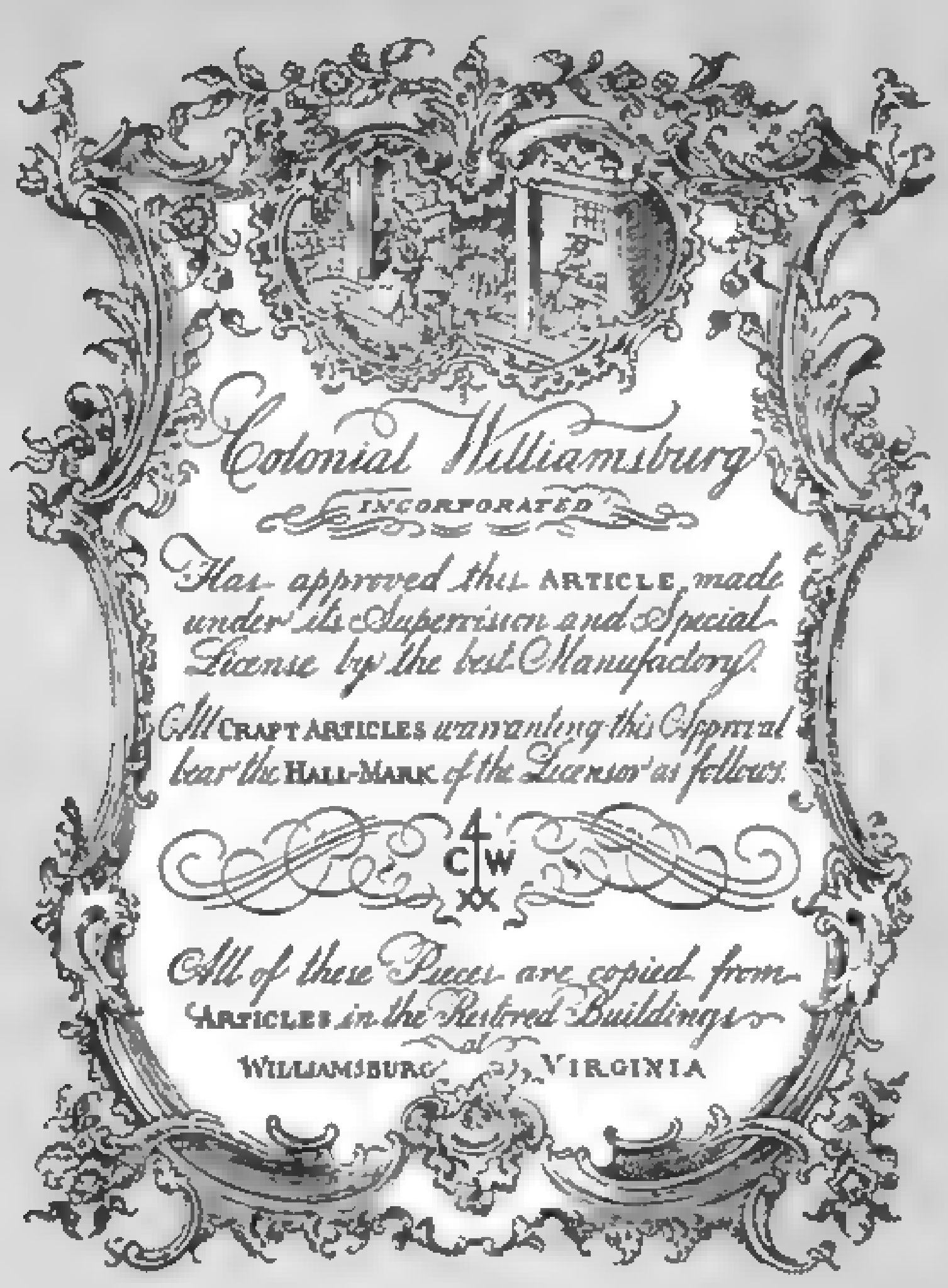


*Below* **048** Individual ASH TRAY AND MATCH BOX, sterling silver, length of tray 2⅝", length of box 1⅝", $3.50 set. **77B** Plain BETSY PATTERSON CAKE BREAKER, sterling silver, length 10¾", $3.50. **0810** WHISKEY CUP or individual CIGARETTE HOLDER, sterling silver, height 2" $2.00



*Below* **RT18** Colonial Williamsburg sterling silver CREAM PITCHER, 10 ounces, 4½" high, $22.50. The old 4-ounce creamer original of RT18 was made by Josiah Austin (1719-1780) a Boston silversmith. **RT15-16** Colonial Williamsburg sterling silver SUGAR BOWL AND COVER, 10 ounces, height 4", $20.00. The original was made by John Burt in Boston. **RT29** Colonial Williamsburg sterling silver COFFEE POT, 36 ounces, 11" high, ebony side handle, $90.00. This is a copy of an old piece made by Charles Le Roux, New York silversmith, in 1715.





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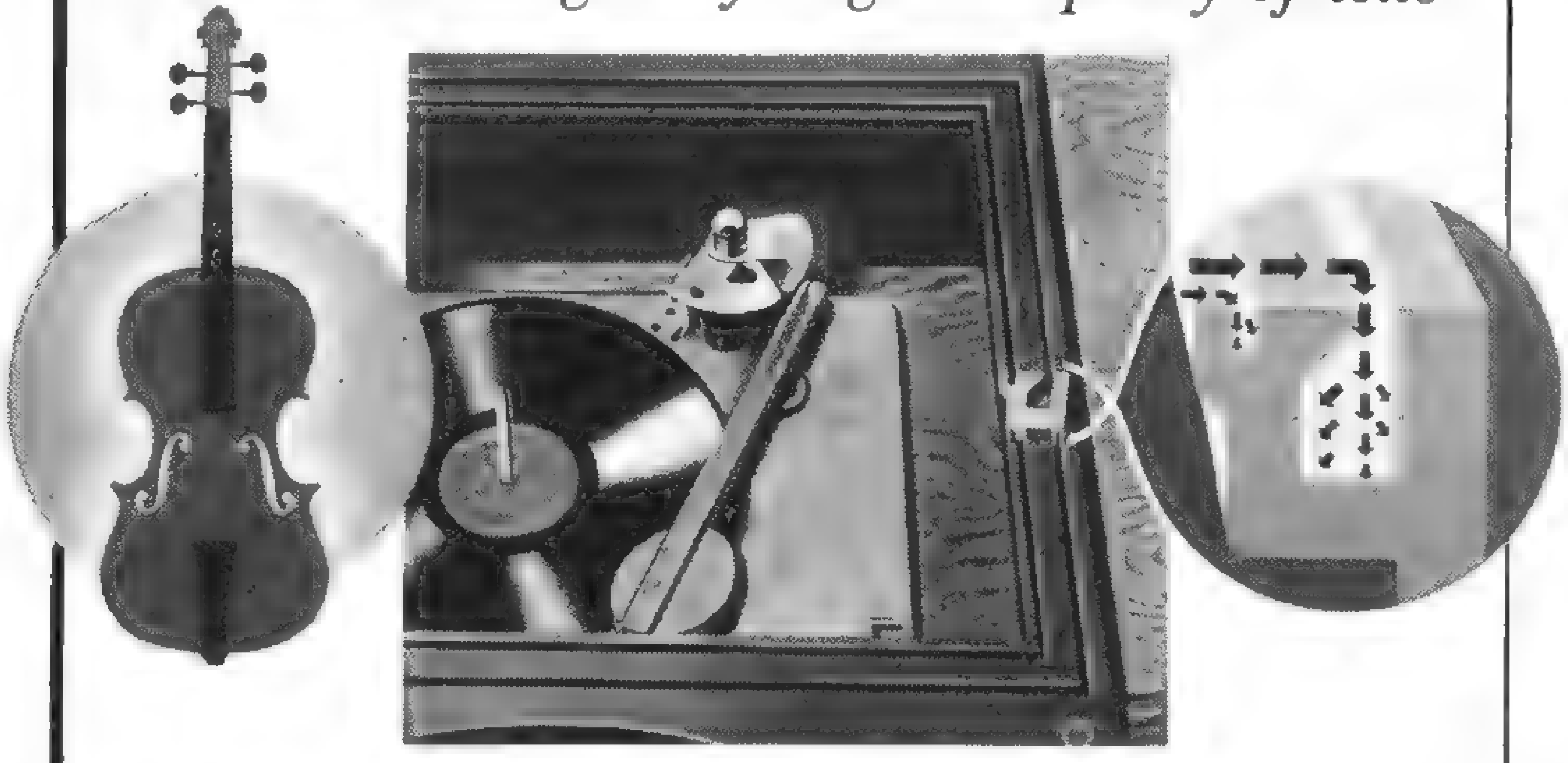

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"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

## The Cruise of the *Lola Montez*

*Continued from pages 130-236*

farther. For some reason I had the hunch that my little dark-eyed Mexican recruiter had been on the level when he said I'd be in New Orleans in two weeks. Anyway, the first officer motioned me aft. I was surprised when he addressed me in reasonably good English—he hadn't spoken a word to me up till then. "The Captain like to see you in her cabin."

I thought he'd got his genders confused until I saw the creature sitting behind the teakwood desk of the luxuriously paneled cabin. "Do shut the door and take a chair," she murmured.

Something my mother had taught me about not staring at freaks came to my rescue and I smiled politely as though a shriveled-up Negress dwarf in command of a luxurious yacht without clearance papers was a common, everyday experience with me. What amazed me most about this grotesque apparition was not the deformed appearance of her figure but the cultured English accent with which she spoke. It was as though a shrunken black mummy had calmly invited me to be seated. Her voice was neither coarse nor shrill, but melodious as a well-bred hostess. The walls of the cabin were covered with fine paintings and etchings, great shelves held endless rows of finely-bound books, while exquisite *objets d' art* abounded on every side.

"My mate tells me your name is Jack Smiley," she said softly, her black lips creased with a self-confident smile. She pushed back the navigation charts she'd been working on with ruler and compass. "It sounds quite American. May I ask what you do back in the States?"

"Nothing very—nothing very successful, madam," I managed to stammer. "I've been a school teacher and a professional ballplayer and a book salesman among other things. I've made a few trips on tramp steamers. Right now I'm trying to work my way back to New Orleans."

"I confess I purposely had you brought on board to chat with, Mr. Smiley," she said. "I hope you don't mind. If everything goes well we'll have you in New Orleans in a week or so. Where do you live in America?"

"Baltimore."

"That would be Baltimore, Maryland? It must be very exciting to come and go about the world as one pleases."

"Well, exciting, ma'am," I said, "until you get stuck in a place like Tampico."

"I've never been in America," she sighed. "Actually I've never been anywhere. This cabin is my home."

I suddenly felt myself at ease. Something in the manner of the ugly little Negress disarmed me. "Tell me about America," she murmured. There was such a wistful quality in her voice that I began to speak with native enthusiasm of the United States.

For several days following I spent much of my time off watch in the cabin of the woman in command of the vessel. The little black Negress revealed nothing of herself to me: it would have been unthinkable to question her. Her mind was sharp and brilliant, and sometimes, as I talked, I felt like a little boy in her presence. Apparently she possessed vast quantities of knowledge. Her acquaintance with literature was profound. Between ingenuous questions she indicated a close familiarity with such diverse subjects as medieval music, Elizabethan drama, and the scientific theory of the genes. It wasn't as though she paraded these cultural acquisitions before you. If you mentioned modern music she inquired with quick excitement if you were acquainted with the compositions of Delius, Strawinsky, Debussy. She asked me one time, apropos of my boyhood on Chesapeake Bay, if I were a good swimmer, and I said that I was. This boast might, or then it might not, have been a mistake, all according to how you look at it.

The fact remains that I never discovered why this little Negro woman, with her scholarship and her drawing room manners, commanded an enterprise such as the *Lola Montez* was engaged in. But it was fairly apparent why I'd been taken on board. Her thirst for first-hand descriptions of places and scenes was insatiable. When our cruise ended she possessed, in that ugly black bulging head of hers, everything of interest I could tell her. I never learned her name: indeed, it was impossible for me to tell whether the imperturbable members of the Indian crew were conscious of the presence on their ship of a Negress commander or not. However, I soon found out why we were floating around in the middle of the Gulf of Mexico.

Our watch would go on duty in an hour or so. It was barely dawn. The water was oily calm, one of those seas with long ground swells that create a gently undulating horizon. The sky was bluish and pale in the East, the sun struggling up through what remained of the night haze. No ocean had ever seemed vaster to me than the gulf that morning, no horizon lonelier. A muffled order was shouted from the bridge, and then I heard a bell clang out in the engine room. We were lying-to. Lying-to on a deserted sea is an eerie experience. Even when the purpose is obviously for engine repairs, the uneasy sensation persists. And this was not for engine repairs. The yacht lost headway at last, rocking gently in the smooth billows of the Gulf Stream.

The sun rose higher in the East, and the surface took on a deeper shade of turquoise green. Then the mate appeared in his spotless gold-braided cap and horn-rimmed spectacles. With a series of sharp commands he ordered the crew to open the storeroom hatches. Already the copper backs of Indians were staggering up the companionway ladders under the load of boxes and crates and sides of beef. I found myself with a sack of flour on my shoulder making uncertain headway forward. Not a stick of wood, much less a sea-going craft, was in sight on the horizon. The sea still undulated in long ground swells as the yacht bobbed about in the hollows. What they intended doing with these stores was certainly beyond me.

I had deposited my flour sack and was returning to the after hatch when I observed a broiling commotion on the surface of the sea on our starboard bow. I halted, mesmerized. The conning tower pushed its way up, and then the rails of the undersea craft came into view. Two stout naval guns, heavily encased, rose with the ship and dripped white seawater. The slender body of the huge submarine drifted closer to starboard. A crew of men emerged from its hatches and lined the low rails. The experience wasn't insubstantial, as it would be in a dream, but painfully real. The Panamanian mate saw me gazing, stupefied, at the apparition over our bow, and barked out sharply to me in English.

An oil line was dropped; in little more than an hour the submarine had been fueled and provisioned. It was impossible for me to determine its nationality. The crewmembers of the undersea vessel were uniformed in dungarees, and they spoke merely with nods of the head. The commander of the *Lola Montez* did not appear on deck. At last the U-boat sank noiselessly and then our vessel had the whole gulf to herself again. It was only now that I glanced aloft and saw the purpose of the topgallant rigging supported by rigid yardarms. Sails of sheet-metal copper had been hoisted aloft in order to guide the direction finders aboard the submarine.

The following afternoon I was called below by the grotesque creature who was captaining this explosive traffic. She was just as cool and suave and disarming as ever. Not a flicker of her black eyelids indicated consciousness of the happening of the day before. We talked for a little while, and then she opened a drawer of the heavy teakwood desk and unrolled a strip of camels'-hair felt and showed me a beautiful collection of rare gold coins. I looked at them a long time, and admired the exquisite workmanship of the French louis and Italian florins and Spanish doubloons. From amongst them she picked out an American double eagle. "You've been very kind to a lonely black woman," she murmured, and pressed the gold coin into my palm.

Two days later we were sailing under the lee of a vaguely-defined strip of land. Suddenly the Panamanian mate and Mr. Wednesday came up behind me and grabbed my by the shoulders and chucked me overboard. At this point of land the Delta's fairly shallow. It wasn't a very long swim. In fact the haze had obscured the possibility of seeing the outlines of the city. It was New Orleans all right. I was a little sore for a while at being so unceremoniously flung into the Gulf of Mexico. Maybe I shouldn't have done that boasting. But then I was alive and I was back in the States, and I had a rare double-eagle, he concluded philosophically.

I think I'll keep it, he added, as a good-luck charm. ⵌ

## The Sound and the Fury

*Continued from pages 10-12-216-218-220*

### FOR PUZZELNUTS ONLY ALL OTHERS STOP HERE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *From this point on, the Sound and the Fury is devoted to the presention of new problems and "brain-busters," and correspondence concerning old ones.*

### HOBBY'S TANK

I wish to back up Mr. D. Hoffman's desire, presented in the October issue, to get the problems out of the "algebra class." In his brine problem we might go one step further and add a second tank. In tank 1 are 100 gallons of brine containing 75 lbs. of salt. Water runs in at the rate of 3 gal. a minute. In tank 2 are 100 gallons of pure water. To change the "solution" the mixture from tank 1 runs at the rate of 3 gal. a minute into tank 2. From tank 2 the mixture overflows at the rate of 3 gal. a minute. How much salt in tank 2 after 90 minutes?

Mr. Hoffman's bullet spends close to 2 minutes above 10,000 feet and his brine tank will contain 20.8 lbs. of salt after 90 minutes. Sincerely,

Wyandotte, Mich. HOBBY-HORSE

### ANSWERING TOBIAS

"Tobias' Letters" appearing in the October *S. & F.*":

```
LETTER ) DIVISION ( SIR
```

when converted into figures, appear as follows:

```
326624 ) 57071798 ( 174
         326624
         2440939
         2286368
          1545718
          1306496
           239222
```

Yours very truly,

Baltimore, Md. C. E. MEARS

### ANOTHER TOBIAS LETTER

Substitute a number for each "Letter," using the same *number* for the same *letter* throughout; and you have a perfect example of long division.

Letter Division:

```
CAN ) WILLKIE ( WIN?
      CAN
      IEAK
      WCEI
       NINI
       EKEN
        ?ONE
        LCO?
         WNW

READ ) ESQUIRE ( MEN
       ESUUM
        MQSR
        SAUE
        EISDE
        EENAN
         DMAA
```

Yonkers, N.Y. PAUL JAY TOBIAS

*Continued on page 240*

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La Mer (Debussy) Serge Koussevitzky with the Boston Symphony Orch. Album M-643, 6 sides. *Old price basis $6.50;* new list price . . . . . . . . . $3.50

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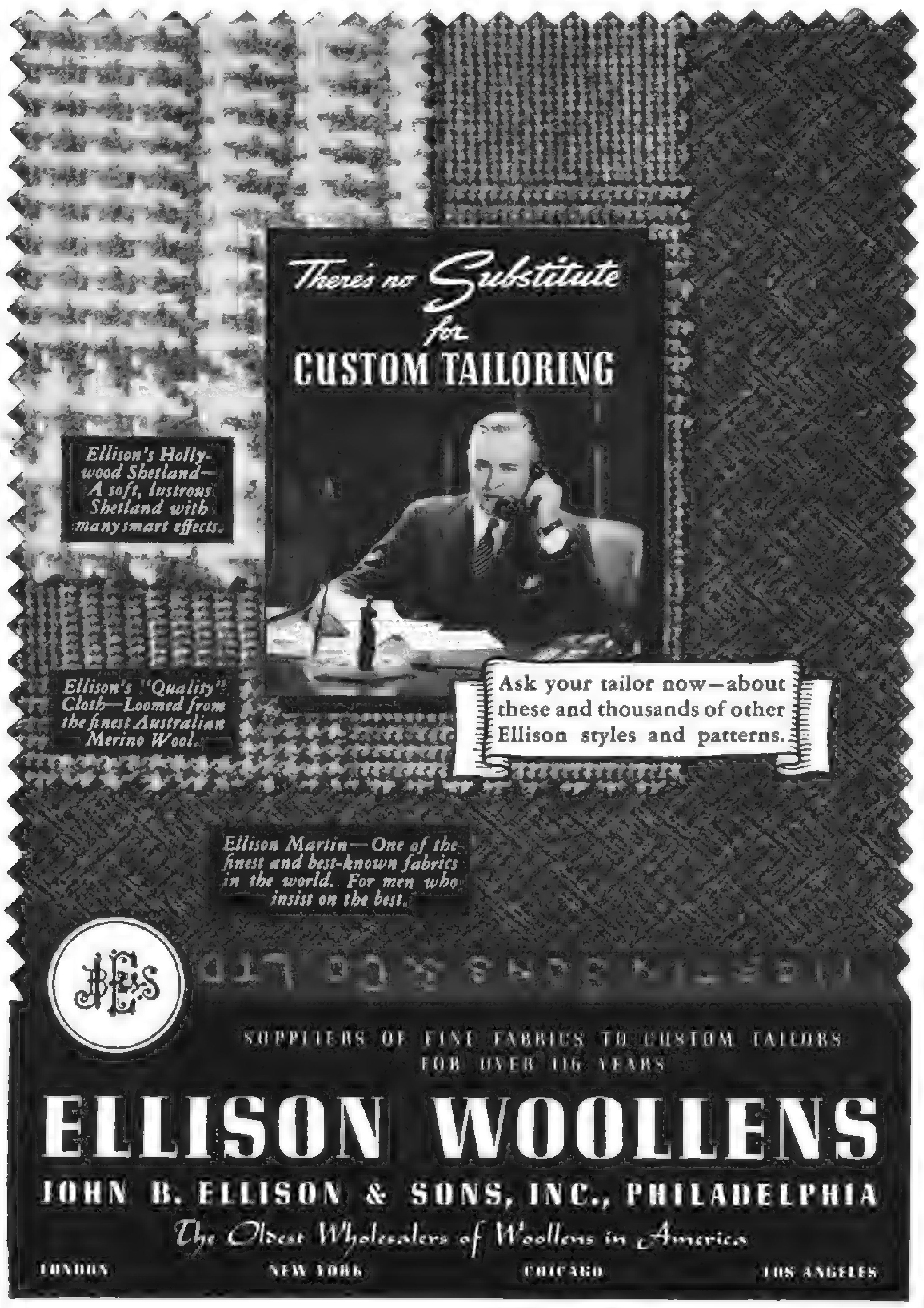

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## The Sound and the Fury

*Continued from pages 10-12-216-218-220-239*

### LUNDEN-MOORE'S ANSWER

I have your letter of September 24th, in which you request a correct solution to my problem. The correct solution:

Number of different rows . 1,048,576
Amount of money . . . $1,153,433.60

Very truly yours,
David A. Lunden-Moore
New York, N.Y.

### RICHTER'S DOUBLE

A friend and I have been arguing over the following two questions for some time. Since your department appears to deal with such cases, we have decided to ask you, or one of your qualified contributors, to act as a neutral judge and settle the questions finally. Would you please help us?

(1) Assuming that a car with all windows closed is traveling in a straight line at any rate of speed, and a ball held in the air is dropped; would the ball hit the floor at a spot directly underneath the spot from which it was dropped, if while the ball was falling, the car was stopped as quickly as the brakes would allow? Assuming that the car could be stopped instantly while the ball was falling, what would be the action of the ball?

(2) If two similar cars going at identical speeds were to crash head-on, would the resulting damage done to each car be the same as the damage done to one of the cars if it were to crash head-on into an immovable object at a speed twice that of the cars in the original crash?

I am enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope for your convenience and taking the liberty of thanking you in advance for your kind attention in this matter.

Very truly yours,
Frederick W. Richter, 3rd
East Northport, N.Y.

### DUKE'S DIPPIES

I came in late. Maybe you have heard all the good ones, but just in case, here are a few I have collected:

A duck weighs fifteen pounds plus half its own weight. How much does the duck weigh?

Some duck!

This one may also be new:

A board has three holes cut in it: (1) A circle of 6-inch diameter, (2) a square 6-inches on a side, and (3) an isosceles triangle of altitude and base 6-inches each. What is the shape of a rigid body which can pass completely through each hole, yet fill each completely as it passes through?

And now a gem:

Two balls are touching the wall on one side of a room. The floor is rough and no slipping can occur. The balls roll across the room to the other side wall, the center of each ball moving at the same horizontal speed. One ball reaches the opposite wall in half the time required for the other ball to reach it. How come?

The Rothermel wire was very nice. There are many solutions, in addition to Sinnott's sum of 10625, including 10986, 13580, 15326, 15762, and 17508, in all of which M equals 1.

Yours truly,
Richmond, Va. Irving T. Duke

### CHENAULT'S CLOCK

At what time past 12 o'clock is the square root of its indication shown 10 minutes later?

Nashville, Tenn. D. B. Chenault

### HOBBY'S LADDER

Being a newcomer to this column I trust my contribution will not offend the ability of those skilled in the art of solving problems. The problem I have to offer is, no doubt, familiar to most of you but by attaching a limitation your former interest in it may be rekindled. A cubical box, 3-feet on each side, is placed up against a board fence. The top of a ladder, 12-feet long, is placed against the fence with the body of the ladder passing over the box and the foot of the ladder resting on the ground. The foot of the ladder (being kept on the ground) is now pushed toward the fence. At what point above the ground will the top of the ladder leave the fence? The solution of this problem normally resolves itself into setting up two equations in two unknowns and solving. However, a fourth power equation results which is not too easily solved. Can you solve this problem without going beyond two-power equations?

Sincerely yours,
Wyandotte, Mich. Hobby-Horse

### JOHNSON'S BALL GAME

The answer to the problem sent in by Wilmer Thompson, Springfield, Mo., to find the area of the surface removed from a sphere 20 inches in diameter by cutting a hole 2 inches square through the center of the sphere is 8.025 sq. in.

The answer to the problem sent in by H. C. Fleming, Jamaica, Long Island, to find the volume removed by a 6-inch hole bored diagonally through a 12-inch cube is 455.3986 cubic inches.

Here is a good problem for the baseball fans to work on:

In a ball game the ball was batted so that it passed near first base. It was fielded (stopped) at a distance twice as far from second base and three times as far from third base as from first base.

What was the distance from first base?

Was it a fair or foul ball?

Yours very truly,
Cleveland, O. William W. Johnson

### PFOUTS' POTPOURRI

Here's one I made up:

Take a Baker's Dozen; multiply it by the number of schools in the Conference of which Michigan University is a member. Multiply this product by the number of schools in the Conference of which Kansas University is a member. To this product add the year in which Rome fell. From this subtract the year in which William the Conqueror took England. Divide this difference by the number of Horsemen they had at Notre Dame. Multiply this result by the number of Wise Men. Divide this product by the number of balls allowed to a serve in Tennis. Divide this result by the number of Lessons from Madam La Zonga. The answer is the lucky number 7. If you didn't get seven, check your arithmetic and think of Robert M. Hutchins.

Regards to Esquire, even though you do upset my budget.

Sincerely,
Lawrence, Kans. R. William Pfouts

### MACCLAY'S QUANDARY

As a constant and devout subscriber to Esquire I have frequently read with complacency the many resplendent comments appearing in your *Sound and Fury* department. I, therefore, beg your kind indulgence in submitting to its readers the following problem which has provoked considerable debate between myself and several business associates. Perhaps contributors to its columns can provide our insatiable demands with a satisfactory solution to this weighty problem.

If a 170-grain spherical object is projected at a velocity of 2,000 feet per second, perpendicular to the earth's surface (at sea level), how high will it go in feet?

How many seconds will be required for the ascent; how many seconds for the descent?

What will the velocity be when the object strikes the earth's surface?

Does a falling object gain velocity throughout its fall from a very great height? Or does it reach a maximum speed beyond which further fall fails to increase the velocity of the falling object?

Respectfully,
Philadelphia, Pa. C. W. MacClay

*Continued on page 242*

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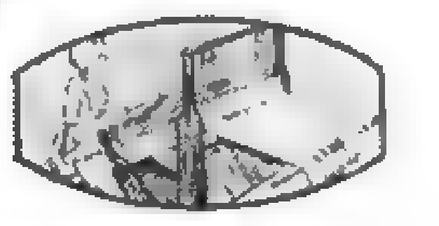

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# The Sound and the Fury

*Continued from pages 10-12-216-218-220-239-240*

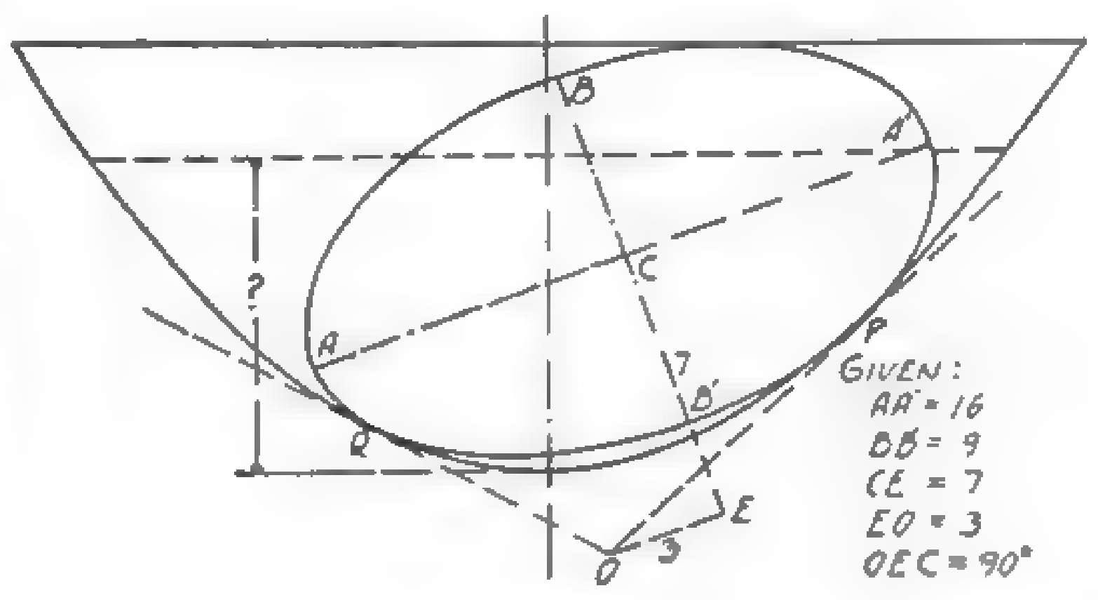
### SOPHIE'S SEQUEL

Having promised the boys to describe another exploit of my duck Sophie when they had wangled the first, I herewith keep my word. Mr. Serby, having correctly sounded the depth of the funnel puddle, is invited to try his "muscular mathematics" on this one.

Sophie shifted to a parabolic auto headlight and that wise bird picked a time when there was just enough water in it to submerge the egg. She carelessly laid it on the skew again and I had some trouble locating it.

Abandoning persiflage, the problem is stated thus: A prolate spheroid is placed, as shown in the sketch, in a paraboloid of revolution, containing water which rose just enough to cover the spheroid. The point "O" is the intersection of the common tangents to the two curves at "P" and "Q." Find the original depth of water.

(Sketch herewith)



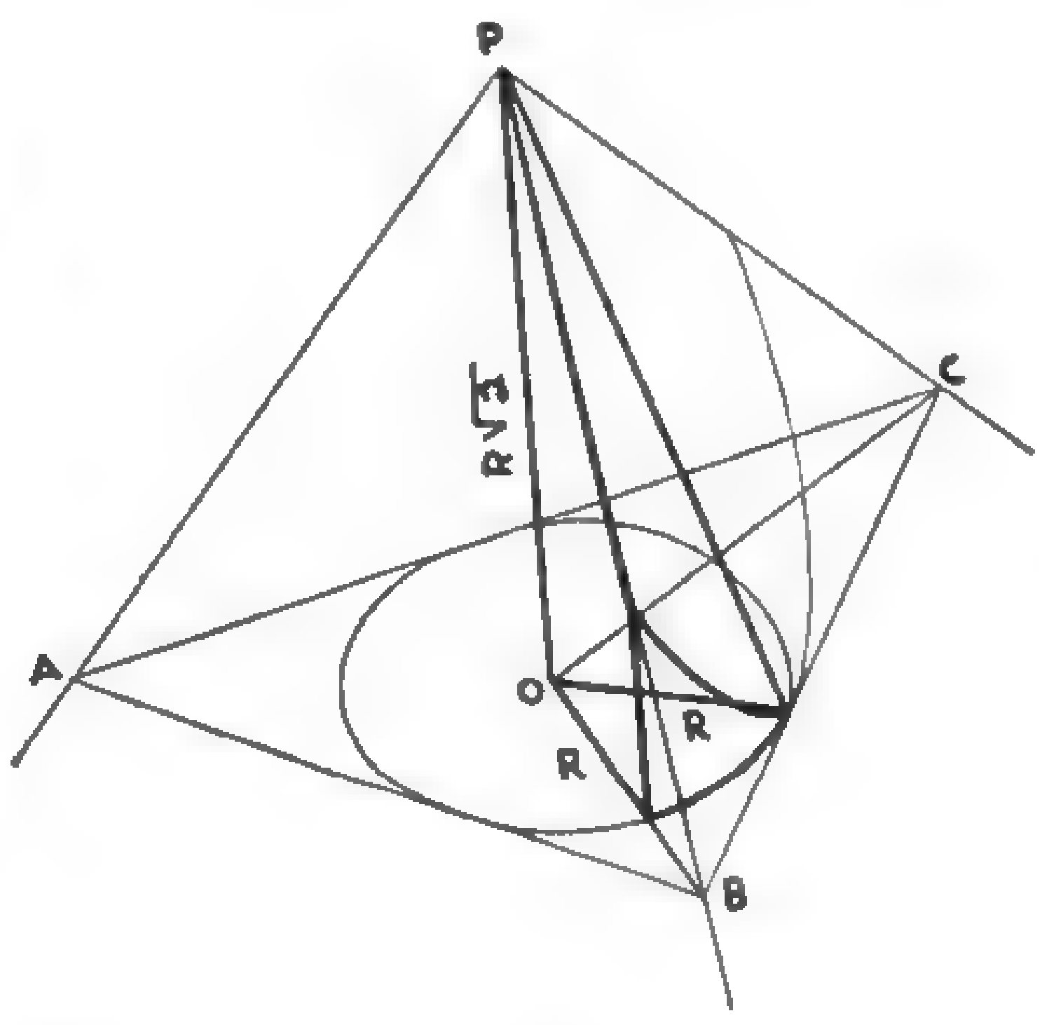
For Mr. Fleming's interesting problem in the September issue, concerning a hole bored on the bias through a cube, I got 455.38 cubic inches for the volume removed.

I think his answer to the problem of the road tangent to the lake was misprinted for it should be 18.823 instead of 8.823. It is not likely that so obvious an error would escape him.

Sincerely yours,
Baltimore, Md. HELEN M. SCOTT

### FLEMING'S ANSWER

The *correct* solution to my problem concerning the hole drilled along the diagonal of a cube is approximately 456 cubic inches—and it's easier than I thought. I have enclosed a solution for the edification of anyone interested.



Let A = edge of cube
R = radius of hole drilled along diagonal

Volume drilled out consists of a cylinder lying between plane ABC and a similar plane at the opposite corner of the cube, and 12 volumes identical with the one outlined in red in the figure.

Thus, $$V=\pi R^2(A\sqrt{3}-2R\sqrt{2})+12\int_0^R\int_0^{\frac{\pi}{3}}\sqrt{2}(R-p\cos\theta)p\,d\theta\,dp$$

Carrying out this operation, we get

$$V=\sqrt{3}\,\pi R^2A-2R^3\sqrt{6}$$

For the problem cited, A = 12 inches, R = 3 inches, thus

$$V=\frac{\underline{456\text{ cubic inches}}}{\text{slide rule accuracy}}$$

Very truly yours,
Jamaica, L. I. H. C. FLEMING

### CROWELL'S FLY

A short time ago I was shown an unusual problem which I pass on to you in hopes that some of your readers may find it interesting.

It seems that in a room twenty feet long, ten feet wide and ten feet high lived an intelligent fly, and further, that at the time in question he was standing on one of the end walls exactly one foot from the ceiling and five feet from either side wall. Being tired of flying he decided to walk to a spot on the other end wall, exactly one foot from the floor and five feet from either side wall.

Incidentally this fly was not given to snap judgments in spite of being lazy. Hence, after pondering a bit, he was delighted to discover that he did not have to walk as far as the obvious thirty feet.

The question is how far did he have to travel?

Sincerely,
Manila, P.I. D. C. CROWELL

### ANSWERING TOBIAS II

In your November copy of ESQUIRE, in *Sound & Fury*, a poser is given on the age of Tobias' Family by Paul Jay Tobias of Yonkers, N. Y.

A simple little algebra problem which can be solved as follows:

Let $x$ = age of one parent
$y$ = age of second parent
$w$ = age of one child
$z$ = age of second child

Data given in problem:

(1) $x-y=4$ (difference in parents' ages)

(2) $w-z=4$ (difference in parents' childrens' ages)

(3) $x+y=9\,(w+z)$ . . . (relationship of ages at present)

(4) $(x+y+8)=5\,(w+z+8)$ (relationship of ages in four years)

From equation (3) $x+y=9w+9z$

From equation (4) $\underline{8+x+y=5w+5z+40}$

Subtracting
(4) from (3) $-8=4w+4z-40$
therefore $4w+4z=32$
and $w+z=8$
from equation (2) $w-z=4$

Adding (2) and the result of subtracting (4) from (3) we get $2w=12$ and $w=6$. Therefore $z$ must be 2. In the same manner $x$ is found to be 38 and $y$ is found to be 34 which I think fits all the requirements of Mr. Tobias.

Of course in checking the original algebraic equations we get

(1) $x-y=4$
$38-34=4$
$4=4$

(2) $w-z=4$
$6-2=4$
$4=4$

(3) $x+y=9\,(w+z)$
$38+34=9\,(6+2)$
$72=72$

(4) $x+y+8=5\,(w+z+8)$
$38+34+8=5\,(6+2+8)$
$80=80$

Q.E.D.

I hope Tobias' wife doesn't get angry about the secret of her age being discovered. I am

Yours for tougher problems,
Evansville, Ind. LOUIS ZIMOV

### MILLER'S DOUBLE

Try these: 1. Inscribe a regular polygon of 17 sides in a circle, using only plain Euclidian geometry and no approximations. 2. In how many ways can one make the regrettable mistake of putting ten letters in the wrong envelopes, putting every letter in the wrong envelope each time? And I know where to dig up plenty more like these and more difficult, if my public should demand.

Very truly yours,
Medford, Ore. IRVING MILLER

*Continued on page 243*

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# The Sound and the Fury

*Continued from pages 10-12-216-218-220-239-240-242*

### WALLIHAN'S REVIVAL

With the permission of Esquire, I have a little sticker that will drive Mr. Lunden-Moore daffy. Not only that but he will have to be daffy to arrive at the solution and once he does get it firmly fixed in his mind he will find the explanation difficult to present clearly to others.

The results of an examination for an important position disclosed a tie between three men. For a tie-breaker, the employer seated the men about a round table in a room containing no other furniture or ornamentation whatsoever. He then held up two pieces of chalk, one white, one red, and addressed the men. "I will approach each of you and make one mark on your forehead. I may use either red or white on any of you but at least one of you will bear a red mark. The man who comes to my office and tells me how he knows he bears a red mark will get the job." The employer then placed a red mark on the forehead of each and departed. In a short time one of the men went to the employer, made his explanation, and got the job.

It must be remembered that this is solved by logic and not by mechanical means such as reflection, brushing a hand over the mark or any other device.

Burlingame, Calif. Gordon Wallihan

### ANSWERING THREE

Being a puzzlenut, I read columns 3 and 4, page 10 of your October Esquire. This is the best part of the magazine, and gave me 4-bits worth alone.

Mr. Tobias' problem deserves the following simple answer:

$$\begin{array}{r} 326624\,)\overline{57071798}\,(\,174 \\ \underline{326624\phantom{00}} \\ 2440939\phantom{0} \\ \underline{2286368\phantom{0}} \\ 1545718 \\ \underline{1306496} \\ 239222 \end{array}$$

Mr. Lunden-Moore was not disposed of so quickly. It helped to remember that the number of arrangements of "a" pieces of one kind and "b" pieces of another kind will be:

$$\frac{(a+b)!}{a!\times b!}$$

In his problem, "a" and "b" vary through a range of positive integers so that (a+b) is constant (=20). Hence there will be (a+b+1) terms similar to the above, thus:

$$\frac{(a+b)!}{0!\times(a+b)!}+\frac{(a+b)!}{1!\times(a+b-1)!}+\frac{(a+b)!}{2!\times(a+b-2)!}\cdots\cdots\frac{(a+b)!}{(a+b)!\times 0!}$$

We puzzlenuts express this sum in a way that may baffle your linotypist, viz.:

$$\sum_{n=0}^{a+b}\frac{(a+b)!}{n!\times(a+b-n)!}=2^{(a+b)}$$

And when a+b=20, the number of possible arrangements will be—

$$2^{20}=1,048,576.$$

Now for the total value. Obviously there is symmetry in that each arrangement has an opposite twin with dimes and pennies precisely and respectively substituted for pennies and dimes. The sum of an arrangement and its twin will always have a value of $2.20, hence the mean value of each arrangement will be $1.10. Therefor, the total value in dollars U.S. is:

$$\frac{11}{10}\times 2^{20}=\$1,153,433.60$$

Mr. Hart's problem, to prove "one is equal to nothing" has been done by H. E. Licks. Reference is made to a general proof on page 28 (paragraph 43) of his "Recreations in Mathematics" (Van Nostrand, 1917). Fanciful as this may sound, it is really true that

$$1!=0!$$

Sincerely,
R. Robinson Rowe
Sacramento, Calif.

### SNIFF 'N' SNEER

If Mr. Lunden-Moore's problem is going to be the sensation of the year all I can say is that we're in for a pretty dull time of it. That stumbling block of a problem robbed me exactly five minutes of my lightest brain concentration. If all rows are to contain 20 coins either dimes or pennies then the total number of rows simply would be $2^{20}$ or 104,857,620. The amount of money involved is $115,343,382 because the most one row would contain would be $2.00 and the least $0.20 and the average would be $1.10. Here's hoping for some real problems.

Yours truly,
Russell H. Barbour
Middle Dam, Maine

# The Awakening of Jan

*Continued from page 59*

almost blew him off his crutches, the "Washoe Zephyr" they called it; and he hated the Irishman. O'Moore was the Irishman's name. He was a foreman at the Lucky Welshman. He had been the boss of Jan's shift at the time of the accident. He started coming to see Jan while the stump was healing. That was how he met Luba.

Day after day he came, even after the leg was well. He gave Jan no rest. As soon as his shift was finished in the early afternoon he would wash up and climb the path to the house. The three of them would sit on the front porch and drink. O'Moore would always bring a bottle of whiskey. He would sit on one side of Jan, Luba on the other.

Jan knew why he came but felt completely powerless to get rid of him. From the Irishman's lips poured a library full of words, but his bright, blue eyes, the bluer for being set in his bright, pink face, said one simple, lustful thing.

Jan threaded his way down the mountain. His crutches dug and slipped in the loose earth. He could feel the Irishman watching him and his face grew hot with chagrin. He swung himself awkwardly across the gulch and up the hill.

"Hurry along there, me bucko. I'm half a bottle ahead of you. Whip those two stick horses into a gallop. You look as dry as they do." The Irishman emptied his glass as he spoke. Jan sweated up the steps.

"You not work today?" said Jan. He could not keep the suspicion from his voice as he peered past O'Moore, looking for Luba.

"No, me bucko, not today; nor tomorrow; nor the day after that. I'm the new assistant shift boss on your shift. Here, drink to me success."

He thrust a tumbler half full of whiskey into Jan's hand. Jan took a swallow and looked toward the door again for Luba. His brain tried to estimate what differences

Continued on page 244

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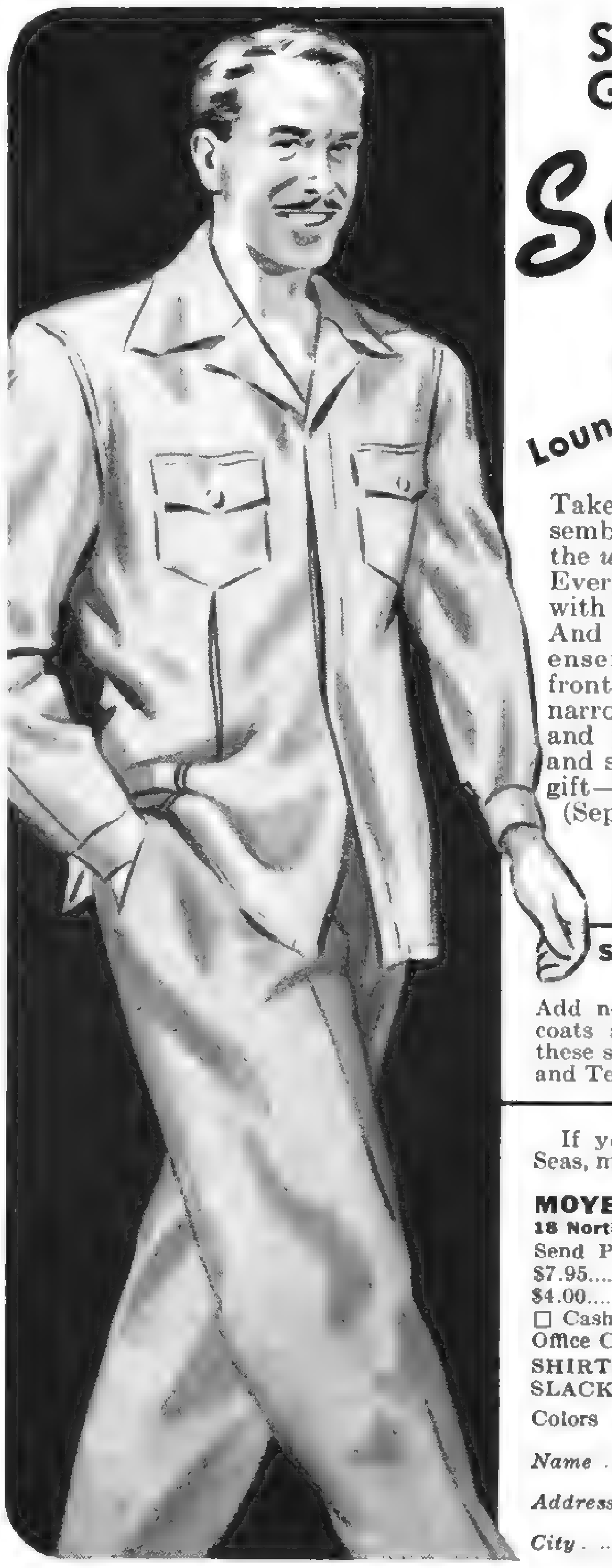

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## The Awakening of Jan

*Continued from pages 59-243*

this change would make between O'Moore and Luba and him.

He finished his drink and hobbled into the house. The bedroom door was open and he saw the bed unmade. He could hear the water running in the bathroom. He sat down in the dining room and leaned his crutches against the table. He felt exhausted and sick.

In a few minutes Luba came out of the bathroom. She went into the kitchen and put the coffee on. She didn't look at him and she didn't speak. Jan watched her with inexpressible sadness. Never had he loved her so much. Never had she appeared so shining and beautiful. Her taffy colored hair fell loose about her shoulders. Stray strands were brown with moisture, curling about her brow and ears. Her complexion was new ivory and rose. Her movements flowed with strange, weird music.

O'Moore lurched in from the porch and set the bottle in the center of the table. When Luba brought Jan's coffee the Irishman filled the cup to the brim with whiskey.

"There y'are; coffee royal for the royal Polack. Today is to be the day, and this divil's brew will try your manhood, Jan, me boy."

"Luba," he yelled, "fetch a fine, large pot of hot coffee. This day will see the master. No man living or Polish can stand up to the O'Moore when his mind is set to drink him down. Up the Innishawn, me bucko."

They drank all day. Jan was tired. He had been working every night and this rousing had been going on for days. But he would not give in. Deep down in his Polish stubbornness was the conviction that in this contest the winner took all. The Irishman roamed the house like a wild horse. He stamped and waved his arms and ran his red fingers through his red hair. Luba watched him with her slow, loose smile. Occasionally she went into the kitchen for more coffee. She never looked at Jan.

He sat hunched over the table. He hadn't moved since he came into the house except to go to the bathroom. He watched Luba like a great, drooping, yellow owl. His eyes never wearied of their vigil. When O'Moore fell into the bathtub Luba went to help him. Jan stirred angrily.

"Let him be," he said.

She stopped and stared at him for a moment, then she turned and went into the kitchen. Jan fell to muttering.

"She not help him. If I win, I win."

O'Moore kicked and cursed in the tub. Finally he floundered out, wet and staggering. "Don' be laughin' at me, you dim-witted, thick-skulled, saucer-eyed, Polack peasant. The Irish are descended from a great race of kings. If I had a chair I'd brain you."

His anger was all drunken make-believe. He pushed a chair out of his way and slapped Jan heavily on the back. "Let's you and me get drunk," he said. "Buck up, me bucko. I'm going to get another bottle."

When he had gone Jan's hopes rose. He hopped without his crutches into the kitchen. "He's gone," he said thickly; "Luba, I won." He lunged across the room and tried to embrace her. She pushed him sharply away. He fell against the table and slid to the floor.

He crawled back to her on his hands and knees. "I won," he pleaded, "I won."

He clutched her wrapper and tried to pull himself up to her. His mouth worked foolishly, trying to form words.

"You gotta man, Luba. I show you. I prove it. Drink, fight, love like the best. I show you. Pretty soon I throw 'way them damn crutches."

Luba turned her grey-green cat eyes full on him. They blazed. She tore his hands loose and flung him backward against the wall.

"You lose," she said.

Jan passed out. He had never passed out before in his life. He had drunk with the best of them, many times; twelve hours too; a pint an hour; then wet his face with cold water and gone to work like a man. Even when the ore truck ran over his foot he hadn't passed out. But now he didn't care. He didn't want to stay awake any longer. He heard the Irishman coming back up the hill singing, then he went to sleep on the kitchen floor. His head was propped against the wainscoting at a stiff angle. His eyes were half open.

O'Moore lurched into the house brandishing a fresh bottle. "Where is he, the Polack? Best pal—friend—ever dogged. O, there you be." He wagged an unsteady finger at Jan's sprawled form.

"Looks like I be the winner," he said with mild surprise.

Luba looked at him and smiled her slow smile. She rubbed her hips against the edge of the table and leaned her head far back. The day was hot and there was the smell of her in the room. O'Moore tasted her with his sharp, blue eyes.

"Are you sure he's out, now?" he said. "I'll give him the acid test."

"Say, you flat-faced, pink-eyed, tongueless wonder; call yourself a man? Take that, and that, and that." O'Moore stumbled about above Jan, shadow boxing; aiming fake blows; enjoying himself hugely.

"And what's more," he continued, winking at the grinning Luba, "I can drink gallons to your quarts, quarts to your pints, and pints to your ponies." He paused, but Jan, who had jousted for his lady and lost, didn't stir.

"I guess he be out," said the Irishman. "If he don't answer to that insult he must be out."

He took Jan by the arms and

dragged his dead weight to the porch. Luba followed. "You'll sleep better in the open air, me bucko," he said.

Then he put his arm under Luba's wrapper and led her back into the house. She smiled and leaned her cheek against his neck.

"You are such a loud, funny man," she said.

* * *

It was night when Jan, the Polack, awoke. The slim, top edge of the full moon glowed above the crest of the mountain opposite. The grey, corrugated iron sheds of the Lucky Welshman glistened with the reflection. He wondered stupidly if it was time to go to work. That would be midnight. There was only moonlight and everything was very quiet; too quiet. The world was quiet; the blue night and the swollen, black and purple hills. Even the staccato bark of the exhaust from the mine pump was softened and blended into the stillness. There was no wind—no Washoe Zephyr to burn and blast a man.

The moon rose slowly, inching its way. When its lower edge reached the ridge of the mountain it seemed to hesitate, round and heavy and yellow, like a pregnant Chinese woman pausing for breath after a long climb.

Jan watched it all with fixed, unblinking eyes. He could see with an instinctive, fearful clarity. He had no hangover. He knew what he had been doing; knew what he had done; what he must do. There in the house was O'Moore, the red Irishman; with his red hands and face, his red hair, and his restless, blue-button eyes that flicked everywhere like swallows in the dusk.

And there was Luba with her soft mouth, and hungry, grey-green eyes; eyes that were like hungry cats, gazing on the flesh of O'Moore, the Irishman; the raw, red flesh of O'Moore, the Irishman.

What must be done must be done, of course. It had been inevitable since the day O'Moore had come to see him; that first day when O'Moore had looked at Luba with his bright, blue-button eyes.

She had stood facing down at him, Jan remembered. The wind had tugged and thrust her dress tight against her body and between her legs. It blew her flaxen hair back behind her ears and tossed it like a palomino's mane. O'Moore had stood at the foot of the steps, staring entranced. Jan had seen his bright, hard, blue eyes move over Luba's shapely figure; touching at the curve of her belly and where her breasts pushed out against her thin house dress; marking the pale ivory of her skin, pinked by sunburn and the wind. Then they had studied the grey-green cat eyes and the wide mouth, with the soft, pouting, lower lip.

"A jewel," he pronounced, "a precious jewel. Men dig in the bowels of the earth for gold; 'tis trash. Here on the brow of this windy world is the real treasure."

Luba had liked his speech making. That was the trouble. She had smiled at him, thrusting out her lower lip and curling it downward so all her lower teeth showed.

"I've brought a bit of a bottle for a bit of a wake," he had announced. " 'Tis only a bit of him that is your husband that's lost, I'm thinking." He had shouted at his own poor joke. Jan remembered that Irishman's laugh with loathing. It had a thick, shaking roar that set even the stump of his leg to aching.

Jan shook his head to clear away the memory. It was haunting him like a drunken dream. He took a deep breath and raised himself to his knees. He crawled quietly into the house and found his crutches. The place was rancid with love making. Coffee was on the table and O'Moore sat humped over a cup, using both hands to steady it. When the Irishman finished Jan followed him out into the blue night.

He felt wonderfully calm. He swung himself effortless and silent behind O'Moore, following him like a shadow. Neither spoke. Above them the hard, white lights blinked from the mine. The hum of the generators vibrated through the mountain.

Jan felt a sharp impulse to laugh. He began to talk softly to himself. He addressed the Irishman's broad back, but his words were for himself alone. Thoughts that had swum around loose in his mind for a lifetime, like microbes in a pond, crystallized—developed—formed into the pattern called words. They were beautiful to behold. Jan tasted them, savored their deliciousness like a man who had been long without food. A man armed with words is twice as bold, he thought, and he had need of courage for what he was about to do.

"You Irishman," he said, "you think I am just one dumb Polack. I show you. I know more dan you think. I know things I not able to say, big things, deep down things. Well, you all time laugh before, I laugh now. I laugh so loud they hear me over there on Boot Hill. The dead, they will come poking their mouldy heads out of their graves and sayin', 'what's so funny, now?' Then maybe they be joinin' in with a laugh that will shake the mountain and rattle all the glasses over behind the Crystal Bar."

They passed swiftly across the ravine and up the side of the mountain. Jan swaggered on his crutches as he entered the mine shed and chuckled as he punched his time card. He climbed to his high-backed chair like a judge, ready to dispense justice.

O'Moore went down in the first lift load. His usually pink face looked pale and unsmiling. Jan exulted. Maybe he suspected; maybe he sixth-sensed what was in store for him. The thought of a frightened O'Moore down in the depths of the mountain thrilled him savagely. He imagined the

*Continued on page 246*

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## The Awakening of Jan

*Continued from pages 59-243-245*

Irishman, furtive and sweating, peering warily into the shadows.

"It not down there, Mr. Red Irishman," he murmured to himself. "What I got for you is up here."

He looked gloatingly up at the whirling drum over the shaft. He blew it a kiss.

"That is for the Red Irishman," he said, "give to him for me."

He knew O'Moore would come up alone in a little while with the first sample of the night's run. That was when it would happen. The bell would ring—there by his ear. He would push forward the "up" lever. The quivering lift belt would begin to slide upward. That woven steel belt had broken once, Jan recalled. The flailing end had sliced the operator in half like a razor cutting a worm.

Faster and faster it would go, wrapping its grey and greasy coils about the whirling drum. The warning mark would flash past. He would reach leisurely for the cable brake. He would have to check that upward rush of speed a little, otherwise the crash might snap the steel cable. The lift, with O'Moore's wild, supplicating face, would hurtle past. It would crash into the steel guard above. The terrific impact would fling the Irishman upward, like a bolt from a sling. Five remaining feet and the mandibles of steel would reach out to taste his red flesh. His shriek would be swallowed by the hungry, droning drum.

Jan had his story all ready. The brake had slipped again. Just another accident. He had warned them. He was chuckling at the plan's perfection when the buzzer sounded in his ear.

Automatically he pushed forward the "up" lever, still chuckling. The lift came up fast. The warning mark was in front of him before he realized, before he was prepared. Now was the time. He caught his breath short and strove to concentrate his wandering thoughts. He reached for the brake but it was too late. The rest was blurred; the black, streaking lift; O'Moore's pink and white face turned upward; the scream; the crash.

Something wet splashed in Jan's face. He turned his head away, trying to avoid it. It was blood—he knew it. It ran down his neck, cold and uncomfortable. Horrible—O'Moore's blood was cold. He opened his mouth to scream and it strangled him. Then he awoke.

O'Moore, the Irishman, was bending above him. "Wake up," he said thickly, "we gotta go to work."

For an instant Jan was paralyzed with fear. He saw the round moon directly behind the Irishman's head, ringing it like a halo. He could not move even to cross himself. He heard the regular, explosive cough of the mine pump, familiar and welcome. He realized then he had been dreaming.

O'Moore went back into the house. Jan wiped the water from his face and rolled over onto his hands and knees. The strength was gone from his arms and legs but he dragged himself slowly after the Irishman. He felt light and empty and sick.

Then something began to glow inside him. It spread through him and all about. With a shock he realized that he was doing something he had done before. He was re-living what he had experienced in his dream. Each succeeding incident was identical. Like a spectator seeing again a well remembered play, he knew each word, recognized each action. There was O'Moore, bleary-eyed, hunched over his coffee; and Luba in her wrapper, her hair rumpled and tangled, pouring coffee and making sandwiches for the lunch. He had seen and experienced all this before. He wanted to shout with laughter. He, Jan the Polack, was now Jan, the Prophet. He actually knew what was going to happen next. He could foretell the future.

When the two men left for the mine Luba followed them to the porch. She stood in the moonlight watching them cross the gulch. The Irishman was leading, Jan swinging along in his shadow. She turned to re-enter the house when she heard a strange sound. It grew from a chuckle to a rocking roar that swept across the gulch and shook the house. Somebody was laughing. At first she thought it was the Irishman. But it didn't sound like O'Moore. It had a strange flatness, like someone unused to laughing. She knew then it was Jan, and fear struck at her, nameless and deep. Then his laugh was joined by O'Moore's rich bellow. It crashed and echoed between the hills like summer thunder.

It was still echoing in her dreams when the mine whistle began to blow in short, crazy blasts. She got up and went out on the porch in her nightgown. She could see lanterns and flashlights bobbing unevenly toward the mine. After awhile a group of men with lanterns crossed the ravine and came up the path toward her house.

She stood on the porch at the head of the steps where she had stood that first day O'Moore had come to call. The wind whipped and snapped her nightgown about her legs. The men stood huddled below, their lanterns swaying. There was a pause till one man chose himself to speak.

"There has been an accident, ma'am," he said, "a serious accident." He paused, but Luba waited.

"Jan—he was killed when the lift crashed and the cable broke." he continued. Luba waited again.

Finally she asked, "Anyone else?"

The group of men stirred uncomfortably. "One of the foremen, name of O'Moore, he was in the lift when it smashed. He was killed too." #

## Saloon in the Timber

*Continued from page 93*

Humboldt had a new floor laid twice a year. The floor was of one and one-half inch hemlock, a tough hardy wood. This floor, after each Christmas and Fourth of July, was chewed into splinters by the sharp calks in the boots of countless loggers.

It was said you could tell the state of the lumber market by the appearance of the floor. In 1907, for instance, which was a panic year everywhere in the country, Fred laid only one floor.

Prohibition, as I said, did away with the old place. Even before that awful day, Aberdeen had ripped up its plank sidewalks and put down hard concrete. Loggers come to town had to take off their calked boots—or fall and break their necks—and to wear light shoes, same as any city slicker. Then, came Volstead.

Fred kept the place open for a few years, always at a loss, out of plain sentiment. He sold only soft drinks, for he would not do any sort of bootlegging. "Selling liquor is an honest business," he said, "and by God I ain't going to run no blind tiger."

Dust gathered on the finest saloon museum in the United States. Finally, and with a sad heart, Fred closed her down. For the most part the collection was kept intact. The City of Aberdeen talked of buying it, but the depression came on. Unless it has been unpacked lately, Big Fred's treasures are now molding away in a Seattle warehouse.

Perhaps it is just as well. Today's lumberjacks like fancy joints with chromium plate, where they sit on red leather stools and do their drinking—which is often cocktails. There wouldn't be any room in such a place for Big Fred's Congress of Curiosities, not even for Cole Younger's pipe or that piece of whale that was relegated to a corner. #

## A Success Story

*Continued from page 91*

didn't get this, anyway."

Hunter figured a minute. He knew his bank account was overdrawn. Reasons: Myrna, one ex-wife, taxes.

He was stripped. To his astonishment he was glad of it.

"I'm shut of the whole nasty mess of trash," he said, dropping into his native Tennessee.

Here came a red streetcar. Hunter got into the safety zone to the disappointment of a truck which nearly hit him. The truck went on grumbling down the boulevard.

Hunter sat down in the car next to a very young woman who was reading a movie fan magazine. He moved over and sat down with a Negro who smelled. The Negro carried a lunch box, wore overalls and bogged down in his seat as if he were very, very tired.

Hunter looked at the man and smiled.

The Negro smiled back.

Neither of them spoke a word, but each knew that the other was a friend. This cheered up Hunter.

He took out his appointment notebook from his breast pocket, and tossed it on the floor.

It lay there with some gum, some spittle and a lot of burnt matches. Hunter liked that.

He got off the red car at an important crossing. Other people got off and so he got off. Some of them took a yellow streetcar waiting there.

It was where the yellow car started and the motorman was in a hurry to get everybody aboard. He banged his gong and looked cross. Then he finished his pipe, and looked important.

Hunter had done that himself with actors and so who was he to complain?

"It's the big I Am in all of us," he mused.

The yellow car hurried on down town. Finally it passed Bertrand Goodhue's public library, then Baron Long's Biltmore, and on down Fifth Street. On past the Rosslyn with the hotel bus waiting for the Santa Fe passengers. On past Main Street with its cosmopolitan shoppers and loafers. On down toward the old railway station, into the working man's part of the Fifth Street, mostly American working men now. The dirty brick of Labor Temple rose to the right. Hunter got off.

He was out of place in the street, but nobody stared at him for people are polite on the wrong side of the tracks in Los Angeles.

Hunter was a big, tanned blond man, a little too heavy, but he had all his hair and didn't have to wear glasses. He always denied being over forty. He was forty-two.

His clothes would have been called "sport" in Hollywood and Long Island. That is, the coat and trousers did not match. If they had matched it would have been "business." His shirt was real linen, and his shoes to the knowing eye were hand lasted.

Hunter, thus attired, stood on the curb and looked up at a building very different from him. The building was at least fifty years old, all made of wood, with a touch of American colonial about it, some red-glass panes in the windows that had survived the years, and a cupola for a head that looked grotesquely small for the body. The cupola was all bandaged with tar paper.

"What a set!" thought Hunter.

He stood and looked up kindly at the building, which looked down at him kindly.

A sign over the door said it was a hotel.

There were some men on the porch, seated in old rocking chairs, and they had their feet on the rail.

The office was deserted as,

*Continued on page 248*

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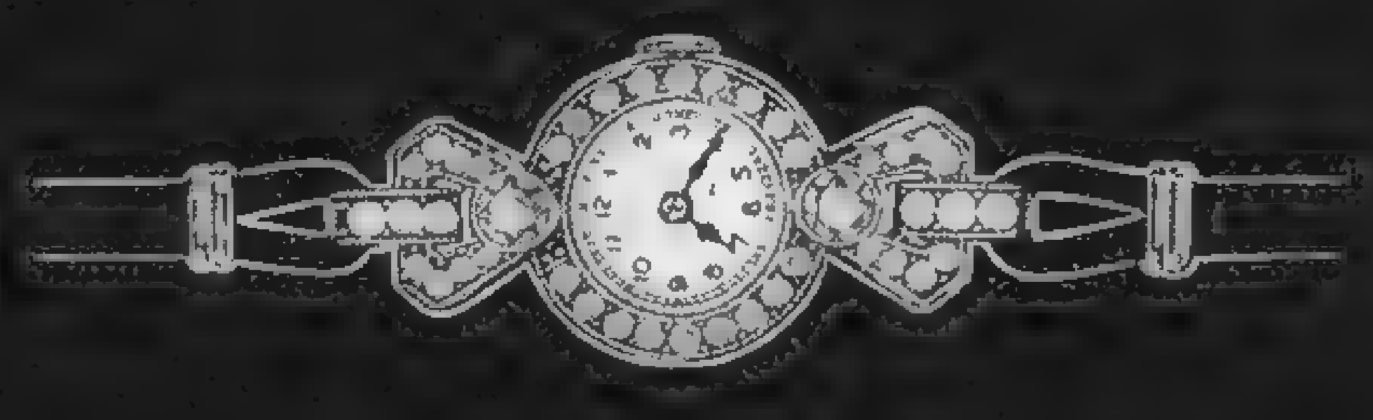

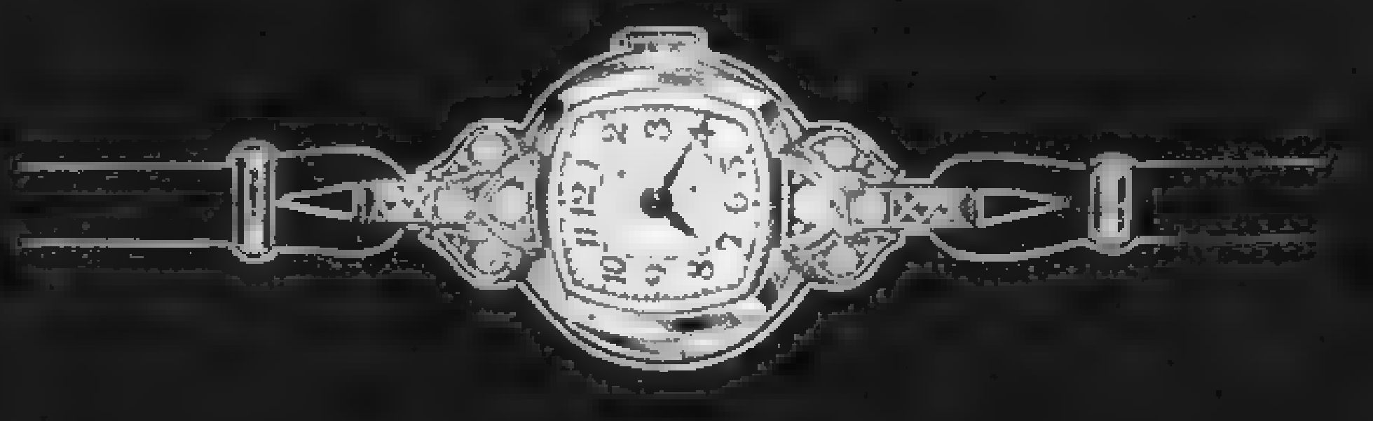

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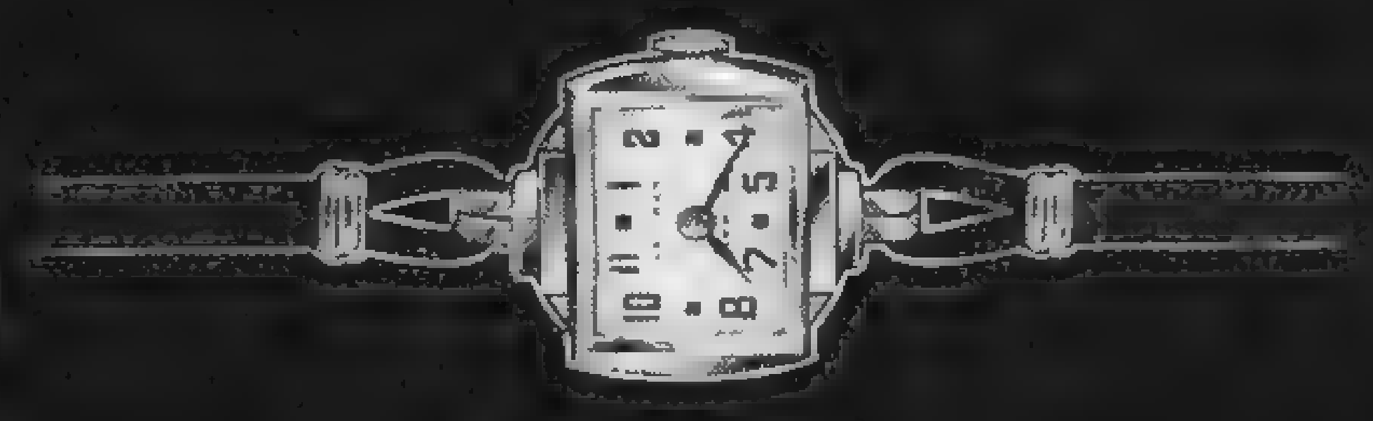

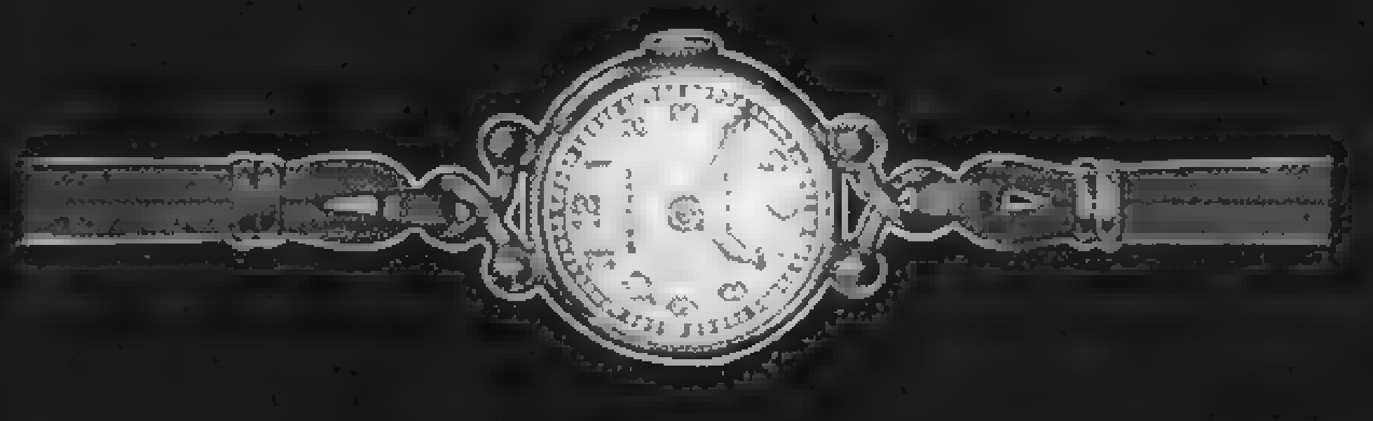

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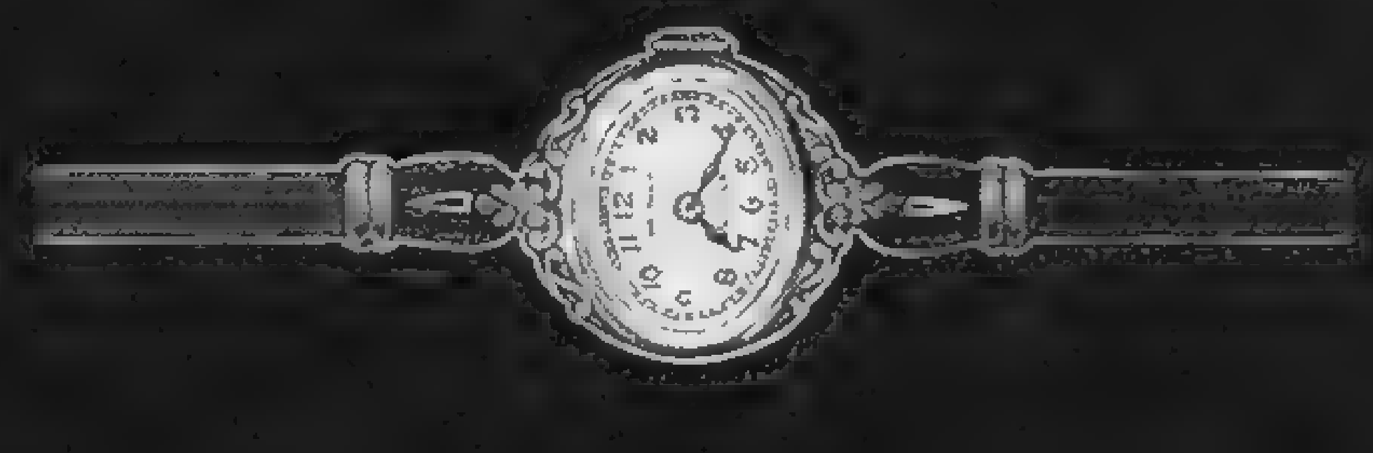

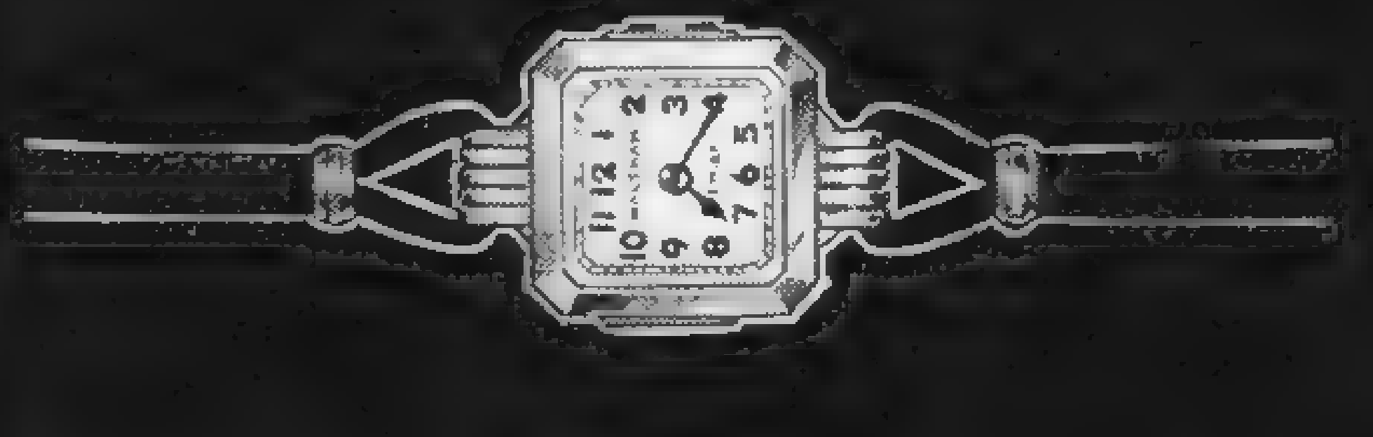

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## A Success Story

*Continued from pages 91-247*

Hunter later learned, it almost always was. On one wall was a picture of two scared horses, and a bolt of lightning over their heads to account for it. There was a little hotel desk and a bell cord with a wooden handle well patinated with gripping palms.

Hunter pulled the cord and the gong went off like a bomb. A short, fat man with no hair appeared in due time.

"Can I do something for you, mister?" he said in a New England voice that smelled of fresh hay and boiling greens, mixed.

"How much are your rooms by the week?"

"Now, let me see," said the fat man, pretending to look over his office records but really looking Hunter over. Hunter realized this, and beat him down two dollars. That at once established common respect between them.

"This is a nice, old-fashioned place," said Hunter.

"Glad you like it," said the man, "It used to be quite a place for the settlers in the '80's."

"I never knew there were such old places in Los Angeles," said Hunter. "They never told me. Why, with a potato to stick the pen in this would be in perfect period."

Hunter had taken up the pen and had inked its tip, ready to sign the big book the proprietor had produced from under the counter.

"Swan!" exclaimed the proprietor, "I remember them potatoes. Hey, you Chan," he yelled.

The noise of loose slippers, batting their heels, came down the hall, and an old Chinaman stuck his head in the door and asked almost angrily, "What you want?"

"Fetch me a potato," said the proprietor.

In due time they had the hotel pen sticking upright in a potato, which they rested in an old fashioned restaurant vegetable dish. This greatly pleased Hunter and the proprietor. It did not please Chan.

"Nuts!" he said as he left the office, and his slippers flip-flapped petulantly down the corridor until a door slammed on them, far back there where there should be a kitchen.

"That's a fresh Chinaman," said the proprietor. "He's been workin' for me for fifteen years. I'm goin' to can him sometime when I get around to findin' a new hired man."

The room assigned to Hunter had a worn Japanese matting on the floor, a bed that looked clean enough but was noisy and trembling when you sat on it. There was a marble-topped washstand with fixings, all cracked, and on the wall, proudly and patriotically, a colored lithograph of General U. S. Grant, who looked as if he had been up all night in a battle.

The proprietor left Hunter, but soon returned. He carried a bottle of California wine, which was about half empty.

"Thought you might like to hit the jug," he said hospitably. "Have a little snort of this Muscatel? It's better than three years."

Hunter concluded that this was an act of friendship on the part of the proprietor. As fellow sentimental antiquarians they had hit it off.

Hunter took the tumbler, and the proprietor took the tooth brush mug.

Hunter was used to Sherry. The Muscatel was too sweet for him, but deliciously aromatic.

The wine and the fat man's friendship both warmed him. He felt a lump in his throat when he was left alone with General Grant.

He had entirely got rid of that disorder that bothered him earlier in the day. He felt swell.

The slanting sun, about ready to go out—suns do not set in California—lighted up General Grant, and Hunter knew it must be five o'clock. He had seen Napoleon at about eleven. Six hours!

He went down to the little office. He met the proprietor, who he later discovered was known, even to his Chinese servant, as Fat.

Fat was talking with a tall, gangling man in washed-out, yet filthy, overalls. This man had his neck shaved up into the quick, and his face was wrinkled like a half-deflated balloon.

"Come on mister, gimme the key," he was saying. "Me and my old woman gotta ram along in the old Ford."

"You and your old woman ain't goin' to ram along with your lousy baggage until you gimme that $1.50," said Fat.

"Aw, mister," protested the gangling man. But he reached down into the poke of his jeans and pulled out the $1.50. Hunter noted he had more money than that.

"He's one of them dust bowlers," said Fat later. "It ain't because I come from New England, mind you, but most of them is bums not as good as an old-fashioned bindle-stiff, whom I respect. These hill-billies and Panhandle farmers is poor people. I feel sorry for 'em. But I know they been in trouble in good times and bad, and that the real reason for their misery is because they're lazy, lousy and chisselin'. All they do is play the fiddle and breed. They've been spoiled specially bad ever

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since that feller wrote a book about 'em."

It was a long speech for Fat, and it made him pant. He pulled off one side of his fireman's suspenders so his right arm could swing easier as he puttered around the office.

Fifth Street was filled with people, mostly men. There were men wearing caps; men wearing the little round, black felt, railway boomers' hats; men wearing the big tan ranchers' hats. You could tell occupations, nationalities even, by the hat as well as the face beneath it.

There were cheap-john stores, pawn shops, restaurants with fifteen-cent meals, and saloons, some with pathetic attempts at floor shows.

The B Girls of Los Angeles had not been legislated out, and were everywhere. B girls may be barmaids, or work in front of the bar getting a percentage on drinks. The girls behind the bars were called sloppers, those in front grippers.

The sloppers and grippers were mostly young women, running to weight. Some wore slacks and affected a masculine air. Some, beach dresses with no backs to the waist.

Curious, Hunter went into one of these places and ordered beer. It was crowded but quiet, except for the entertainers, a cowboy band that whined tunes with guitar and fiddle frills. Other places had singers of old-fashioned sentimental songs with appropriate piano.

Hunter sipped his beer, watched the legs parade under the swinging doors giving into the street.

A man tried to mooch a jitney off him, got it.

"Scram, Snitch," said the bartender to the man, whose name it developed was Snitch. He was a harmless stew bum, unusual in that part of Fifth Street.

"Get up on Main Street where you belong," said the bartender. "No panhandlin' in here, Snitch. Go on up to the Mission and bawl a hymn and maybe they'll give you a bowl of soup."

The man looked at the bartender, the only male one behind the bar, with bleary eyes.

"I ain't goin' to sing no more psalms for no handouts," said the man, simply and a little proudly. He was trying to be a man, anyway.

Hunter noted that the bartender, who appeared to be the proprietor, was kind to Snitch. He didn't throw him out anyway.

A man with a Southwest ranch hat on, a big stallion of a man with a red mustache, seemed to be having a disagreement with a smaller, but very stocky man with a black, boomer's hat on.

"Now boys," soothed the bartender, "Jane," he whispered, "get in between them and break it up."

But Jane moved too slowly.

The man with the black hat was saying, "Don't push me around or I'll cut your conk off."

He spoke quietly, in stark contrast to the big man's bluster. Hunter noted that the smaller man held a knife in his right hand. It was a jackknife, and he held it well in his palm with his thumb along the outer edge of the blade.

The big man with the big white hat turned and grinned at the crowd.

"This little sport can't take a joke," he said. "Come on, sport, have a drink."

Then out from under the big white hat someplace came a six-shooter, an old-fashioned one. There was no shot fired. The six shooter came down broadside on the black hat. The big man had used it for a billy.

"Ugh!" said the little man as he went down. They dragged him out in back.

When the policeman came the place was empty except for the B Girls, Hunter, the bartender, and Snitch.

He was a young copper and his black leather jacket was too tight for him. His face was red and healthy. He asked about Hunter. The bartender vouched for him.

"Who's this?" he asked pointing to Snitch. The stew bum cringed.

That was enough for the young cop. He beat Snitch until the old bum fell onto the floor. Then the law walked out through the swinging doors.

"What a scene!" said Hunter to himself.

One of the B Girls was washing off Snitch's face when Hunter left.

"That cop's a rat," the B Girl consoled the old man.

Hunter noticed her tenderness with him. Like a mother.

"Poor old Snitch," she said as she washed away the blood.

The old man was overcome by this tenderness. He started to blubber.

Hunter walked up to Main Street, down a block past the burlesque shows, the big stores that cater to ranchmen and workingmen.

He passed Mexicans, Japanese, Chinese, American ranchmen and longshoremen, little dandified Filipinos, a few Hindus and Sikhs from the cotton country down in the Imperial Valley.

Hunter was feeling hungry. He didn't like the look of the restaurants, though if he had known it he could have eaten well and cheaply. Men who work with their muscles have healthy stomachs and demand good wholesome clean food. They eat much better, as a rule, than clerks.

He turned down a sidestreet, and to his surprise found the windows covered with letters in the Greek Alphabet. On one he saw written in English, "Age of Pericles." He went in.

Hunter sat by a table near the door. This was because of the young woman behind the cash register. She was unquestionably as Greek as the place. He looked at her while he was eating. She looked at him once, politely. She asked if he would rather have the door open. So they chatted.

The place was filled with Greeks, mostly middle-class men. One

*Continued on page 250*

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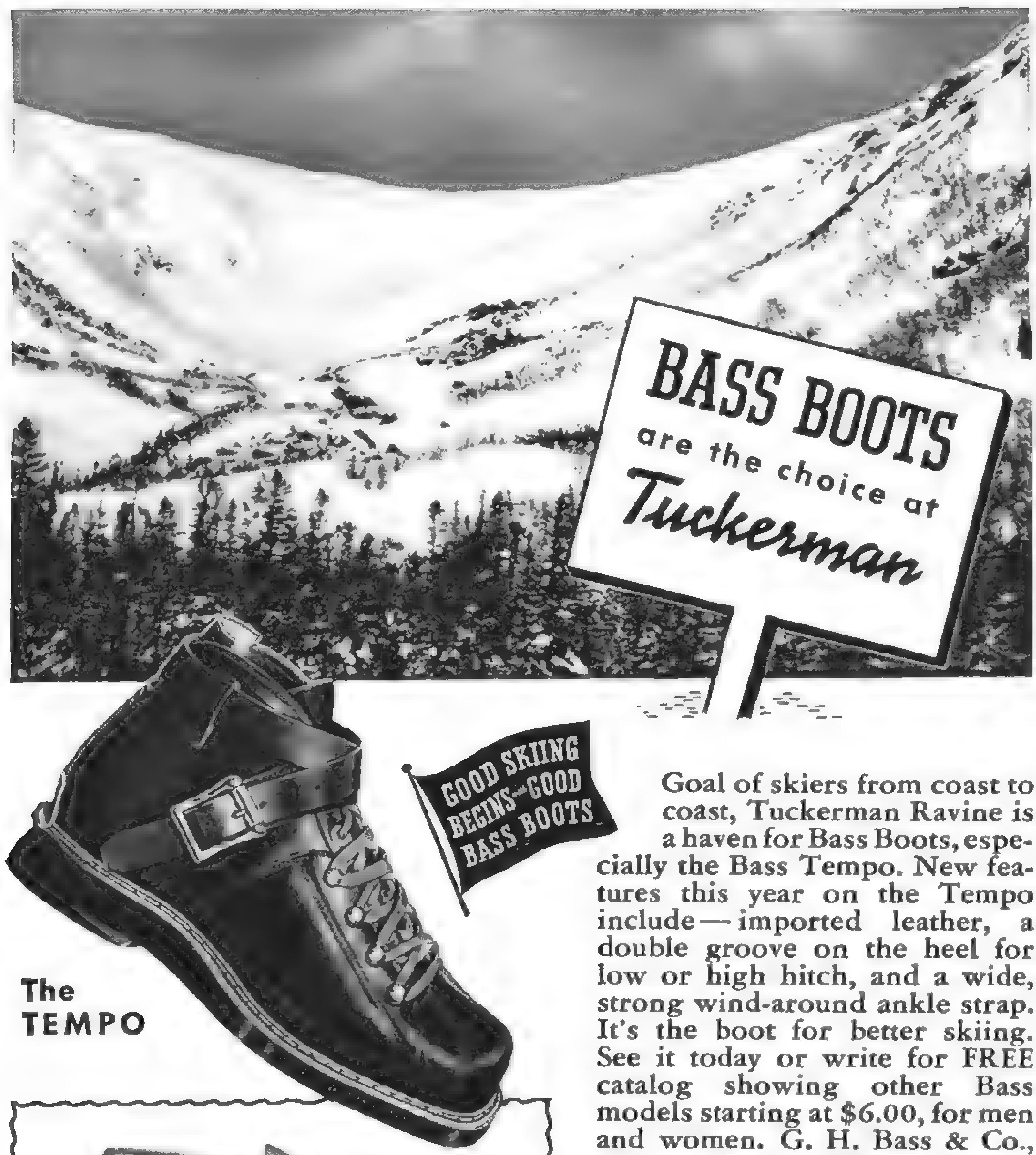
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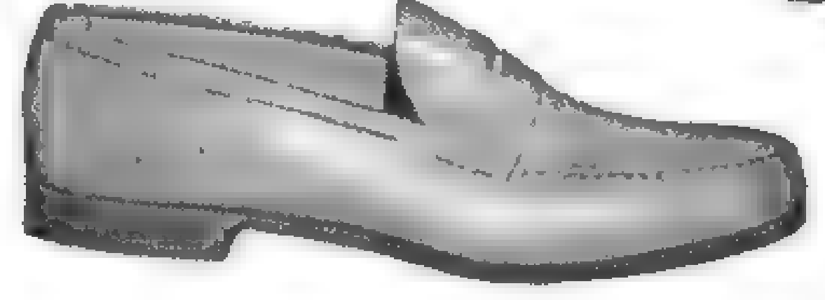

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## A Success Story

*Continued from pages 91-247-249*

looked as if he were a man of letters. He was, it proved, the editor of a local Greek newspaper. He was a poet. He wore a high stiff collar and Windsor tie. Hunter admired him.

The Greeks are, perhaps, the most handsome people in the world. Descendants of a mess of different peoples they came out, as they started, looking like gods and goddesses.

The waiter spoke a little French. The table wine was good. He had eaten shish-kebab before, but never with peppers in between the lamb on the skewer.

"Come again," said the young woman at the cash register. She spoke an English rich in dialect. She said "ain't." She had a face so rich in browns and soft pinks that Hunter could not take his eyes off it.

She had two eyes that must have been made of some liquid. They looked to Hunter like two pools in a garden at night.

He got back to the old hotel and went to bed. The only person he met was General Grant.

Next day Hunter asked Fat about getting a job.

"I can work," said Hunter, and meant "work" as it is used on East Fifth Street. Fat phoned Louis, who ran a saloon which had a job blackboard. Louis said the Soap Company wanted an assistant driver.

Hunter went down.

It was in the wholesale district not far away. The man who stuck his head out of the hole in the door marked "Employees" was more polite than studio doormen in Hollywood.

Hunter found he would be on a truck delivering cases of soap to groceries and the freight stations. He would help a Mexican driver named Joe whom he met in the garage that same day.

Joe had a lot of good teeth, skin like Cordovan leather and the manners of a cavalier.

Hunter hoisted one of the soap boxes. It was not too heavy. Sure, he could drive a truck. He said he had. Joe pretended to believe him.

For a week Hunter learned his new job, and went about his social duties.

His social duties caused him to move to a better lodging place than Fat's. He got a room in Mrs. Murray's house. She was a widow and lived in Boyle Heights over near where Joe lived.

Sophie also lived on the east side of the river. He saw her often, though the Greek cooking did not agree with his stomach. She was the daughter of the restaurant keeper, and she had been married. Yet Sophie would not go out with Hunter unless escorted by her mamma.

Sophie was placid, and her placidity made Hunter more comfortable than he had been since he was a little boy.

Hunter went to the christening of Joe's third child, saw a Mexican family fiesta, and became a little Cordovan baby's padrino.

Hunter went to the Greek Orthodox with Sophie one Sunday. It was a Greek Greek Orthodox Church. He knew there were Russian ones in Hollywood. He was surprised to find an old brick building with a bearded priest in it who had good wine and told good stories.

Hunter went with her to the Ahepa Society dance, and that was how they found out about it in Hollywood.

The Greek dances put on the dog more than any other foreign colony ones.

They went that year to a big hotel over on the right side of the tracks. At the hotel he met Montgomery.

"Napoleon has gone wacky looking for you, old man," said Montgomery.

Hunter told him where he had been—all about it. Montgomery promised not to tell.

Next day Montgomery hurried to Napoleon.

"But what did he say," insisted Napoleon, "why has he gone nuts? Did you tell him I want him to do the new picture with William Brarley and June Overton? Did you tell him we're goin' to call it *Bachelor Beware?*"

"Yes," said Montgomery, "I told him, and he said nuts for you. He says they got better sets and better actors over on the East Side than you've got in Hollywood."

"Oh my God," moaned Napoleon. "Did you tell him I would pay him one hundred per cent all the time he has been away, plus a ten per cent bonus?"

"No, I didn't know that, but it wouldn't do any good. He is delivering soap. He says he is going to be promoted next month. He is now an assistant driver. He is going to be a driver."

"Oh, my God!"

"He is in love with a Greek girl who is the daughter of a Greek named Nick who runs a restaurant. A stinking Greek restaurant!"

"Oh, my God!"

"He says he works for a real gentleman, who has charge of deliveries for the soap company. He says he won't work for any Simon Legree like you any more."

"He'll call me by such a Biblical name, an insult," cried Napoleon, shuffling up and down the room. "I'll come right back at him. He's a Judas Iscariot. He took my money and then bit me on the hand."

Napoleon sat down in an arm chair, stuck his feet out in front of him, as if they hurt.

"But why, why does he say he's doing this, if he ain't plain nuts? Why?"

"He says it's because where he is now, what he is doing now, he's happy."

"Oh, my God. He says he's happy. Happy! What to hell does that amount to?" ⧻

## Drinking Starts at Dawn

*Continued from page 147*

and they are enforced. Only the other day a chap who manages a plantation near Kavieng was arrested on a charge of manslaughter in connection with the death of one of his indentured laborers. He drew twelve months. I hate to think of what would have happened to him if instead of a beating he had given that native a drink.

Even Noumea, the capital of New Caledonia, which is French, and not so heavily torrid, is anything but gay. There are a few sidewalk cafés on the Place des Cocotiers where you can hear a laugh now and then, but the bar at the Grand Hôtel du Pacifique is downright lugubrious. I spent three weeks in Noumea in 1938, and my chief memory is closing time, which, as I recall it, was eleven o'clock. We used to go into the kitchen with the proprietor and drink in utter darkness. We even had to close the shutters on account of the gendarmes would come snooping with flashlights to make sure no customers were being accommodated after hours.

The Fiji Islands are Melanesian too, though non-malarial. Even so, they're hot. The pubs in Suva close promptly at ten, which does not seem to bother the white residents, probably because, being mostly New Zealanders and Australians, they are accustomed to having their drinking dictated by law. For in New Zealand, Steve, there are no bars at all. And in Sydney, easily the biggest city south of the Equator, all pubs close at 6 P.M.

Though the Tongan Islands are pretty well under control of the Methodist Church, I'm told that you can get drinks in Nukualofa, but again, the pastime is so hedged by restrictions that half the fun is taken out before you start.

Then the Cooks. The Cook Islanders, Steve, are about as swell a crowd as you are likely to meet anywhere, even here in Tahiti. But they are treated like disagreeable half-wits. When New Zealand goes imperial she also goes nuts.

You see, the Dominion of New Zealand runs the Cook Islands and western Samoa, what used to be German Samoa, just as the Dominion of Australia runs Papua and the Mandated Territory of New Guinea. These places show on the map as parts of the British Empire, as indeed they are, but England has nothing to say about them. The Dominions are young and ought to devote themselves to governing themselves, and not tinker with protectorates.

Anyway, there is Prohibition in the Cook Islands. And here's the way it works.

There are two physicians stationed at Raratonga, though in fact one of them at any given time is likely to be either on leave or on a tour of the other islands of the group. You are a white man, whether resident or visitor, and hence not accustomed to the tropics (though Raratonga has a mild climate) and for this reason you are permitted, on request, if one of the physicians agrees, to have a little alcohol now and then. Medical supplies, Steve. Now the benign government says just how much of this you as a white man are likely to need, and you mustn't have more.

You get, assuming always that one of the doctors agrees, one quart of whisky, gin or rum every two weeks; or else four bottles of wine; or else sixteen bottles of beer or ale. You can't mix these. And you can't draw advances.

One *quart*. Observe that. As a result of this regulation nobody wants an ordinary fifth of rum, whisky or gin, and the Saccone and Speed people of Auckland, being businesslike, put these fluids up in full quart bottles especially for the Cook Islands trade. Medical supplies. So nobody drinks anything but Saccone and Speed stuff. It's the only stuff the government, which handles the liquor business, stocks.

So if the resident commissioner happened to drop in, or one of the medicos, and you were to offer a drink, as of course you would do, it would embarrass everybody present if you produced a bottle bearing, say, a Johnny Walker label. So you produce instead a decanter. It is amazing how many decanters there are in that tiny community, which otherwise does not put on any notable dog.

After all, a ship comes every month or so, and it's barely possible there might be some smuggling. And as I said, you wouldn't want to embarrass anybody.

You know me, Steve, and you know that one quart every two weeks is not my idea of a full sideboard. Well, I had a hell of a nice time in Raratonga. I was never thirsty.

In Apia, which is much bigger, being the capital of western Samoa, the New Zealanders are more liberal. There you can put in an application for a bottle a week, or two bottles, or sometimes even three. You go to the correct government office and get an authorization and pay for the bottle or bottles, and then go to still another office, in another building, and turn in that authorization and receive your supplies. You must do this in person! You mayn't send a servant or a friend.

After that you presumably take the said supplies home and drink them. In Somerset Maugham's *The Pool*, the scene of which is Apia, he has a character come out of the hotel bar and wander down the beach. Well, maybe when Maugham was there that hotel did have a bar. It doesn't now. On paper, there are no public houses at all in Apia.

Get this straight, Steve. And the next time some fellow clerk exclaims bitterly that he wishes he could get away from American hypocrisy and go down to the South Sea Islands where every-

*Continued on page 252*

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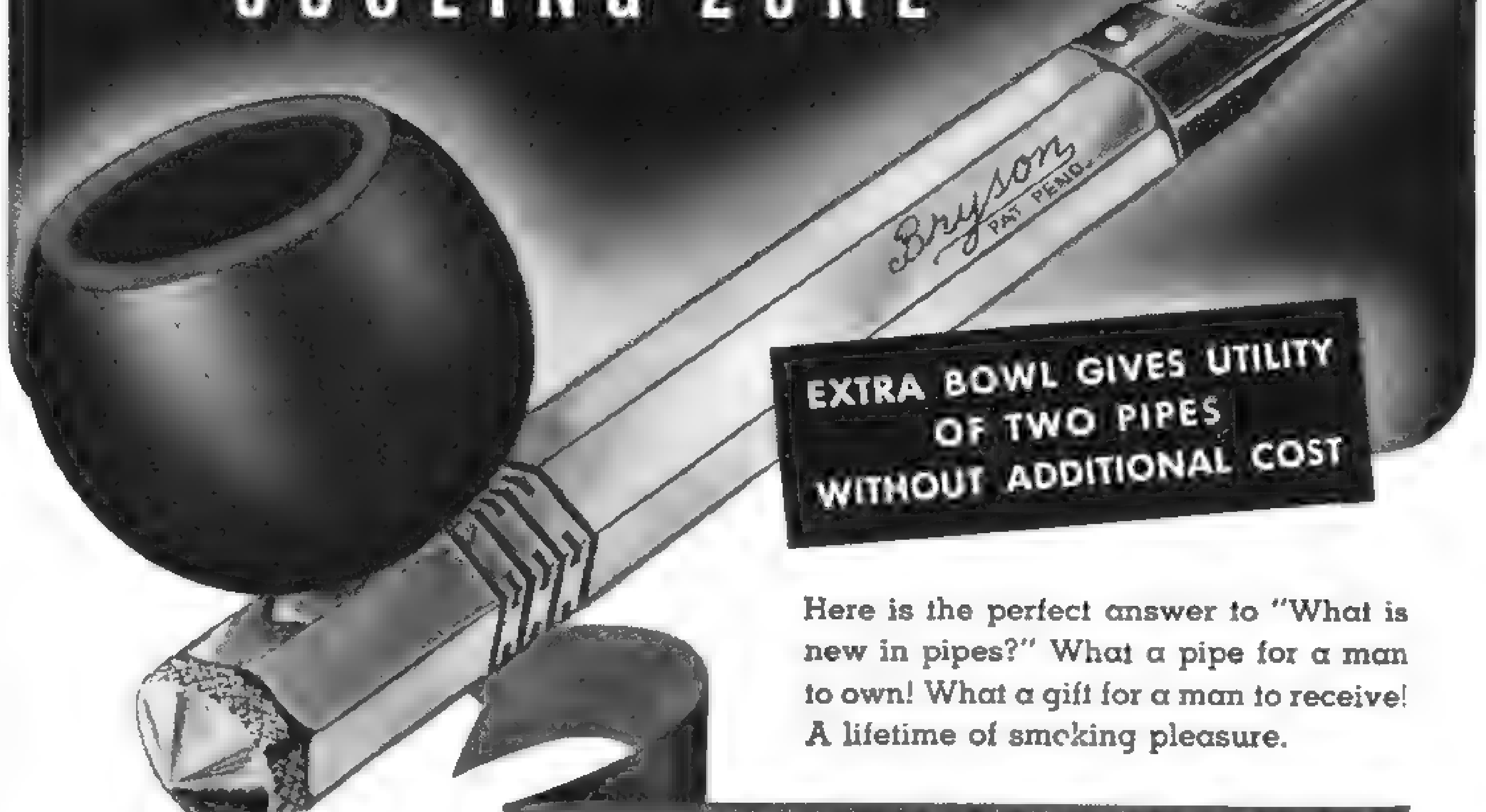
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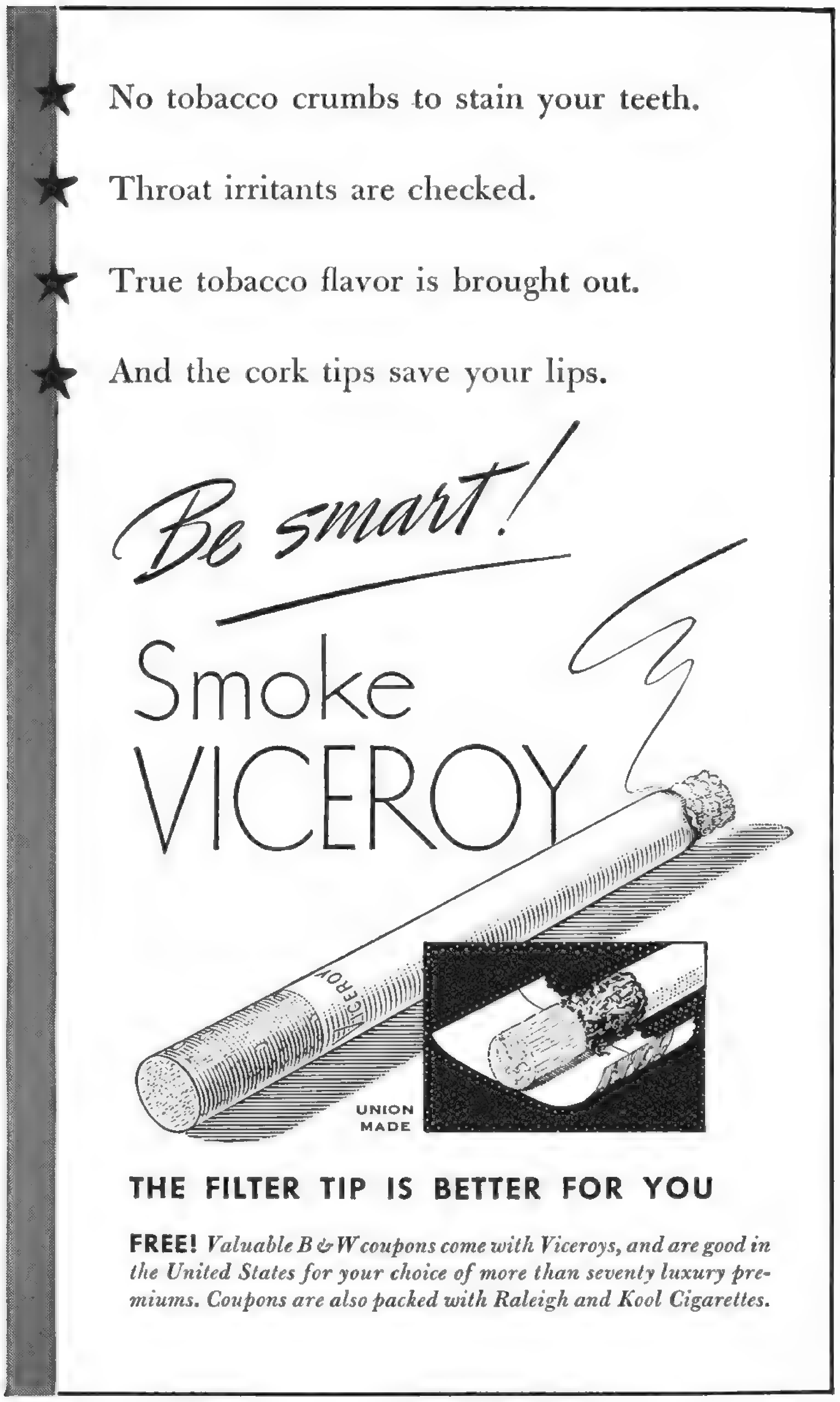

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## Drinking Starts at Dawn

*Continued from pages 147-251*

thing is free and easy, read him this letter.

There are clubs. They have no signs outside, but everybody knows them. They range from Annie's, where you sink into deep cushioned chairs and chat with the elite, to Aggie's, where you can always count on seeing at least two or three fights if you stick around long enough. Parenthetically, Annie and Aggie themselves, both half-castes, are the two nicest people you are likely to meet in Apia.

Your permit is your dues. The government stocks a much greater variety of potables than it does in poor little Raratonga, and whenever the proprietor of a club begins to run short of, say, vermouth, he or she goes out into the town and rounds up a few members who have not contributed lately. He, or she, herds these members to the proper office, names the poison, stands by while they fill out the form, hands them the cash, which they in turn hand to the government man, and then accompanies them to the warehouse. The members draw their bottles and immediately pass these over to the proprietor. It's all about as secret as a band concert. Fifteen shillings a bottle (an ordinary bottle) for whisky, and at the club, unless you want some special fancy soda, you pay a shilling a highball. They don't have girls at the clubs, nor do they have slot machines or pool tables, but the proprietor takes his or her modest profit and conversation is sometimes very bright indeed. If anybody drinks in the privacy of his own chamber, that's his fault.

A person even faintly resembling a full-blooded Samoan has not got a chance, but certain half-castes are permitted to buy drinks. Just where the distinction is, just what percentage of white blood is requisite, and how the club manager is supposed to gauge this, is something I could never learn. As far as I could see, an O.K. half-caste is one who wears a shirt and has the price.

American Samoa is different. It consists of only six islands, four of them very small, one an uninhabited atoll, and the only town, Pago Pago, is a mere cluster of huts at the foot of a beautiful bay. The U. S. Navy, which runs it, is jealous of outsiders. There are very few traders and missionaries. Now and then a small yacht puts in, and twice a month, once each way, a Matson liner. The liners, however, stop for only a few hours. Their passengers may go ashore, but Coca-Cola is the strongest beverage they are going to get—unless they happen to know a naval officer.

There is no café. There is a hotel, a rickety little structure run by a half-caste named Sarah, which has no name but is known locally as Sadie Thompson's, it being the scene of the story *Rain*. Sarah cooks an excellent meal, but you can't get a drink there. I know, because I've tried. I lived there for ten days.

Enlisted men and non-commissioned officers are allowed to stock stuff in certain circumstances provided they order and pay for it in advance, and the officers can have all they want. Commissary rates: a dollar and five cents for a bottle of good liquor. The white civilian employees of the Naval Department, such as the Chief Justice, the Librarian, etc., rate as officers as far as booze goes. The non-coms and enlisted men have a club called the Coconut Club, but it has no club house. They serve beer when they give a dance, but they do not serve any of it to half-castes. The officers and white civilian employees belong to the Goat Island Club, where there is a bar, but it is only open Friday nights.

In American Samoa the restrictions against native drinking are insisted upon by the chiefs themselves. With several hundred thirsty, womanless sailors around, the chiefs have to watch their step. They want to stay Samoan. Let one of them find an empty gin bottle in his village and surer than hell he will be raising a fuss at the naval station next day. They've got a nice little place, and they want to keep it that way; and the navy people, to give them credit, co-operate.

A lovely spot, Pago Pago. But not what you'd call hilarious.

And now we come to Tahiti. Which is the smartest thing a regular guy could do. You know the French. Live and let live.

There is a lot to be said about Tahiti. Too much. But right here I'm going to stick to drinking.

We have four clubs in Papeete, each of which is for all practical purposes a public bar, and half a dozen cafés besides. Also there are four or five spots just outside of town. You can get anything you want excepting draught beer; prices are low; credit is taken for granted. The climate is not only permissive, it's definitely encouraging. As a result of recently imposed regulations, which probably have something to do with the war, closing time is eleven o'clock, even on boat nights and Saturday nights, except that a few joints have licenses permitting them to stay open until one. But this isn't as bad as it sounds, when you remember that the drinking starts, practically, at dawn. I have seen men, good elbow benders too, passed out at nine in the morning. They came to again, of course, and rejoined the party. People do, here.

The best whisky peddles at 70 francs a bottle, which is less than $1.75. Cognac and gin are cheaper, rum is very cheap. Vermouth is only 25 francs a bottle, the franc being worth less than 2½ cents right now. Pabst and Rainier cost 9 francs a can, but there is a brewery right in Papeete, and the local beer is not at all bad, once you

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You wanted to know about the pickups? Well, they are conveniently cheap. Absinthe fetches 50 francs, and you can get Charles Heidseik or Mumm's extra dry served in a bucket of ice for 60. But one of the best pickups in the world is coconut water. You just stagger out of the pandanus shack and lift one from the ground, chop the top off, drink. Always fresh, always cool, and you don't have to sign a chit for it.

You must understand, too, Steve, that this is a land of music, a land where people like to laugh. Maybe I'm getting a bit lyrical, but you know yourself that the swellest firewater ever distilled is more or less wasted when you have to consume it in a hostile atmosphere, and contrariwise you can have a glorious time on anything alcoholic at all provided you're with the right gang. People here enjoy being happy.

Now this is supposed to be debauching a fine upright primitive race. In Raratonga and Suva, persons otherwise sane held up their hands in holy horror when they heard that I came from Tahiti, the place where natives are allowed to drink just as if they were human beings.

Well, I've been living here three years, and I don't see all this debauchery. The birth rate's rising, even if the marriage rate isn't, and as far as I can see the Tahitians are a swell crowd. Some of them don't care for booze and never touch it. Others love it and drink all they can get. Most of them go off on a binge once a week or so, and then more or less dribble along without it until another occasion for celebration arises. Some are good drinkers, some bad. Some are occasionals, some habituals. Some get tight and go home and beat up their wives. Some have a lot of fun and look forward with sparkling eyes to the next blow-off. I'm talking about Tahitians, Steve, but couldn't I be talking about white men?

Besides, whom do the stiffnecks think they're fooling with their regulations? All they do, as far as I can observe, is deprive themselves of some good company. The natives are going to drink anyway. The Melanesians are probably too dumb to manufacture the stuff in secret, though they have their kava, but when your Polynesian wants to go on a tear he's got all the makings in his own front yard. Civilization's corrupting influence, hell! Do you think these babies are so slow that they have to wait for a white man to come along and teach them how to get potted?

They call it beer, though usually it's a sort of wine. Make it out of pineapples and limes, or out of guavas, or oranges. Squeeze the fruit into a big jug and chuck a little brown sugar in—the brown sugar's a local product too and dirt cheap—and let it stand in some reasonably warm place for about ten days. At the end of this time you call in the whole neighborhood. Or just chop the top off of a coconut and let *it* stand around for a few days.

An Australian is much like an ordinary tough American, except for the Cockney slant of his speech, but a New Zealander tries to out-English the English, which is hard to do, and what he doesn't see doesn't exist. In the Cook Islands, where the officials are so very careful to be sure that nobody with a drop of local blood in his veins gets any "medical supplies," tomatoes grow all over the place. Boil a mess of them for two hours, strain through cheesecloth, chuck in a piece of hops (you have to put hops in the honey beer too) and let it stand near your stove for a couple of weeks. The result, unless you are accustomed to it, might blow your eardrums out; but it will certainly set you to doing a hulahula. Do you think that the so-patronized Raratongan originals don't get plastered every Sunday, back in the valleys? Boy! you ought to see them! I've attended some of those parties, Steve, and all I can say is I'm sorry you weren't there.

Or rum. You probably have the idea I used to have, that rum is something you get from sugar cane and from nothing else. Not at all. What you do is climb a coconut tree and bend over the young flowers, maybe three or four of them, before they've burst open. To each of these you attach by a string a tin can. That holds the head down, and a juice drips out of the head. Next morning you climb the tree again and untie the cans, and each can contains maybe half a water glass full of pure, very strong rum. After two or three of these, assuming you can last that long, you couldn't tell the difference between it and the best stuff out of Martinique or Haiti.

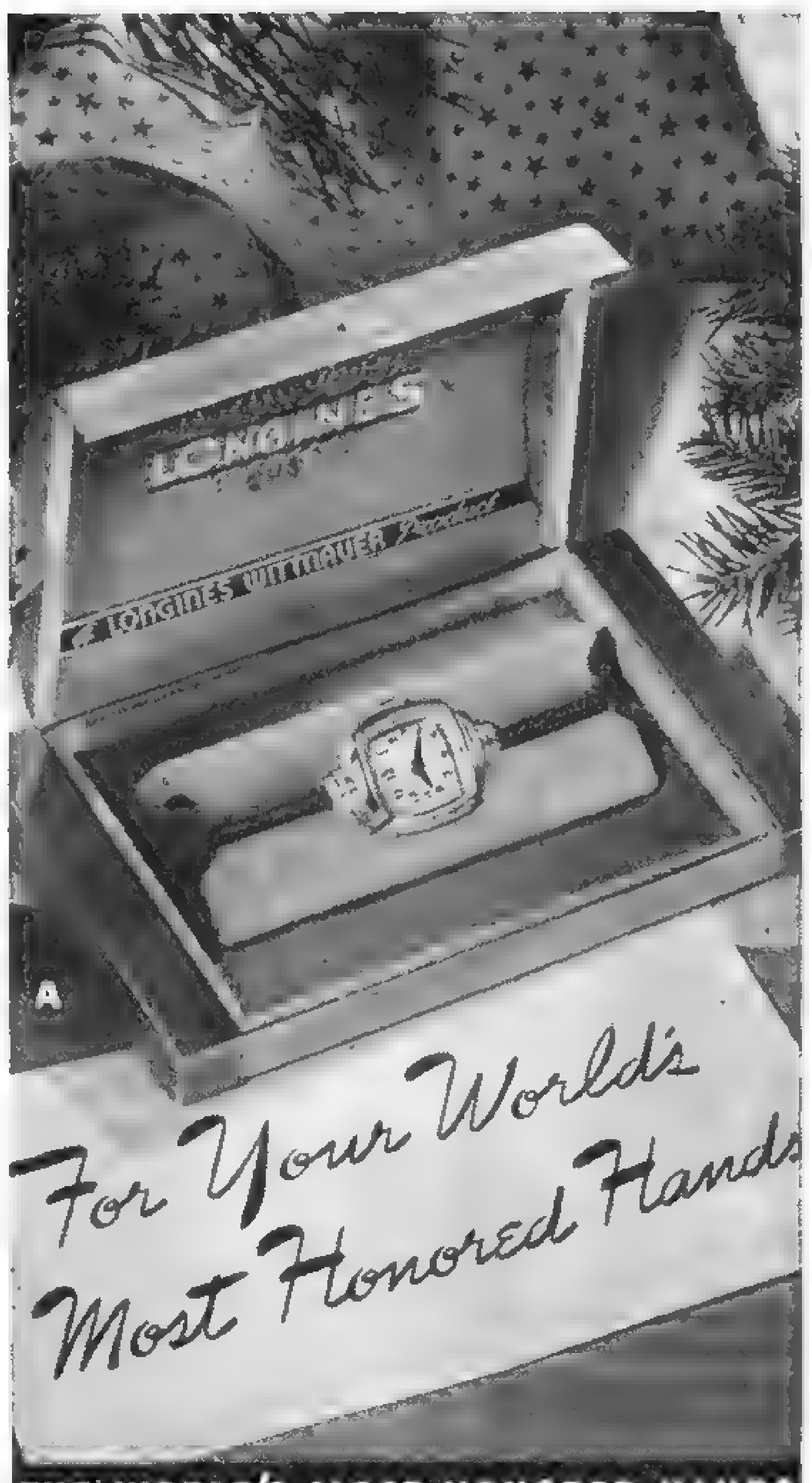
It's true that this takes time, but we have plenty of time here. It is true also that you don't get coconuts out of that tree for a long while afterward, but there are thousands of other coconut trees.

The natives knew this trick many long years before Captain Cook started the "corruption."

For some mysterious reason of their own, the French, who are so sensible in Tahiti, Moorea and Raiatea, have forbidden orthodox liquor to the natives of the other Oceania groups, the Marquesas, Tuamotus, Australs, Gambiers, Rapa, and even some of the Isles Sous le Vent of the Society Group, such as Pora Pora and Maupiti. The scattering of white men who live on those islands may have all the labeled booze they want, but the natives, who wouldn't want to buy the stuff anyway, can't. But don't feel too sorry for them, Steve. They get along.

I hope this answers all your questions. Give my regards to the boys. And if you ever *should* get together enough dough to come down and visit me, I'll toss you a party that they'll sing about for years to come. #

Ioarana oe!
Don



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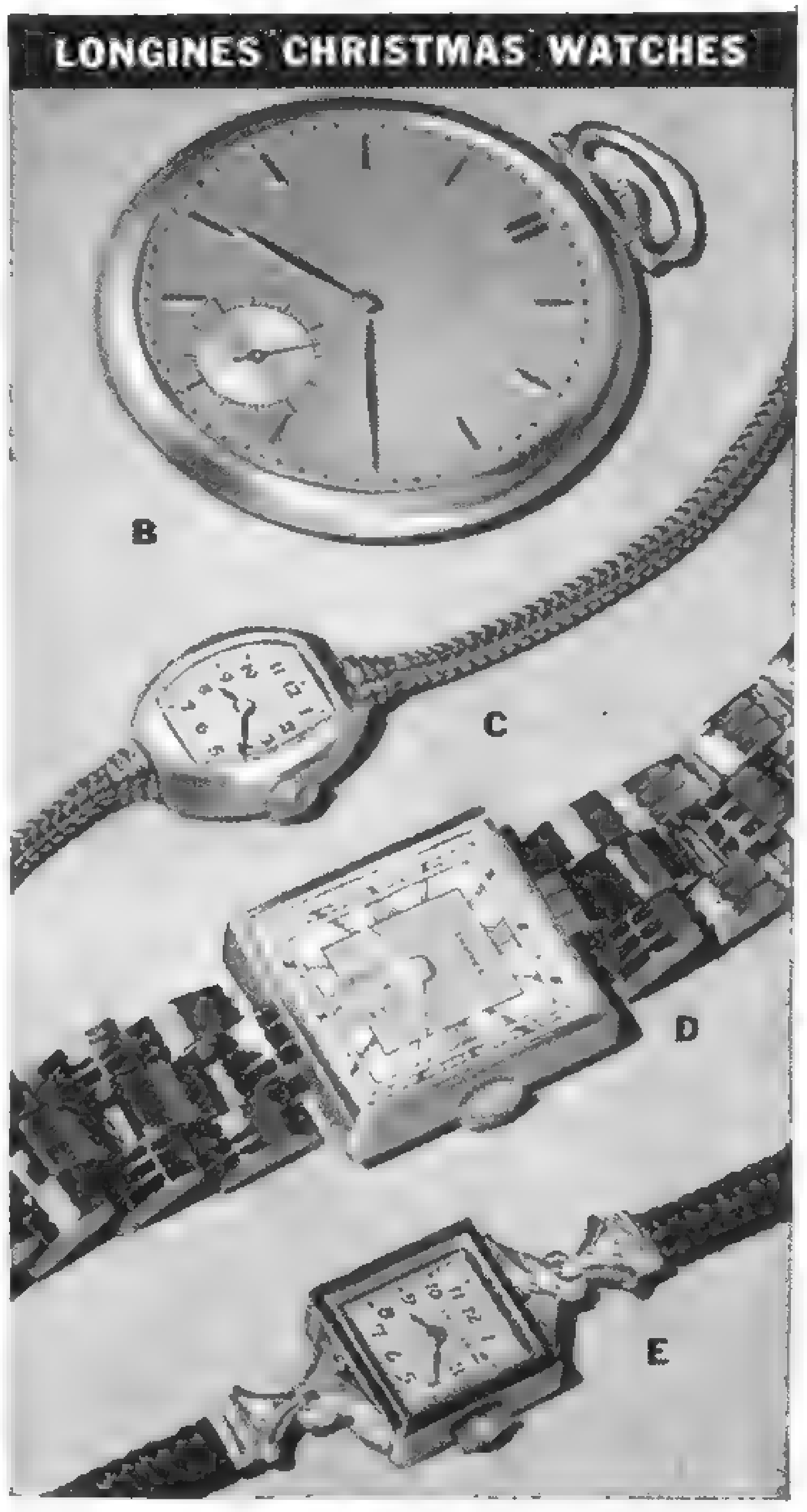

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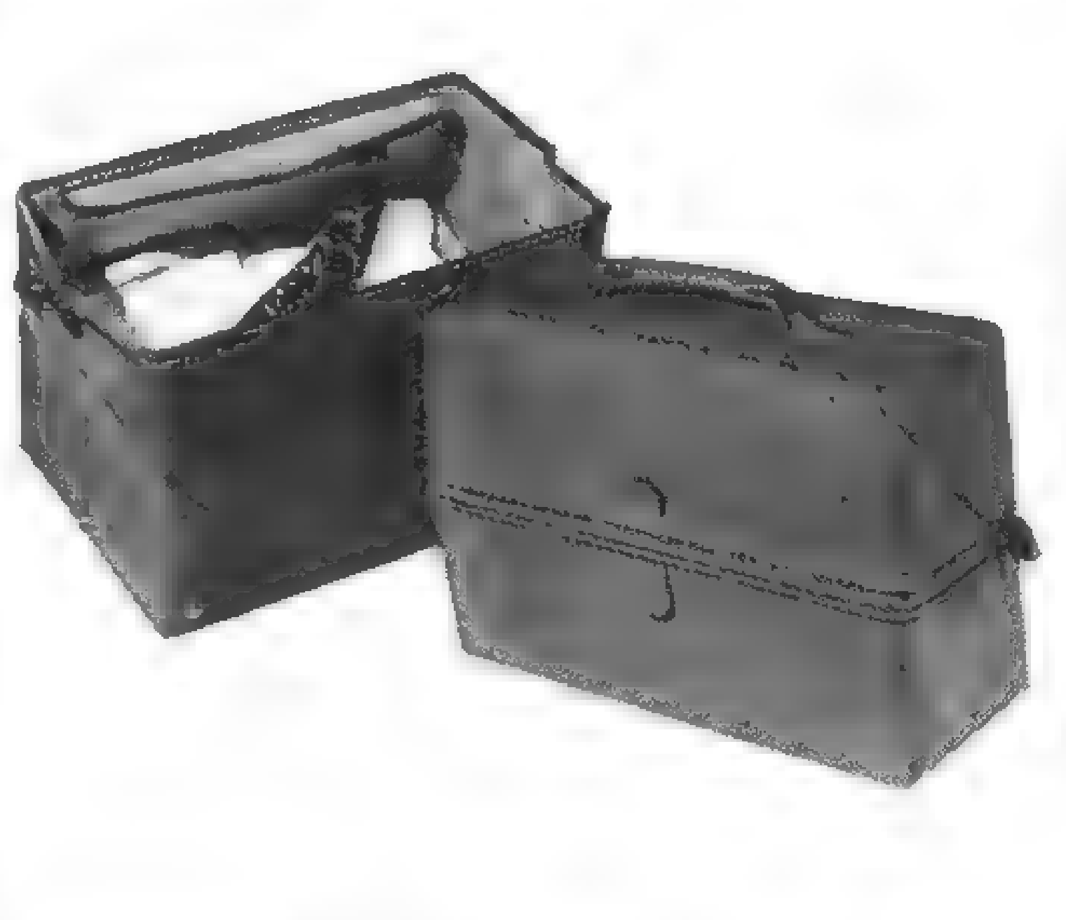

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## Knees Are Bad News

*Continued from page 94*

gentleman who memorizes the signals could engage safely in a professional wrestling bout without doing damage to a glass arm.

What makes the knee especially susceptible to injury in athletics is its distinction as the joint in the body having two functions; locomotion and support. It does not have the elaborate combination of joints and platform that constitute the feet. It can move only in one axis and can't yield to minimize pressure as can the biaxial wrist and the triaxial shoulder and hip. By instinct the wrists, shoulders and hips can get into self-protective positions. This instinctive reaction is limited in the case of the knee. Only if the player is hit directly in front or from the rear have his knees protection of bending and muscular structure. If the line of force is from a side, instinctive protection of the knee must come mainly from a turning of the hips.

There is a slight rotation of the knee possible when the knee is flexed, but when the knee's extended there's no "give" to it. In football's earlier days when mass play and the pile-up were features of the game the player flattened under the pile rarely had a chance to wriggle himself into a position affording him protection for his knees. That's why even more of the older football notables, than the game's recent stars, limp.

The base of most of the athlete's knee trouble is a fibrous capsule, on the order of a thin leather sheath. One of these capsules is at each side of the knee, attached to bones above and below the joint.

When undue pressure is applied to one side of the joint, strain comes on the opposite side's capsule. The fibers that constitute the sheath are torn and separated.

Unless complete healing is allowed, the tear is liable to become permanent. The capsule relaxes and the joint becomes a loose bearing. Then the ailing mortal walks with a piston slap in his knee.

Inside the knee joint are two crossed ligaments from upper to lower bones, making the roof and floor of the joint. These ligaments take on added loads. This strain weakens the ligaments and the next injury may get them, producing a permanent injury and a non-functioning knee.

The knee cavity is encased in a fibrous capsule which is made up of the sheaths on each side and a tendon containing the kneecap in front. The cavity is lined with delicate membranes covering cartilage. These membranes supply a lubricant which keeps the knee cavity moist and oils the action of one bony surface rubbing on another. Following a knee injury, nature activates the membrane, increasing the fluid content to the point of distending the cavity. Thus the rubbing parts are separated for protection while healing occurs. As the knee is healed with adequate rest the fluid diminishes to a normal amount. With frequent recurrences of knee injury the increase of fluid becomes permanent, producing the condition known as water on the knee.

Numerous delicate nerves line the knee joint making a knee injury exceedingly painful. That's damned decent of nature because it tends to keep the individual from trying to use the knee before it's cured. However, the football kid with a tender knee doesn't realize that. He gives it the "no worse than a bad cold" college try at mental healing and goes forth to his gridiron conflicts. He's generally bandaged as well as highly talented specialists can do the job. However, bandaging at its best is a crude attempt to replace the function of the lateral capsular structures. Most doctors will declare that if the knee is injured to the extent it requires bandaging, the lad who travels on that knee is not in shape to participate in any sport that requires moving around at lively tempo over considerable area.

The joint capsules of the knee, the muscles and the tendons, are at maximum strength when the individual is from twenty-three to twenty-eight years old. Prior to that age, the knee—and the rest of the male athlete's physique—is in the formative stage, but has flexibility as a protective factor. The kid who suffers the usual athletic injuries, especially those to the knee, and who's allowed—or made—to get a complete cure can go back into the game as good as new.

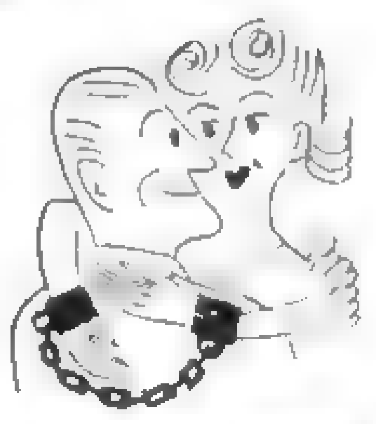
An argument football coaches and trainers privately advance for larger squads is the knee injury. Even though a kid is kept out of contact practice through the week, when Saturday comes around there is a temptation to use the physically weak-kneed performer when the squad is small. Especially is such temptation hard to resist if the boy says he's O. K. and no thorough physical examination is made to contradict the youngster.

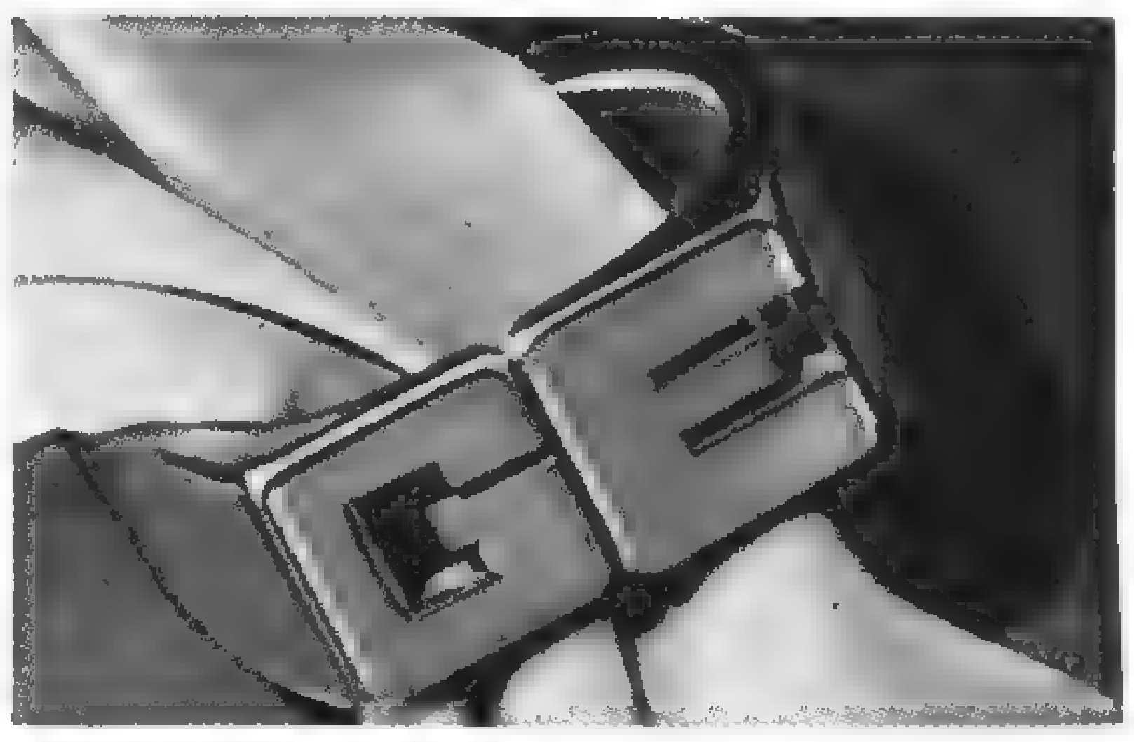
The larger squad, of course, has a definite tendency toward reducing all injuries. Frequent replacements minimize fatigue, and fatigue is a prominent factor in athletic injury.

The hell of it all, to the conscientious coach and trainer, is that the youngster who's a good athlete has a zest for the game and is impatient about his injuries. Combine that itch with a need for the kid in the line-up, and the result is a condition selecting the best athletes as prey of injuries that may develop into permanent afflictions. The indifferent athlete who is on the varsity squad mainly because he is naturally a first-class physical specimen, accepts his injury as a valid alibi and makes the most of the leisure of convalescence.

Considerably after his competitive days the former strenuous star may find his knee locking on

Handcuff the Lady





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him. He can't remember any recent injury and is shocked to hear an M.D. tell him that a fragment of the semi-lunar cartilage that broke loose in his knee some time ago has enlarged and in its alien location is interfering with the function of the joint.

The old boy probably can recall spells of housemaid's knee, the inflammation of the kneecap sac that doctors call bursitis. Basketball and baseball players frequently suffer from that. He might even have fractured his patella (the kneecap itself), but that's rare and mostly caused by running into an outfield wall.

But having gone through the list of knee mishaps during his competitive career, the once-active gent believes he has earned a respite. It's agony of the soul and meat to him when the surgeon begins whetting his tools and mumbling, "This doesn't look any too damn good. Why didn't you go out for the checkers team when you were in school?"

What they'll be able to do about the extensive incidence of these knee injuries in football, particularly, nobody can guess. Open style play has given the kids better chances of protecting themselves. It has been suggested that an experiment might be made in pro football by increasing the width of the field to encourage more open play. The pros, as specialists, could defend more territory laterally. The spectators would like it. Risks to the players would be reduced. There might be, of course, greater demands made on the players' wind, but an athlete can get his breath back. He can't grow himself a new knee.

If you are one of the army that played high school or varsity football, the chances are that as you read these lines you'll subconsciously pat your knee tenderly and realize that it's not an impending change of weather that gives you the twinge in the joint, but the backfire of gridiron glory.

A strange part of it is that so little mention is made of the frequency and severity of football knee injuries, the victim almost feels as though he had acquired something on the order of a social complaint. In a way it is that. Many a socially inclined varsity letter man can't plant an instep on the footrail of a bar because he's given his knee to Alma Mater. That's too great a sacrifice to make for sport. ⧺

## None But the Brave

*Continued from page 107*

trying to keep down the excitement in his voice. "He looks right good, Pa. Hit seems like he knowed about the day, liken he knowed what he had to do."

"He's a right nice looking chicken, Bub," his father answered slowly. "I be bound to say you reared him good. But men and chickens the same, you no ways kin tell by looking. Likely men I seen could hardly whop aryone, no matter how frail. Then others I seen too, no bigger than a banty rooster, could whop their weight in wildcats. We be bound to wait and see."

The man pushed his chair back against the wall and rolled a cigarette. When he lit up he looked at his son through the smoke and thought: I be bound he's near growed up. Iffen Mary had nor died she'd be right proud to see him like he is now, filling out fast and shooting tall as a weed, favoring her and her folks more than me, dark, and him so light he's near towheaded. And within him for a moment he felt the hard place like a rock he had thought forgotten and abruptly he got to his feet.

"We bes to git going," he said gruffly. "Hit's gitting late and we got a fer piece to go. Too we got them chickens to feed and water afore we kin load them. Come on, Bub, git a hump on."

As they worked the sound of the cocks was like music in their ears and time flew past fast. Soon the Model T was packed tight with the slatted crates, piled high above and wired on behind, so that from the rear you saw little else. Then they went to the house and put on their best, Bub shocked when his father took him to the stock trough and scrubbed hard behind his ears. But all was forgotten by the time he was in the car waiting for his father to crank it. And suddenly, without thinking, he called, "Pa, was Ma chere she'd be right proud."

Even as he saw the look of pain flick his father's face his own closed wound seemed suddenly opened and he felt like crying. He gulped hard and sniffed back the raw edges to closing and looking up he saw his father bend and grab the crank like he wanted to tear it off. The chassis shook as the man spun the motor hard and when it caught, the boy pulled down quickly on the hand throttle, but the motor coughed twice and died.

"Goddamit," his father yelled cheerfully, "I reckon I choked the bastid to death." Then he winked at Bub and went on, "I be bound if someday I don't sell off all my chickens and git us one of them new cars Henry's building, one with a mash starter."

Bub's laugh lilted to the roof of the shed and flung itself back in his face. He saw his father grin and again it was their world alone, his and his pa's, and everything was the same as it had been. He watched the sudden dip of his father's shoulder at the crank and then heard the roar of the motor.

* * *

For a time it was cool, driving through the scrub along the sand-rutted roads guarded by trees, but as the morning passed it grew warm and the sun beat down on the seats of the open car, making them hot to the hand as a griddle. Soon they turned onto the main

*Continued on page 256*

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## None But the Brave

*Continued from pages 107-255*

highway and far as the eye could see stretched the smooth pavement, strange seeming to the boy. And once he saw water, blue and smooth and calm as glass, and he called his father's attention to it, ahead of them across the road.

"Hit ain't water, Bub," his father laughed, "though hit shore don't miss looking hit."

At first the boy thought he was jesting, but as they drew near the water faded away and vanished, leaving no trace behind. His breath drew in sharply and he heard his father's laugh, crystal clear for a moment, then snatched away far behind them by the wind.

"Hit's caused by the sun on the cement, Bub. Just how I don't rightly know. First time ever I seen hit, hit gave me quite a start."

On they drove until the sun was directly overhead, then as they neared a town the man pointed the nose of the car into a roadside gas station and stopped.

"We in Orlanda, Pa?"

"Shucks, Bub, this chere ain't a wide place in the road alongside Orlanda. You see iffen I ain't right. I stopped now cuz my backbone's gitting too friendly with my belly. I figured we mought as well git us some eats.

When they came out the boy went around to the back of the car. His gamecock was walking up and down the low narrow crate, his black eyes bright as beads, and as the boy came near he came up to the side of the cage.

"Hit ain't a fer piece now," the boy said in a whisper. "We bound to be there soon. You riding hit out good and don't look to be overly fighting hit. You got to save your strength. You don't fight good you mought end up in stew. Pa ain't said so but I do."

The bird raised on his toes and flapped his wings, then crowed, and the boy wanted to hug him then and there. The feeling of owning something swelled within him like a balloon until he could hardly stand it. He stooped to the ground and picked up a rock and shied it at a Coca-Cola sign across the road, yipping his satisfaction as the stone zinged the target metallically, right where it said Orlando 9 Mi. Then he heard his father call and he hurried back.

He closed his eyes and tried to imagine just how long nine miles was, but his excitement was too strong a magnet and he opened them wide again in a moment. The nine miles stretched out before him endlessly down the road and even the hotel signs, and those advertising Sewell's Mammoth Market, which cut the distance mile by mile, if anything only prolonged his misery, even when he looked far ahead for them and learned to tell the one kind from the other, long before he was close enough to read them.

But at last they were there and for a moment when they turned into the main street he was so amazed at all the people and the cars and the tall buildings that he forgot all else.

"There's Sear's," his father said, pointing to the right, "that big white store on the corner. You know the book we got to home with all the pictures?"

"Yeah, Pa. Where we seen the incubator we got last spring?"

"That's right, Bub. Well, that store's got all them things in the book, leastways not fer from hit. Ora Vister ain't but a short piece now."

The car turned sharply to the right sending the boy hard against his father's side. He almost wished he could stay there close, but he knew he was too old for that.

* * *

Before them loomed the white wooden shaft of the church at the corner. It looked just the way his father had said and the boy knew it at once in a surge of remembrance so strong it almost seemed he had been there before. Along the east side ran the white picket fence to ensquare the burial ground behind and atop the steeple was the gilt cross, so large it could be seen from a long ways off. And the boy remembered everything, even how the church had come to be there only because the Cockfighter's Association had given the money in exchange for being left alone. Then they turned down a sandy road through the woods and they were there.

His father drew up under a tree and lazily got out, stretching like a cat in the sun. Bub followed him, grown suddenly shy by the many people. As his father stood rolling a cigarette the boy saw a tall man coming across the clearing.

"Hello, Charley," he called, then coming up held out his hand. "Glad you made it again this year."

Bub's father wiped his hand quickly on the thigh of his trousers and grasped the extended hand. "Howdy, Mister Bob," he answered, "hit's shore good to see you again, looking right pert too. This chere's my youngun, Bub."

Then the boy knew it was Mister Bob Young, head of the Association, and he shook hands gravely.

"Charley," Mister Bob said presently, "there's a couple of my chickens I'd like to have you pit for me. It's those two young cocks you handled last year. I swear before God no one has done half as good a job since."

"Well now, Mister Bob, I'd

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shorely be proud," Bub heard his father say. "I got a special job on a young cock named Jack Dempsey first though. Bub chere hired me a month ago so I reckon he belongs to have first pick."

The boy cast down his eyes at their hearty laughter and scuffed a trench in the sand with the toe of his shoe. Then he felt a hand laid gently on his shoulder.

"Don't let him get your nanny, Bub. I reckon his daddy pulled the same thing on him when he wasn't a bit older than you are."

"Bub," his father said gravely, "hit wasn't in no way meant to shame you." The boy looked up shyly and his father went on, "Bub, me and Mister Bob got business to attend to. Iffen you've a mind to, go in and watch the fights. I got your entrance badge right chere in my pocket."

The man bent down and pinned the shiny badge onto the boy's fresh washed blue denim shirt. For a moment the boy's nostrils were full with the man-smell of the bent figure, the pungent aroma of harsh lye soap and the rich smell of tobacco, the slight odor of moth balls and the other scents hard to sort out.

Then the older man straightened up and the boy turned away, walking slowly towards the canvas walls of the cock pit, tentlike but without a roof. Inside, he climbed to a seat high in the back where he could look down on the round flat dirt pit below.

In the center two gamecocks were warily circling each other, black eyes beady bright and necks out-thrust like wrestlers, feinting occasionally to feel each other out. The boy hunched over with his elbows on his updrawn knees, intent only on what was going on below him, hearing the voices of the others, the crowd, the bets passing back and forth across the ring by word of mouth and wave of hand, but shutting them out through his concentration, so that he heard them yet didn't hear them at the same time.

Now the smaller of the two drew the other into a false movement, a too-quick feint, then leaped high in the air and came down on his opponent's back. For a moment there was the bright silver gleam of a gaff in the sunlight, piston-like in its rapidity, and the other cock lay still.

Behind him Bub heard his father's voice. "That little round head ketched his heart that first jab, Bub. Lissen, you want to fight your chicken in the next bout but this one?"

"Fighting who, Pa?"

"A cock his same age and weight. I seen the chicken and he don't look like nothing to git het up about. Looks to me like you'd win in a walk."

The boy nodded, wanting to answer but feeling the sudden hurt of excitement raise in his throat blocking the words.

"Come on then, Bub. We best to git Jack Dempsey set. You kin holp me when I pit him I reckon. Hit ain't a important bout and I reckon they ain't likely to mind no small boy such as you."

Silently the boy got to his feet and followed his father down the aisle. His excitement made him light-headed, as though he had been too long without food, and he staggered for a moment before he put his hand against a seat and steadied himself.

* * *

Jack Dempsey came to his hand arrogantly and perched there, the slanting rays of the afternoon sun afire on his sleek feathers. As they walked along the boy could feel the clutch of the talons hard to his arm as he steadied the bird with his other hand. When they got to the weighing stand the other gamecock was already on the scales. He was skittish on the weighing pan, jumping and flapping his wings, contrary as a baby in its first bath. But finally he was still for the brief moment necessary to gauge his weight.

When it was Bub's turn he murmured low and Jack Dempsey stood as immobile as though carved from the scale itself, his bright eyes proud and unwavering. For a moment the boy's heart jumped wildly until he saw that his bird made the agreed upon weight, then he turned his head and spat nonchalantly, as though letting loose with his spittle all his penned-up emotions.

He squatted on his heels while his father put on the gaffs, his hands working swift and sure as machinery. First the narrow strips of leather, oiled so they were soft and pliable as a chamois, wound on as carefully as human hands could make them, just so, for one slight slip and they must be done again. Then the gaffs, taken from their leather case and thumbed for sharpness, fastened on with all the concentration of threading a needle.

"Bub," his father said in a low voice, "you kin carry him in to the pit. Then I best to handle him."

By motion of his hand in smoothing the feathers, through every medium save actual word of mouth, the boy made known to the bird his feelings. And within the tight strangeness of his body he whispered to himself; I know I named you right and now hit's up to you. I can't do no more than what I done already. You got to show me now.

When his father took the cock from him he backed outside the circle and knelt low, clutching dirt in his fist squeezing it hard as though he could transfer some of his own strength to the bird.

Almost in a haze he watched his father go to the center of the ring to meet the other handler. Arms outstretched, they let the two cocks peck at each other and draw blood, then kneeling at either side of the drawn line, released them. Both rushed forward and met in a tangle of feathers.

To the boy it seemed as though his heart had as surely stopped beating as the ended ticking of an unwound watch. His eyes struggled to tell one from the other as

*Continued on page 258*

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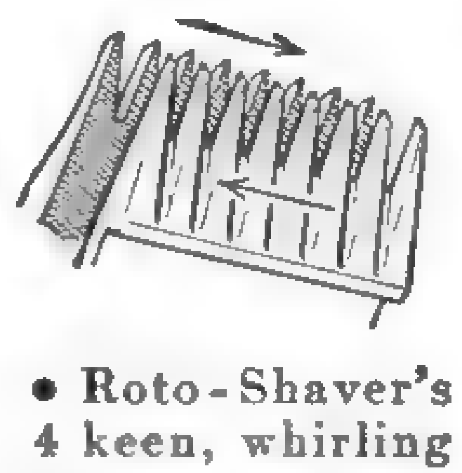

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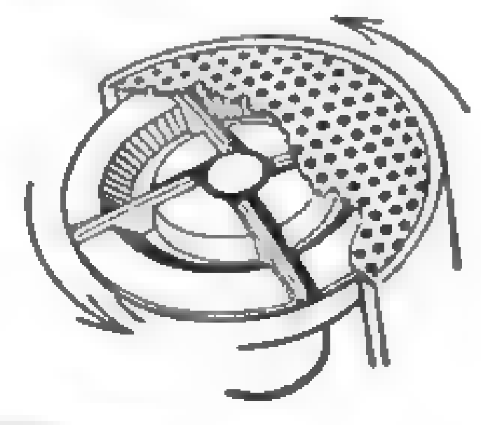

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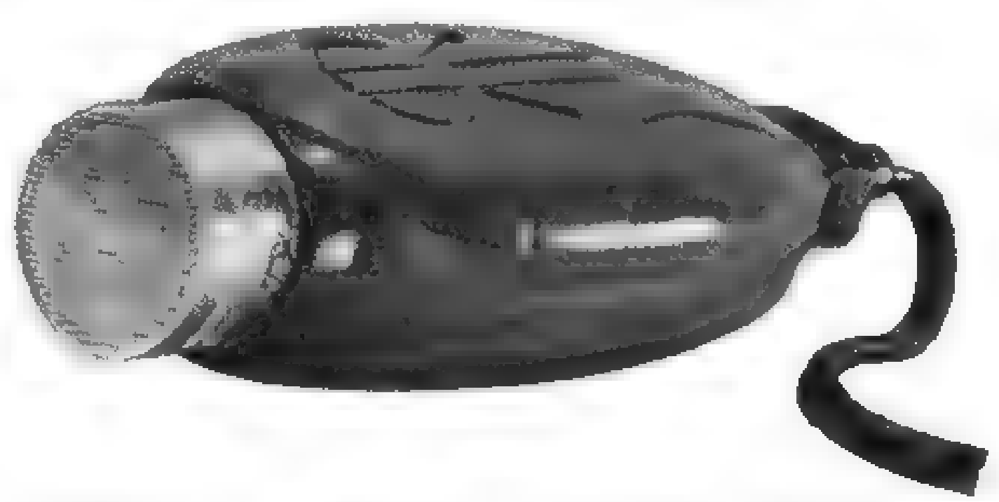

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## None But the Brave

*Continued from pages 107-255-257*

they wheeled and struck, beating at each other with clumsy wings in furious rushes, as eager and untutored as young boxers. Then they seemed to grow more wise and fought with the slow, methodical, cold hatred of their kind, a parry here, a thrust there, but always when an opening came the quick lunge, the jabjabjab of gaff like the stutter of a machine gun.

Then suddenly Bub saw the other chicken turn tail and run with Jack Dempsey in full pursuit. Low to himself, so low no one else could hear he swore softly: "Goddamit, Jack Dempsey, you got him to running, now kill the bastid."

But before his eyes, so quickly he almost missed it, the pursued braked to a sudden stop, wheeled and leapt high in the air, coming down on the pursuer's back. Both feet moved now as quick as light, so fast they seemed a blur, sinking to the hilt those cruel bright barbs. He saw his gamecock stagger and roll over, beating his wings until finally the rider was unhorsed. The boy's heart seemed stone as his bird righted itself and got to its feet, moving slowly towards its opponent.

But gone now was the springy step and left only the grim determination to fight until the end, the grit that knew but that one way to cease what had been set into motion. And the tail feathers, bedraggled now and seemingly drained of all life, left a trail in the dirt, mixed with the faint dark stain of blood.

The boy knelt there praying and fingering the rabbit's foot in his pocket. Once the other bird was down, but too much strength was already drained from the underdog for him to even matters. And then in one sudden swirl of bright colored feathers it was over, a sudden lunge and a spear caught and pierced Jack Dempsey's heart; the upturned feet kicked once, then again but this time slower, and at the last one feeble twitch, even to the last, fighting as long as there was blood left in him.

The victor slowly pulled gaff and staggered off the stilled chest, near spent himself, yet still with strength enough to lurch drunkenly around the ring and feebly flap wings and crow a few times before he dropped exhausted.

The boy's eyes closed and for the first time in his life death became a personal matter to him, so close he could reach out and touch it, not the way it had been when his mother died, with him away and death only an uttered word, crushing in its loss but not like this.

He opened his eyes and saw that his father had retrieved the fallen bird and was working over him, kneading the body and breathing into the half-opened beak. Long minutes later his father looked up and the boy saw in his guilty eyes the answer even before he shook his head slowly.

Without a word the man picked up the dead bird by the legs and followed the boy outside. The boy walked quickly but his father caught up with him and silently put his arm around his son's shoulder, drawing him closer to his side. There they stood, the one crushed with grief and the other made helpless by the frustration of knowing that nothing he could do or say would make the slightest difference.

Finally the man spoke gravely, his voice hushed low, "You want I should leave him chere, Bub? I could and then you might find it easier to disremember."

"No," the boy choked, "no, Pa, I want I should take him home. I had thought to bury him close by, you willing."

The man nodded. "I figured hit to be that way, Bub. I'll just put him in a crocus sack. When we git home we kin find a likely burying ground, down by the river mought be peaceful like. I'm bound to say he shore did earn hit."

The boy climbed into the car and waited for his father to start the motor. His grief was yet too intense for him to find release through tears, though his shoulders shook with dry sobs. His only thought was of his mother, gone now forever, and how perhaps if she were here he could through her somehow find a way to free his grief.

His father got in beside him and idled down the motor. Several times he tried to speak, but each attempt was blocked by his lack of words.

Finally he said simply, "He fought good, son."

"He did, Pa. Hit seemed he knew he didn't belong to lower his name."

They were silent, separated still by a wall.

"Bub."

"Yeah, Pa."

"I figured we mought go into Orlanda and git us a good eat to the hotel. You could have some turkey, ice cream too if you had a mind to."

"I thank you kindly, Pa," the boy answered, then sobbed, "I'm feared hit might stick in my craw."

"We could see us a moving pitcher, Bub. You ain't never seen one and hit's time you should. Then I figured too you ain't fer from shotgun age. Maybe we mought git you one over to Sear's. You could pick out your choice."

Suddenly the tight hard ball of grief broke into many pieces and as though a dam had broken, tears came bursting up from deep within. He felt his father's arm around him, not drawing him near exactly but rather hinting that he might come if he had a mind to. He threw his arms around his father and buried his head deep in his chest. Around his shoulder he could feel his father's hand awkwardly patting him, and above him he could smell the faint, sweet-sour odor of whiskey. ‡‡

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## Your Uncle Nick

Continued from page 111

To happiness—beneath its mask
Oh master! What a lot to ask!

This has always been Nick's mood and theme and it dominates the songs he was destined to write in later years. It is not that Kenny, as poet-philosopher, has not progressed. It is simply that Kenny believes now in the same self-evident truths he was, by his own confession, brung up on. He is devoted to the simple joys of simple things—the blessings of charity, the power of a smile, the delights of home life, and, of course, mother love and childish laughter. Nick has never compromised with those inspirations. Sometimes he can deftly combine two inspirations in one poem, as, for example, in the lines:

I'm going home to mother
And woo the fertile loam
And say "hello!" to the old scarecrow
Hooray—I'm going home!

That would be almost the apogee of all that Nick fights the good fight for—home and mother. Fearlessly, Nick once wrote that "there's nothing lower than a man ashamed of his mother."

In his first scrap book he used to copy quotations from such of his mentors as Goethe, Emerson, Mirabeau, Ruskin, Heraclitus, La Rochefoucauld, Carlyle, Shakespeare, and Arthur Brisbane. ("I was a great reader in those days.") Nick's choice of quotation is similar to that of Elbert Hubbard. Every maxim he copied from the great minds emphasizes the essential nobility of man, the value of true and abiding friendship, the wisdom of looking to the stars. All these capsules of the accumulated knowledge of the ages he once incorporated into a slogan which was mimeographed and sent to any members of the trade who might clamor for it. "Wishing hard enough and working hard enough for a thing practically assures its achievement," he said. It is a message he has often injected into his songs. To Nick it has been a steady ideal. It has also paid dividends.

Nick was born forty-four years ago in Astoria, Long Island, and many of his most heartfelt efforts have been dedicated to that garden spot of the borough of Queens. ("Astoria my old home town," he once wrote, "Though years I've ploughed the foam, My heart is there by Ma's old chair. In my Long Island home.") His father was Irish, his mother French-Canadian. His mother, who is eighty-two and lives on Staten Island, is one of his two main sources of personal inspiration, the other being his daughter Patty. Of the portrait of his mother which hangs on the wall of his office, he says "she looks exactly like a Rembrandt portrait of a French Huegenot." When Nick was fifteen he ran away from Astoria and joined the Navy. For eight years he served in various capacities—yeoman, machinist's mate, carpenter's mate, member of the deck gang. It was in the Navy that he first started to write in earnest. He edited the ship's papers. He also conducted a brisk business in writing love letters in rhyme for less literate members of the crew, at so much per letter. He was for years the Cyrano de Bergerac of the Super-dreadnought *U.S.S. South Carolina*. All this was grist to his mill. It is the Navy to which he invariably reverts when he is in anecdotal mood.

He was a frequent writer to the reader's columns of the Hearst papers and some of his efforts caught the eye of the great Brisbane, who wrote back and complimented him. After eight years of the United States Navy, Nick spent two years in the Merchant Marine. (He was the youngest chief mate in the service.) After that—after seeing action in about five armed conflicts—he was ready to hitch his wagon to the Muse. He asked Brisbane for a job. Brisbane told him to go out and get some experience on a small paper. He got a job on the Bayonne *Times* and wrote a column of verse and comment called "Gettin' an Earful," and signed himself "Ken." It was enormously successful. The free citizens of Bayonne liked the homely wisdom of such nuggets as: "Many people are like rubber boots—the holier they get the harder it is to get along with them." After Bayonne, Brisbane knew his protegé was ready. He put him to work on the Boston *American* and again Kenny's prose and poems clicked. The New York *Daily News* lured him down to the big city. Between chores on the *News* he would occasionally get the chance to write the radio column when the regular editor of that column was away. It was here, on the radio page, that Kenny found himself and that New York found Kenny. The Daily *Mirror* bundled him off to do its radio column. That was ten years ago.

"Nick Kenny Speaking" is unquestionably the most popular radio column in America. It is also the only radio column with a personal following so large that it is an important factor in the circulation figures of the paper it appears in. Walter Winchell is considered responsible for two hundred thousand of the steady six hundred thousand readers of the *Mirror*. No such direct analysis has been made of Kenny's influence on *Mirror* circulation, but it is certainly large. The column is gospel to the radio trade, but what makes it really unique is that the average reader reads it. The average reader does not usually turn as instinctively to the radio column in his favorite newspaper as quickly as he turns to the gossip column or the sports column. Kenny is the one great exception.

The reasons for his success are the same reasons that make him

Continued on page 260

Darling—
Never ask me
again what I want
for Christmas—Al—

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## Your Uncle Nick

*Continued from pages 111-259*

such a success as a songwriter. He does not write for the literati and he expounds only those doctrines which have withstood the test of time. He is never vicious, he is always friendly and always intelligible. He likes many exclamation points and several dots in between great thoughts, and the effect of his prose is one of great exuberance. (His daily poem is in a box all by itself in the center of the column.) Thousands upon thousands of his readers have actually met their Uncle Nick in person, for the poet delights in making personal appearances. (He appears at hundreds of benefit shows every year. His office walls are cluttered with letters from veteran's hospitals, Tuberculosis Fund Drives, religious benefit organizations.) These fortunates who have seen him, know that their idol is a large, lumbering man whose voice still smacks of the sea—of the roar of surf and foghorn. It is a voice that is, somehow, an affable one. But Kenny readers need not see him in the flesh to know how affable he is. His column is rife with enthusiasm for people and poetry and life itself. No other column in the *Mirror* contains so many exclamation points.

Although Kenny's connection with radio is mainly a critical one he has managed to make himself a popular personality on the air. He has four programs of his own each week. One is called *Gold Mines in the Sky.* Another is called the *Children's Daily Mirror Parade* and is devoted to child prodigies. A third is the *Daily Mirror-Go-Round*, which is devoted to ferreting out new talent. And a fourth is a broadcast he and brother Charlie indulge in five days a week precisely at one o'clock in the afternoon. It is a news broadcast. ("But we don't give 'em any bad news," says Nick.) It is aimed primarily at shut-ins. Banter and swift talk between the Kenny brothers, interspersed by a little vocal harmonizing between the two, abounds. There are frequent admonitions to write to the old folks at home, and often an appeal for some unfortunate friend. Once Nick requested a wooden leg for a destitute listener. A widow in Queens sent in six. Once he asked for a piano for Welfare Island. He got fifty-five. Brother Charlie—Nick always refers to him as Brother Charlie—has an ear for music and plays the piano for this morning program, which is broadcast from a small room that adjoins Kenny's main office. Brother Charlie was described in the August, 1939 issue of *Song Hits* magazine as "one of New York's most sought-after bachelors," but he has since been withdrawn from circulation. Charlie has composed the music for some of Nick's biggest hits, and when he doesn't compose the music he collaborates on the lyrics. During the first three months of 1939 Nick received 37,000 letters from radio fans. Walter Winchell received 39,000. Of course, Winchell has but one half-hour a week—but Kenny has no coast-to-coast hookup. Their comparative popularity is something for statisticians to figure out with those two facts plainly in view.

Kenny's office is famous in the trade. In a small anteroom sits Miss Mary Logan, who is Nick's secretary and niece, and the possessor of a telephone voice that is unique. Among radio press agents she is known as the Bonnie Baker of the extension line. Nick's copy boy is Richie Kenny, a nephew. Brother Charlie holds down the first desk to the right in the main office, and facing him, parallel with Nick Himself, is Bill Steinke, Nick's artist and bosom companion. Steinke weighs some 255 pounds and laughs in four tremendous octaves. The profanity between Steinke and Kenny smacks of Second Avenue and, of course, the sea. But though many a press agent has been scared into flight by a vocal exchange between the two, the affection between Steinke and Kenny is a deep one. They understand each other. Steinke is the creator of the little cartoon symbol that is almost Kenny's trademark—a little man with an enormous nose. Steinke has played an infinite number of variations on Kenny's nose, having drawn it as a clothes line, a fishing rod, and even as a flute. Kenny's nose is not really large enough to inspire such treatment but he howls with delight over each new Steinke variation on it.

Nick is married to Kathryn Judge, daughter of Jim Judge, the old Scranton (Pa.) welterweight. The Kennys have two daughters, Patty and Joy, both of whom are household names to all Kenny readers because their daddy often devotes his daily poems to descriptions of their health or their bright sayings. His "Patty-Poems," all inspired by the larger of his two daughters, are numberless. Patty's health is always a concern to Nick. Some time ago he wrote:

> Friends say "Don't worry Nick
> Pat's a healthy little chick!
>   Measles is mysterious
>   But don't take it serious!"

His love for his daughters knows no bounds and his poems have

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chronicled that fact many times. Another of his Patty-Poems has an interesting poetic conceit:

My little Pat has roguish eyes
Innocent and yet so wise
Pools of mischief, prank and whim
In which a tired dad can swim.

There was at least one reader of these lines who was somewhat puzzled by the image of the Old Sailor—he likes to call himself the Old Sailor—doing an Australian crawl across Patty's limpid eyeball.

But Nick's conceits are rarely so involved. Nick knows poetry, as he knows the power of simplicity. His notebooks contain pages of technical advice on poetic forms, as well as such helpful hints as; "In iambic verse an amphibrach or an anapest may be substituted for any iambus and a trochee for the first iambus."

Of course, the Old Sailor's position as radio editor of the *Daily Mirror* is no hindrance to him in his songwriting sideline. A hundred press agents a day plague the patient Kenny for a "plug" in his column. Naturally, if Kenny is kind enough to plug a band leader the band leader will want to show his appreciation. The form of appreciation most beneficial to Uncle Nick is the process of playing his songs over the air. And since the popularity of a song depends upon the number of times it is played on the air, the Old Sailor makes the Hit Parade with astonishing regularity. (Twice he has been "Number 1.")

The circle is small but concentric. Band leaders and singers feel obligated to Uncle Nick for the various kindnesses he pays them in his column. They repay in kind. Their Uncle Nick continues to relay the compliments. This goes on and on until the chanteys of the Old Sailor become, one after the other, best sellers.

There are unkind souls in the trade who do not approve of Uncle Nick's success. They claim he works too hard at plugging his own songs. They tell of the time he passed a beggar who was playing an accordion, dropped a nickel in his cup and stuck a copy of *Gold Mine in the Sky* under his arm. "Here," Uncle Nick is supposed to have whispered, "plug it!"

The story is probably apocryphal and it arises only from the fact that Kenny is the most accomplished plugger of his own songs in the business. On his various radio programs his own songs have the preferred position. His many friends in the music business continue to do Uncle Nick their good turns. All this helps.

It also helps to fan the flames of resentment. Less fortunate song writers blame all his success on the influence he wields through his column.

This may be true, but one inalienable fact always remains. A song must have that certain something to attract the public fancy. Song men are agreed that if a song lacks the magical ingredient an infinite number of playings over the radio cannot help it. Kenny's detractors, for example, would do well to study the verse and chorus of *Make-Believe Island*, which runs like this:

When life has no fascination
The world is so wrong it seems
Just use your imagination
And fly to an Isle of Dreams.
Make-Believe Island is waiting just for you
Beautiful Island beyond the blue
Make-Believe Island is waiting round the bend
Magical Island of "Let's Pretend."
In fair tropical splendor
Love will find you and then
Two lips fondly surrender
Whispering "kiss me again."
Wonderful Island
Where broken dreams come true
Make-Believe Island
Beyond the Blue.

A comprehensive study of these words will repay any incipient song writer, for in them Kenny has accomplished a great deal. He has incorporated at least six elusive objectives of true, inviolate corn. Any one of these objectives could take a song of its own. They are, in the order of their appearance, as follows:

(1) The world has got you down (2) Use your imagination (3) A tropical Utopia (4) Love (5) Kiss (6) Dreams come true.

These are six standard appeals in the song writer's rule book. The trick is in getting them all into one song with a certain amount of consistency. Only his archest rivals could deny that Kenny has succeeded admirably at this in *Make-Believe Island*. This lavish but compact grouping is partly the fruit of instinct, partly the result of long experience. For every ten songs that Nick and Charlie write, only one gets published.

The remainder are charged up to experience.

Out of that constant refinement has come an awareness second to none of what the public wants. Uncle Nick's lyrics are not always sure-fire; only a few years ago he wrote a song which brought him net royalties of fifty-six cents. But he comes as close to knowing what the whole incredible business is all about as any writer around. He knows that our tastes—the tastes of the great American public—are simple.

He knows that all we want is a tropical soul-mate on an uncharted paradise, unending bliss, blue horizons, love, kisses, and gold mines in the sky. He knows there is no corn too yellow, too alien for our popular taste. He knows that a poet with a sense of the practical can eventually attain the immortality of Grade "A" at ASCAP.

He knows that a poet who sticks only to strophes and pure poetry may wind up in the anthologies but that while he lives his fellow man will probably consider him just another jerk. ###

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## Land of the Pilgrims' Pride

*Continued from page 70*

now they found themselves in a barren, low chamber, with iron-grated windows, which looked as if it were the dining room of an orphanage, a cloister, or a prison. On the table, paper napkins, tin knives and forks. The couple didn't even look to see what was being dished out on their plates. They did not touch their food that evening.

At half-past seven they had to go upstairs to the common dormitory. They were separated. The wife went with the women; the husband with the men.

There were about thirty beds in the men's dormitory. The man's neighbor on the left was an old Portuguese peasant, who, for some reason, had decided to emigrate to America from the Azores. The old man had only one hand; in the place of his right hand there was an iron hook. With the hook he pulled off his shoes when he sat down groaning on the edge of his bed. The bed on the right-hand side belonged to a young man of some Balkan nationality who had cross-eyes and who looked like a thief. The man looked at him worriedly. He was afraid that the boy was going to steal his wallet from under his pillow during the night.

The other prisoners had all come up to the dormitory with little bundles, as if they were going on an excursion. The man didn't know that he should have brought his overnight bag along with him. He had always been a little dandified and too particular about his personal cleanliness. Now he felt ill at ease and filthy as he tried to go to sleep in his day-old shirt. But the loud conversation which the occupants of the beds were carrying on with one another in a dozen different languages kept him awake.

Suddenly the electric lights went out. The room became dark and silent. Silent? The hubbub of the voices was now replaced by the wheezing and snoring of thirty-odd men.

The man lay on his bed awake. He was the indestructible, tough type, who always comes out on top. He felt that he had the right to live well. He had never felt any emotion about the countries in which he had been living. But now, on this sleepless, tortured night, for the first time in his life, he felt concrete hatred against a country. He hated America, because America had caught him cheating and closed her gates in front of him.

He lay in a tortured daze until dawn. Finally he fell asleep because of sheer exhaustion. He was stirred out of his sleep by somebody beating on the iron posts of his bed. One of the guards stood before him. He said in a friendly tone:

"O. K., Joe! Out of the bed! It's six o'clock!"

What if it was six o'clock! And what did he mean by calling him Joe! His name was not Joe! How dared they treat him like this! But he sensed that this was the discipline of the prison and obeyed the command. He got up and went to the washbowl. His roommates were already washing and getting dressed. He saw their naked chests and backs; he inhaled their smell. The old Portuguese peasant with the amputated hand filled him with loathing; the cross-eyed boy from the Balkans made him shiver. He was disgusted by the filthy soap suds which his predecessors had left in the washbowl. He hated everything around him. The mussed pariahs who stank up the air around him, who left their filth in his basin, who scattered orange peel and bread crumbs in the room. Why couldn't all this vermin be exterminated? He alone had the right to live!

After ten minutes he met his wife in the common hall. She had circles under her eyes, her dress was wrinkled, her hair disheveled. She told him her tale of the night in hysterics. She had to sleep with six other women. And the kind of women! He should have seen the nightgowns they wore! The way they snored! One of them had a brat sleeping with her, and it bawled all night . . .

She wrung her hands:

"Do something, Oscar! I'm going to go crazy in this place!"

The man had always been very energetic and he had his mind made up to do something. He sneaked up to one of the guards, and all in whispers promised him ten dollars if he would make two telephone calls for him in the city.

The guard stared at him surprised:

"Why do you want to spend ten bucks on two phone calls? You can call, yourself, from here. It will cost you only two nickels. The phone booth is right there at the railing!"

The European with the Cuban passport couldn't believe his eyes. The booth was really there. And he couldn't believe his ears, either, when he heard that Ellis Island was the kind of concentration camp where one could make uncensored telephone calls. That he could write letters and send telegrams without having to submit them to a censor. That there was a post office on the island. That the guards gave stationery gratis to the inmates. That he could receive guests twice a day, in the morning and in the afternoon. Anybody. The ferry boat brought over anybody who had a pass.

Oh well, if he could make calls and send wires, everything would be all right! And the prisoner of Ellis Island launched at once his campaign against the Laws of the United States with the permission of the Laws of the United States. Telegrams and letters flew to Cuba. In three days he had a home, a business, and a plantation in Havana. Friends of old standing appeared on the distant island; a whole family was born

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to him. Out of nothing a dozen people sprang forth, who were all willing to swear under oath that his passport was in order and that he was born in the land of the splendid cigars.

During the visiting hours the prisoner received lawyers and business associates. He hadn't seen New York yet, but he had already put through a deal in the city about financing an oxygen-generating cap, which was going to go over big in the soda business.

* * *

As far as the plan of their release was concerned, the man had worked that out energetically and in minute detail. Only the execution of the plan took a long time. In Cuba it is very hot; the authorities can't be expected to work fast; and, to tell the truth, bureaucracy soars on no eagle wings in the United States either. It takes a long time for an official letter to come and go. The couple had to be prepared to wait weeks at Ellis Island before their release could go through.

During this time they gathered a number of queer experiences, which were at least as surprising as the telephone booth. In the first place, they had fresh linen on their beds every day, just as in the Ritz in Vienna. Whoever heard of such a concentration camp? Then they could take a bath or a shower every day. They could use up ten clean towels every time. The Negro attendant, who stood at the door of the dormitory, gave just as many fresh cakes of soap to everybody as he was asked for. And they had to admit that the butter which was served with the meals, was exceptionally good. The bread was fresh, elegant, and snow-white. There was milk, coffee, tea, and fruit galore. On Fridays they had fish. On Sundays fowl. On hot days the white-clad waiters dished out huge portions of ice cream even at the table of the prisoners who were awaiting deportation.

Several times the man tried to buy a little extra comfort with money. But he never had any luck. Nobody accepted tips on the island. The guards, the attendants, and the waiters were kind gratis to those prisoners whom they had found worthy of their friendship. They went by sheer personality and not by money.

Judging from these signs, the woman decided that the country which they were about to enter was naïve. But the man saw the deeper significance of things.

"This is the kind of country, my dear," he said to his wife, "which pays a great deal of attention to its dignity. One must observe its rules of etiquette. If we do that much, it will shut one eye and ignore a great deal that we have committed against its laws."

The man withheld several things from his wife. For instance, he was ashamed to reveal to her that a peculiarly warm feeling was growing inside of him toward America which first frightened and then conquered him with her strange tolerance. What kind of feeling could it have been? Patriotism? Was this going to be the country for which he could at last feel real love? He was almost taken aback by this possibility. He was a selfish person, and selfish souls dread every great sentiment which might oblige them to perform inconvenient tasks.

Man is a gregarious animal and doesn't like to be alone. This instinct of flocking together resulted in the organization of a select bridge party, recruited from the aristocracy of Ellis Island. There were five of them: the couple; a handsome, young Greek fruit exporter by the name of Leonidas Taskiris; a neither-young-nor-old Polish woman, who smoked so much that three fingers on her right hand were yellow from the nicotine; and a tall, thin, white-headed Finn.

While dealing, the Greek related in a mournful voice that he had come to America from France and that he had lost his entire baggage in Bordeaux. His three huge wardrobe trunks had disappeared as if the earth had swallowed them up, with sixteen suits of tailor-made clothes and forty silk shirts in them, not to speak of the rest. It was a terrible thing, he said, not to know what had become of one's baggage.

The Polish woman turned her haunted glance toward the Greek, and asked him almost mechanically:

"You don't know what's happened to your baggage? It must be very inconvenient . . . I can understand you fully . . . I left Warsaw eighteen months ago, and since then I have had no word of my children. I have no idea what has befallen them . . ."

The Finn joined the conversation:

"You are fortunate, Madame. You don't know what has befallen your children. Therefore you may hope. But I know precisely what has happened to my family. They were all killed in the bombing of Helsinki . . ."

A queer, dry cough escaped from his throat, and while the others commiserated loudly with him over the tragedy, he looked into his cards, added up the tricks and started to bid:

"One spade!"

The couple sat without speaking. They felt a little ashamed. They had to admit to themselves that their "case" was a bagatelle as compared to the other "cases" around the table.

And theirs was only one of many tables. All around in the gigantic hall, like soup in a bouillon cube, the tragedies and misfortunes of the whole world were condensed. In one corner six quaintly dressed Chinese women chirped in a huddle, like six black, frightened birds. Before what terror had they fled? From what conflagration, from what sea of blood? And what kind of hopes could they have? At the most the hope

*Continued on page 264*

*or* SEA LEVEL

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## Land of the Pilgrims' Pride

*Continued from pages 70-263*

of getting a job in a laundry, where they would work ten hours a day, stooped over an ironing board in the damp air. And what were the thoughts of the swollen-faced Negro, who was nursing a toothache, and in the meantime cast such yearning looks at the window that one could tell he would jump out of it at once if it had no iron bars?

And the many European whites? What did they expect of life, what destiny did they trust? Citizens of downtrodden little countries and sons of raped great nations who had lost their everything and who still paid enough attention to form to offer cigarettes and fruit to each other, and who, full of curiosity, learned sentence fragments from each other's languages, as in a modern Babel.

This was no hungry crowd of mercenaries which had come to the land of promise to dig its gold. This was a classical migration as shown by the presence of the many small children. When they set out for sheer adventure, men do not take their wives and children along. And here there were even suckling babes in cradles covered with gauze curtains. One of the corners of the huge hall had been roped off for the cradles, which stood in rows and gave the impression of a maternity ward.

Ellis Island definitely has some of the aspects of Purgatory. It softens hard souls. The woman could not resist it either. She had always been a selfish person, just like her husband. But here, new, fine, little organs evolved in her soul: the organs of compassion, all separate little hearts. Otherwise she could not have survived; she could not have kept her head above the ocean of fluid sorrow which surged against her with its waves from all sides.

After four weeks the couple noticed that the island was not entirely barren of everything. Where so many men and women are kept incarcerated together, some sexual outlet must be found. They both noticed that a French-Canadian youth was making violent love to a beautiful mulatto from Martinique.

The husband understood the Canadian only too well. He, too, liked to rest his eyes on the girl, who was as graceful as a young fawn.

He was telling his wife with enthusiasm:

"That black girl must be higher class! She used to work in an office . . . Her French is perfect! Look, she is reading *Salammbô* . . ."

"And besides she is so slender that you could span her waist with your hand,"—his wife interrupted him. "Be careful, or I'll scratch your eyes out if you sidle up to her too much!"

The man enjoyed this half-jocular, half-serious jealousy. For a long time he had been annoyed by his wife's attentiveness to Mr. Taskiris, the handsome Greek. But even that was a pleasant sensation, as if he had been inhaling oxygen: it dispelled his apathetic boredom.

Husband and wife were beginning to feel annoyed that they had to separate every night at half past seven and retire into different dormitories. At saying good-night they would kiss each other on the mouth, with the same technique they had used during the first weeks of their marriage.

In the morning, when they met, the husband would begin to court his wife:

"You look very pretty today! You must have slept well . . . I didn't sleep one wink . . . I was thinking of you all night! I almost went crazy when I thought how far you were from me! Locked up in another room! Tell me: do you think about me, too, sometimes during the night?"

The woman smiled coquettishly:

"You'll see!"—she replied mysteriously. And she thought of their release, when with all their various other rights and prerogatives they would regain their conjugal bedroom. In her imagination she saw the hotel in which they would live. And she began to go through her wardrobe mentally: which negligée should she wear the first night?

On a morning of the fifth week, the guard at the door shouted the couple's name through his megaphone into the crowded hall. The answer had come from Cuba, and Washington had accepted the authentication. They were free to go.

The woman put down the cards with which she had been playing solitaire; the man folded up his newspaper. They were excited, but they were not nearly as happy as they had imagined they would be on the threshold of their freedom. They looked around and felt the sorrow of parting.

They took farewell of their friends. They made appointments to meet when the others got out, too. The Greek, the Pole, the Finn, the Canadian. The man was writing addresses in his notebook. And it occurred to him that he could use the unfortunate Polish woman in his office which was already organized for him in New York.

The woman disappeared among the cradles; she wanted to say bye-bye to the babies. When they were already at the door, the man stopped abruptly:

"Excuse me for a moment, dear," he said to his wife, "I forgot to say good-bye to Uncle Miguel . . . You know, my neighbor in the dormitory!"

He rushed back to the hall and sought out the Portuguese, who was just washing his shirt in the bowl of the men's room. Uncle Miguel's only hand was wet and soapy up to the elbow. He couldn't shake it because the old man hid it and the iron hook of his right arm behind his back. The man, who was in a hurry, embraced the ill-smelling old peasant and kissed him on both cheeks.

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## Stalking the Seal

*Continued from page 67*

longest pieces to build a rough, rectangular pen about four feet high. He laid smaller sticks across the top and with his knife cut blocks of snow that he piled up around the structure and laid across the sticks on top. The front end was closed with snow except for an opening big enough for a man to crawl through.

Building a proper snow house was an art that Cranse had not mastered. But the shelter he had rigged would do. He poked a hole in the roof and built a fire inside. After it had burned an hour he put it out. The insides of the snow blocks were dripping and had run together. They would shortly freeze to form an air-tight house that a small fire would warm without melting the ice.

The house built, Cranse brought up more driftwood and piled it where it could be reached for fuel. A dull report boomed from the ice to be followed by two more.

Cranse looked that way, trying to pick out the figure of Sankton. He could not, there were only three dark patches showing on the ice now. The one closest in was probably Sankton.

There was very little chance of Sankton's getting a seal. It was all but impossible to get one with a rifle since the seals never lay far from the holes they came out of. Their repeated trips in and out again wore the ice smooth around the edges of the hole, and it sloped downwards. When hunted with a rifle, even though it was killed where it lay, the seal had only to relax its muscles and it would slide back into the hole.

Cranse had sent Sankton because of their desperate need for food. Any chance was worthwhile.

Cranse looked at the harpoon, picked it up. He had harpooned whales and sharks. Eskimos could stalk seals on top of the ice and harpoon them, but Cranse had never heard of a white man harpooning a seal. The traders and whalers he had talked with said that Eskimos were natural seal stalkers, or used some sort of scent on their bodies that the seals did not take alarm at. Cranse didn't believe it. With practice a white man could do anything an Eskimo, or any primitive could, and usually do it better. No doubt Eskimos had their own peculiar methods of hunting seals that a white man could learn if he tried.

Maybe some white man had learned to harpoon seals, but Cranse had no personal knowledge of the feat having been performed.

Miller woke up. Cranse walked over and knelt beside him. The skin drawn back over Miller's cheek bones lent his face a skeleton look. Cranse picked up the oil bag, but Miller shook his head.

"No. I feel sick."

It was a lie, Cranse knew. Miller said he felt sick so he would not be given any more of the small stock of oil they had left.

Cranse said, "I've got a house. Let me help you into it."

Miller smiled again. He looked like nothing so much as a man who would like to go back to sleep—and never wake up.

"Where's Sankton?" he whispered.

Cranse waved a hand at the ice. "Hunting."

"Listen, Cranse," Miller's voice was weak, "I've been wanting to get you alone. You've done a lot for me. Nobody could expect anyone to stick by better than you've stuck. But I know the situation. You and Sankton are both strong. You could go a long way yet, and could probably get to the ship. Nobody will blame you if you leave me and go on. You can say I died."

Cranse laughed.

"I've been expecting you to come out with that," he said easily. "A good meal will fix you up."

"Yes," Miller said wryly, "A half-dozen roast capons, or a bushel of broiled sirloins smothered in mushrooms, would fix us all up."

Cranse said earnestly, "A man should never paint a rosy picture just to kid himself. But if all the 'last suppers' I've eaten were tallied up, they'd make a list as long as your arm. I've eaten beetles in the Australian bush when I thought I was done. In the mountains in Tibet I was done again, and because I kept going ate like a king on wild yak meat. Last year in Africa the devil could have had my soul for a drink of water. After I was done I decided to crawl along as far as I could anyhow—and within a hundred yards stuck my nose into the coolest spring you ever saw. I could tell you a dozen more, but I just want you to get this through your head. When you think you're done, you are done. You have brains, Miller. Now's the time to use 'em. I'll tell you when the situation's hopeless."

He felt Miller's grave, intelligent eyes searching his face, and wondered how much of the falsity behind his words Miller would detect. He sighed inaudibly when Miller said quietly:

"I'll string along."

"Do that," Cranse urged, "and this will be no more than some good chapters for your book."

The short shooting light of the Arctic day was done, and Sankton came back empty handed. He threw the rifle into a corner and sat staring at the fire. Miller lay at the side of the hut and Cranse, stripped of his outer jacket, sat crosslegged cooking a small piece of caribou meat.

"I shot four," Sankton growled, "and hit one twice. There were pools of blood by each hole, but every blasted seal got away."

Cranse nodded. "They're hard to get. Supper'll be ready in a minute."

"Supper," Sankton groaned. "Supper—" He buried his face in his hands. "Oh, my God—!"

Cranse cut the meat into three

*Continued on page 266*

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## Stalking the Seal

*Continued from pages 67-265*

equal parts and gave a piece to each man. He poured a little oil from the sealskin bag and each drank. Sankton finished the last of his meat and sat with his hands clasping his knees.

"I shot four," he said moodily, "and hit one twice. If only I could have got one."

"Don't feel too badly about it," Cranse advised quietly. "I didn't expect you to get one."

Sankton leaped to his feet. Slow rage burned in his eyes. He glared at Cranse.

"You didn't expect me to get one!" he screeched. "Then why did you send me out? You and your know-it-all ways! We could of got out if you didn't drag a cripple along! I'll—!"

Cranse's voice was low. "Take it easy."

"Take it easy?" Sankton yelled. "We're goin' to die here! We haven't anything to eat! I trusted you! I thought you could get us out! You don't know what you're doin' any more than we do! Keep walkin'! Don't give up! A man ain't done unless he thinks he is—!"

Cranse said sharply, "Cool off, Sankton."

"Cool off. Cool off," the big sailor muttered. He took a slow step towards Miller, another . . .

Cranse hit him. Springing to his feet, his left arm flicked out and his clenched fist snapped sharply against Sankton's jaw. Sankton's head jerked back. The insanity in his eyes gave way to a pained, humble expression as though it were immensely surprising that anyone hit him. He fingered his jaw, and looked at Cranse wonderingly. Cranse winced.

Sankton was like a dog that has snarled at his master, been soundly whipped for it, and is pathetically eager to show that he never had any but the best of intentions.

"I didn't like to do that," Cranse said gently. "But it's important that we all work together. The only thing that can lick us is ourselves."

Sankton hung his head, and looked at Cranse with desperate, beseeching eyes. Cranse winced again.

"I—I must of lost my head for a minute," Sankton said abjectly. "I won't do it again."

Cranse's voice was kind. "Anybody could go haywire for a minute or two."

There was a few minutes' silence. Miller closed his eyes. A pleasant smile played about his lips.

Sankton stared hard at the fire, and raised his eyes again. "Cranse, you can get us out, can't you?"

"Of course."

Cranse arose, walked into the night, and down to the edge of the ice. Wherever men went, laws applied, and the strongest were unwritten laws. No man realized their potency until he faced a situation calling them into play.

How should he know if he was doing the right thing? Who was wise enough to decide? He and Sankton could go a long way without Miller, might even get through to the ship. With Miller, they could not move from this camp until they got food. Sankton now trusted him implicitly—Cranse thought of a child's trust in its father.

Nothing could happen as long as he was in charge. Was it better that he and Sankton go on without Miller? Was it right to risk three lives when two of them might be saved?

No hungry animal would stay long with a wounded companion if staying kept it away from food—even though that companion might be its own mate. But, in spite of the fact that they performed the same basic functions, there was a difference between men and animals. Cranse made his decision. He would stay with Miller, would try to see the thing through, keep urging the philosophy that hope could not die while life remained.

He smiled grimly. There was life, but he saw no hope. That made it doubly hard to continue deceiving Sankton and Miller. When they saw through his subterfuge, lost faith in his leadership . . .

Cranse took two bullets from the nine he still had in his pocket and placed them by themselves in another pocket. One was for Sankton, one for Miller. He had heard that that was easier than starving to death, or dying insane.

He himself needed no such outlet. He was strong enough to meet whatever came, through to the end.

The next day Cranse and Sankton hunted caribou inland from the hut. Miller was too weak to go. Sankton hung by Cranse's side like an obedient dog as they trudged over the arctic prairie. They saw no caribou, and not even the track of a living thing except themselves. Sankton was eager, servile, anxious to please, as though Cranse had the power of taking him out of here whenever he chose to do so, and must not be annoyed or he would decide to make Sankton remain.

When they returned to the hut Miller had crawled outside and dragged in some fire wood. He lay

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back in the corner, and struggled to a sitting position when they came in. Cranse felt Miller's eyes on him. He flushed and turned away, and when he turned back, tried to make his voice cheerful.

"We're bum hunters, I guess. We didn't even get a rabbit."

"Yes," Miller said. And again, "Yes."

Cranse felt uneasy, and tried to conceal his nervousness as he sat down. Miller had the aspect of a man watching with profound interest some fascinating experiment. Cranse felt that Miller had heard of such situations, lost men with a strong leader who snatched everything from the jaws of disaster at the crucial moment and found salvation for all. Now he was just waiting to see if it could really happen.

Cranse took half of the last piece of their caribou meat from the pole on which he had cached it and hung it over the fire. Sankton sat as close to him as he could get, his eyes fixed on Cranse's face. Cranse tossed his head in a little irritation. Sankton's attentions and his pathetic faith were becoming unnerving.

They ate the caribou meat, and Cranse gave each man a drink of the oil. The sealskin bag sagged emptily when he hung it back up. There was only enough oil left for a bare mouthful each.

The rest of their food was eaten in the morning, and again Cranse and Sankton went forth to hunt. They walked down the shore line a half-hour before turning inland; there was small use of covering again the same country they had hunted yesterday. Another half-hour's walk inland brought them among some low knolls and ridges, though Cranse knew that this was not the broken tundra they would pass on the way to Gibney Island.

Cranse climbed one of the knolls and swept the country around with his eyes. Far off, five hundred yards or more, two black spots showed against the snow. Cranse watched them keenly—vision in the arctic was often deceptive—and he finally made them out as two caribou.

He thrust a hand backwards to pull Sankton to the ground, and started when his questing fingers found nothing. He turned. Sankton was sitting a little below the crest of the knoll, his knees drawn up and his chin on them. Cranse crawled down, a little afraid.

He had expected Sankton to last longer than himself.

"How goes it?" he asked.

"I'm all right," Sankton said. "I just sat down to rest."

His eyes held the same dog-like confidence and the same dumb appeal. Cranse knew that he was not all right, had not followed because he wasn't able to. He decided not to let Sankton know that he knew this. Let him fight out his own weaknesses and he would feel better about it. Cranse tapped his knee.

"There's two caribou a little beyond here," he said. "I'm going to try to get around 'em. I figure they'll run right over this hill if they run. You stay here and head 'em back my way if I don't get 'em."

Sankton's eyes lighted. His head jerked erect.

"Caribou!" he breathed. "Caribou! Sure. Go ahead, Cranse."

Cranse was surprised when he tried to run and found that he could not. He descended the knoll and cut around its base towards another that was three or four hundred yards beyond, and from the top of which he thought he might get a shot at the caribou. Knowing Sankton watched him, he kept his face averted so Sankton wouldn't be able to see his gaping jaws, and walked as though he were stalking very cautiously.

When he came to the foot of the knoll he wanted to climb, he staggered, and dropped to his hands and knees. This was foolish, he kept telling himself, this was ridiculous. He was strong and powerful, not weak like Sankton and Miller. He was going up the hill on his hands and knees because that was the best way to stalk caribou. That was it. He could stand and walk if he wanted but then the caribou might see him.

He came to the top of the knoll and peered over. The caribou, two young bulls, were still there and scarcely a hundred yards away. Cranse's mouth watered. He lay prone, took a good bead on the nearest caribou, and fired.

He was amazed when the caribou, instead of going down, ran a few jerky steps and stopped to stand looking back. Cranse shot again. The caribou broke into a clumsy gallop and were away. Cranse kept shooting until all seven bullets were gone and the caribou were specks in the distance. He held the empty rifle in his hand and his jaw gaped. A tear coursed down his cheek. Cranse reached up to brush it off. He looked at the rifle, and saw the rear sight knocked far out of line. Only then did Cranse remember the way Sankton had thrown it down when he returned from seal hunting. Cranse made his way back to Sankton.

"They were too far off," he said laconically. "They got away."

Sankton began to cry like a baby.

When they got back to the hut Cranse was wearier than he ever remembered being before. Sankton was a lost man with bewildered eyes that kept straying back towards the place where the caribou had been. He looked from there to Cranse, and at the rifle in Cranse's hand. He was dazed, unable to convince himself that Cranse had been close to caribou without getting them.

Miller was sitting in front of the hut with his back resting against the wall.

"We saw two caribou," Sankton said with quiet misery. "They were too far off."

He slumped to the ground beside Miller and sat staring across the ice. Cranse felt a giddiness in his head, and the gnawings in his stomach were sharper. Miller's and

*Continued on page 268*

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# Stalking the Seal

*Continued from pages 67-265-267*

Sankton's faces blurred. With an effort he steadied himself and saw clearly.

"Yes, they got away," he said casually. "But I hadn't really expected to get them."

He saw Miller's deep smile, and felt that Miller hadn't expected him to get caribou or anything else. Irritably he wondered what Miller smiled at—whether he was amused or touched to see a man playing a losing hand so desperately and trying to play it well. For a brief moment Cranse knew a wild desire to tell both men bluntly, exactly what he thought and felt, let them shoulder as much of the burden as he was shouldering.

Then he looked at Sankton, dumbly supplicating, and at Miller again. And he knew that, if it had not been for his own strength, both these men would be dead now. For his sake as well as theirs he had to keep on. If he uttered so much as one word of despair now it would kill all hope either might have, and all his own. A little anger rose within him. Sankton, in spite of the fact that he had missed the caribou, still had complete faith in him. Miller was quite sure he couldn't do anything, but in the back of his mind could not kill a small hope that he might be able to pull the final ace from his sleeve at the proper moment.

He said, "It looks like a hungry camp tonight. But we'll eat tomorrow."

"We will?" Sankton's question was a prayer.

Miller kept smiling. "It suits me," he said.

Cranse felt a little ashamed. Miller was all right, a man to the core. Cranse knew that he had not again urged that Sankton and Cranse go on without him because he knew they wouldn't do it.

"We'll eat tomorrow and be on the next day," he said profoundly. "Within ten days we'll sight the ship."

Sankton looked happy, convinced.

"I knew you would think of something," he said feelingly.

"There's always something."

Cranse lay awake far into the night watching the shadows cast by the fire, paint distorted pictures on the low roof of the hut. Sankton's heavy snoring and Miller's gentle breathing came to him. Both men slept. He wondered how they could. Fingering the two cartridges in his pocket, he was tempted to shoot them now. They would not have to face the last crushing disappointment that tomorrow would certainly bring to them.

Grimly he refrained. What he was going to do and how he was going to do it, he did not know. But he would try something. He fell into a light and dream-ridden sleep.

He awoke, built the fire up, and crawled out of the hole in the hut down to the ice. The Arctic night began to lift into the murky Arctic day. Sankton came down to join him. Cranse peered out on the ice, and again saw the seals. He could count only eleven this time, but Sankton had shot four. From inside the hut Miller called weakly. Sankton and Cranse returned to him, and Cranse's eye lit on the harpoon.

"Are you going away?" Miller asked, and his tone was that of a man who suddenly is afraid to be alone.

Cranse picked up the harpoon, balanced it, and let the line play through his fingers.

"Just out on the ice," he said easily. "There's eleven seals out there waiting to furnish us with breakfast, dinner, and supper."

"Will you help me out so I can watch?" Miller whispered.

"Of course," Cranse said. "Sankton, take the other arm."

Together they helped Miller down to the edge of the ice, and placed him with his back against a hummock. Sankton's eyes were cloudy with doubt. White men couldn't harpoon seals on top of the ice. Cranse lifted the harpoon in his right hand, held the line with his left.

"Wish me luck," he grinned, and stepped out on the ice.

But, when his back was to the others, the grin left his face. This was an impossible, an absurd thing. Harpooning seals was an Eskimo trick. Cranse felt foolish, as though he were indulging in some little-boy prank. Then he picked out the seal he wanted and dropped to his hands and knees. With that he seemed to forget everything else.

The seal he had chosen was a big one lying among rough ice about six hundred yards out. Its head was flat on the ice. Cranse crawled towards it rapidly. He was capable of only one thought now—the seal. No longer was he conscious of the ice or the sky. Just that big seal lying with its head down—Cranse whimpered a little.

After a few seconds the seal raised its head. Cranse dropped to his belly and for a moment lay still. The ice seemed warm and cozy. He wanted to continue lying there, but thoughts of the big seal tormented him into raising his head to look at it again. Not for more than a very few seconds had he better let it out of his sight. If he did, it would be gone.

The seal was staring in his direction now. Cranse put his head back down on the ice and lay quietly. A few seconds passed and he raised his head again. The seal had gone back to sleep.

That was amazing, marvelous. Cranse had not dared tell himself anything but that the seal would be gone when he looked up again. A wonderful gratification swept over him because it was still there. If only he could get that seal, he thought, never again would he be

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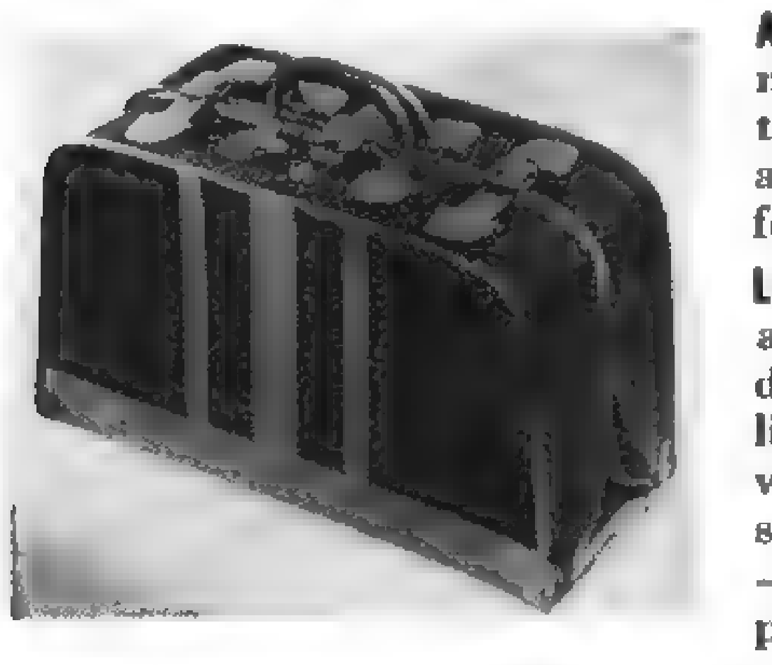

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dissatisfied with anything. The seal was all things good and fine, the culmination of all ambitions and needs.

Cranse gained a hundred and twenty yards before the seal raised its head the second time. When he dropped to the ice, Cranse fought an impulse to raise his head. But he could not help it. He had to see what the seal was doing.

It was watching him again. Surely this time it must recognize him as a man and slide back into the hole. Cranse stared, fascinated. He had known a lot of strange desires in his life, and some of them had been almost overpowering. But never before had he felt the desperate need for anything that he now felt for that seal. His eyes widened in amazement when the seal dropped back to the ice and resumed his sleep. Then a ray of reason pierced the passion in Cranse's brain.

White men could not stalk seals. Maybe the reason was, that when they tried to stalk them, they gave everything to the stalk. Eskimo hunters could get close to seals on ice because the seal thought the hunter was another seal. But seals didn't lie still. They raised their heads every few seconds to look around. When a white man saw a seal's head go up, he remained absolutely motionless. The seal watched, and when the hunter didn't raise his head, the seal knew it wasn't another seal and was gone.

Crawling on when the seal slept, hugging the ice when the seal raised its head, Cranse gripped the harpoon tightly. When the seal watched him, he raised his own head at intervals. He was only sixty feet from it now. Inch by inch, bit by bit, he drew closer. He raised to his knees, hurled the harpoon. The line played out, grew taut. The seal slid under the ice. But the barbed harpoon was fast in him and Cranse had hold of the line.

Clinging desperately, Cranse heard a wild yell from shore. Looking in that direction, he saw Sankton running to help him get the seal so that they could all eat and continue to Gibney Island. #

## A Patriotic Short

*Continued from page 62*

later he was going to Mr. Maranda's house to meet some of the women stars at tea. Pat was not invited to that party but he went home early anyhow and from his veranda saw the cortège drive up, with Mr. Maranda beside the President in the back seat. Ah he was proud of pictures then—of his position in them—of the President of the happy country where he was born . . .

Returning to reality Pat looked down at the script of *True to Two Flags* and wrote slowly and thoughtfully: *Insert: A calendar—with the years plainly marked and the sheets blowing off in a cold wind, to show Fitzhugh Lee growing older and older.*

His labors had made him thirsty—not for water, but he knew better than to take anything else his first day on the job. He got up and went out into the hall and along the corridor to the water-cooler.

As he walked he slipped back into his reverie.

That had been a lovely California afternoon so Mr. Maranda had taken his exalted guest and the coterie of stars into his garden, which adjoined Pat's garden. Pat had gone out his back door and followed a low privet hedge keeping out of sight—and then accidentally come face to face with the Presidential party.

The President had smiled and nodded. Mr. Maranda smiled and nodded.

"You met Mr. Hobby at lunch," Mr. Maranda said to the President. "He's one of our writers."

"Oh yes," said the President, "You write the pictures."

"Yes I do," said Pat.

The President glanced over into Pat's property

"I suppose—" he said, "—that you get lots of inspiration sitting by the side of that fine pool."

"Yes," said Pat, "Yes, I do."

. . . Pat filled his cup at the cooler. Down the hall there was a group approaching—Jack Berners, Ben Brown and several other executives and with them a girl to whom they were very attentive and deferential. He recognized her face—she was the girl of the year, the It girl, the Oomph girl, the Glamour Girl, the girl for whose services every studio was in violent competition.

Pat lingered over his drink. He had seen many phonies break in and break out again, but this girl was the real thing, someone to stir every pulse in the nation. He felt his own heart beat faster. Finally, as the procession drew near, he put down the cup, dabbed at his hair with his hand and took a step out into the corridor.

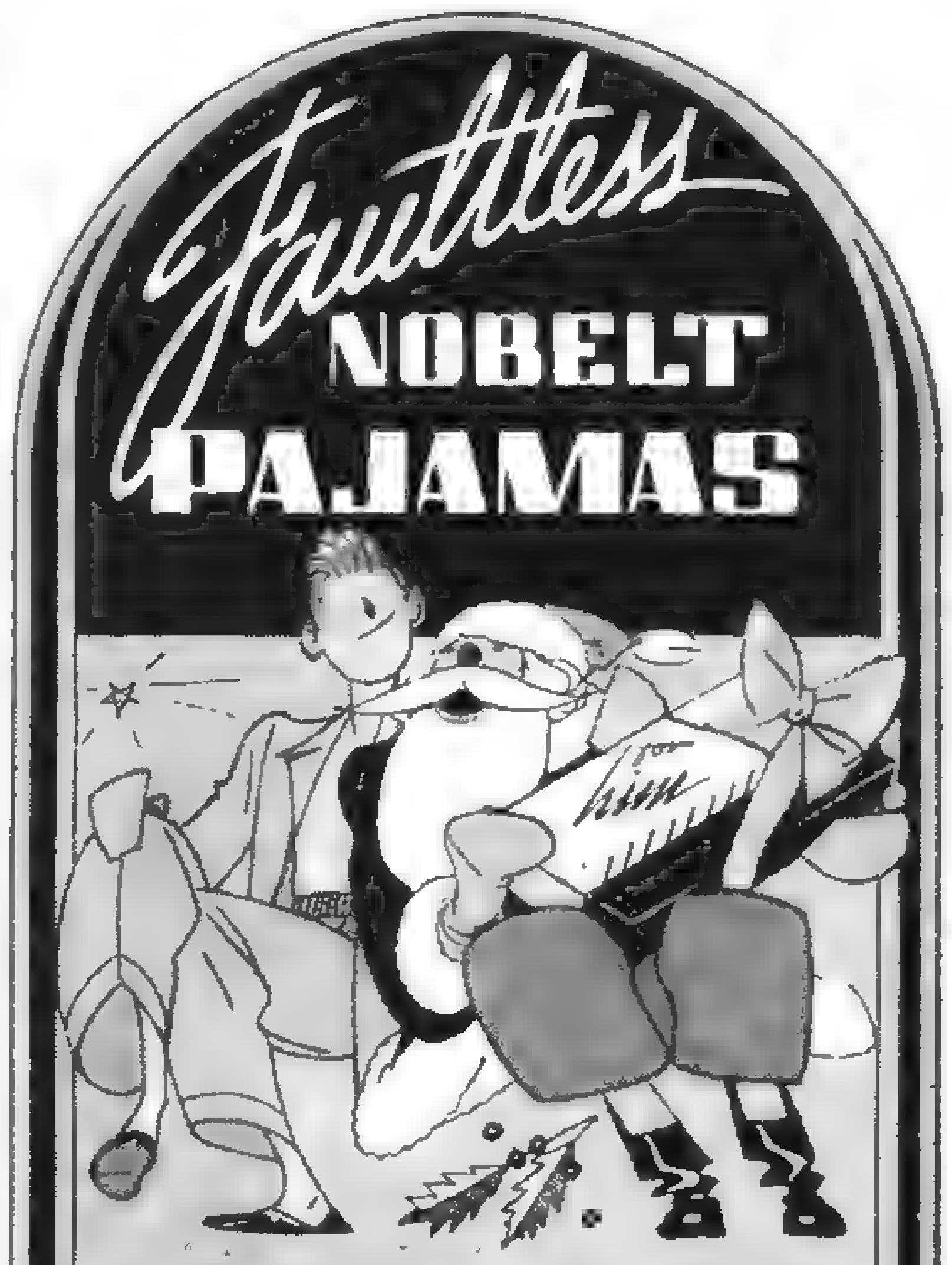
The girl looked at him—he looked at the girl. Then she took one arm of Jack Berners' and one of Ben Brown's and suddenly the party seemed to walk right through him—so that he had to take a step back against the wall.

An instant later Jack Berners turned around and said back to him, "Hello, Pat." And then some of the others threw half glances around but no one else spoke, so interested were they in the girl.

In his office, Pat looked at the scene where President McKinley offers a United States commission to Fitzhugh Lee. Suddenly he gritted his teeth and bore down on his pencil as he wrote:

LEE
*Mr. President, you can take your commission and go straight to hell.*

Then he bent down over his desk, his shoulders shaking as he thought of that happy day when he had had a swimming pool. #



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## Triumph of Justice

*Continued from page 99*

front of Mike, round, short, solid as a plow horse, canny, difficult to deceive.

"Why're you sitting in the parlor?" she asked.

"I feel like sitting in the parlor," Mike said.

"Every night you sit in the kitchen," Dolores said. "Suddenly you change."

"I've decided," Mike said loudly, "that it's about time I made some use of this furniture. After all, I paid for it, I might as well sit in it before I die."

"I know why you're sitting in the parlor," Dolores said.

"Good! You know!"

"You didn't get the money from Victor," Dolores wiped the last bit of batter from her hands. "It's as plain as the shoes on your feet."

"I smell something burning," Mike said.

"Nothing is burning. Am I right or wrong?" Dolores sat in the upright chair opposite Mike. She sat straight, her hands neatly in her lap, her head forward and cocked a little to one side, her eyes staring directly and accusingly into his. "Yes or no?"

"Please attend to your own department," Mike said miserably. "I do the farming and attend to the business details."

"Huh!" Dolores said disdainfully.

"Are you starving?" Mike shouted. "Answer me, are you starving?"

Rosa started to cry because her father was shouting.

"Please, for the love of Jesus," Mike screamed at her, "don't cry!"

Dolores enfolded Rosa in her arms . . . "Baby, baby," she crooned, "I will not let him harm you."

"Who offered to harm her?" Mike screamed, banging on a table with his fist, like a mallet. "Don't lie to her!"

Dolores kissed the top of Rosa's head soothingly. "There, there," she crooned. "There." She looked coldly at Mike. "Well. So he didn't pay."

"He . . . " Mike started loudly. Then he stopped, spoke in a low reasonable voice. "So. To be frank with you, he didn't pay. That's the truth."

"What did I tell you?" Dolores said as Mike winced. "I repeat the words. 'Do not permit him onto your land. He travels with bad men, it will turn out badly. I warn you!' Did I tell you?"

"You told me," Mike said wearily.

"We will never see that money again," Dolores said, smoothing Rosa's hair. "I have kissed it good-bye."

"Please," said Mike. "Return to the kitchen. I am hungry for dinner. I have made plans already to recover the money."

Dolores eyed him suspiciously. "Be careful, Mike," she said. "His friends are gangsters and he plays poker every Saturday night with men who carry guns in their pockets."

"I am going to the law," Mike said. "I'm going to sue Victor for the three hundred dollars."

Dolores started to laugh. She pushed Rosa away and stood up and laughed.

"What's so funny?" Mike asked angrily. "I tell you I'm going to sue a man for money he owes me, you find it funny! Tell me the joke."

Dolores stopped laughing. "Have you got any papers? No! You trust him, he trusts you, no papers. Without papers you're lost in a court. You'll make a fool of yourself. They'll charge you for the lawyers. Please, Mike, go back to your farming."

Mike's face set sternly, his wrinkles harsh in his face with the grey stubble he never managed completely to shave. "I want my dinner, Dolores," he said coldly and Dolores discreetly moved into the kitchen, saying, "It is not my business, my love, truly, I merely offer advice."

Mike walked back and forth in the parlor, limping, rolling a little from side to side, his eyes on the floor, his hands plunged into the pockets of his denims like holstered weapons, his mouth pursed with thought and determination. After a while he stopped and looked at Rosa, who prepared to weep once more.

"Rosa, baby," he said, sitting down and taking her gently on his lap. "Forgive me."

Rosa snuggled to him. They sat that way in the dimly lit parlor.

"Poppa," Rosa said finally.

"Yes," Mike said.

"Will you take me to the movies tonight, Poppa?"

"All right," Mike said. "I'll take you to the movies."

The next day Mike went into town, dressed in his neat black broadcloth suit and his black soft hat and his high brown shoes. He came back to the farm like a businessman in the movies, bustly, preoccupied, sober, but satisfied.

"Well?" Dolores asked him, in the kitchen.

He kissed her briskly, kissed Rosa, sat down, took his shoes off, rubbed his feet luxuriously, said paternally to his son who was reading Esquire near the window, "That's right, Anthony, study."

"Well?" asked Dolores.

"I saw Dominic in town," Mike said, watching his toes wriggling. "They're having another baby."

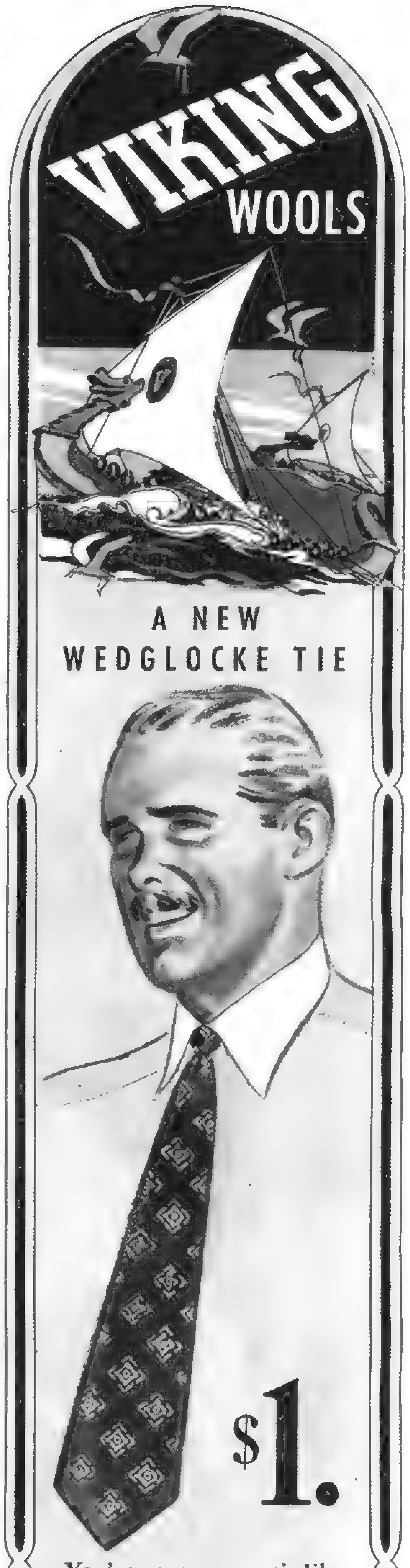
"Well," asked Dolores. "The case? The action?"

"All right," Mike said. "What is there for dinner?"

"Veal," Dolores said. "What do you mean 'all right'?"

"I've spoken to Judge Collins. He is filling out the necessary papers for me and he will write me a letter when I am to appear in court. Rosa, have you been a good girl?"

Dolores threw up her hands. "Lawyers. We'll throw away a



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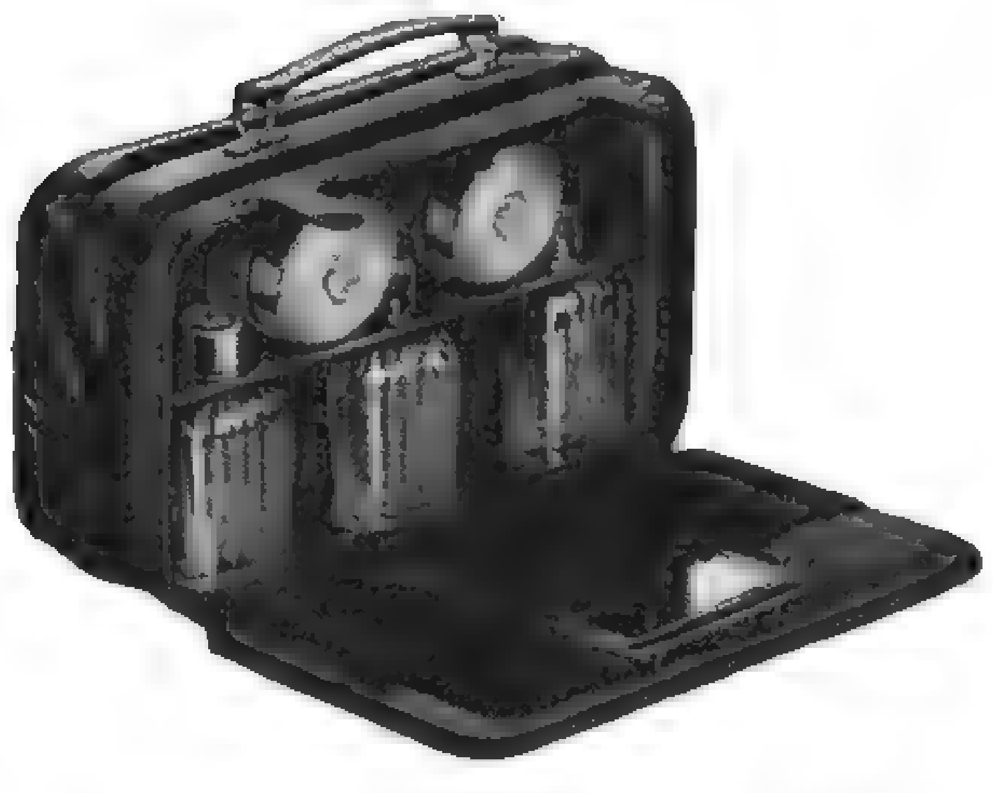

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fortune on lawyers. Good money after bad. We could put in an electric pump with the money."

"Lawyers will cost us nothing," Mike stuffed his pipe elaborately. "I have different plans. Myself. I will take care of the case myself." He lit up, puffed deliberately.

Dolores sat down across the table from him, spoke slowly, carefully. "Remember, Mike," she said. "This is in English. They conduct the court in English."

"I know," said Mike. "I am right. Justice is on my side. Why should I pay a lawyer fifty, seventy-five dollars to collect my own money? There is one time you need lawyers . . . when you are wrong. I am not wrong. I will be my own lawyer."

"What do you know about the law?" Dolores challenged him.

"I know Victor owes me three hundred dollars." Mike puffed three times, quickly, on his pipe. "That's all I need to know."

"You can hardly speak English, you can't even read or write, nobody will be able to understand you. They'll all laugh at you, Mike."

"Nobody will laugh at me. I can speak English fine."

"When did you learn?" Dolores asked. "Today?"

"Dolores!" Mike shouted. "I tell you my English is all right."

"Say Thursday," Dolores said.

"I don't want to say it," Mike said, banging the table. "I have no interest in saying it."

"Aha," Dolores crowed. "See? He wants to be a lawyer in an American court, he can't even say Thursday."

"I can," Mike said. "Keep quiet, Dolores."

"Say Thursday." Dolores put her head to one side, spoke coquettishly, slyly, like a girl asking her lover to say he loved her.

"Stirday," Mike said, as he always said. "There!"

Dolores laughed, waving her hand. "And he wants to conduct a law case! Holy Mother! They will laugh at you!"

"Let them laugh!" Mike shouted. "I will conduct the case! Now I want to eat dinner! Anthony!" he yelled. "Throw away that trash and come to table."

On the day of the trial, Mike shaved closely, dressed carefully in his black suit, put his black hat squarely on his head, and with Dolores seated grimly beside him drove early into town in the 1933 family Dodge.

Dolores said nothing all the way into town. Only after the car was parked and they were entering the courthouse, Mike's shoes clattering bravely on the legal marble, did Dolores speak. "Behave yourself," she said. Then she pinched his arm. Mike smiled at her, braced his yoke-like shoulders, took off his hat. His rough grey hair sprang up like steel wool when his hat was off, and Mike ran his hand through it as he opened the door to the courtroom. There was a proud, important smile on his face as he sat down next to his wife in the first row and patiently waited for his case to be called.

When Victor came, Mike glared at him, but Victor, after a quick look, riveted his attention on the American flag behind the Judge's head.

"See," Mike whispered to Dolores. "I have him frightened. He doesn't dare look at me. Here he will have to tell the truth."

"Sssh!" hissed Dolores. "This is a court of law."

"Michael Pilato," the clerk called, "versus Victor Fraschi.

"Me!" Mike said loudly, standing up.

"Sssh," said Dolores.

Mike put his hat in Dolores' lap, moved lightly to the little gate that separated the spectators from the principals in the proceedings. Politely, with a deep ironic smile, he held the gate open for Victor and his lawyer. Victor passed through without looking up.

"Who's representing you, Mr. Pilato?" the Judge asked when they were all seated. "Where's your lawyer?"

Mike stood up and spoke in a clear voice. "I represent myself. I am my lawyer."

"You ought to have a lawyer," the Judge said.

"I do not need a lawyer," Mike said loudly. "I am not trying to cheat anybody." There were about forty people in the courtroom and they all laughed. Mike turned and looked at them, puzzled. "What did I say?"

The Judge rapped with his gavel and the case was opened. Victor took the stand, while Mike stared, coldly accusing, at him. Victor's lawyer, a young man in a blue pin stripe suit and a starched tan shirt questioned him. Yes, Victor said, he had paid each month. No, there were no receipts, Mr. Pilato could neither read nor write and they had dispensed with all formalities of that kind. No, he did not understand on what Mr. Pilato based his claim. Mike looked incredulously at Victor, lying under solemn oath, risking Hell for three hundred dollars.

Victor's lawyer stepped down and waved to Mike gracefully. "Your witness."

Mike walked dazedly past the lawyer and up to the witness stand, round, neat, his bull neck, deep red-brown and wrinkled, over his pure white collar, his large scrubbed hands politely but awkwardly held at his sides. He stood in front of Victor, leaning over a little toward him, his face close to Victor's.

"Victor," he said, his voice ringing through the courtroom, "tell the truth, did you pay me the money?"

"Yes," said Victor.

Mike leaned closer to him. "Look in my eye, Victor," Mike said, his voice clear and patient, "and answer me. Did you pay me the money?"

Victor lifted his head and looked unflinchingly into Mike's eyes. "I paid you the money."

Mike leaned even closer. His

*Continued on page 272*

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## Triumph of Justice

*Continued from pages 99-271*

forehead almost touched Victor's now. "Look me *straight* in the eye, Victor."

Victor looked bravely into Mike's eyes, less than a foot away now.

"Now, Victor," Mike said, his eyes narrowed, cold, the light in them small and flashing and grey, "DID YOU PAY ME THE MONEY?"

Victor breathed deeply. "Yes," he said.

Mike took half a step back, almost staggering, as though he had been hit. He stared incredulously into the perjurer's eyes, as a man might stare at a son who has just admitted he has killed his mother, beyond pity, beyond understanding, outside all the known usage of human life. Mike's face worked harshly as the tides of anger and despair and vengeance rolled up in him.

"You're a goddam liar, Victor!" Mike shouted terribly. He leapt down from the witness platform, seized a heavy oak armchair, raised it murderously above Victor's head. "Mike, oh, Mike!" Dolores' wail floated above the noise of the courtroom.

"Tell the truth, Victor!" Mike shouted, his face brick red, his teeth white behind his curled lips, almost senseless with rage, for the first time in his life threatening a fellow-creature with violence. "Tell it fast."

He stood, the figure of Justice, armed with the chair, the veins pulsing in his huge wrists, the chair quivering high above Victor's head in his huge gnarled hands, his tremendous arms tight and bulging in their broadcloth sleeves. "Immediately, Victor!"

"Pilato," shouted the Judge. "Put that chair down!"

Victor sat stonily, his eyes lifted in dumb horror to the chair above his head.

"Pilato," the Judge shouted, "you can be sent to jail for this!" He banged sternly but helplessly on his desk. "Remember, this is a court of law!"

"Victor?" Mike asked, unmoved, unmoving. "Victor? Immediately, please."

"No," Victor screamed, cringing in his seat, his hands now held in feeble defense before his eyes. "I didn't pay! I didn't!"

"Pilato," screamed the Judge, "this is not evidence!"

"You were lying?" Mike said inexorably, the chair still held, ax-like, above him.

"Mike, oh, Mike," wailed Dolores.

"It was not my idea," Victor babbled. "As God is my judge, I didn't think it up. Alfred Lotti, he suggested it, and Johnny Nolan, I am under the influence of corrupt men, Mike, for the love of God please don't kill me, Mike, it would never have occurred to me myself, forgive me, forgive me . . ."

"Guiness!" the Judge called to the court policeman. "Are you going to stand there and let this go on? Why don't you do something?"

"I can shoot him," Guiness said. "Do you want me to shoot the plaintiff?"

"Shut up," the Judge said.

Guiness shrugged and turned his head toward the witness stand, smiling a little.

"You were lying?" Mike asked, his voice low, patient.

"I was lying," Victor cried.

Slowly, with magnificent calm, Mike put the chair down neatly in its place. With a wide smile he turned to the Judge. "There," he said.

"Do you know any good reason," the Judge shouted, "why I shouldn't have you locked up?"

Victor was crying with relief on the witness stand, wiping the tears away with his sleeve.

"There is no possible excuse," the Judge said, "for me to admit this confession as evidence. We are a court of law in the State of Illinois, in the United States. We are not conducting the Spanish Inquisition, Mr. Pilato."

"Huh?" Mike asked, cocking his head.

"There are certain rules," the Judge went on, quickly, his voice high, "which it is customary to observe. It is not the usual thing, Mr. Pilato," he said harshly, "to arrive at evidence by bodily threatening to brain witnesses with a chair."

"He wouldn't tell the truth," Mike said simply.

"At the very least, Mr. Pilato," the Judge said, "you should get thirty days."

"Oh, Mike," wept Dolores.

"Mr. Fraschi," the Judge said, "I promise you that you will be protected. That nobody will harm you."

"I did it," sobbed Victor, his hands shaking uncontrollably in a mixture of fear, repentance, religion, joy at delivery from death, "I did it. I will not tell a lie. I'm a weak man and influenced by loafers. I owe him three hundred dollars. Forgive me, Mike, forgive me . . . "

"He will not harm you," the Judge said patiently. "I guarantee it. You can tell the truth without any danger. Do you owe Mr. Pilato three hundred dollars?"

"I owe Mr. Pilato three hundred dollars," Victor said, swallowing four times in a row.

The young lawyer put three sheets of paper into his briefcase and snapped the lock.

The Judge sighed and wiped his brow with a handkerchief as he looked at Mike. "I don't approve of the way you conducted this trial, Mr. Pilato," he said. "It is only because you're a working man who has many duties to attend to on his land that I don't take you and put you away for a month to teach you more respect for the processes of law."

"Yes, sir," Mike said faintly.

"Hereafter," the Judge said, "kindly engage an attorney when

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you appear before me in this court."

"Yes, sir," Mike said.

"Mr. Pilato," the Judge said, "it is up to you to decide when and how he is to pay you."

Mike turned and walked back to Victor. Victor shrank into his chair. "Tomorrow morning, Victor," Mike said, waving his finger under Victor's nose, "at eight-thirty o'clock, I am coming into your store. The money will be there."

"Yes," said Victor.

"Is that all right?" Mike asked the Judge.

"Yes," said the Judge.

Mike strode over to the young lawyer. "And you," he said, standing with his hands on his hips in front of the young man with the pinstripe suit. "Mr. Lawyer. You knew he didn't pay me. A boy with an education. You should be ashamed of yourself." He turned to the Judge, smiled broadly, bowed. "Thank you," he said. "Good morning." Then, triumphantly, smiling broadly, rolling like a sea captain as he walked, he went through the little gate. Dolores was waiting with his hat. He took the hat, put Dolores' arm through his, marched down the aisle, nodding, beaming to the spectators. Someone applauded and by the time he and Dolores got to the door all the spectators were applauding.

He waited until he got outside, in the bright morning sunshine down the steps of the courthouse before he said anything to Dolores. He put his hat on carefully, turned to her, grinning. "Well," he said, "did you observe what I did?"

"Yes," she said. "I was never so ashamed in my whole life!"

"Dolores!" Mike was shocked. "I got the money. I won the case."

"Acting like that in a court of law!" Dolores started bitterly toward the car. "What are you, a red Indian?"

Dolores got into the car and slammed the door and Mike limped slowly around and got into the other side. He started the car without a word and shaking his head from time to time, drove slowly toward home. #

## An Abstractionist Is Born

*Continued from page 100*

after he had told me his story. "I've been intending to have someone paint Amy and the youngsters. Of course I never dreamed I could get a man of your standing—"

He grinned. "Never mind thinking up schemes like that, old man. You know I'm not a portrait painter. This is strictly business or it isn't anything. If you can devise some publicity scheme that will make my thousand dollars come home with a lot more trailing behind..."

"I was pretty sure you wouldn't," I admitted, "yet I'd give almost anything for those pictures, honestly. Well, if you won't, you won't. As for the other thing—you know, a thousand dollars doesn't go far in this business. Still we might put something over at that, if you were a dub of a painter instead of a great artist."

"Forget the great artist stuff. It doesn't even give me a kick any more. I'd paint signs to get enough money so I wouldn't ever have to worry again about selling a picture."

I sized him up thoughtfully. "What about your artistic conscience, if I think up some stunt that might work?"

"You can forget about my artistic conscience, too."

"Sure of that?"

"You just tell me what you want me to do."

"All right, give me a day to think it over. I'll come to your place at noon tomorrow if that suits you. I want to see what you've been doing lately."

"I've got an idea," I told Brewster when I arrived at his studio the next day. "Abstractionism seems to be getting most of the publicity now, so we'll make you the most advanced of the abstractionists. All the rest of the non-objective painters like Kandinsky and Bauer have just been preparing the way for you. We'll even have Guggenheim and his baroness believing it before we're through."

He laughed. "Sounds good. But how are you going to put it over?"

"Your pictures portray symbolically the present age," I went on. "Curved space, cosmic rays. Fascism, communism, the C.I.O. Rooseveltian economics—all that sort of thing."

He shook his head. "I know, but all that sort of thing just doesn't make sense to me."

"It doesn't have to make sense if we can put it over. How much does the average buyer know about modern pictures?"

"Not much, I suspect, most of 'em. I guess they buy what the critics praise."

"That's it. They're victims of suggestion. Look at Picasso and Dali."

Brewster started to protest.

"Wait a minute. I'm not saying those fellows are fakers. Probably they aren't. What I mean is that a good press agent could put either of them over whether he was a faker or not."

"Maybe; but my work isn't sufficiently sensational for that sort of campaign. I'm supposed to be fairly conservative. At least I'm never classed with the radicals."

"You mean you weren't. Now you have discovered a method of expressing psychic abstractions in form and color."

"I'm afraid it wouldn't work, Aiken. Apparently you could do your part, but I couldn't do mine."

"Why not?"

"I haven't the faintest idea how I'd start."

"I have."

I unwrapped the package I had brought with me. Brewster picked

*Continued on page 274*

AH! AN IDEAL GIFT!

**The sensational sock with garter attached guaranteed for the life of the sock!**

**Socks and garters for the price of socks alone! Fresh garters with each washing!**

Pacer
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
by HOLEPROOF

50¢

*Above a few of the stunning new patterns from the Holeproof's brilliant 50¢ line.*

*Patterns above are from Holeproof's lightweight and winterweight line at* $1

**Revelation to new users... insisted on by thousands who know *quality*, who are fastidious in color and pattern selection, who demand comfort. Pacer—at 50¢—gives longer wear because knit with DuPont's Cordura yarn which is 50% stronger by test. Pacer—at $1—is available to you in pure silk, high twist lisle and pure wool reinforced with lisle.**

**All styles also in halfhose. At leading stores everywhere.**

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

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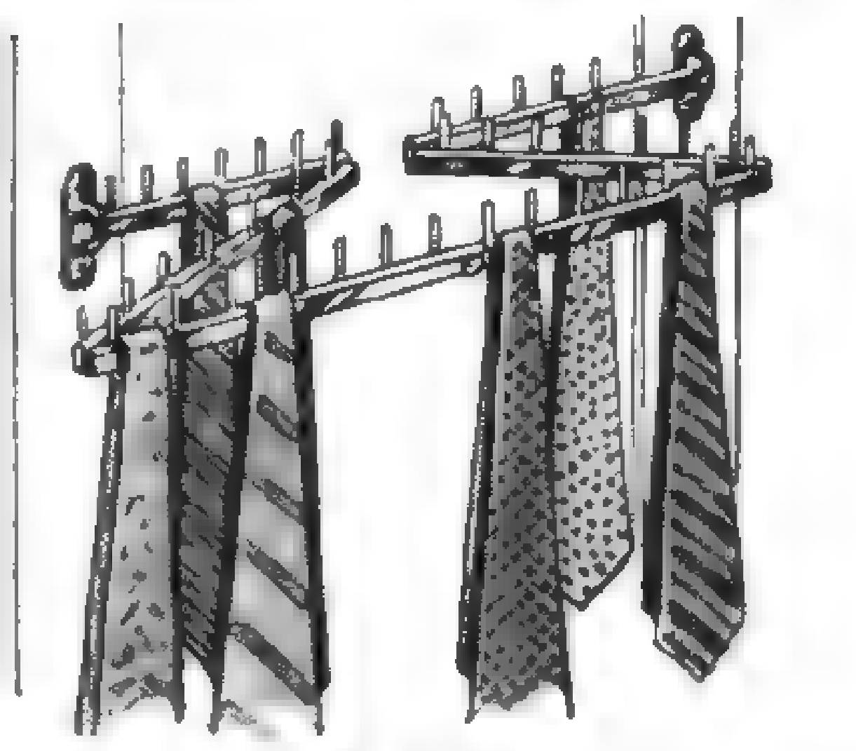
*Tested* SOCKS

Here's What He Wants!

Look no further! Here's his Xmas gift! New K-Venience closet fixtures! Novel, practical, permanent! What every man wants for quick dressing and better care of his clothes. These are three essentials men like best. Thirty-six other space-saving K-Veniences, too!

**TIE RACK** *now only* **$4.00**



Will make a real hit. Holds 36 ties, each in a separate space. Pulls out for quick selection; then folds back flat out of the way. Holds ties neatly, wrinkle-free. Chrome finish. Gift box.

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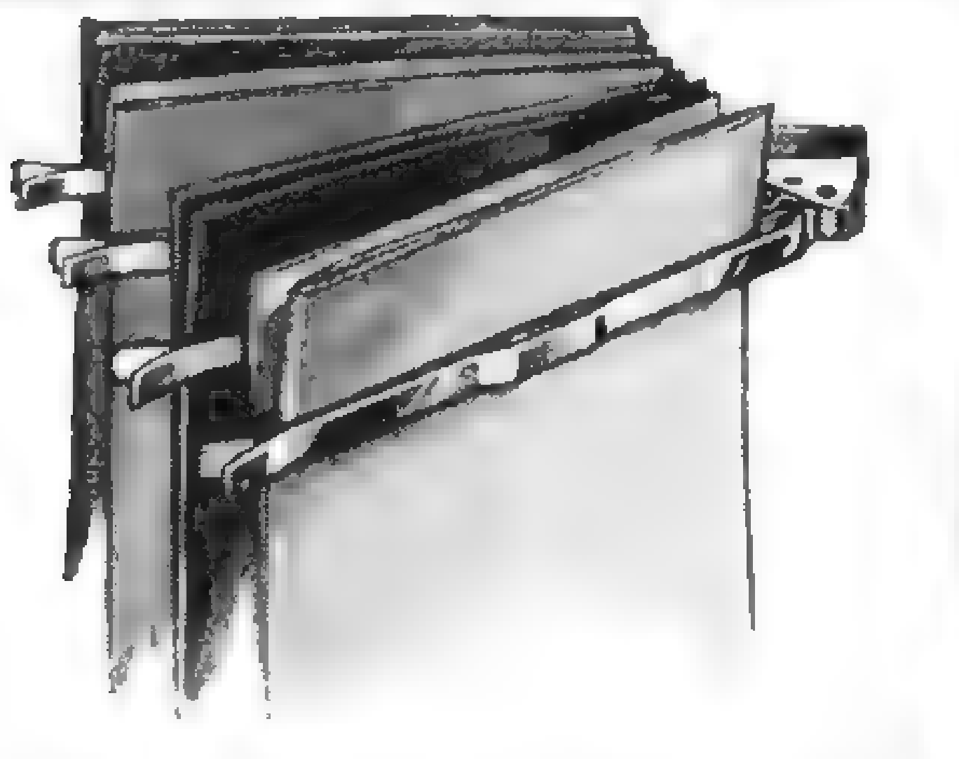
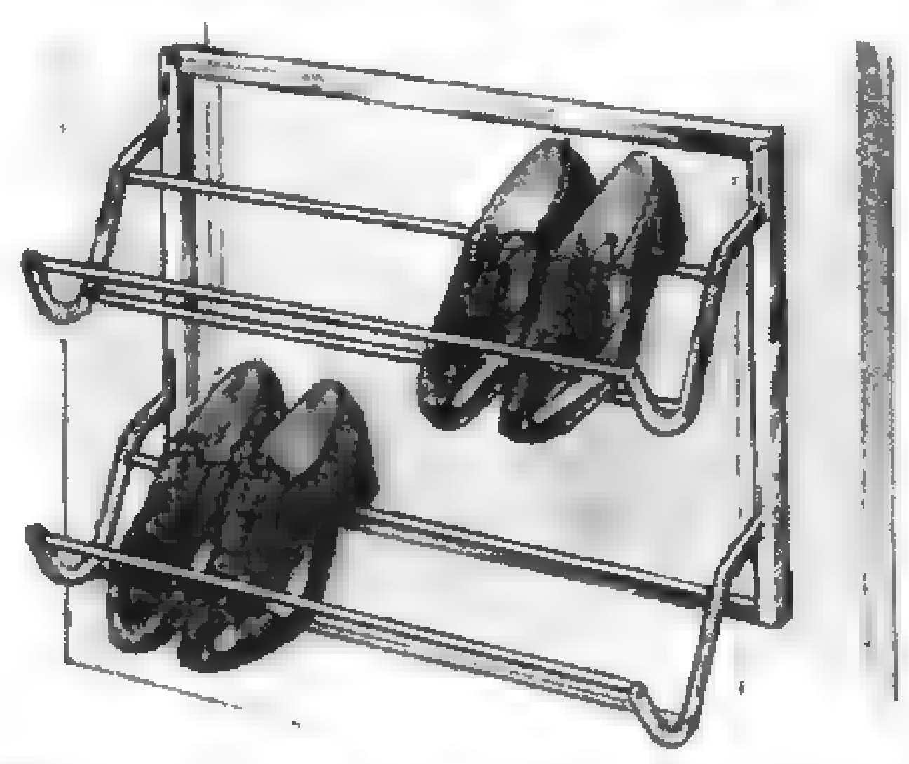


A knock-out gift every man wants. Holds 4 pairs of trousers, each in individual swinging arm clamp. Trousers hang by cuffs, full-length, stay in press. Gift box. Chrome finish. (Boys! It holds *skirts,* too!)

**SHOE RACK** *now only* **$3.00**



"Now you've got something!" he'll say. Keeps 5 pairs of men's shoes up off the floor, in quick, easy reach. Chrome finish. Gift box. Easy to attach.

*At Department and Hardware Stores or use coupon*

**KNAPE & VOGT MFG. CO.**

Dept. E-40, Grand Rapids, Mich.
☐ #771 Tie Rack(s) .......... @ $4.00
☐ #550 Trouser Hanger(s) .......... @ 1.75
☐ #783 Shoe Rack(s) .......... @ 3.00
☐ SPECIAL Comb. price—all three .... 7.85
☐ FREE CATALOG of all K-Veniences—Shows "How to Double Closet Capacity."

*Name* ..........................................

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# An Abstractionist Is Born

*Continued from pages 100-273*

up one of the thin perforated brass sheets and held it to the light.

"You know what they are, don't you?" I asked. "I borrowed them from a sign painter friend."

"Stencils—but what am I supposed to do with them?"

"They're going to produce your new pictures. You take ten or twelve of them, one after the other, lay 'em on the canvas and use a different color for each one. If the result is like any picture ever painted before, I'll eat it."

"Then I'm supposed to sign it, and sell it as a serious work?"

"You said you'd paint signs to make money. You do what I tell you and see what happens. Get to work on a picture and keep your mouth shut. I'll do all the talking."

A few days later I stood before a canvas composed of weird geometric figures blazing with color.

"My God! Did my stencils do that?" I asked.

Brewster nodded. "Of course I touched it up a bit afterward, and I'm responsible for the color scheme. What do you think of it?"

"Well, you've done something, all right. Not dry yet?"

"Not quite."

"I'll send for it tomorrow. We'll have it in a gallery window all to itself. We'll call it *Triumphant Democracy.*"

Brewster laughed.

"I tell you, you've done something," I insisted. "Wait till you see how the papers fall for the line I'll give 'em—symbols and values and rhythm and generic truths—anything so it sounds profound. I bet you'll have the critics eating out of your hand. Go ahead and get enough ready for a one-man exhibition. And for heaven's sake, keep your mouth shut."

I started the publicity campaign when *Triumphant Democracy* was exhibited in the window of an East Fifty-seventh Street gallery. I played up Brewster's solid reputation and the Luxembourg purchase by the French government. It was a slack season for the art critics on the newspapers and they gave considerable space to a discussion of Brewster's new technique. The one-man show which followed inspired a number of articles in the weekly journals and monthly magazines, mostly laudatory. An occasional critical dissent was drowned in the rising tide of public interest.

Brewster was annoyed by the clamor, in spite of the sales he made.

"I wish I'd never started this damn foolishness," he said one day when I reported the sale of a picture to a western art gallery.

"You're darn hard to please, young feller," I replied. "You've sold every picture you've painted for a price you never dreamed of getting before. You've saved enough money already to spend five years in Europe and paint what you want to."

"Who's going to pay attention to anything decent I do after I've been a three-ring circus?"

"Well," I answered slowly, "it's been my experience that a man always pays for what he gets. You knew the price before you started."

"I know," said Brewster striding nervously up and down the studio, "but you see I always figured it was a stunt that would only fool rich morons. It never struck me that the fellows whose opinions I care about would take it seriously."

I was rather proud of my publicity campaign and Brewster's attitude irritated me. I suggested that he no longer needed a press agent and he agreed in a manner that made me think he was relieved.

For several months afterward I didn't see him. Then one day I received a note asking me to call at a flamboyant new studio building in the Sixties.

"Not much like the old dump," I said as I surveyed the enormous room with a gallery across one end. There were all the antique furniture and draperies to make it a movie director's dream of an artist's studio. Standing against the walls were several finished paintings and one unfinished stood on an easel under the north light. "I shouldn't think you could stand this magnificence twenty-four hours a day," I said.

"It's what people expect," replied Brewster.

"I suppose so—the kind who buy your pictures. What did you want to see me about?"

"I wanted to ask you not to mention those stencils to anyone. Of course in a way they suggested the original idea of using geometric figures to express rhythmic abstractions—"

I looked at him sharply to see if he was serious. "Are you trying to kid me?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I was afraid you'd take that attitude. See that pile of European art journals on the table? Every one has an article on my new technique."

I laughed. "You're not trying to make me take it seriously, are you?"

He flushed angrily but controlled himself. "I can't make you do anything, of course. However, I've decided that I stumbled accidentally on something important. At first I was too blinded by academic tradition to appreciate what I'd done." He glanced nervously at me. "Even you must realize the stencils were of no great importance in the development of my new technique. Of course in a way they suggested it. But it's so easy for people to get wrong impressions . . . "

That was the story I was strongly tempted to tell Jeffers as we stood before the Fifty-seventh Street gallery window containing Brewster's most recent abstractionist nightmare. #

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. . . No Fooling!

FIRST NIGHTER
by Weldon

The most famous of all pajamas, First Nighter, doesn't look like a pajama at all! It has a crew neck pullover of soft knitted mercerized balbriggan . . . slack trousers of dark broadcloth (tailored with pleated tops, cuffs, roomy side pockets and the breathe-with-you Lastex Wonderbelt). Just the thing for snoozing, cruising, lounging, and musing.

Cluster stripes, heather stripes, and solid colors. Wine, blue, brown, green. Sizes A to D, also "Mr. Long" for six footers in plain color tops only.

*Individually packed in handsome Cellophane Gift Boxes.* $2.50

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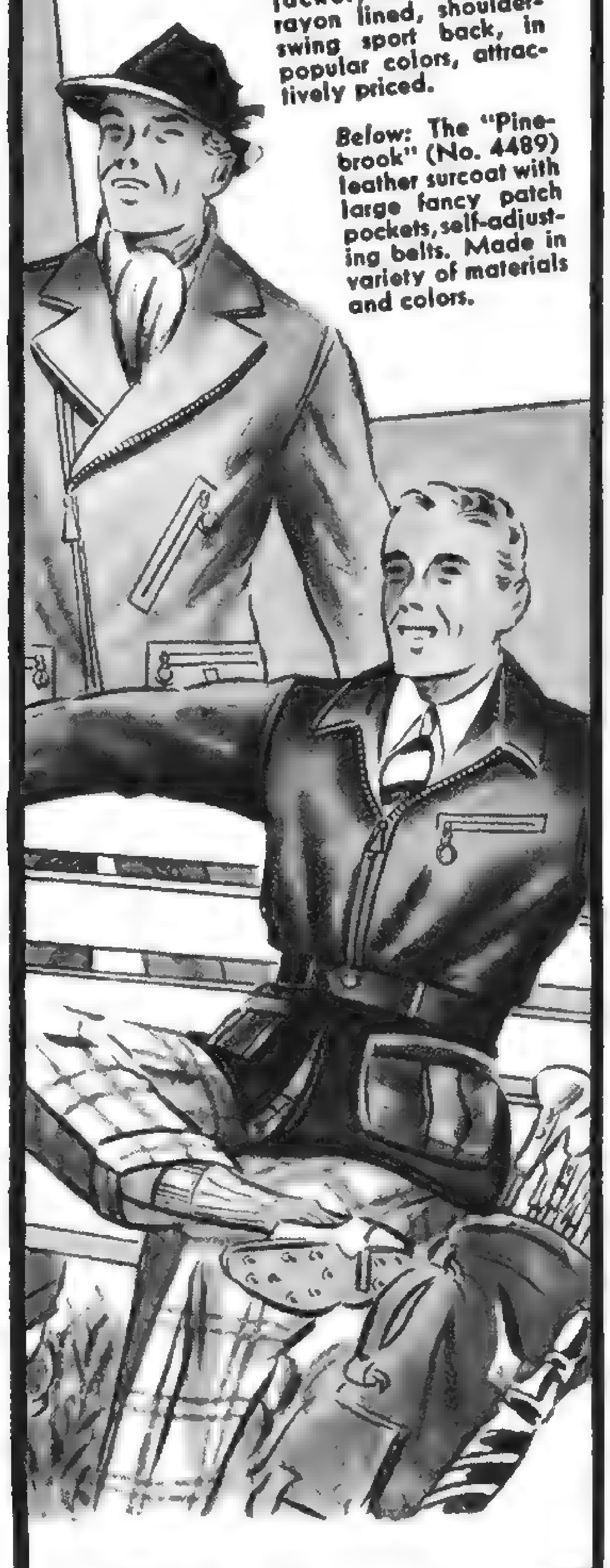
Left: The "Aviator" (No. 4460) zipperfront, aviation type leather jacket, six pockets, rayon lined, shoulder-swing sport back, in popular colors, attractively priced.

Below: The "Pinebrook" (No. 4489) leather surcoat with large fancy patch pockets, self-adjusting belts. Made in variety of materials and colors.



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FOR FALL AND WINTER

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## The Sun Sets on the East

*Continued from page 108*

Camp, who, besides being the father of modern football, was also the final authority on All-American rating.

Now, Mr. Camp was undeniably a great authority, but he suffered from defective vision. He could never see west of the Alleghenies unless some Walter Eckersall of Chicago or Willie Heston of Michigan commanded unusual attention by fabulous deeds.

For years Camp's selections were accepted without serious challenge, but shortly before the war several other gridiron authorities showed the temerity to make their own selections, often at variance with Camp's. Eckersall was among these upstarts.

Perhaps the final blow that discredited Camp as a careful and impartial nominator of All-American teams occurred at the end of the 1916 season. That year Nebraska, which was already one of the power teams of the West, boasted one of the country's greatest players in Guy Chamberlin, whose performances are still legendary on the campus despite the many other Cornhuskers who have made All-American teams since then. Camp had heard of the prowess of one of the Cornhuskers and made a note to put him on the second team. But he grew a little careless in noting the name. Somehow, the name of Vic Halligan came to mind, so he nominated Halligan for the second team. He made no mistake in honoring Halligan, but he was a trifle late. Vic had taken his sheepskin the year earlier.

As Eastern authorities became more and more discredited with their over-appraisal of Eastern talent, Western experts increased their own prestige and with their influence helped build up popularity for Western schools and inflate local pride. The final result was that there was a reversal in the former practice of sending all of the cream of the athletic crop to Eastern schools. Most of the home talent remained at home, to start new athletic traditions and to found new dynasties to match the Poes of Princeton.

Today a bright star of the Davey O'Brien or Sammy Baugh magnitude can gain as much national recognition in Texas as he could at Yale, Harvard or Princeton, and the national radio hookup brings the same interest to a Nebraska-Minnesota game as it does to Yale-Harvard.

Easterners, in rebuttal, will argue that Eastern schools win a fair share of intersectional clashes, but what they overlook are the conditions imposed on most of these contests. In an overwhelming majority of cases, these games are played on Eastern soil, which, as any football follower knows, is a distinct advantage to the host eleven. Home-and-home games seem to be out of consideration of most Eastern schedule makers.

A case in point is the Fordham-St. Mary's series. Fordham has for years been ranked at or near the top in Eastern football. The Rams have won most of their intersectional clashes with the team from the little California college, yet the oldest inhabitant cannot recall when a Fordham eleven trekked 3,000 miles across the country to return St. Mary's visit. Perhaps Ram followers recall what happened when they left home to play at Pittsburgh in 1938, or what happened to New York University's records of 1926 and 1927. In both of those years the Violet went through an undefeated season until the final game with Nebraska at Lincoln. Both times this game blemished the season and some of the Violet followers blamed it on the enervating 1,400-mile trip.

What equips the Westerner better for the game is something that will have to be explained by men of science. It may be the bracing air they breathe, or it may be the more rugged way of living. At any rate, they seem to be more durable on the gridiron, as may be attested by a glance at the roster of the pro teams, studded with veterans who learned their rudiments in the wide open spaces.

This re-routing of talent that has taken place in recent years is not confined to football alone. The same has happened in track and field, with blitzkrieg results even more disastrous than in football. Chief attractions that formerly drew Western athletes to Eastern schools were allegedly superior coaches and undeniably superior training facilities. Today, thanks to the cash income from football games, Western schools have field houses and running tracks on a par with the East's and most of the local talent is practicing its leaping and loping at the home campus.

The drastic change that has taken place in the track and field picture may be appreciated by comparing the past and present. For example, in the national A.A.U. championships of 1900, New York athletes won fourteen of the sixteen events on the program, a Princetonian and Canadian winning the remaining two—a complete shutout for the West and South.

In the 1940 championship held at Fresno, California, June 28 and 29, the results were almost reversed in senior competition. Westerners took every running race except the steeplechase—an event for which very few Westerners ever train.

If this could be considered a debacle for Eastern athletes, some stronger term must be found for the eclipse of Eastern contestants in their own I.C.A.A.A.A. games. This meet draws chiefly Eastern talent, but what happened to Eastern athletes when Pacific Coast teams entered was something pathetic to behold. From 1921 to 1939, Californians romped off with

*Continued on page 276*

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DIAMOND RING

Keepsake 14K
Keepsake PLAT.

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**THE TROPIC SUN,**
*(A jigger of BACARDI RUM)*
(White or Silver Label)
**WITHOUT THE HEAT!**
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When grenadine is used instead of sugar, it's a Bacardi Grenadine Cocktail, and it comes out pink!

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THERE'S A DIFFERENCE WORTH KNOWING!

## The Sun Sets on the East

*Continued from pages 108-275*

the title each year with but three exceptions—in 1924 when Yale won, 1936 when Cornell won and 1937 when Pittsburgh won. California squads took the title on the remaining sixteen occasions. This year, Southern California, easily the strongest squad in the country, stayed out of the meet and the title went to Pitt.

Results were just about as typical in the 1936 Olympics at Berlin. Long John Woodruff of Pitt was the only Easterner to record a victory among a Yankee squad that won many laurels. Jesse Owens of Ohio State alone won three titles, not counting his valued help in the 400-meter relay, won by an all-Western four.

Even in tennis, the East can find but crumbs of comfort, although nearly all of the major tournaments are held in this section and Western contestants are put to the task of acclimatization and shaking off their travel weariness for their initial tournaments on the seaboard. Easterners have to go all the way back to Bill Tilden to find someone to whom they can point with pride as their own.

Against a galaxy that includes Bobby Riggs of Chicago, Frank Kramer and Frank Kovacs of California, Hal Surface of Kansas City, Don McNeill of Oklahoma City, Elwood Cooke of Oregon, Frank Parker, who hails from Milwaukee, and one or two others on the borderline of high rating, any Eastern squad would be blasted off the court in competition.

In women's tennis, you have to go back more than two decades to find a national champion, if you discount Mrs. Molla Bjurstedt Mallory, who is a native of Norway. Helen Wills took the title seven times, another Californian, Helen Jacobs, three times and now it appears that a third native daughter, Alice Marble, is also destined to take a long lease on the crown.

The spread of the game to all sections and encouragement to the mass youth through the building of public courts in city parks throughout the country may offer some explanation of why the West has so taken to the game, with the result that its native sons and daughters have overpowered the East.

The same explanation undoubtedly holds for golf. In former years, this was a rich man's game and there were not enough rich men's country clubs in the West to develop players who could seriously contest against the East's best.

Came the wave of public golf links and literally hundreds of thousands of youngsters found they could afford to take a crack at the erstwhile "sissy" game. The abolition of caste, encouraging ex-caddies to enter major tournaments even though they had to ride in box cars to the scene of action, did the rest to break down barriers and weaken the East's grip. Johnny Goodman was one of those ex-caddies. There were many others.

In golf, the supremacy of the West has not been quite so pronounced, but it is emphatic enough. Only two Easterners, Willie Turnesa, in 1938, and Dick Chapman in 1940, have won the amateur title since 1933, the remaining champions having come from the West—Lawson Little, Goodman, Johnny Fischer and Marvin (Bud) Ward.

In women's golf, the West has also held the ascendancy in recent years, through the ability of Betty Jamieson, Mrs. E. L. Page and Patty Berg.

How anyone can explain the West's rowing supremacy is beyond the average sports critic's ken, but there it is. The major regatta is on Eastern water—the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, New York. Most of the schools that take up rowing are on the Eastern seaboard. And yet in the eight years since 1932, every regatta with one exception has been won by a West Coast crew that had to travel 3,000 miles to get to the scene of competition—usually considered an enervating factor in keeping in condition. The lone exception was Navy in 1938, and Navy with its all-nation enrollment can hardly be considered representative of any section.

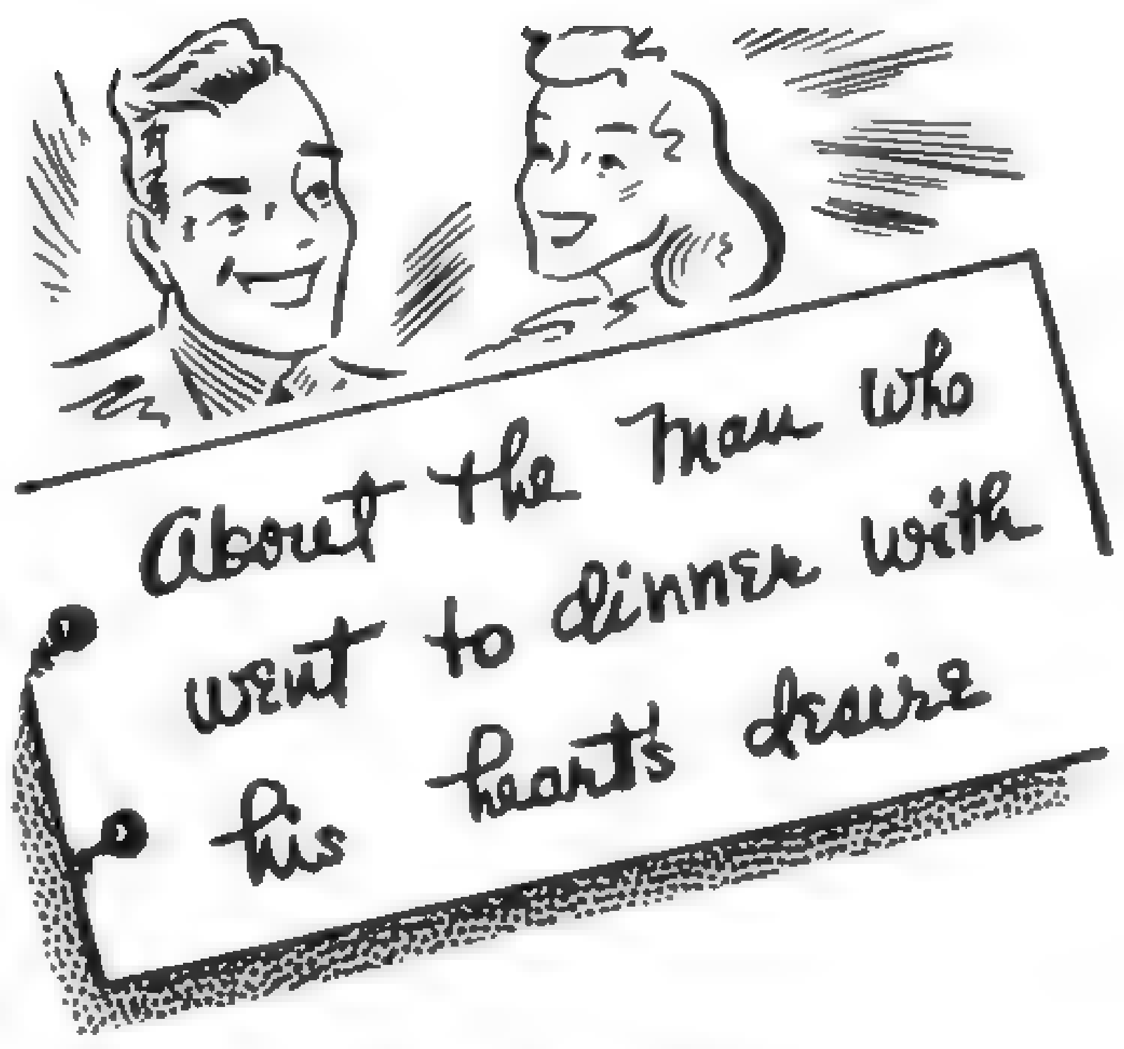
In ringing the curtain on the football season, some New York sports scribes have found solace in the thought that the East in general and New York in particular still turned out the best basketball teams. The national news and feature syndicates, most of which are located in New York and frequently over-praise Easterners as a natural result of close association and lack of national perspective, have often helped publicize the New York teams and individuals as sure bets for national ranking. Their mistake was in committing themselves before the season was over.

But, alas, the season's end told the now usual story. When the annual national invitation tournament was held at Madison Square Garden at the close of the 1939-1940 season, only one Eastern school, Duquesne, was among the four that took the floor. The others were DePaul, Oklahoma A. & M., and Colorado, which won the tournament.

In amateur competition, three contiguous states—Colorado, Kansas and Oklahoma—have been shuttling the A.A.U. championship for years, with nary a look-in for Eastern entries.

In swimming, too, the East has been totally submerged. In the national A.A.U. championship held at Detroit August 24-27, 1939, not an easterner came in a winner. Ralph Flannagan of Texas took three firsts alone.

A complete whitewash was averted in the women's champion-


About the man who went to dinner with his heart's desire

'Twas only last night
And Christmas so near
When across the liqueurs
He smiled at his dear
She glanced up so sweetly
And looked in his eyes,
And he wondered and wondered
If he would be wise
To give her a town car.
No, that costs too much;
Or something of silk
So soft to the touch.
But alack and alas
He sorrowfully thought,
"On my poor salary
What can be bought?"

If you have a Christmas
Problem like this
We're suggesting a gift
At a cost you won't miss.

Give her the gift
The cleverest yet;
Give her, my boy,
Give her PERQUETTE!

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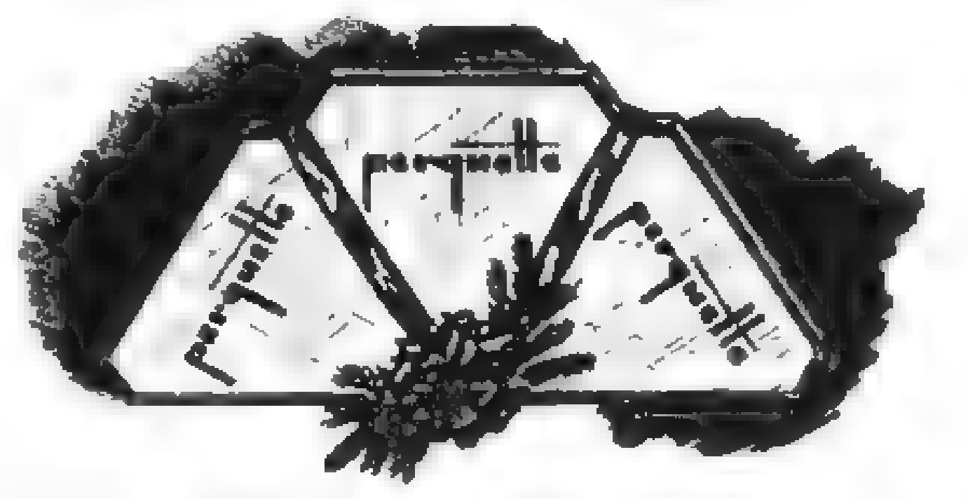

• This is "TRIO," a special gift package containing three Perquette fragrances enticingly wrapped in holiday packing . . . $6 A single Perquette . . . $2

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Gentlemen:
Please enter my order as follows:
☐ TRIO Package at $6.00—Christmas wrapped.
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Send to ........................................
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I enclose ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

ship when a Providence girl, Doris Brennan, won the 300-meter race.

Hockey, being a sectional game, and baseball being on a mercenary basis, can hardly be considered in the same analytical appraisal. Wrestling likewise is not sufficiently national in scope as a college sport, though it may be mentioned for the record that Oklahoma A. & M. has for years held a monopoly in this.

As a minor sport not associated with colleges but major in interest and mass participation, a word might be said for bowling.

Even in keggling, there is little balm for the East. Since 1925 only one Eastern quintet, from Niagara, has won the five-man team title of the American Bowling Congress and not since 1922 has there been an Eastern winner in the doubles.

This series of crushing blows to the East has infected many Western sports scribes with a superiority complex and has given rise to a contemptuous phrase, "the effete East," in Western reporting.

Is the East going to rise to glory like Napoleon's Contemptibles or doesn't it give a darn what Western sports scribes think, shrugging it off with:

*"Sic Transit Gloria!"* ⁂

## Ty Cobb Says Baseball Is Slipping

*Continued from page 86*

"Which would you rather watch, a semi-professional game with the score five to three, or a game in the majors which goes twelve to two?"

There's only one answer to that. When he had got it: "All right," said he. "Baseball's a great game, but if you don't make it attractive as baseball, interest will cease. They've weakened its whole fabric by the lively ball. Why? Because they've taken away the defensive."

He is in his fifties now, he says he has slowed up a little. But I've noticed that he still likes to take a flight of stairs three steps at a time. He plunged into his argument with the same old pep that he used to show when he was charging down the baselines.

He said: "The old game was scientific; it developed naturally along those lines. There was a nice balance between defense and offense. This made small scores. If you'll look up the records, read the old-time scores and then compare them with those of today, you'll understand what I mean.

"In those former days a club was seldom so far behind that it didn't have a chance to even things up, clear into the ninth inning. That kept the players on their toes; they were always in there fighting for the breaks, trying to hold down the count when they were in the field, and, when they were at bat, every man was trying to get on the bases. They kept it up until the last one was called out.

"A single meant a whole lot in those days. And, when you went to bat, you were playing against nine men. The outfielders were closer in then; you had to place your hits; sometimes you had to make holes for them.

"I remember a campaign that I planned one season for getting singles. The object was to pull the shortstop out of position, leaving a hole near second base. The whole thing was based on the bunt.

"Lay down a bunt toward third. The third baseman has a long way to travel in order to field the ball, and a comparatively long throw to catch you before you reach first. Naturally when you've done this several times, he's going to creep up closer toward the plate. That leaves his territory open and the shortstop is going to move over to shadow him. So you hit a hot one down close by the pitcher into the space which the shortstop has left open. The second baseman is the only man who can take it, but he's coming on the dead run toward his right, and, if he manages to field the ball, he's out of position for the throw to first.

"Bunts were often dramatic; you could do a lot with them. I recall one series when Walter Johnson was going great. None of us could get a hit off of him. We beat him on bunts.

"When a pitcher is cutting the corners fine, he has measured the stride which he takes before delivering the ball, he has got the space, which he covers, marked off to an inch. But if you bunt down to him, he has to shorten his step in order to field it. This is particularly awkward for a tall man. By the time two or three batters have got to first base on bunts, you have that pitcher worried, he's thinking about the next one which he has to handle and he's liable to lose the exactness of the stride which kept him cutting the corners of the plate.

"In those days, when you reached first, you were figuring on second. For when you got there you were in a scoring position. With close scores that meant a great deal. So base stealing became a fine art in the major leagues. The drama of a close play, with a cloud of dust around the sliding runner and the baseman who took the throw, brought the fans to their feet then.

"What manager is going to send a man down to second nowadays when a batting rally in the next inning will bring in seven runs?

"Baserunning was one of the most exciting features in the old game. There were plenty of fans in the bleachers who understood the strategy of the hit and run and the double squeeze before the game changed with the lively ball; there are sports writers today who don't even know what those plays are.

"You were up on your toes, fighting to get on down the paths, you were figuring on advancing the next man ahead of you. Take a close play: I'm on first and there's a runner on second. When

*Continued on page 278*

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Both men and women find a score of uses for Vitalator every day in the year. It's first rate for scalp massage ... for relieving sore muscles ... for easing tired feet.

GILBERT Vitalator

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*Plastic: maroon or ivory*
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In drug and cosmetic departments of stores everywhere

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When you give Vitalator, also give this valuable book, written by an eminent physician. It is an authoritative account of massage—what it is, what it has done, what it *can* do. Just send the coupon. Our supply is going fast, so hurry!

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## Ty Cobb Says Baseball Is Slipping

*Continued from pages 86-277*

I go down to second I make my slide, I hook the bag with one foot. But that isn't all. I am using the other leg to tangle up the second baseman. If he's able to make the throw to third at all, the chances are it's going wild.

"You get my point? Nine men in the game. And we were fighting all the time, trying to cross up the players on the other club, trying for one or two runs right up through the last half of the ninth inning.

"The crowds knew the game then. They knew what was going on. They were watching every play; they were jumping to their feet when a close decision was made; they were sticking in the stands until the game was over.

"And it didn't matter so much as it does now whether your home club was first or second division. I remember one game that we were playing the St. Louis Browns. It was on their home grounds. The last week of the season and Detroit had the pennant in the bag. Bleachers and stands were overflowing.

"Not long ago I saw a photograph of a close play at the plate. The runner was sliding in. The catcher had the ball and was putting it on him. The umpire was standing over them, raising his arm for the decision. The print showed the spectators in the stands. There was not a single one of them on his feet. There was a figure in the background that caught my eye: a man leaning back, his legs were crossed, his elbow was resting on the arm of the seat, and his head was resting on his hand.

"What does one run mean nowadays?

"When they changed the ball they destroyed a scientific game which had been developing for years, by introducing an artificial condition. They substituted showmanship for real baseball. They did it by weakening the defensive until there's very little of it left, and by making the batter the whole show.

"When a player comes to bat today, he's playing against six men, not nine.

"For, with the new ball, the outfielders have to play so far back that they're not in the picture any more. Instead of being able to throw in and cut off a runner at one of the bags or the home plate, they must relay the ball to the shortstop. You never hear of an outfielder with a great throwing arm nowadays.

"They've made the outfielders caddies.

"I remember a fellow who would have been a whale today: Dode Cries. He was with the St. Louis Browns: a long hitter and he practically never struck out. They used him as a pinch hitter and he spent most of his time on the bench. Why? Because he was weak on defensive.

"That wouldn't bother our present managers at all. They'd find a place for him somewhere in the outfield now, and he'd be going after home run records.

"If you'll look back at the days before the lively ball, you'll see that I led the American League one season with seven home runs. Compare this performance with modern figures."

It so happened that the writer had been looking over some of those figures in the last World Almanac; he called to mind Lou Gehrig's record of four home runs in a single game.

"The point I'm getting at," Ty went on, "is the stressing of the offensive. The only time you watch a man now is when he's at bat. You never watch him in the outfield. And this present condition has pretty much done away with close scores.

"That not only lessens the spectators' interest. It removes the old fighting spirit of the players. As soon as he sees a jug handled score against his club, a player is bound to slow up. The situation's helpless; there isn't a thing that he can do.

"Look at the difference. During the years from 1908 until along about 1916, when baseball was at its highest, the players were artists: Christy Mathewson, Alexander, Walsh, Cy Young, Plank, George Sisler, Tris Speaker, Lajoie, Joe Jackson—I could go on and name twenty more. They were colorful, resourceful, playing the game every minute right up to the last.

"I maintain that the color and the resourcefulness and the fighting spirit are vanishing. They began to go when close scores ceased.

"Clubs lose their steam. And a strong club gets a bigger jump than it used to. Percentages have changed just like scores. The records will bear me out. The difference between the league leader and a second division club was comparatively small when we were using the old ball. The latter had a fighting chance late in the season.

"A chain is no stronger than its weakest link. When hard times come, organized baseball is going to be in a bad way. It's already losing out. Football is getting the headlines in the sport pages before the end of August."

I interrupted here to ask whether he didn't think present intensive scouting and the farm system, whereby players are hoarded by the richer clubs, had a good deal to do with this last condition which he had mentioned.

"No doubt of it," he said. "You can put it this way: With the farm system, the lively ball constitutes a menace."

And, after thinking things over for a few moments, he added:

"But remember this. The change in the ball is the more fundamental evil. It affects the very fabric of the game. There is only one remedy: Return to the old ball." ⵿

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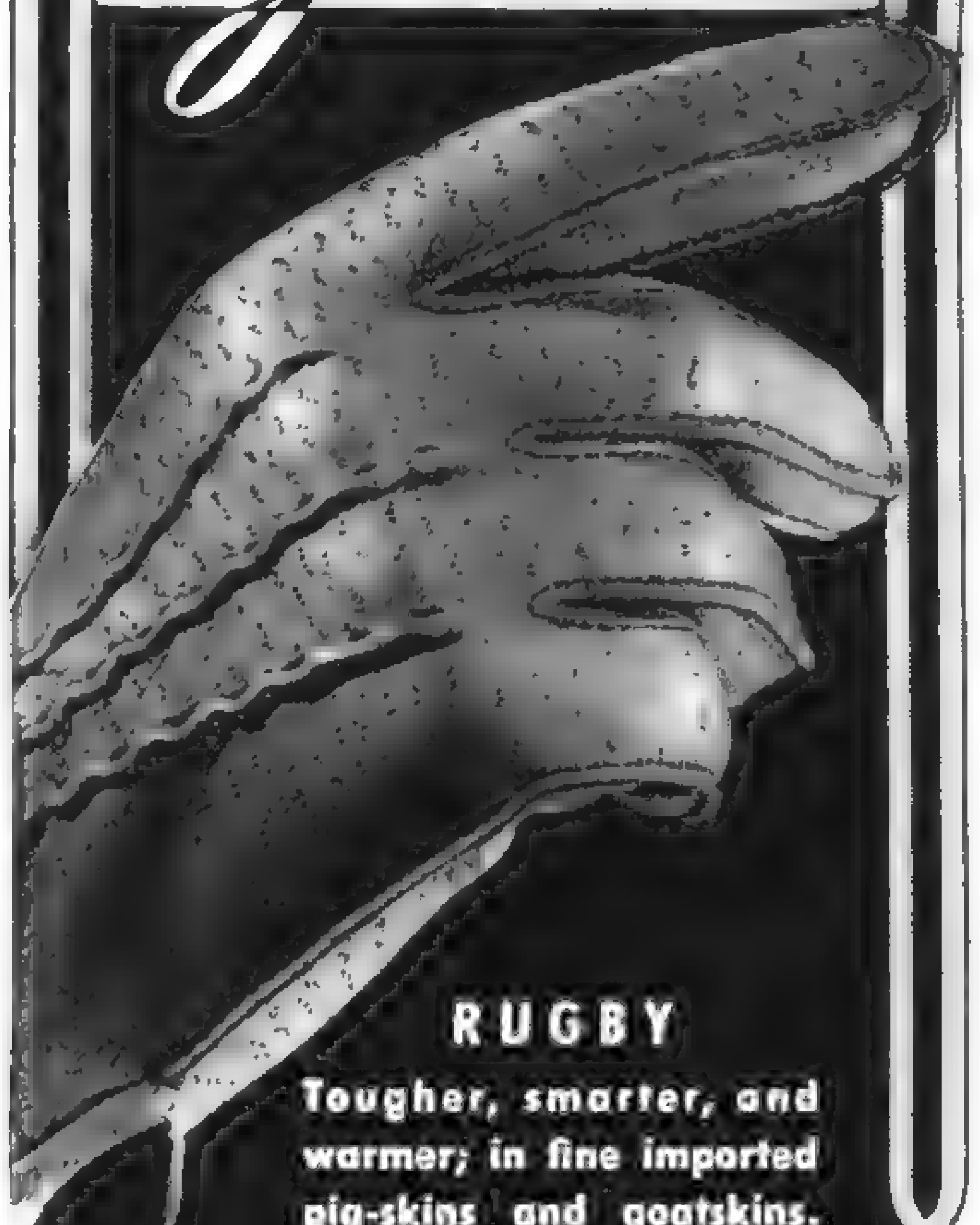

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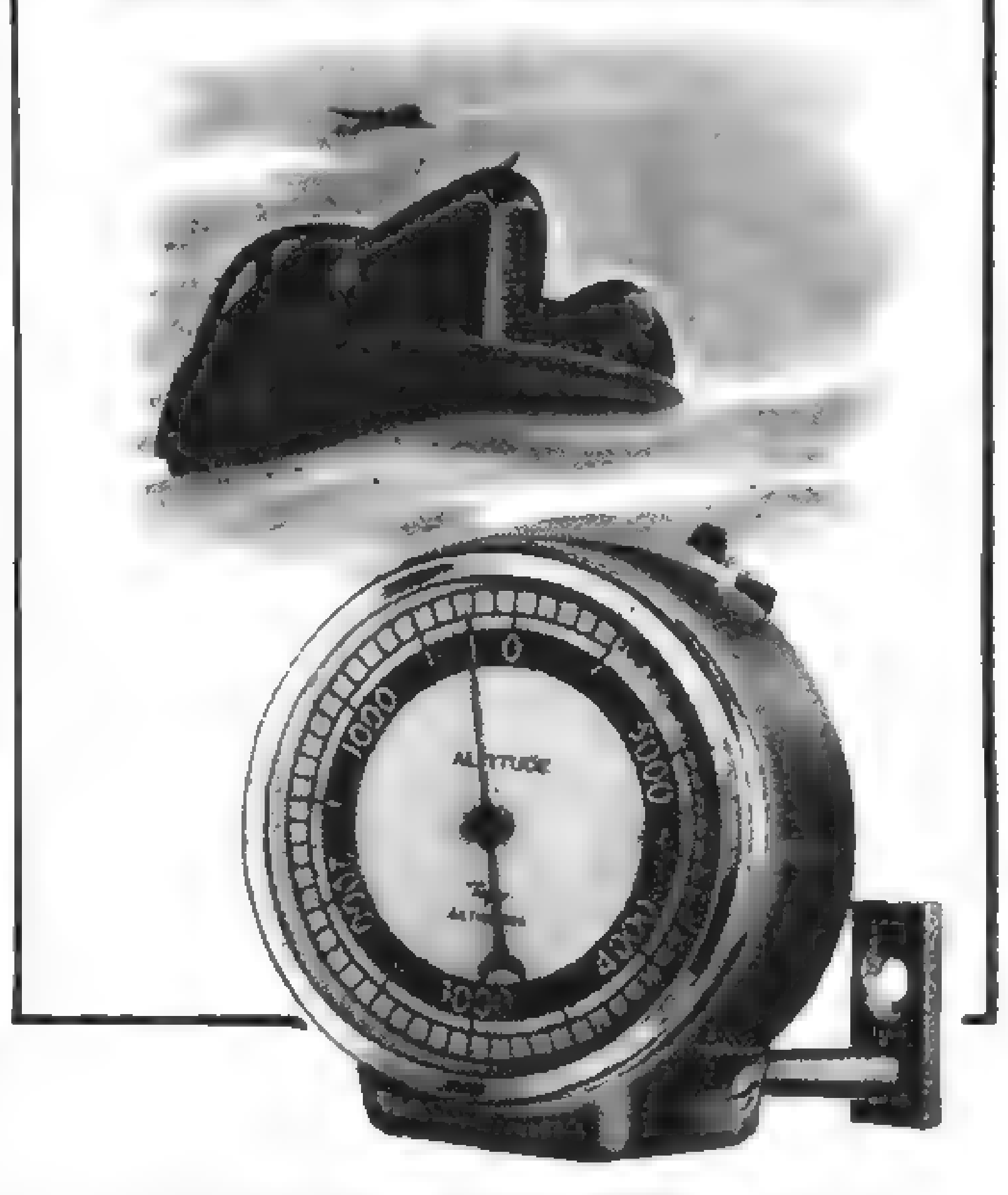

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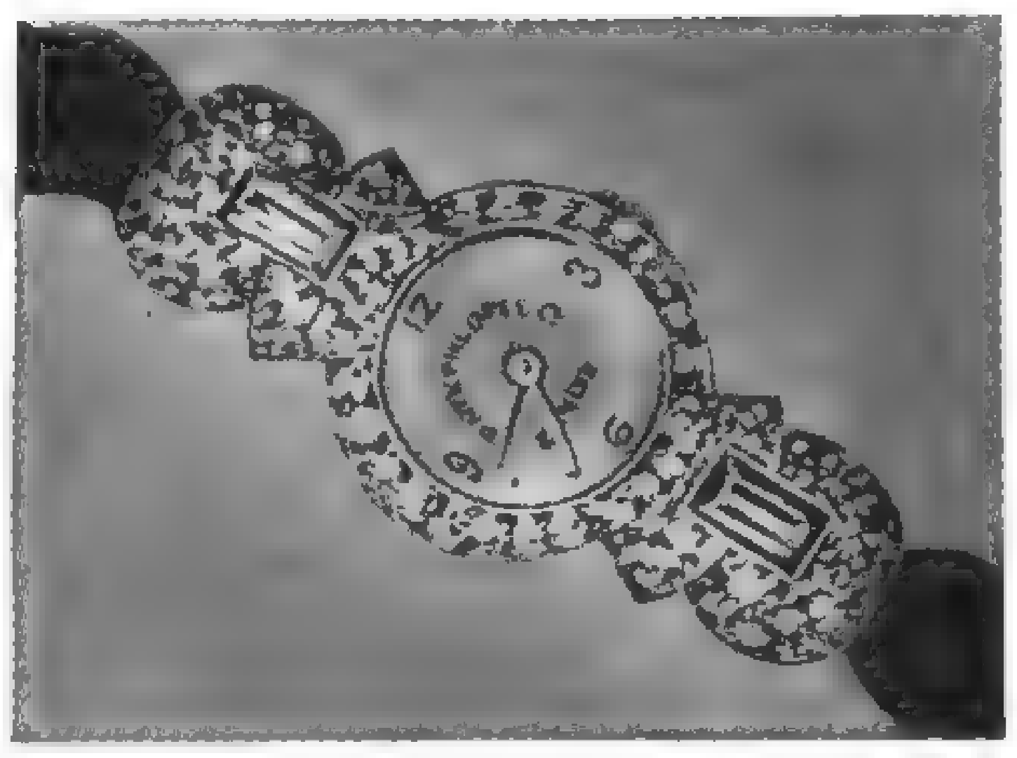

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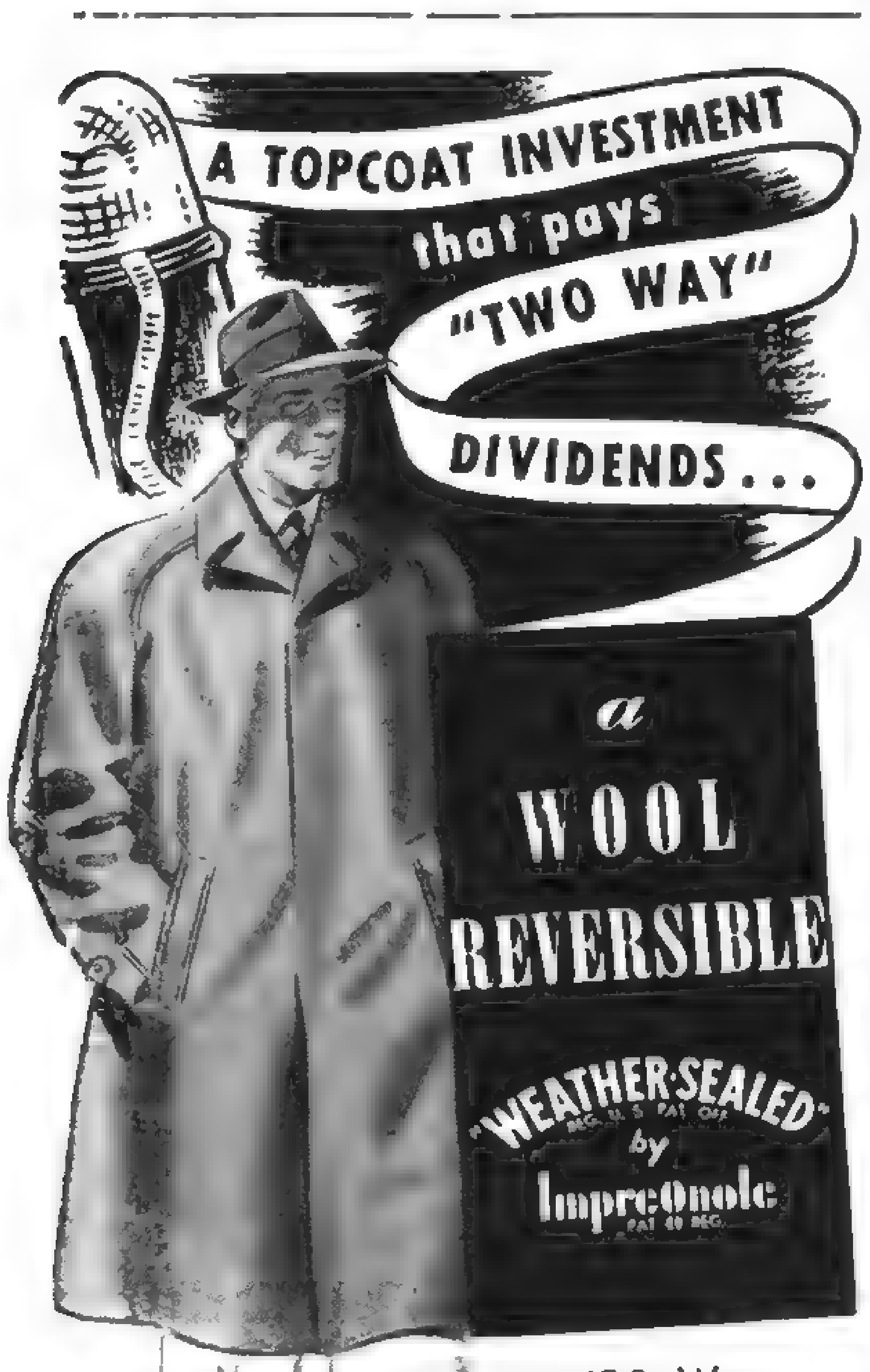

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## The Last Round Up

*Continued from page 85*

tracked Pa where he had left the barn and walked over the sand-rock gap by the poplar trees. Ma tracked Pa up among the bushes. She found his jug by a leant-over blackjack saplin. Ma poured the licker from the jug. "Much as I like licker," says Ma, "I got rid of that. I hated to see it sink down in the snow. But since your Pa can't drink, I can't drink it before 'im and tanalize him with the smell. I kept smellin licker on his breath. That's why I tracked 'im to where he kept it hid. I want Dennie to live as long as he can. Dennie has lived too fast. He's the greatest Pal a woman ever had."

Pa kept gettin licker that winter. Ma didn't know where he was gettin it. I was standin behind the woodshed one cold January mornin and I watched Pa as he went to the barn. He turned and looked all around like a pullet goin to her nest. Then Pa made a bee-line for the barn. I thought somethin was up. I watched Pa until he went around the upperside of the barn. I just stepped around on the furside of the woodshed where I could look around at Pa. I saw him slowly climb up the barn logs. He took it easy, a step at a time. After he made each step, he'd look around to see if anybody was near. Then Pa would make another step. He clim up to the barn loft. I saw Pa pull a plug out'n what looked like a knothole. I saw the moonshine spurt from the knothole until Pa put his mouth over it and drunk. I didn't think he's ever goin to turn it loose. Pa took his mouth away and the moonshine spurted from the hole but Pa wasn't long gettin the plug back. He didn't fool me. I knew he had his keg in the barnloft hay and a hollow limb runnin back through a auger hole into the keg. Bill Blevins sold Pa the moonshine and he'd fixed that contraption for Pa. Pa looked so happy as he come down the barn logs like a cat comin down a tree backwards. When he got on the ground he looked all around. He wiped his mouth with his coat sleeve and said, "Ahem, fellars she's good as ever. Chickens crowin in the sourwood mountains, Hum dum diddle 'm a' day." I couldn't tell Ma. I thought I'd let her find out where Pa was gettin his licker.

I didn't haf to tell Ma. She found Pa's tracks up the logs. Ma found the plug in the knothole. She went up in the barnloft and got the keg. She threw it out on the ground and split it up with the ax. She didn't tell Pa and when he clim the logs again he found that his knothole was dry. I could tell from the way Pa acted. He didn't say anything to Ma. He just didn't have any life in 'im. I remember the mornin Pa got lively again. He was singin *Sourwood Mountains.* He put the bouquet of wild roses in his coat lapel that Ma had made for him. Pa was wadin around the snow around the barn. I know Ma wondered where he got his licker. I was wonderin where he got it too.

Ma hollered for me to come to the barn. I started to the barn and I saw Pa down in the snow on his all-fours. He had the corn-cuttin knife in his hand. He was tryin to get up. Ma had him around the waist with her long arms. She was bent over him tryin to lift him up on his feet. "Leave me alone, Totem," Pa said, Pa was laughin as he talked. "Leave me alone, Baby," he said. "I'm all right. You remember Totem the roses in my coat lapel and the music-box under my arm the way I ust to carry it. You remember the blue-serge suit that I wore to the dances with you, Baby—and whatever you do, you drink an extra quart for me."

"I can't stand it Dennie," Ma said. "Don't tell me, Honey—I remember."

I just stood there and looked on. It looked like one of the old fights Ma and Pa used to have. I'd have to pull Ma off'n Pa when she'd ground 'im with her fist. Ma was tryin to help Pa up from the snow.

"It's 'The Last Round Up,' Baby," Pa said. "I can feel my old ticker flutterin like a rooster with his head chopped off. It ain't tickin the time right, Baby. I can see black spots in front of my eyes. I've got a few things to tell you, Totem. I've been up on 'That Lonesome Hill.' There's a stump that's goin to haf to be blowed out with black-powder. It's right by John's grave. I want to sleep by our baby, John. Our family row has been pushed right out in the woods. It looks like tater ridges up there, Baby. We've planted so many up there. Have the boys to blow that big black stump out and plant me there."

Pa got his breath hard. He held the corn-cuttin knife with a death grip when I tried to take it from his hand. Ma was screamin to the top of her voice.

"Hush, Baby," Pa muttered. "Ain't no use of that. Take the furniture out'n the room and have a good old time square dance. Have Abe Billings to play *Sourwood Mountains, Little Grain of Corn, Hell among the Yearlings* and *Little Birdie,* on my old music-box before you plant it with me. Have a good time at the wake. It's 'The Last Round Up,' Totem. I'm goin. Meet me in the skies. I'll be waitin for you, Baby. We'll dance again. My old ticker is tickin his last—"

Pa strove for his breath. He fell limp on the snow with the corn cuttin knife in his hand. Ma fell beside of Pa. She held him in her arms and wept like her heart would break. "No use of that, Ma," I said. "Pa is dead. Let's do what he said. We'll haf to get 'im to the house."

"Wonder what he planned to do with that corn-cuttin knife," Ma screamed.

"God only knows," I said. "I'll get it out'n his hand."

I had a time pullin each one of

*Continued on page 280*

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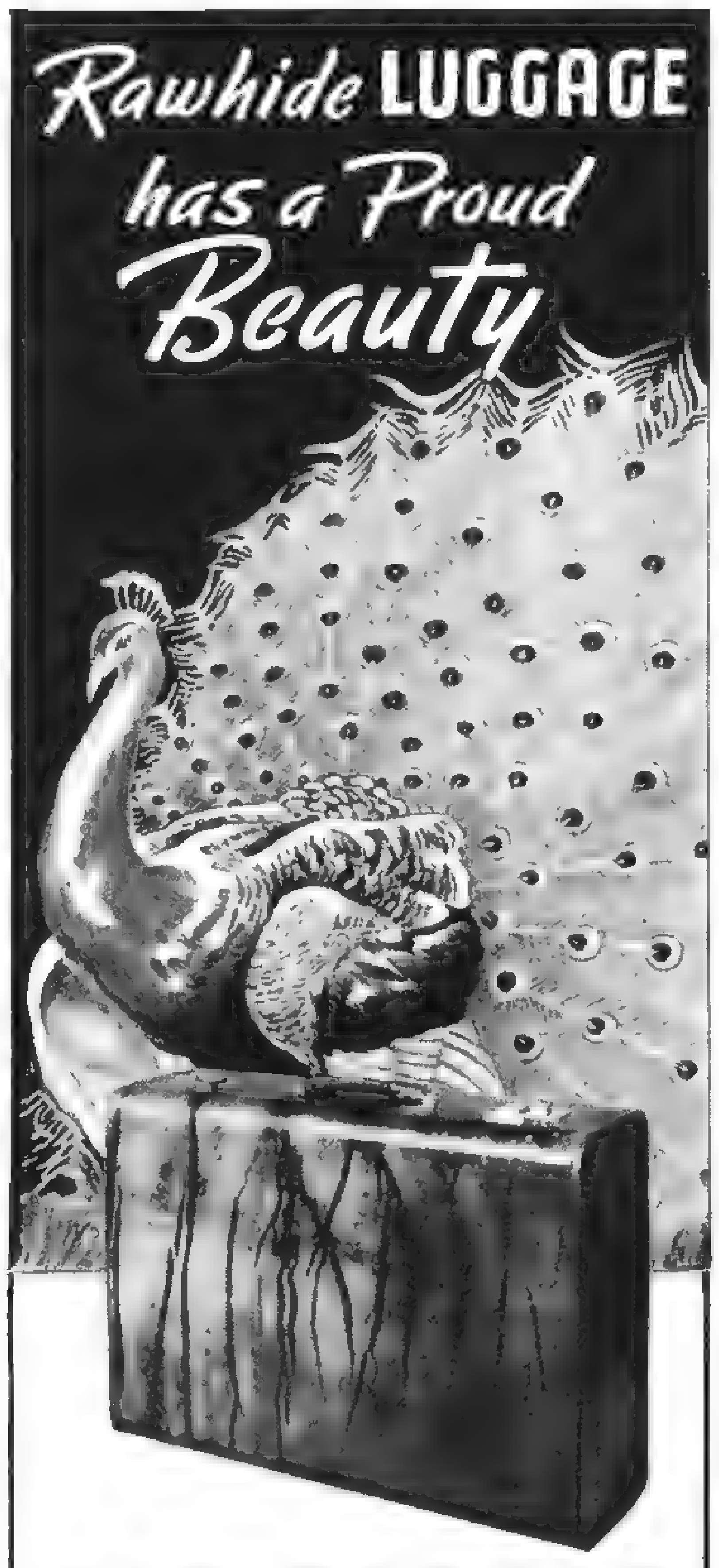

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## The Last Round Up

*Continued from pages 85-279*

Pa's fingers loose from the death-grip. He held that corn-cuttin knife like he held a fiddle bow. I finally got his hand loose and stuck the corn-cuttin knife in the butt of a barn-log. Then I helped Ma carry Pa to the house. She carried his legs and walked toward the house. I carried the heaviest part of Pa—his head and shoulders and I had to walk backwards all the way to the house. We got Pa to the house and put him on the bed. I went out that atternoon on the mule and norated that Pa was dead to the people of the deestrict.

I was on my way home when I stopped at Grandma's little log cabin at the foot of the Myer's Hill. I hated to tell Grandma that Pa was dead. Grandma lived alone and just went around doctorin people and deliverin babies. Pa was the only boy that Grandma had left. Now Pa was dead and I was afraid she would take it powerfully hard. I hollered first. No one answered. Then I got down off'n the mule and knocked on the door. I found there wasn't anybody at home. I looked around the house and I saw Grandma's track. She had gone in the direction of our house. I saw where she'd pulled up the snow-kivered bank by sprouts and grapevines. I got on my mule and I hurried for home.

Grandma was there. She was settin in the big rockin chear in the middle of the front room smokin her pipe. The room was filled with people. They had just poured into our house from all over the deestrict. People liked Pa. All the dancin crowd had come in to pay Pa their last respects. Many of the religious people had come too. They hadn't approved of the way Pa and Ma had lived but all was forgotten in the time of death.

"Grandma, I went to your cabin," I said. "I hollered from the mule's back for you first and you didn't answer. Then I got off'n the mule's back and knocked on your door. You didn't answer and I started lookin and found your tracks in the snow. I knowed you'd come this way. Did anybody tell you Pa was dead?"

"Guess I knowed Dennie was dead afore anybody knowed it," Grandma said. She held her long-stem pipe in her hand. "I knowed the minute Dennie started dyin. I had an awful dream last night. I dreamt Dennie died. I could see Dennie down on the snow plain as I ever saw 'im in my life. I could see somethin in his hand but I couldn't tell what it was. Dennie lived too fast. I warned Dennie and Totem both about the way they's livin but they didn't heed my warnin."

Grandma put her pipe back in her mouth. She wheezed on the long pipe stem and puffed the big clouds of smoke from her toothless mouth. Men and women talked to each other about the weather, crops, and death.

Men worked at the barn makin a coffin for Pa. They worked all afternoon and made Pa's coffin out'n black-oak boards. They brought the coffin to the house before supper time and set each end on a chear in the middle of the floor. The wimmen all went in the kitchen while the men put Pa in his double-breasted, powder-blue-serge suit. We found a pint of whiskey tied around Pa. He had a straw through the stopper. That's the reason Ma couldn't find where he got his last licker. Pa was straw-in it. Ma put Pa's bouquet of wild roses in his coat lapel just as Pa had allus told Ma to do. She put his fiddle under his arm and put his hand on the fiddle neck—just the way Pa allus carried it. Pa just looked like he's goin to a dance. He didn't look like a dead man. Pa looked like he was pleased. He looked like he used to look when he was walkin over the mountain paths with Ma to a dance. I just wondered where Pa was now. I just wondered about his 'Last Round Up.'

That night we cleared the furniture out'n the room. We had one of the finest wakes the people ever saw among the hills. The wimmen cooked in the kitchen and made coffee, pie and cake for us. We had a big dance. Abe Billings took Pa's fiddle out'n his coffin and fiddled the tunes Pa asked us to play at his wake. The young people of the deestrict danced and loved all night. People et until their stummicks were tight as banjer heads made of groundhog skins. We had a wonderful time. Ma tried to get Grandma to go to bed but she wouldn't do it. Grandma just sit in the big rockin chear and smoked her pipe and looked on. The young people sorty laughed at Grandma settin there with her bonnet straps tied under her chin and her big checked apron with her pocket in the upper right hand corner that held her pipe and burley terbacker crumbs.

"I ain't goin to bed," Grandma said. "I am here fer a purpose. Anything might happen here. I just want to be here."

Grandma had brought nearly everybody at Pa's wake into the world. She ust to ride muleback and doctor. Atter Grandpa died, she ust to go to a house and stay two weeks before a baby was born. Atter the baby was born Grandma would move on and stay with another woman. Sometimes Grandma wouldn't get to stay long until she'd be called to another place. Grandma was a Grannie Woman and a charm Doctor. She was used all the time. She didn't get much rest until she begin to get old; then, Grandma settled down in her cabin again.

Atter we danced all night, Eif Walters and Charlie Preston walked up to the house. They had the diggin tools to dig the grave. Flossie Bryan and Minerva Brown were in the house. Eif was sparkin Flossie and Charlie was sparkin Minerva. They looked at Grand-

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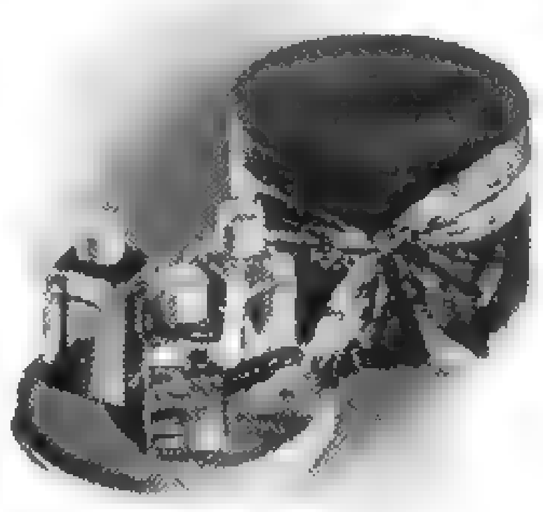

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ma sittin in the middle of the front room in her big rockin chear smokin her pipe. They looked at one another and the girls started gigglin.

"Foot o' mercy," Grandma snapped, "Eif, if it hadn't been fer me, your Ma would have been a dead woman today. You ain't got no right to laugh. Your Ma was about to bleed to death when they sent fer me. I saved your Ma."

Grandma pulled another cloud of smoke from her long pipestem and funneled it from her toothless mouth. Eif looked funny when Grandma told him about his mother. Ma looked plagued for Ma hadn't been able to get Grandma to go to bed. She'd sat in the rockin chear all night and smoked her pipe.

"And you ain't got no right to laugh young man," Grandma said to Charlie Preston. "I saved you too. I was right there when you was born, young man. Just because you are sparkin the young gals today, don't mean nothin to me. You're the same picked chicken that I brought into this world."

Charlie looked funny out'n his eyes. Grandma looked hard at Charlie and Eif. They said goodby to Minerva and Flossie and picked up their tools. "You might need me again," Grandma said. "I ain't so shore but what you will. The Lord needs me a long time yet. What would you people among these hills, adone if it hadn't been fer me?" Grandma puffed hard on her pipe. Flossie and Minerva acted like they's afraid of Grandma. They ran out'n the front room to the kitchen.

It was atter dinner when Pa's old friends started toatin his black-oak box up the long Three Mile Hill. There was an awful crowd followin the coffin. Ma said to Grandma, "Grannie, you're goin to stay here, ain't you?"

"No I ain't goin to stay here," Grandma shouted. "Why should I stay here?"

"I thought the hill would be too slick fer you to climb," Ma said.

"Ain't no more fer me to climb," said Grandma, "than it is fer you to climb. I can climb a bigger hill right now than you can climb."

"Grannie I just thought it would be better if you stayed down here at the house and rested," Ma said.

"Shucks, I ain't goin to do it," Grandma snapped. "I feel like I'll be needed at that graveyard. I'm goin with Dennie every step of the way to 'That Lonesome Hill.' I've seen 'em all go the same way. I've followed the other seven there and I aim to follow my baby, Dennie."

Grandma followed the funeral crowd up the hill. She kept along with the crowd. Grandma would smoke one pipe of terbacker and empty the ashes out'n her pipe. She would refill her pipe and light it with a match from her apron pocket. She just kept smokin her pipe. When we got to the top of the Three Mile Hill, we met Horace Stubblefield runnin hard as he could run from the graveyard.

"They air blowed up," Horace shouted. "They air blowed up."

The pallbearers set Pa's corpse down with each end of the coffin on a newground stump. Horace turned back wavin his hands for everybody to follow. The crowd made a wild run toward a pile of dead tree-tops. There laid Charlie Preston and Eif Walters pinned against the winter earth with splinters from a stump. Blood was streaming from them and makin little red branches on the snow.

"I just popped up on the hill in time to hear a blast like thunder," Horace said, "and I saw two men go up with their legs and arms spread out like they were tryin to fly and a big stump was under them pushin them higher into the air. I didn't know what to do when they fell bleedin and full of splinters."

"Stand back," Grandma shouted. "Stand back. They will stop bleedin in less than a minute." The funeral crowd pushed aside for Grandma. She held her hands over her heart. Her wrinkled lips worked when she whispered somethin to herself.

Minerva and Flossie tried to throw themselves down on the snow beside of Charlie and Eif. All the clothes that Eif and Charlie had on their bodies were patches of their clothes the splinters had pinned to them. Grandma pulled her apron off and spread it over Charlie. Lucretia Holmes pulled her apron off and spread it over Eif. They didn't more than get the aprons over 'em until the blood stopped flowin. Part of the funeral crowd followed the men down the hill as they carried Charlie and Eif away. Minerva and Flossie put their arms around Grandma's neck atter she stopped the blood. They tried to kiss Grandma but she wouldn't let 'em.

"You gals go on with your Sweeties," Grandma said. "They won't bleed to death now. I'll be down to the house soon as Dennie is planted here. I knowed somethin was goin to happen. That's the reason Dennie was allus so gay. He was born in August under the sign of Leo the Lion. Things had to happen to Dennie from the cradle to the grave."

Atter one crowd went over the hill with Charlie and Eif we still had a big funeral. All the men had to do was to square the hole a little bit where Charlie and Eif blowed the stump out. The hole was too deep fer the grave. They had to fill it in some before they lowered Pa.

"This is Totem, Dennie," Ma said when she looked at Pa before they lowered him in the stump hole. "You look good, Dennie. You look just like you ust to look when we went to the dances together over the mountain paths. Your suit is clean and pressed and the wild-rose bouquet looks fresh in your coat lapel. You have our old music-box. I can tell from that look on your face, you're goin on 'The Last Round Up,' Dennie. Your Baby, Totem, will drink a quart for you. Goodbye, Dennie—good luck." ⌗

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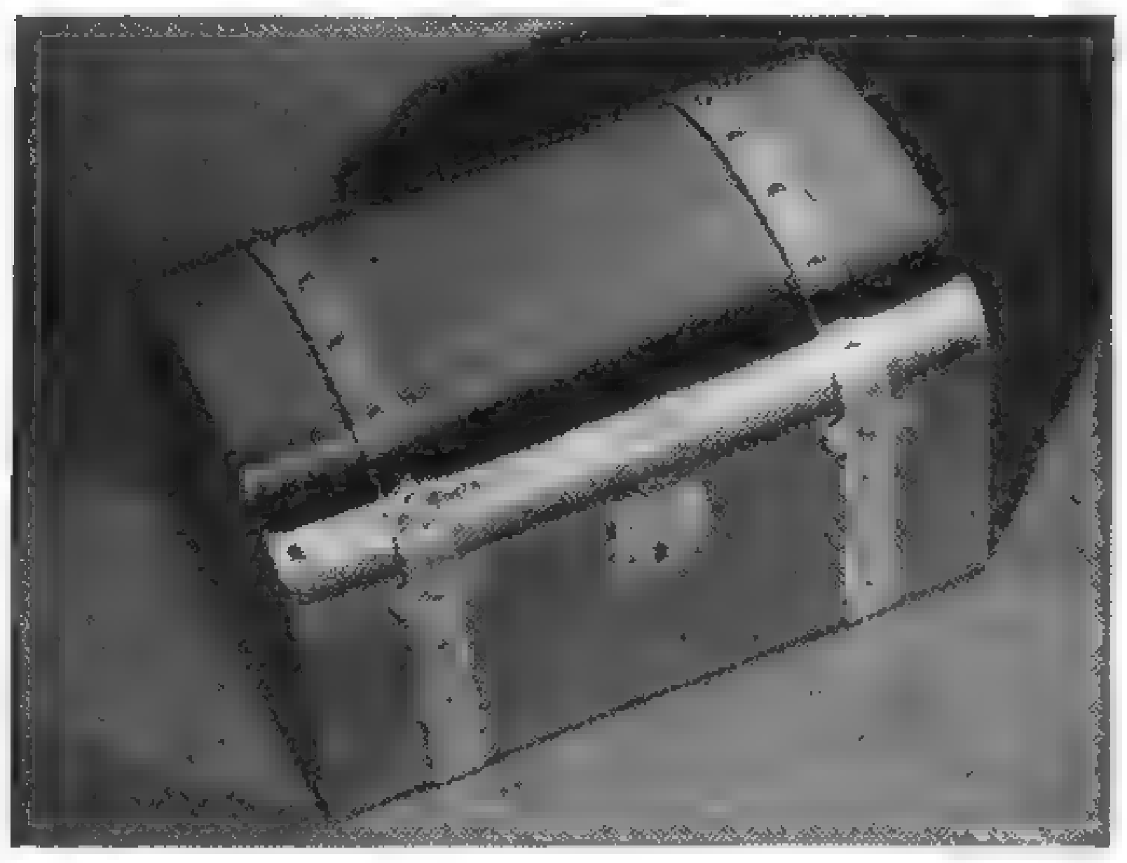

Bronze and Sterling Cigarette Chest which can be lined with velvet for use as a jewel box......................$15

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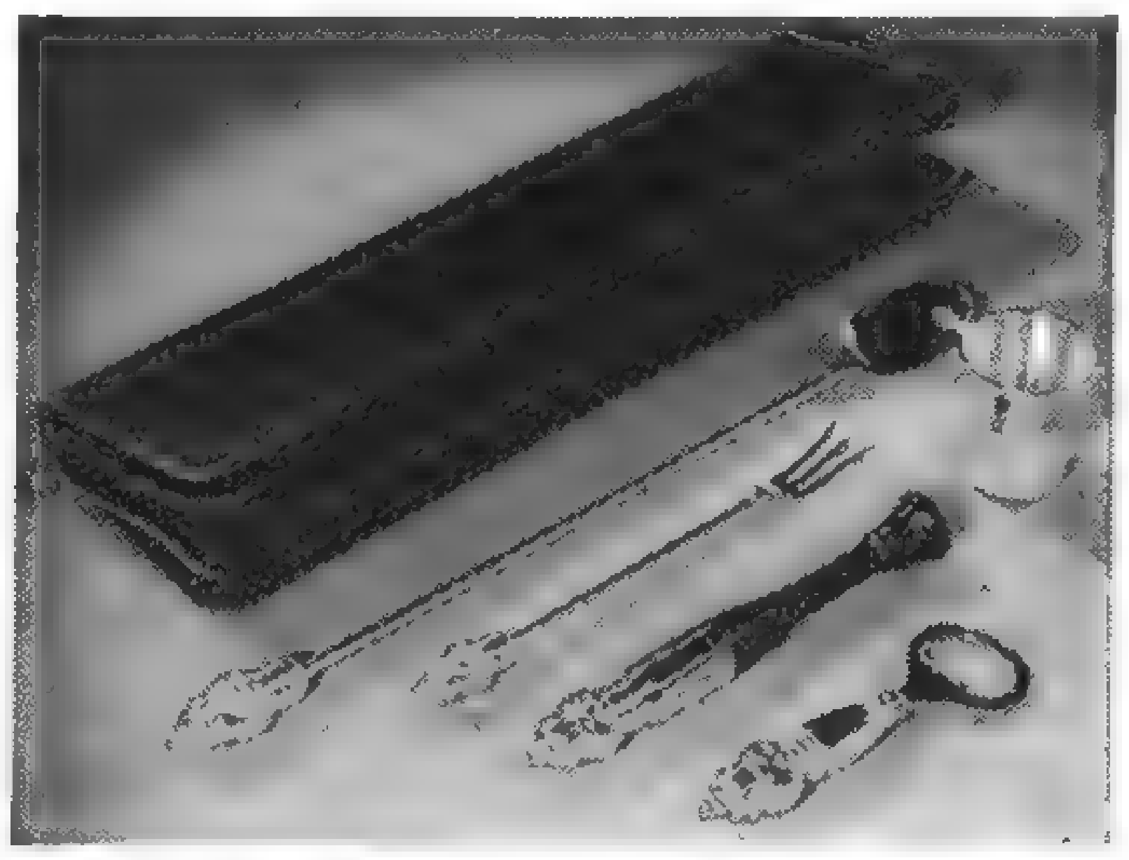

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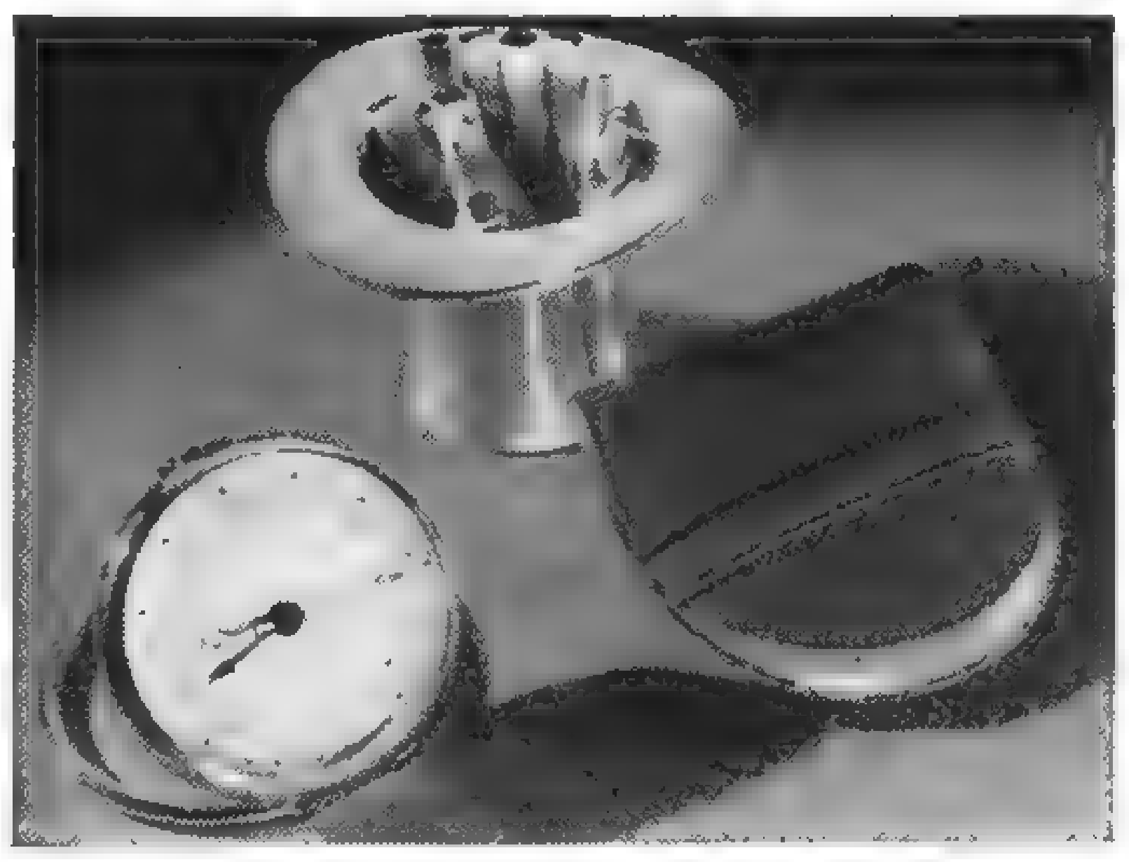

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## Quarterbacks Should Pay to Get In

*Continued from page 128*

gain at all, the wise little fellow runs a play that will maneuver the ball nearer the center of the field so as to be in better punting position. The slight difficulty here is that the defending team knows this is standard practice and seldom throws more than four or five extra men in at that flank when the ball is passed.

So the fifty plays simmer down to half a dozen that are eligible to open the attack, a mental problem that should not floor a child. Last year my old school, Pennsylvania, opened its attack in every game I saw with the same play—a spinner with the fullback carrying through the line. Thus the Penn signal caller's mind was saved for greater occasions.

One year, against Northwestern, Carideo's first play went for a touchdown. Commenting on it later, a friend said, "You were pretty lucky on that one. What were you doing, feeling around for an opening?"

"Not at all," Frank replied. "I saw a man out of position and I called a play to take advantage of it." Frank wasn't the average field general.

The only completely unorthodox signal calling I have ever seen is that of the Washington Redskins, in our pro league. They'll do anything but the expected. I shan't be surprised some day to see one of their players retreat ninety yards for a deliberate safety. Last fall, when the score was 0-0, Soldier Dave Smukler, of the Eagles, caught the Redskins with their garments dangling and sent a quick kick dead to their one-foot line.

Nonchalantly they went into kick formation, with Sammy Baugh deep in the end zone. The ball was passed and Sam swung a leg high in the air as the sharp-beaked Eagles, banking on tradition, struggled to get at him and block the kick. Baugh didn't kick. He held onto the ball, leaped into the air, tossed a short pass behind the line, and the receiver was off with six or seven men in his interference. Only a desperate leap by an Eagle in the secondary prevented the play from going the distance. It gained twenty-five yards, and it demonstrated that the biggest gamble pays the greatest dividends when it succeeds.

The Redskins, scorning tradition and safety, used the same play against the Chicago Bears in a season's play-off for the championship, and if Cliff Battles had not slipped on the icy ground it would have been a quick six for the gambling Redskins.

The college quarterback would be scalped alive if he cut such didos early in the game or when the score is close or tied.

When we came up to the Yale game in my sophomore year at Penn I was nursing a badly sprained ankle. I couldn't get off a dime and as a halfback I was supposed to cover enough grass to pasture three or four Holsteins. All through the first quarter I expected a passing assault to my area, but it never came.

As I silently and anxiously called signals with the Yale quarterback on every play, it seemed to me that the Blue's basic strategy was this: Find a weakness and never let up on it. Before they could get a good look at my limp they had found a spot in our line that could be pierced and they kept worrying it. When we moved a man around and plugged that gap, they felt around until they found another. If they made as much as two and a half yards on the first play of a series, I came to bank on the fact that they wouldn't change tactics. I figured that if I multiplied the yards gained on their first play by four and the figure I got was ten or more, Yale would stick to its knitting; the field general wouldn't change a winning game.

I wouldn't advise future Yale opponents to count too heavily on those observations, for the minds of Ducky Pond and Earle Neale simply don't run in grooves. They will knock you silly if you start building any permanent fortifications against the Bulldog. I might point out, too, that I played in three losing games against them.

Cornell, in the three games I played against them, seemed to be working on a slightly different plan. If the Big Red team found a play that worked well against us, they were inclined to stick it down in their hip pocket and save it for the clutch. But the Cornell quarterbacking fell into a basic and sensible strategy on one of their pet plays. Our scouts had told us to be on the lookout for the end-around play in which Brud Holland, Cornell's colored All-American, carried the ball after some hipper-dipper in the backfield.

Holland played left end and he always ran to the right on that play. Apparently he needed plenty of room to maneuver in, for if the ball rested in the right-hand half of the gridiron we could quit worrying about Holland and adjust our defense for some other type of play.

So the college quarterback is all too often pinned to the pattern of orthodoxy. He is crammed too full of "don't's" to give him much mental freedom. The opponents—it works both ways—are familiar with these hidebound restrictions and play the percentage when deploying their defense.

All quarterbacks, early in their schooling, must learn the law of the zones. These teachings won't vary much from coast to coast. From the goal line to their own twenty is the danger zone. Kick on first or second down, orders the coach: first, if the team is jammed on top of their goal line, second or third out near the twenty.

From the home twenty to the forty-yard lines is the feeling-out zone, and the professor has his selections for that area. He has another set of plays for regular use between the two forty-yard lines. And so on down to the enemy's goal line. All the quarterback needs to do is to tie strings around his fingers to remember the details of the blueprint as drawn for him by the coach. If he forgets a point or two he may be able to slip a glance toward the sideline, for just by chance some movement or gesture there may remind him of his duty.

It would be ungentlemanly to hint that any coach would permit coaching from the sideline, and the story I heard recently may be apocryphal. But in a college game in the East there came, at a crucial moment, a repeated and insistent cry from the bench of the team on defense.

"Fifty-nine, fifty-nine."

It seemed to remind a wing back of something, and he dropped back a few steps. The referee, noting this, approached the boy and asked him, "What does fifty-nine mean to you?"

"It means for me to move back. Why?"

"Well, it means fifteen yards to me," said the official.

Several years ago Charley Rogers, a great little back at Penn, was calling the signals in one of the home games. Bill Crowell, the referee, noted Charley peering intently at the South stands in Franklin Field at a crucial moment.

"Looking for something, Charley?" asked Crowell mildly.

"Yes, looking for my girl," replied Rogers.

"That couldn't be her up there in the slouch hat and needing a shave, could it?" asked the official, pointing to where assistant-coach Bert Bell's head and shoulders were silhouetted above the ramparts of the stadium.

Weather cuts a quarterback's repertoire to the safest and dullest plays—a dozen on the average. No one quarrels with that strategy, but it can be pointed out that a heavy rain is likely to put the strain on the signal caller's brawn rather than his brain.

A school's basic strategy sometimes governs the range of a quarterback's originality. Notre Dame, for instance, likes to have the ball. Harry Kipke's basic strategy when he was at Michigan was to kick constantly and wait for a break. He won several conference championships with his punt-pass-prayer system, and Notre Dame has made possession of the ball pay off richly in touchdowns all through the years. Any type of basic strategy, however, does lay a track for a quarterback to run on.

The score can be a cruel taskmaster for the little man. Our game against Princeton in 1935 demonstrated it. The Tigers kicked off to Penn to open the game. The ball came to me on our eight-yard line and with great blocking ahead of me I got to the Princeton twenty-yard line before I was downed. We were stopped temporarily, but after an exchange of kicks, Ed Warwick carried it over the Tiger goal line for six points. We missed the kick for extra point—and it wasn't old clubfoot Murray who missed it.

That six points put the chill on the Penn offense. We went into our shell, playing safe at every turn, thinking of nothing but holding tight to the ball when we carried and kicking on an early down. Our touchdown stood up until late in the game when Princeton scored a touchdown and added the extra point, and we were licked.

We wrapped up our offense and put it tenderly away, like a childhood curl, for full three quarters of that game. The score had dominated our quarterback and team.

Some of the best wisecracks in literature have to do with time. But on the gridiron there is only one whose obvious truth pounds at your consciousness—"Time and tide wait on no man."

Reputations have been made and lost by quarterbacks racing the clock. I lost the signal-calling assignment at Penn one year, in less than a minute. It was our ball on Yale's six-yard line, first down and goal to go. The hand on the big clock at the Yale Bowl, which seemed to me to be racing like an airplane propeller, said about fifty seconds to go in the first half.

I had the decision to make and I called four straight plays into the line. It was Yale's ball on its one-foot line when the whistle blew for the half. The only panning I got from the Philadelphia sports writers in my college career came as the result of my strategy in this situation. If the same set-up were ahead of me again, I would run the same four plays into the line.

At the time, we didn't have a passer in the line-up who could hit a barn with the ball. Reverse plays going wide take a lot of time, and they had not been going particularly well for us anyway. We were essentially a power team that year. I thought I was right—I still think so—but I was out-voted by a huge majority.

The following Saturday we met Princeton on our home field. We won 7-0 on Lew Elverson's sensational run of a punt to a touchdown, but in the last quarter of that game we held Princeton five times inside our ten-yard line. Sandbach, the Tiger quarterback, called practically all of those plays into our line; he threw only one short pass in all those attempts.

The Sunday papers spoke glowingly of Penn's great goal-line defense.

Youngsters who have no time on their hands deserve sympathy. That moving finger on the clock is a tougher opponent than any granite-chested tackle lurking across the line. In fact, it dominates every quarterback in the land in every game.

But no mercy for quarterbacks in our text.

Every football team has a full complement of pass plays, in assorted lengths and flavors—some having a bitter after taste. But to make it easy on the field general these plays are wrapped in family-

*Continued on page 284*

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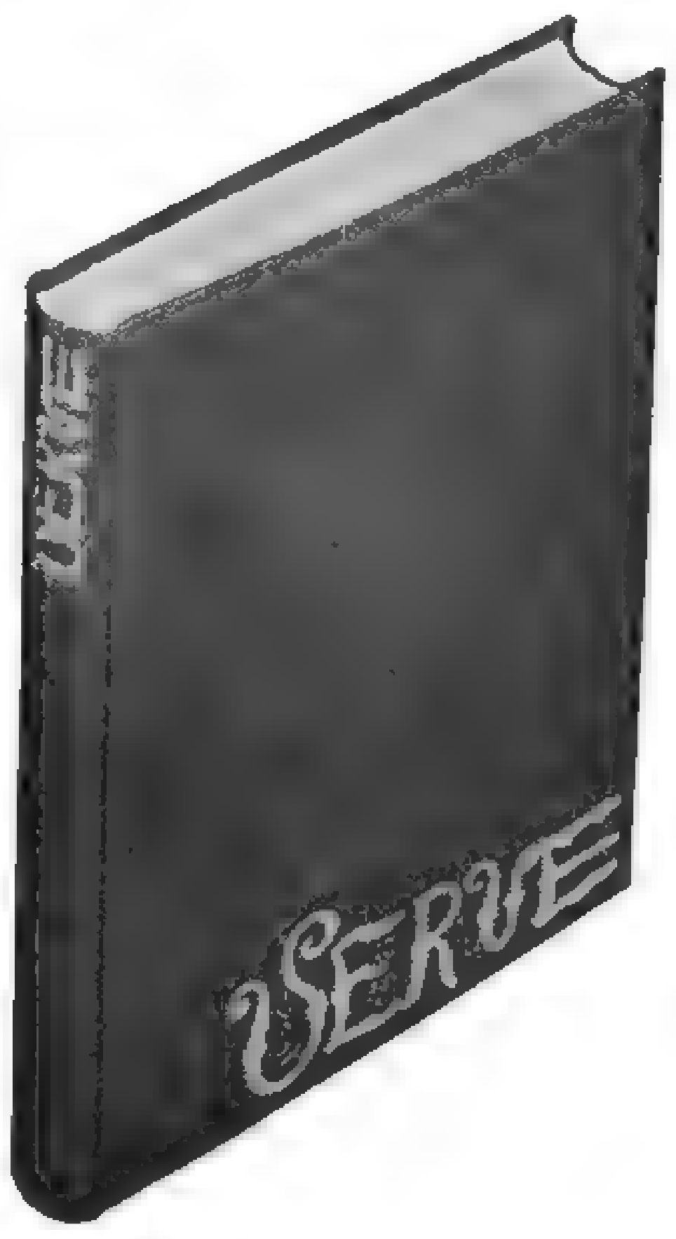
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## Quarterbacks Should Pay to Get In

*Continued from pages 128-283*

size packages with full directions on the wrapper. The little man's problem isn't one that should throw him into a relapse.

The quarterback knows this: With his short, quick passes out to the flat—ones that travel more distance laterally than forward—he will complete, on an average, six out of ten, if he is mixing his plays at all. Three will be grounded and one will be intercepted. He knows, too, that he can expect an average of a two- to four-yard gain on completed passes of this type. Directions say to use every few minutes anywhere on the field, except in the danger zone close to the goal line.

His next package is the mid-length passes. Here his chances are figured as good to complete four out of ten, for gains averaging from fifteen to twenty yards. He never forgets, however, that two out of the ten will be intercepted and run back anywhere from eight to fifteen yards. The other four will be grounded. The quarterback, consequently, needs only to check his position on the field, figure his immediate need, estimate the danger if intercepted, and call his shot and hope for the best. After a deep penalty to his team he will invariably call for a pass. Coaches' orders. Taming that series of passes is not a heavy mental task for a bright boy.

Opening the third package, like a picnic lunch, he finds the long passes—the desperation series. Solemn men with pencils have figured that a good passer will complete two out of ten of these: three will be intercepted and run back for an average of fifteen to twenty yards. The completed distance-passes will go for twenty yards up to a touchdown. Five of these passes will bite the dust.

More than seven points behind in the last quarter, this desperation series becomes the sole strategy of nearly every quarterback, collegiate or pro. Nobody on the field or in the stands is deceived at this stage; it is head down and tail up—throw and pray.

Somewhere back along the football trail some contemplative coach figured out another idea to take the pressure off a quarterback's brain and at the same time cause annoyance to the enemy. Other coaches picked up the idea of this unnamed strategist, and now we have the sequence plays, a series of maneuvers in which the first two plays set the stage for the third—a build-up and a sock!

There are all manner of variations, but here is a typical example. The ball is passed from center to the Number 4 back, who spins and fakes giving it to another back running laterally across the field. Number 4 completes the spin and whangs in at, say, a tackle. Again the same play is run. By that time, according to theory, the opposition player is tired of chasing the fake and will relax. On the third play the spinning back actually gives the ball. It is simply the old psychology of shouting "Wolf, wolf" on a couple of plays and then giving the real McCoy. The only difficulty with this sequence build-up is that the opposition sometimes recognizes it and merely licks its chops contentedly and waits for it.

Both in college and pro ranks, however, the brilliance and originality of the coach and quarterback will sometimes fake an opponent clear off the field and make the setup work for a long gain. Old plays still work. Bob Zuppke still drags out some of his old ones and knocks off potential Big Ten champions with them. It's the build-up for them that does the job. Michigan still drags out Fielding Yost's oldest inventions and make them work with careful build-ups.

The pros are gradually leaving the collegians behind in the matter of slyness, due perhaps to their longer experience and superior ability in faking, ball handling and passing. The New York Giants are sons-o'-guns to watch when they are badly in need of three or four yards. For long stretches of the game they will come out of their huddle in an A formation with an unbalanced line. The regularity of this line-up, with the resultant placement of the defense against it, sometimes gives them an opportunity to slip unnoticed into a balanced line, which gives them an extra man at the spot where the ball-carrier is to hit. The Green Bay Packers never seem to line up their backfield in any set position and the fact that their offense is not cut to any pattern makes the defense a ticklish proposition.

As a spectator at college games, I wish the quarterbacks could be given their heads a bit more. Mistakes and all, it might make for more exciting games. Mike Dorizas, now a dignified professor at Penn, wrote a rough-hewn but sensible prescription during his playing days. During one game the Pennsylvania coach wanted to get a message to Bert Bell, who was doing the quarterbacking job.

"Mike, go in there and tell Bert to run the this-and-so play." Mike hurried onto the field—play after play went by and still no signs of the play the coach called for.

When the game was over the Penn coach started to reproach Bell. "Why didn't you run that play I told you to?" he asked.

"What play?" asked Bell.

"Didn't Mike tell you?"

"No."

Mike had his own explanation. "I did not tell Bert, because I did not think that would be fair. Bert should use his own brains while he is running the team."

Like Professor Dorizas, I'd like to see it left to the quarterbacks. Take off the wraps and let them live dangerously. That would be my motto as a spectator. But until the quarterback is his own man, I repeat that he ought to buy a ticket to get in. ⌗

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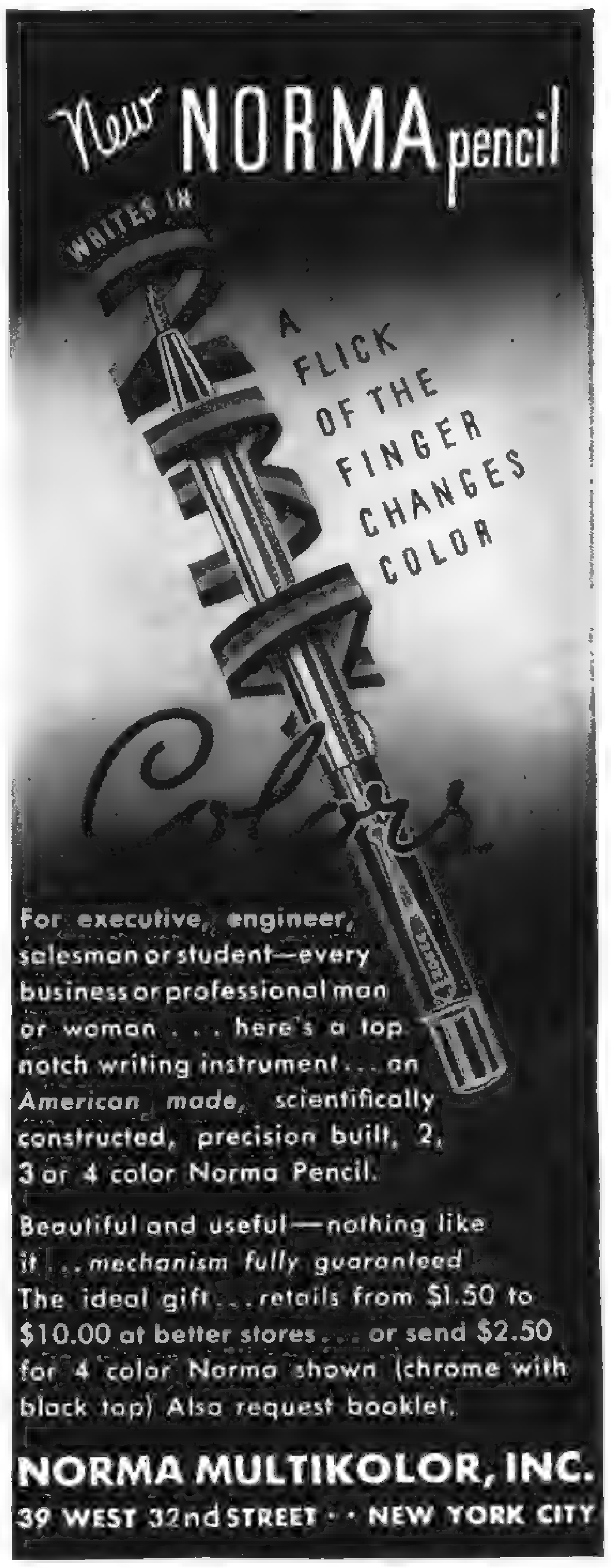
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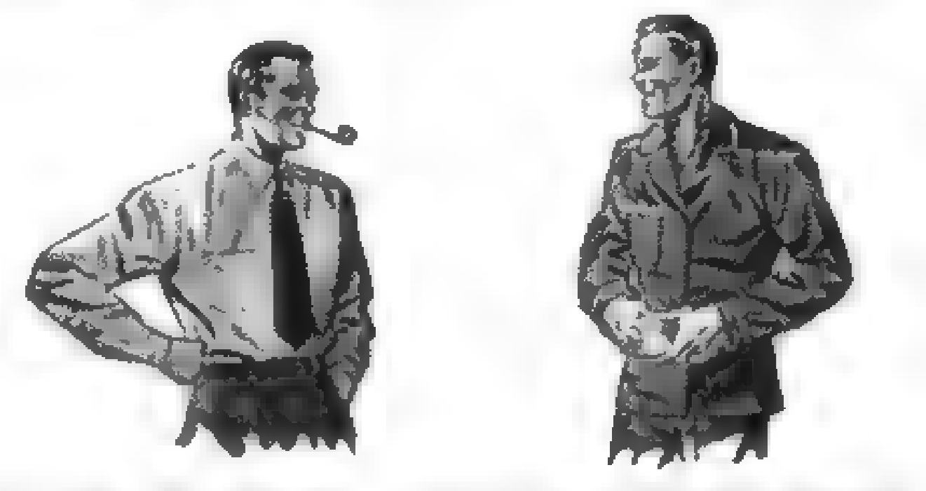

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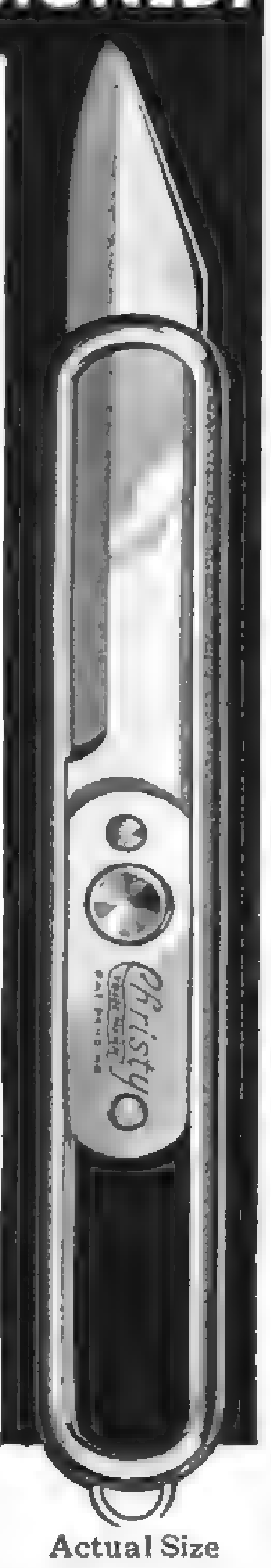

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# Modern Sporting Rifles

*Continued from page 125*

the bee on the slide-actions.

Bolt-action repeaters are being made with fuller butt plates, larger grips, fuller forearms, better safeties, longer and heavier barrels made of better steel, and with a speed-action, one that won't spatter oil all over your cheaters. Action of the bolt rifles is superb—far superior to anything in the slide-action line.

Rifles with tubular magazines predominate because they hold more hulls but they are not as safe as rifles with box magazines. Shooters don't like to be reloading all the time. The trend in all .22's is toward better sights, with aperture (peep) sights predominating—some of them with micrometer adjustments for elevation and windage.

Bolt handles and actions are so constructed that scopes may be mounted in low position, which is a decided break for the rifleman, as well as for the scope manufacturer.

Most of the better-grade rifles and some of the cheap ones are equipped with detachable sling swivels, and in many cases, slings are furnished. Flush take-down screws in the forearms make a big hit with the man who carries his rifle balanced in one hand, and who doesn't most of the time?

Some splendid low-priced .22 automatic rifles have recently been placed on the market, but one or two pack a lot of static.

Two keen, medium-priced target rifles have made their appearance in recent months. They feature superb accuracy, unusually well-designed target stocks, good target sights, and fast ignition.

### HIGH-POWER RIFLES

In the high-power field, we see tremendous advancement and pleasing refinements. The big game rifles feature stocks of advance design, of finer quality, and artistically ornamented, fuller forearms, neatly checkered; more carefully bored barrels; actions affording smooth, fast ignition; actions and bolts designed to facilitate the use of scopes; iron sights are of sturdier construction, most of them of the aperture (peep) variety, many with micrometer adjustments for windage and elevation. These sights can be locked so as to prevent unintentional change.

Especially sturdy actions designed to handle high intensity cartridges are a major improvement of the newer high-power arms.

Front sight ramps add neatness as well as efficiency to the de luxe hunting rifles.

Cheek-rests have been featured on the better quality of arms.

Quick-detachable sling swivels and neat one-inch sporting-type leather slings have been added to the finest grade of rifles—a great help in carrying the rifle as well as in tying down the rifleman's wildest gyrations, as the hunter who has to trek over much rough terrain will observe, if he is a very observing party.

### CALIBERS FOR ALL SPECIES OF GAME

Our advice to the big game hunter is to get riveted to a rifle that will hand the quarry a terrific jolt and set him back on his haunches. What is needed is a rifle with a margin of power—excess foot-pounds—for the animal hunted. No genuine sportsman wants to use an arm that he knows is too light to give quick, clean kills with the minimum suffering. "Clean kills and no cripples" call for an arm that packs a wallop. Better to have too much than too little power. Here are some specific recommendations:

For squirrels, crows, hawks, (depending upon regulations) and the lighter varieties of vermin, the .22 caliber long rifle, solid or hollow-point bullets, standard or high-speed. Cartridges with standard velocities are the most accurate, but the high-speed variety are the best killers.

For jack rabbits at short range, and some of the larger varieties of vermin, the .22 Winchester Rim Fire (.22 Remington Special) and the .25 Stevens Rim Fire. These calibers are a little shy of killing power for real tough varmints.

For general jack rabbit shooting, prairie dogs, woodchucks, buzzards, badgers, wildcats, and foxes, the .218 Winchester Bee, Winchester .219 Zipper, .22 Hornet, and .25-20.

For coyotes and loboes, the .220 Winchester Swift, .22 Savage Hi-Power, .25-35, .250-3000 Savage, .257 Roberts, .270 Winchester, and 7 mm.

For deer, sheep and antelope, .250-3000 Savage, .257 Roberts, .270 Winchester, 7 mm., .30-40 Krag, .300 Savage, .30-30, .30-06, and .300 Magnum.

For black bear, goat, caribou, and elk, the .270 Winchester, 7 mm., .300 Savage, .30-40 Krag, .300 Magnum, and .348 Winchester.

For moose, grizzly and Kodiac bear, and African and Indian soft skin game, the .30-06, .300 Winchester Magnum, .348 Winchester, (Short-range) and .375 Winchester Magnum.

For dangerous African and Indian game, the .470 double barrel Nitro Express rifle.

* * *

We now propose to unscramble a few of the better firearms by naming names and by giving you the dope on them. Let's start with the .22's. The first rifle we want to tell you about was spawned by Winchester—the Winchester Model 52 Sporting rifle—the pièce de résistance of all sporting rifles. It's a diamond in a field of chipped-glass—the rifle for the connoisseur. Built on a splendid new bolt action, it features a stock that fits the average man like a glove, and makes him wonder if it wasn't hand-tailored to his measure. With a nicely tapered, racy barrel, as

*Continued on page 286*

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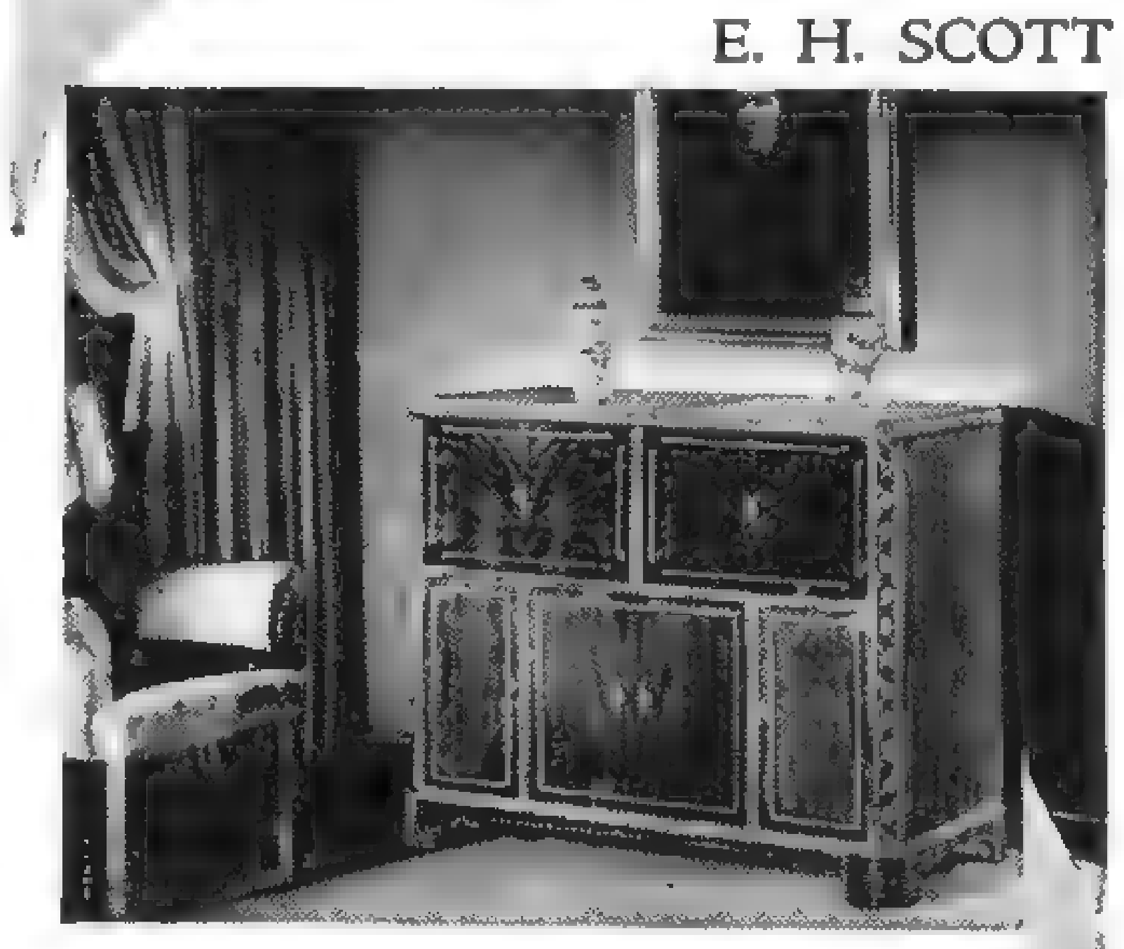

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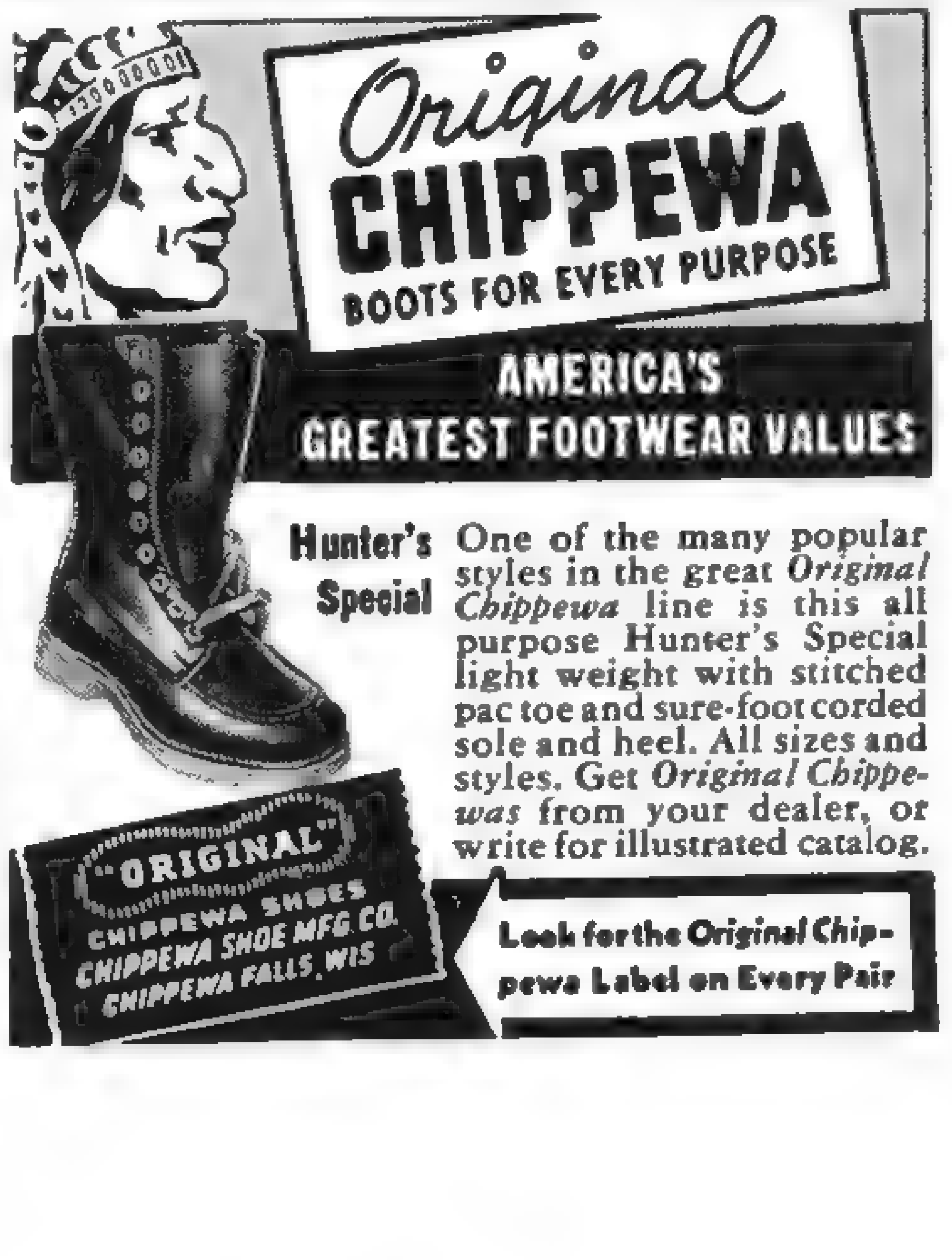

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Address______State______
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## Modern Sporting Rifles

*Continued from pages 125-285*

pleasing to the eye as it is accurate and equipped with sights that are simple, sturdy, and dependable, the rifle is as eye-filling as a trim ankle. No doubt about it, when you spot that pip of a rifle in which are blended beauty and utility your heart will turn flip-flops. But ninety dollars is a tidy sum even for the sweetest little rifle that ever saw the light of day.

If the bank account can't stand the pressure of the de luxe Winchester 52 Sporting rifle, perhaps you would like to consider the new Winchester 75 Sporting rifle, built on the same chassis as the crack Winchester 75 Target rifle. The engineer who designed this neat little package must have kept in the back of his mind's eye the hunter with the ever transparent pocketbook, of which there seem to be skads here and there and around and about nowadays. A man can occasionally hold out 30 bucks on the little woman, but to loot the family till to the tune of 90 smackers might be disastrous. For the fan who wants something substantially better than the run-of-the-mill rifles, the Winchester 75 Sporting rifle should tickle him pink. It is a bolt-action rifle, with a darb of a stock which is checkered and it is fitted with steel butt plate; 24-inch tapered barrel, 1-inch sling swivels, and can be had in two standard sight combinations. Designers stressed utility more than refinements—refinements contribute eye-appeal, but little utility. Just the gun if you're low on chips. Better sneak a peek.

Remington Model 513-S "Sporter" is one of the latest rifles to take a bow. It's strictly a man-sized arm with neat appearance and good weight. It is a smart, streamlined sporting rifle with excellent pistol grip stock, a good action, and pleasing lines. That rifle is going places, and it isn't going to be long about it either. Savage 23-AA is one of the older rifles but it has proved its metal.

In the medium-priced target rifles there are two newcomers that rate special mention. One is the Winchester Model 75 Target rifle which has the same speed action as the 75 Sporting rifle but is fitted with a target stock, with adjustable sling swivels, a 28-inch barrel, drilled and tapped for target scope blocks, and is furnished with a Winchester extension rear peep sight, similar to Lyman 52 sight. Both front and rear sights are quickly detachable, and leave the rifle clean for scope. Weight about 8 pounds with sling; 7½ pounds without. This is a keen target rifle of its class and is going great.

Remington "Matchmaker" Model 513-T is a little brother to the superb Remington Model 37 "Rangemaster," except that it is a popular-priced arm, with lighter barrel and slightly smaller stock. The barrel is of the semi-floating match type, 27 inches long, and the weight of the arm with the leather sling, which is furnished, is 9 pounds. Fitted with a splendid medium-priced stock, with adjustable sling swivels, and Redfield globe front sight. The rifle is equipped with speed ignition, trigger pull is smooth and crisp with anti-backlash trigger stop. In the Remington 513-T Target rifle, we have a keen arm upon which any manufacturer should be proud to hang his monogram, and further, it's going to give shooters a sensation and competitors a headache. Unless we are a locoed prophet, this new target rifle is going to bring down showers of manna from heaven in the form of cash orders. The new Remington has basked little in the limelight to date, but it is a comer as sure as shooting.

Savage Model 19 and Stevens Model 416-2 bolt-action rifles continue to give a good account of themselves in the medium-priced target rifle class. They are too well known to require description here.

There is this to be said about commercial small-bore .22 caliber target rifles for match shooting: You couldn't run fast enough to hand a veteran "belly-shooter" anything but one of the two standbys, the Winchester Model 52 with either heavy barrel or extra heavy barrel (Bull Gun) with Marksman stock—a rifle to hang your eyes on—the choice of champs for years—the rifle of 10,000 X's—or the revamped Remington Model 37 "Rangemaster" (1940 version) with new Remington-Randle target stock, and the Remington-Sweany speed-trigger with anti-backlash stop—a rifle that will make your heart skip a coupla beats unless the old pump is petrified. If you are going out for blood in this small-bore festival, you might just as well make up your mind to jar loose from enough turnips to get yourself one of these whizz-dingers, as nothing else is just as good or even nearly as good, although some of the custom jobs on these two actions have plenty on the ball. The stocks of these two rifles are the acme of perfection for the average shooter, and if necessary they can be worked over to fit the Hunchback of Notre Dame. The barrels of these two commercial rifles will groove 'em as well as the best custom-tailored barrels, or better on the average, and they cost a lot less.

In the high-power, bolt-action field, the Winchester Model 70 stands head and shoulders above all others. It's made in two grades—Standard and Super Grade, and in three types: Sporting rifle, short rifle, and target.

Lever-action fans have a larger assortment from which to choose. In the medium-power field, there are the crack Models 64 (made in two grades: Standard and Deer rifle and in two barrel lengths, 20 and 24 inches) and the Winchester Model 65.

In the high-power line, there are three lever-action rifles of unusual merit, the Winchester Models 64

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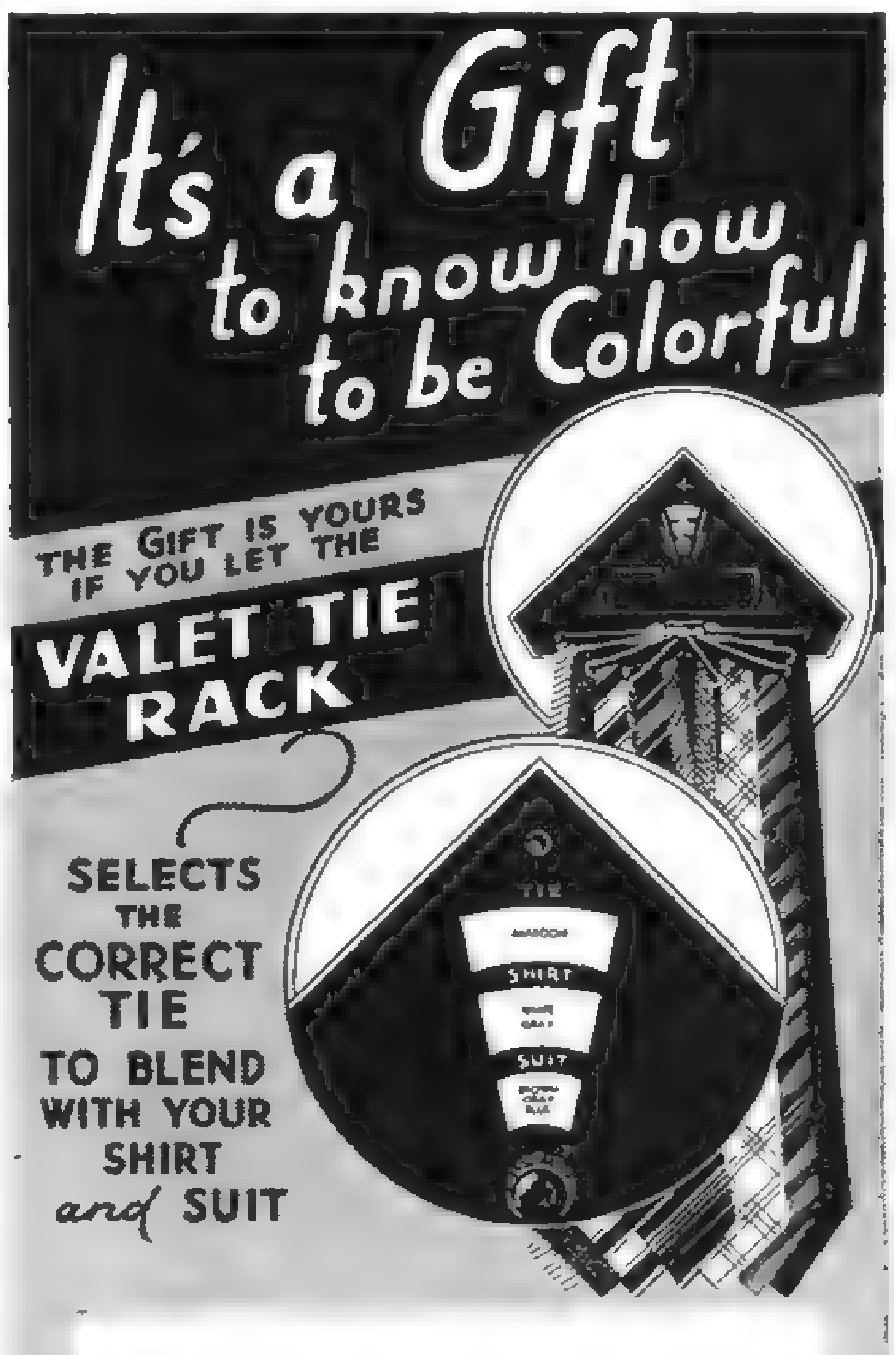
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and 71, and the Savage Model 99 series with solid frames.

* * *

The secret of skill in shooting at game in motion with rifle or shotgun is a little matter of timing, which is rated as one of the fine arts; but the technique of shooting with the two types of arms is entirely different. Keep the rifle stationary when firing at moving game instead of "following through" as does the shotgun shooter. Simply align your sights just ahead of the fleeing animal and then when he gets to the right place, according to your calculations, squeeze her off in the approved fashion. Running game, like birds in flight, do not stop to wait for your bullet—you must shoot ahead of the moving target—lead, as we say in the vernacular, to make up for the speed of the animal, for the time necessary to squeeze off your shot, and for the time it takes the bullet to reach the moving target. If you want to fail completely just try to hold it on 'em and "follow through" with the rifle as is the custom with the shotgun. That's the right way to make the wrong start and to go forward in reverse.

There is a right and wrong way to shoot, but the natural inclination is to do it the wrong way. Keep both eyes open when shooting, provided your aiming eye is also your master eye. Nature did not provide you with two eyes without cause. Why cut down your vision over 50 per cent when you can use two eyes for the price of one? Your eyes are range finders, employing the same principles but not to the same degree as the range-finders on a battleship and with two eyes you possess the faculty of seeing stereoptically.

With two-eyed vision you are more likely to detect the presence in line of fire of a companion or a domestic animal, and it is considered very bad taste in polite society to plug your host, or his pedigreed bull. In rare instances, a hunter may find that he can do better shooting by partly closing the non-aiming eye instead of keeping it wide open. Try both methods thoroughly before settling to one, but if your master eye is also your aiming eye, it's almost a cinch that you can do better shooting with both eyes open.

Well, so long for this time and "May your trigger finger never lose its magic!" ⌗

## Million Dollar Flame

*Continued from page 114*

deposited with officials of the Diamond Corporation and was appraised by valuators of the De Beers Consolidated Mines as "one of the finest gems in the world." Poor Jacobus Jonker, guided by his new friends, was sent to the offices of the De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., at Kimberly, and there he sold the piece of rock for a sum of $350,000. Although nothing like the hundreds of thousands realized in the sale of the cut gems, it brought him and his family luxury—which they have been enjoying ever since.

The stone was transferred to London and meanwhile Mr. Winston cabled for an option. He followed it personally and reached London in April, not long after the diamond's arrival. He spent a month studying the stone, comparing it with the Cullinan, Koh-i-noor and other world-famous gems and then negotiated for its acquisition. He was bidding against offers from all corners of the earth. He won.

For months European cutters studied the stone, submitted glass models. It must be remembered that until the German invasion of Holland and Belgium, the great majority of diamond cutters were located in Antwerp and Amsterdam.

But Mr. Winston decided to entrust it to an American because, while the cutters in America are numerically small, they are regarded as the finest craftsmen in the business of cutting large stones, that is, stones of three-fourths of a carat and over.

He selected Lazare Kaplan, who came from a line of several generations of Belgian cutters. But first there was the problem of shipping the gem to the United States. Lloyds, which is usually ready to gamble on anything, refused to insure it. Many suggestions were made to Mr. Winston—some reasonable, some grossly fantastic, but almost all involving special, elaborate, protective devices and gadgets. It was finally decided that the greatest safety lay in the greatest simplicity. So the stone was placed in an ordinary registered mail wrapping box and sixty-four cents worth of postage stamps assured a safe voyage of the $2,000,000 stone to the U. S.

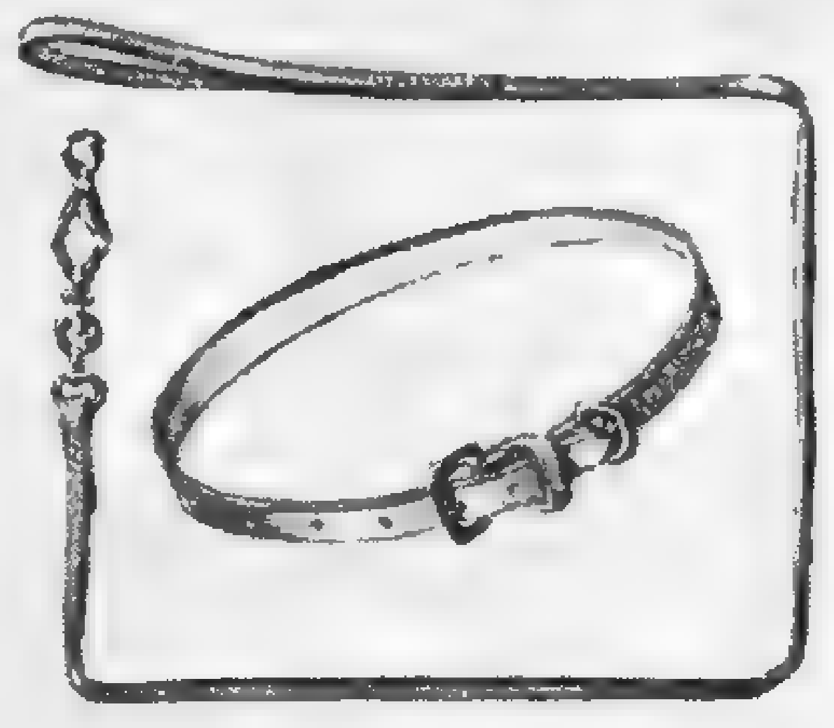
The problem of cutting the stone, Mr. Kaplan now admits, was a terrifying one. Fine diamonds in the rough are first cleaved. This is the supreme moment, for a mistake might split the diamond the wrong way and a fortune be lost literally in a split second. No ordinary instruments would accommodate the Jonker and Mr. Kaplan constructed special ones. He found only one small place where he could make a groove. One tiny slip would spoil the groove and compel him to abandon his whole plan for cleaving. The groove, therefore, was scratched deeper and deeper with a series of sharper and sharper diamond edges, so as to produce a clean V-shaped groove. Then a steel blade, not unlike a carving knife except that its edge is square instead of sharp, was inserted. A specially constructed, counter-balanced mallet was held high above it and Mr. Kaplan's son, Leo, knew that the light tap that would be given in the next second would ring down the curtain on complete failure or complete success.

The blow was struck, the dia-

*Continued on page 288*

WHAT THE WELL DRESSED DOG WILL WEAR

British-type accessories for dogs by J. C. Decker, Inc. have spelt good taste, authentic fashion and high quality of materials for nearly half a century. Indeed, for these about fifty years, J. C. Decker has been famous for top-rung leather goods sold through leading retailers everywhere. Decker doggie accessories are fully guaranted for complete satisfaction. Collars, leads, harnesses, etc. are cowhide, finished in English natural russet, and hand-stitched throughout. You and your dog can't go wrong with the following smart ideas:



Matched set, including English type lead and collar. Lead is hand-stitched natural russet cowhide, 4 feet long, half-inch wide, with French snap. Brass fittings on collar match lead. Sizes to fit all breeds. Also in Scotch plaid. The set, *postpaid*, $3

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WILSON BROTHERS

## Million Dollar Flame

*Continued from pages 114-287*

mond fell apart in Mr. Kaplan's hand exactly as he had planned. But cleaving was only the first operation, for after that came the problem of sawing the two pieces into smaller stones—then cutting them and polishing them. In that whole process 350 carats of the original 726 carat-stone were polished away into dust. Some of this dust is saved and used in the cutting of other diamonds by mixing it with olive oil and greasing the cutting wheels with the mixture. But most of the dust simply vanishes into air and is of no value—a danger, rather, since cutters are always subject to "dust diseases," particularly silicosis. To offset this hazard, most of the up-to-date cutting establishments have installed "dust collectors."

Weight had been sacrificed in the cutting and polishing of the Jonker in order to make each diamond a masterpiece. For were not brilliance and beauty considered, all stones would be many times larger than they are. The diamonds cut from the rough Jonker provided a bigger yield than usual—51.6 per cent of the rough. The Cullinan had a yield of only 34.5 per cent, and the Excelsior, another famous stone, had a yield of only 37.5 per cent.

All this is necessary because man's skill is needed to bring out the diamond's beauty. The cutter's trade, a difficult one, is ancient. Its secrets were carefully guarded until sixty years ago, and once a home industry taught by father to his son, it now is carried on in up-to-date factories.

Diamond cutting originated in India, the first discovered source of diamonds, well over a thousand years ago, and to Hindu lapidaries we owe the two basic principles of the art—the wheel and the use of diamonds to cut diamonds.

The Indian cutters, however, knew nothing of optics; they simply took off the rough corners of the stone and tried to polish the glazed surface to make it presentable. With abrasives softer than the diamond itself, or by rubbing one diamond against another, this was a slow laborious process. It did not occur to the ancients that the diamond could be reduced to dust and that the same dust could be used to cut other diamonds at a reasonably fast rate of speed and with great precision.

The art of cutting was transmitted from India to Constantinople and later to Venice. It reached Northern Europe at the turn of the 14th century, first at Nuremberg and Paris and probably Bruges only slightly later. Religious persecution drove cutters to Antwerp and soon thereafter to Amsterdam.

In the late sixties of the last century a cutting industry in the United States sprang up. Today there are approximately 400 cutters in this country. That is a small number when you consider the world over there are probably 40,000 cutters, nine-tenths of them in Antwerp and Amsterdam.

The German invasion of the Low Countries forced some of these—about ten per cent—to flee to London. Meanwhile, the American diamond-cutting field is enlarging.

Not all diamonds have the romantic status of a gem. Seventy-five per cent of them are used industrially—in turning machine parts of all kinds, in drawing wire, in core drills that reach into the earth seeking oil and gold, for sawing and drilling building stone, in phonograph needles, optical and dental drills and even for turning ivory, hardwood and bakelite into such things as billiard balls, bowling balls and doorknobs.

The reason for this use of the diamond is its hardness: it is the hardest substance on earth. The Greeks called it "invincible." Nature created the diamond millions of years ago in the blue ground of India and South Africa and other remote sections, by crowding carbon atoms together in a compact mass, trapping them in molten lava and then, through relentless heat and pressure, forcing them to burst through the earth's crust from enormous depths—cool crystals of unquenchable flame.

Since they burst forth upon the world—almost from the beginning of recorded time—they have been the object of romance, of mystery and fantastic legend; sometimes of treachery, violence and war. The oldest definite evidence of their use as ornaments is a Greek statuette, with two small diamonds for eyes, dated by experts 5th century, B. C. It is in the British Museum. The custom of wearing the diamond as a personal adornment (except in the trappings of kings) was not introduced in Europe until 1430 when a lady in the French court (one Agnes Sorel) by appearing with a diamond brooch on her corsage thereby created a sensation—and a demand for the rare blue-white stones.

The Methuselah of all these "million dollar flames" is the Koh-i-noor whose history, some say, dates back five thousand years. It was in the possession of one of the ancient royal families, the Rajah of Jalwar, until the year 1304 A.D.—it was for him the Taj Mahal was erected. Sultan Barber, who conquered India early in the 16th century was the next owner, but he lost it through a ruse.

It seems the Persian conqueror, Nadir Shah, dethroned the Mogul. Hearing that the latter, whose life he had spared, carried the stone concealed in his turban, he developed a sudden friendship for him. The Nadir even offered to restore the Mogul's domain to him and to exchange turbans as a token of good faith. This was an offer which, according to Indian tradition, could not be refused.

Returning to his tent with the exchanged turban, the Nadir unfolded it and the gem rolled on the floor. "Koh-i-noor!" (mound of

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*Managing Director*

KIRKEBY HOTELS

light) was the delighted expression that burst from his excited lips—and so the stone was named. The diamond was taken to Persia, captured by a rival king who gave it to the Ahmed Shah, King of the Afghans as payment for military aid. It was then extorted by Ranjit-Singh, the "Lion of the Punjab," whose domains were finally annexed by the English in 1849. This 190-carat gem, since recut, now rests in the perilous crown of the Queen of England.

In the fiery depths of the Orloff diamond is a story of intrigue, adventure and romance probably unequaled by any other stone. Centuries ago a French grenadier, deserting from his service in Madras, India, learned that the great idol of the Hindu god Sri-Ranga contained two large diamonds of immense value set as its eyes. Disguised as a native devotee he bided his time until one night he wrenched one of the stones from its socket. Escaping, he sold it to an English ship's captain for about $10,000. It went from one to another until Prince Gregory Gregoryvitch Orloff heard about it.

The Prince, who for a time had been a favorite of the Empress Catherine, was now an outcast from the court. Hoping to get back into her good graces he paid half a million dollars for the stone and presented it to her. But by that time the royal lady of many loves had other favorites (one of them the fabulous Potemkin). She accepted the gift but ignored the Prince. The gem, now valued at more than $1,500,000 is in the Diamond Treasury of the Soviet Government.

The Nassak diamond, like the Orloff, originated in India, was a votive offering to the goddess Siva in a temple near Bombay. When the English took over that part of India in 1818 it passed over to the Marquis of Hastings, leader of the army. Then the Marquis of Westminster bought it, mounted it in the hilt of his sword and it was retained by his family until the firm of Mauboussin purchased it.

On the surface of the coffin-shaped Shah of Persia stone you will find engraved the names of three of its owners. They tell a story. It remained in Persia until 1829, when the Russian Ambassador to Persia was murdered. To avoid a war the Shah sent the gem to the Czar as recompense for the deed. Yes, that's now in the Soviet treasury, too!

The smallest, yet one of the most romantic of the famous Oriental diamonds is the Sancy, a double rose-cut stone of 55 carats. Brought to France from Turkey in 1570 by the Seigneur de Sancy, French Ambassador to the Ottoman court, Henry III of France wore it for a time in his cap. De Sancy acquired it again but when Henry IV ascended the throne he made De Sancy Minister of Finance and asked him to send the diamond as security for a loan. The messenger never arrived, was reported robbed and slain.

De Sancy, puzzled, ordered the messenger's body dug up and examined. Inside the body was the ring which the faithful fellow had swallowed. De Sancy sold it to Queen Elizabeth of England and it went to Charles I and James II and then back to France where it was held by three Kings Louis. It was stolen in 1792 from the Garde Meuble, turned up in Paris in 1828, made its way to Russia, to Bombay, to Paris, then to Bombay and now is believed in the possession either of the family of the Maharajah of Patiala or Lady Astor. Most experts believe the latter, but the lady won't talk.

Talk about diamonds and any historian of the subject will readily tell you about the famous Regent stone. Found in the Parteal mines, India, in 1701, its finder, a slave, slashed his leg and hid the 410 carat monster under the bandage. Escaping to the coast, he traded it to an English skipper for passage, was thrown overboard and the gallant captain sold the stone for $5,000. But he soon dissipated the money and hanged himself.

It continued its unhappy history as it came into the possession of Sir Thomas Pitt, governor of the English fort at Madras. Threatened because of rumors he had obtained it by foul play, he sent it to London where it was cut and reduced to a perfect brilliant of 143 carats. It was sold to the Regent of France in 1717 and at the time of the French Revolution was stolen from the Garde Meuble and subsequently recovered by Republican officials who found it in a ditch in the *Avenue des Champs-Élysées*. Later Napoleon wore it on his sword-hilt. You can see it today—or could before the war—in the Louvre in Paris.

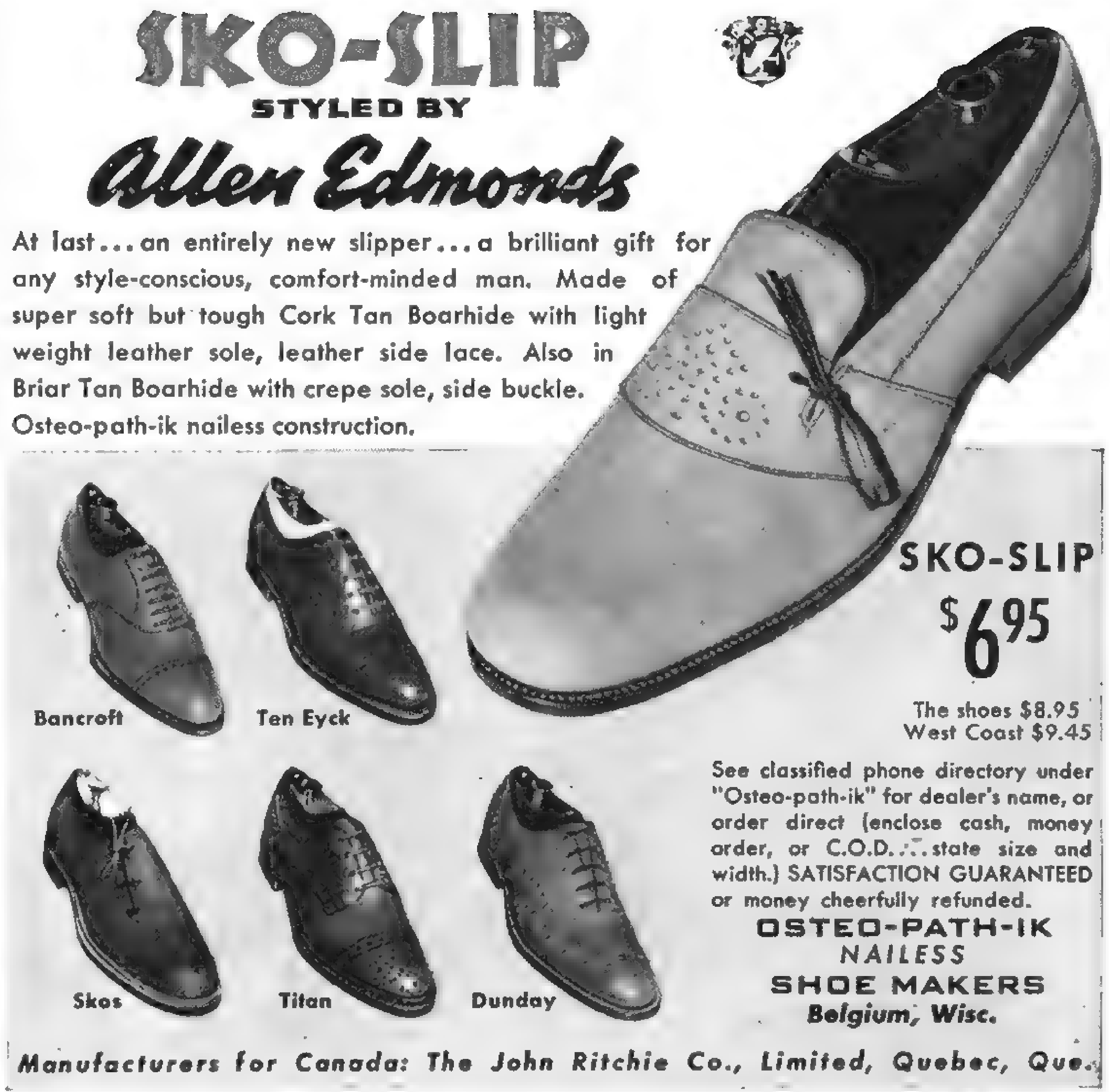
Rare among the famous diamonds are those of deep colors and outstanding among these are the Hope Blue and Dresden Green. The Hope Blue, for no valid reason, has acquired an exaggerated reputation of bringing bad luck. It appeared in London in 1812. A square-cut brilliant of 45½ carats, it has a pronounced color, which, however, lacks any particular reflective brilliance. In 1830 it was acquired by Henry T. Hope, a London banker, whose name it bears. It left the Hope family in 1906 and was bought five years later by Edward B. McLean of Washington, D. C., for a price reputed to be $300,000. Mrs. McLean still owns it, and, at outstanding social events, wears it.

Some think the Hope is a part of a blue diamond brought to Europe in 1642 by the famous traveler, Jacques Tavernier, after a visit to India. This stone, sold to Louis XIV in 1668, was stolen in 1792. It was never seen again.

The Dresden Green, a beautiful, flawless pendeloque of 49 carats, comes from India. King August the Strong of Saxony purchased it for his treasury in 1743 and it has been in Germany ever since. Until the war it was on exhibition at the "Green Vaults" in Dresden.

Another famous diamond owned by a New York firm, Trabert &

Continued on page 290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Reminiscent of loving cups and trophy rooms — this smoker has a grace and charm all its own.
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A sleek, streamlined version that goes well with modern furnishing.
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One of several Ash-Away Tray models that take the blue ribbon for all around convenience.

## Million Dollar Flame

*Continued from pages 114-287-289*

Hoeffer-Mauboussin, is called the Golconda and valued at more than a quarter of a million dollars. It was discovered in India in 1745 just before diamonds were discovered in Brazil. It passed from one rich European to another and, typical of most owners, the firm prefers to keep the story of the stone "cloaked in mystery."

The Golconda originally valued at $300,000 was about 80 carats in size but was made into an emerald-cut diamond of approximately 30 carats. It is one of the purest diamonds in existence.

The future of the Jonker stone is a matter of conjecture. It is so big and so expensive that it may have a difficult time finding a purchaser. Those who have offered to buy it have failed to meet the million dollar price. Thus it is possible that the stone will be cut into smaller pieces. If so, the Jonker will lose its identity as one of the great diamonds of the world, regardless of the fact that Brenda Frazier once wore it.

This hardly will worry the average man and woman who is concerned about a diamond. And, parenthetically, don't think the men aren't concerned, for a recent nation-wide survey of jewelry stores revealed that 52.6 per cent of all diamond purchases are made by men who enter the store without their future wives; 42.1 per cent of the purchases are by engaged couples entering the store together and only 5.3 per cent by women entering the store alone. So men, as well as women, reading about the Golconda and the Jonker and the other stones are apt to wonder just what makes one diamond more valuable than another one of the same carat size.

Diamond values, it seems, depend on several things: size, color, freedom from flaws and cutting. Larger diamonds, being scarcer than the smaller stones, are more in demand. But a small "blue white" stone may be more valuable than its larger brother. A blue white diamond, by the way, really isn't blue white; perfect diamonds are without any color at all, but take on a blueness just as pure water and deep space take on the color of blue. That is why the term "first water" is often used by jewelers to describe the finest gems. The "blue white" of a diamond comes from its reflection of light. A ray of light entering a diamond is reflected from the sides and out of the gem, through its many facets, and transformed into a myriad of glittering hues. As the facets are turned toward the eye, different colors appear, for of all gems the diamond has the highest power of light refraction.

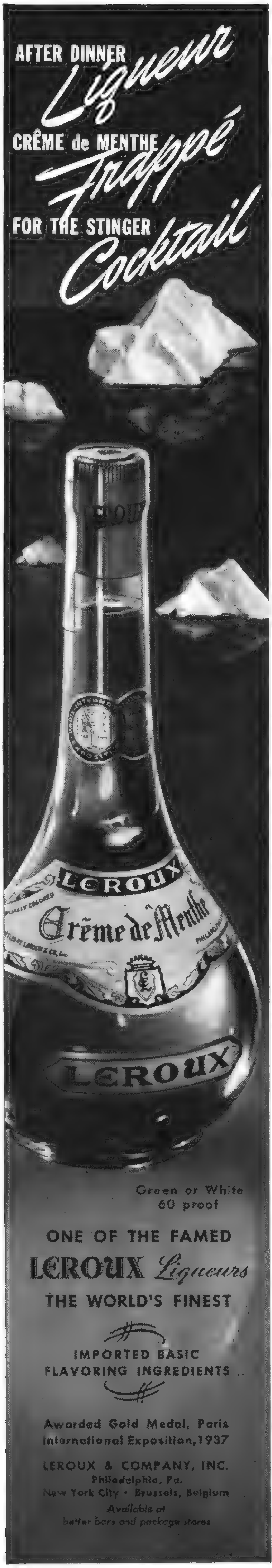
There are other colored diamonds besides "blue white": the blues, yellows, greens and browns. The yellow stones have a certain popularity and are known to the trade as "sunshine" or "champagne" diamonds. I would not suggest that you give your girl one of these in an engagement ring.

The next thing, besides size and color, to inspect is the possibility of a flaw in the diamond. The layman can't do this without a microscope; the expert needs only the naked eye to detect it. A flaw, such as a carbon spot, "feather" or other imperfection will materially lower the value of a diamond. Of course, a perfect diamond is rare and costly, but for all ordinary considerations those without visible flaws, or flaws too small to detract from the full beauty of the gem, are satisfactory.

Next in importance is cutting. Perfection in cutting calls for freedom of the stone from chipping and proper proportioning to bring out all the sparkle and brilliance.

You probably have heard some talk of imitation or synthetic diamonds but this shouldn't worry you. The diamond stands almost alone among gems in that man has not been able to produce it synthetically or anything remotely approaching it, or even a good imitation of it. Those stories you have heard about "creating" diamonds through synthesis already have proved to be rather silly. In the trade they have a saying:

In making diamonds, Mother Nature had plenty of an essential ingredient of which man is sadly lacking: TIME! ⌗



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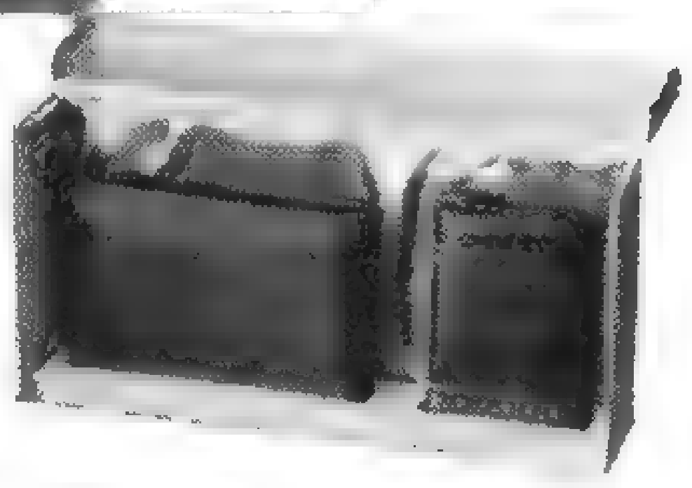

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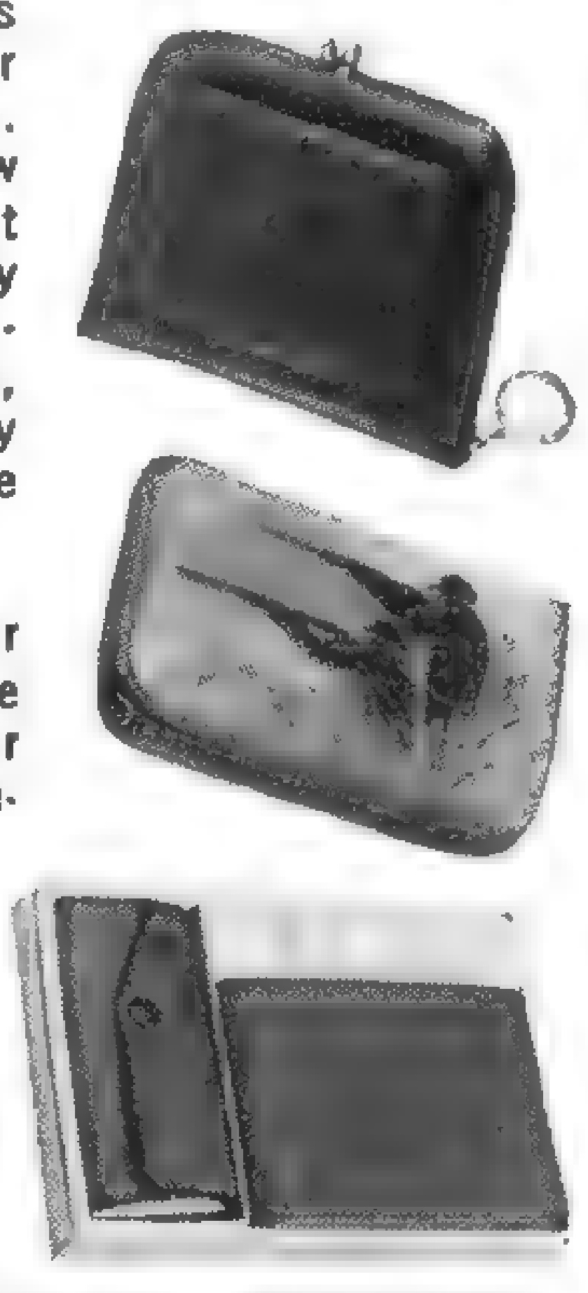

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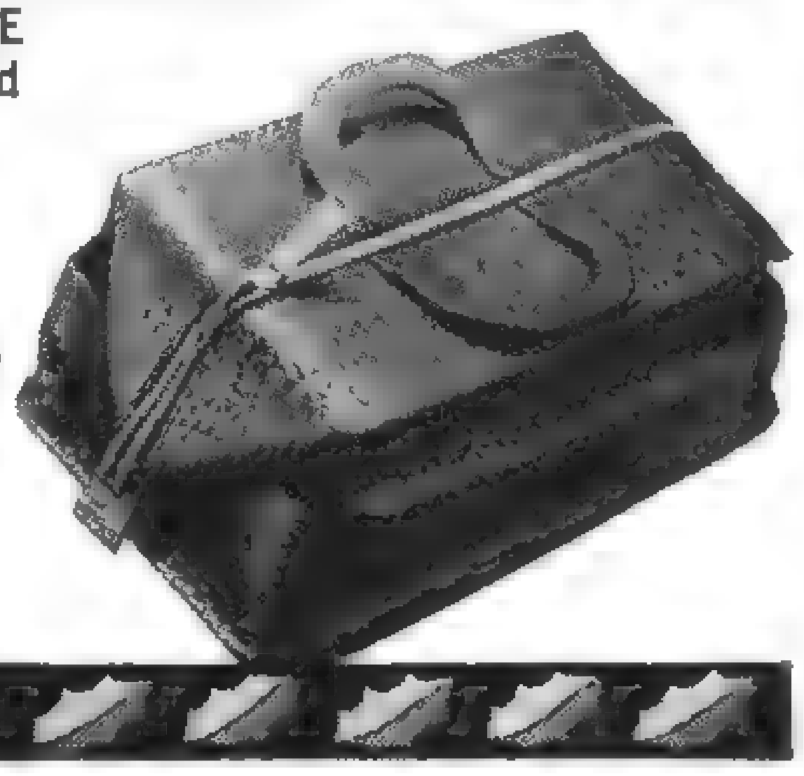

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STOKES PLANT
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Now you can experiment with soilless growth of plants in your own home with this self-contained unit. All messiness eliminated! It can't stain furniture! Nothing complicated! Tests in laboratory and actual use prove it thoroughly practical for indoor gardening. And it makes an unusual Christmas Gift, this STOKES PLANT CULTURE KIT.

Kit includes upper and lower reservoirs, growing tank, bulb pump and irrigation tube. **$19.95 Complete**

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Please send........Plant Culture Kits. I enclose check ☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ If not satisfied, I will return kit in 5 days and money will be refunded.

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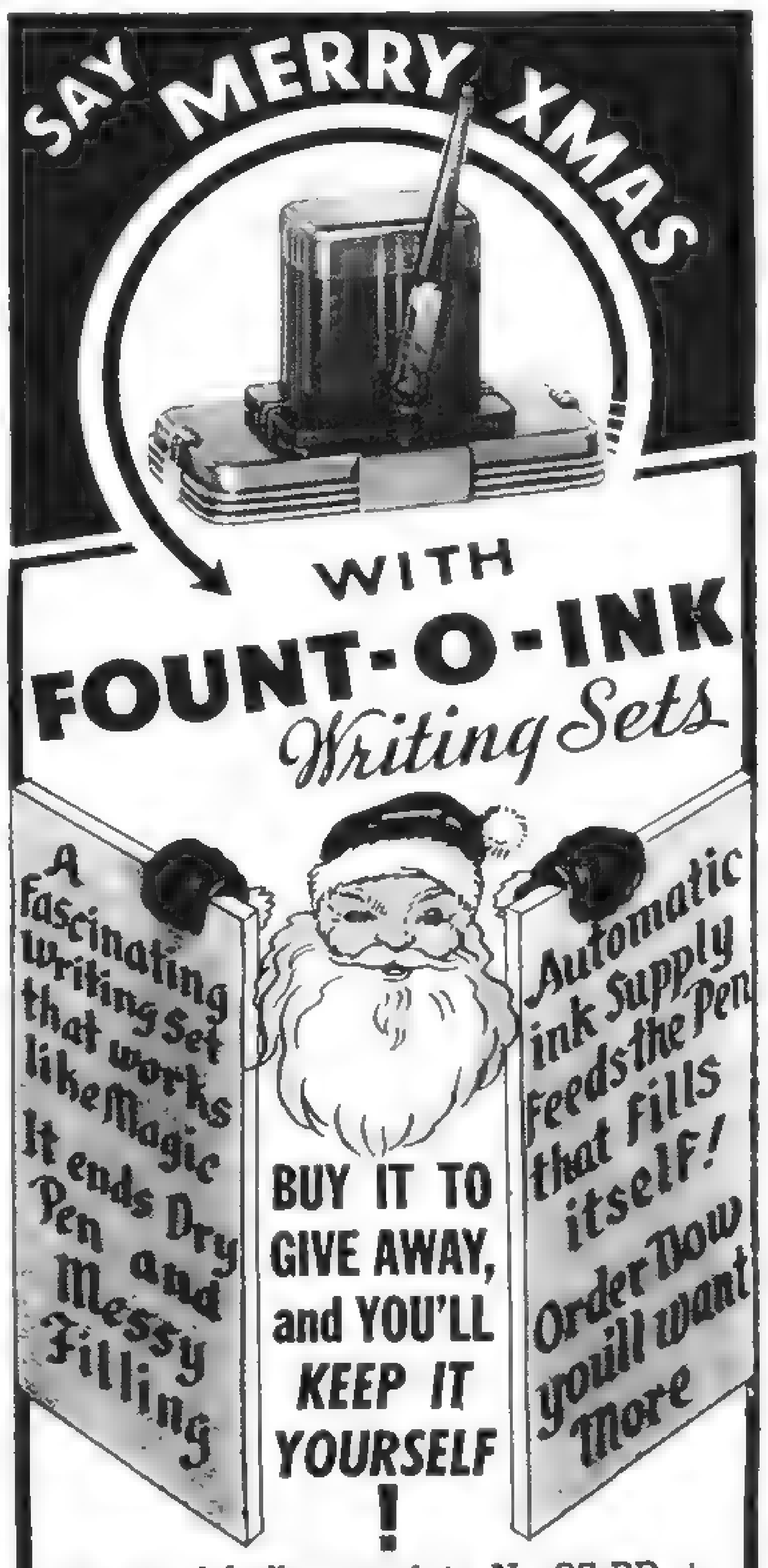
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WITH
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Automatic ink Supply feeds the Pen that Fills itself! Order Now you'll want More
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The model illustrated is No. 25-BR, in rich Bronze and Mahogany finish with black and Amber-onyx pen $5.50 **At your dealers** or post paid from the factory. Your money back unless you like it better than **any** desk pen set you **ever** used.

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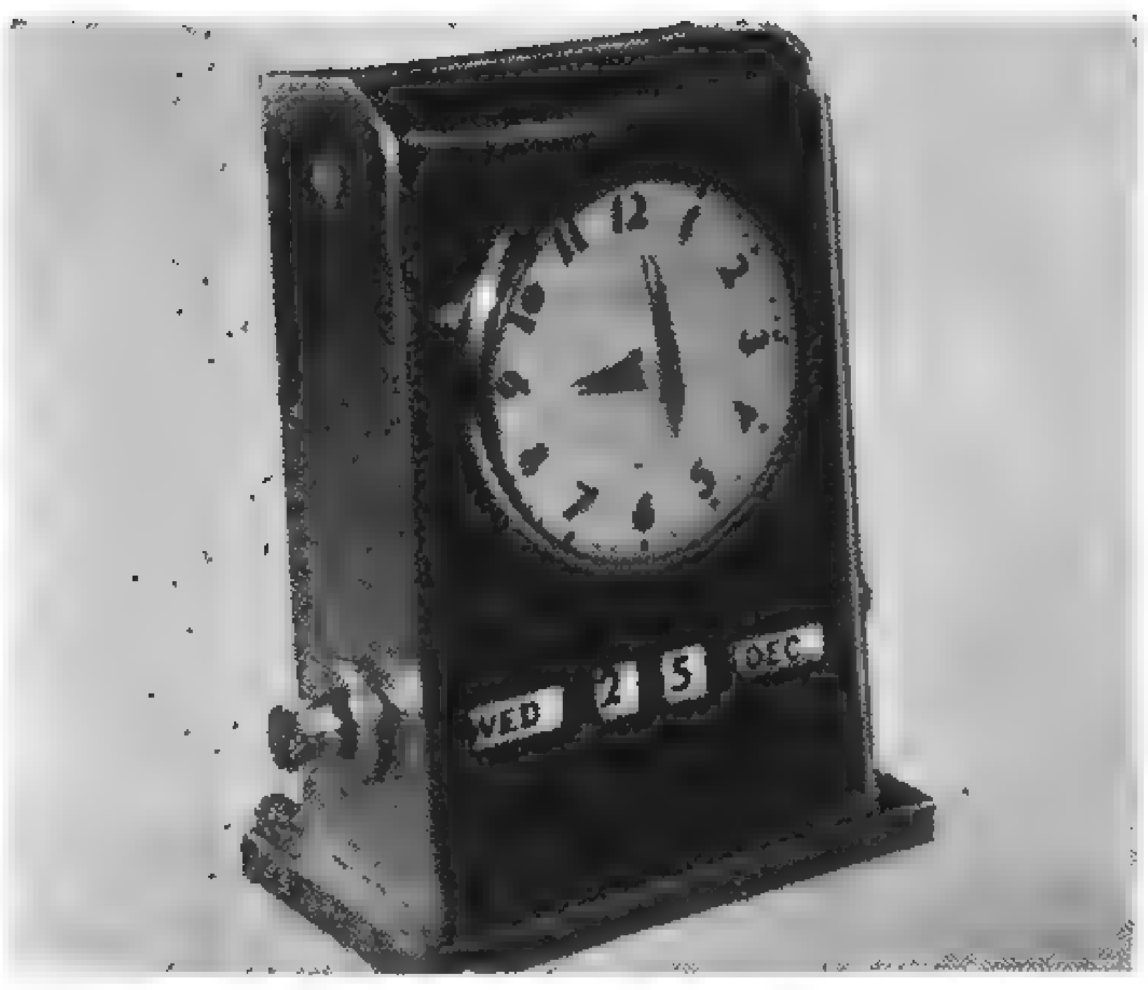
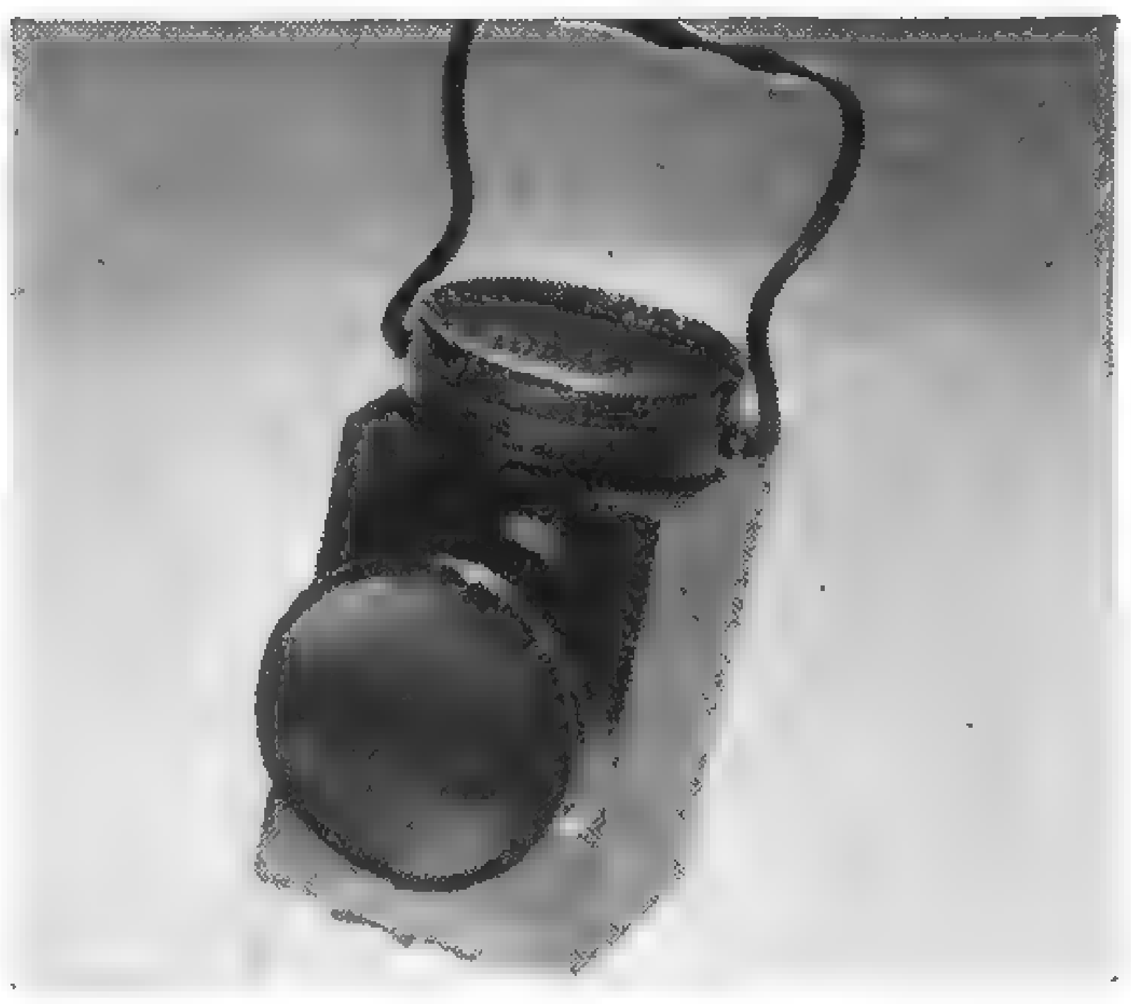


CALENDAR-CLOCK. Bronze finish or Florentine leather in tan, brown. 5.00 Stationery. Order #17-620.



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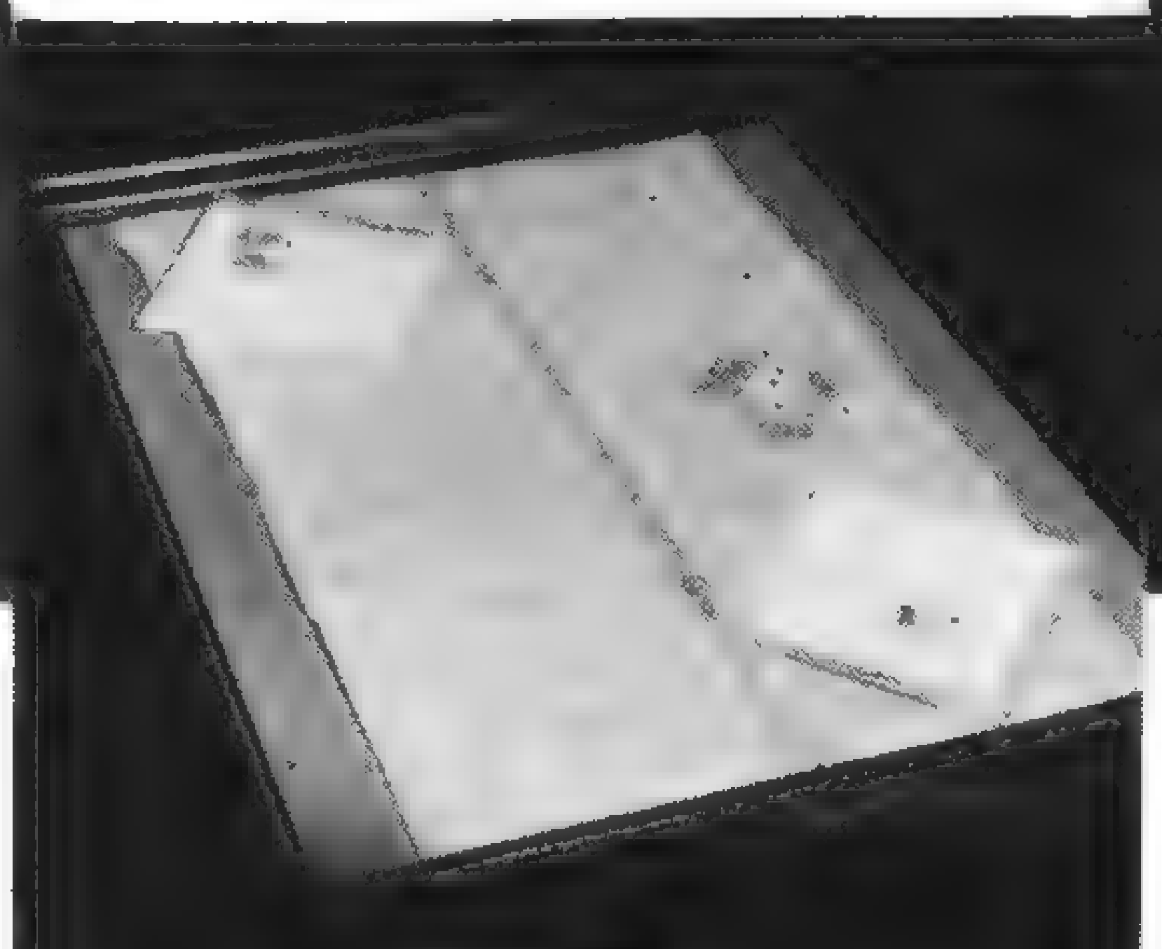

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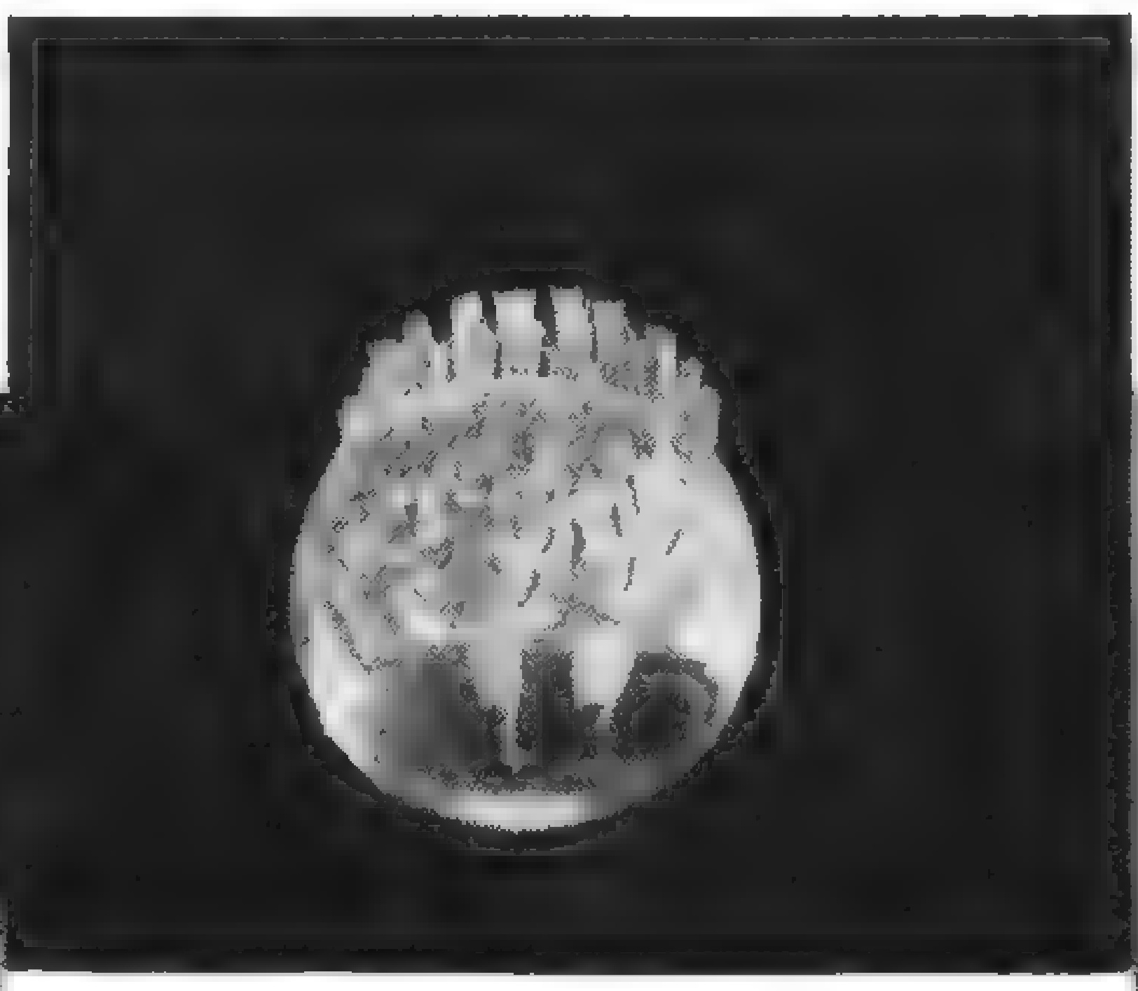
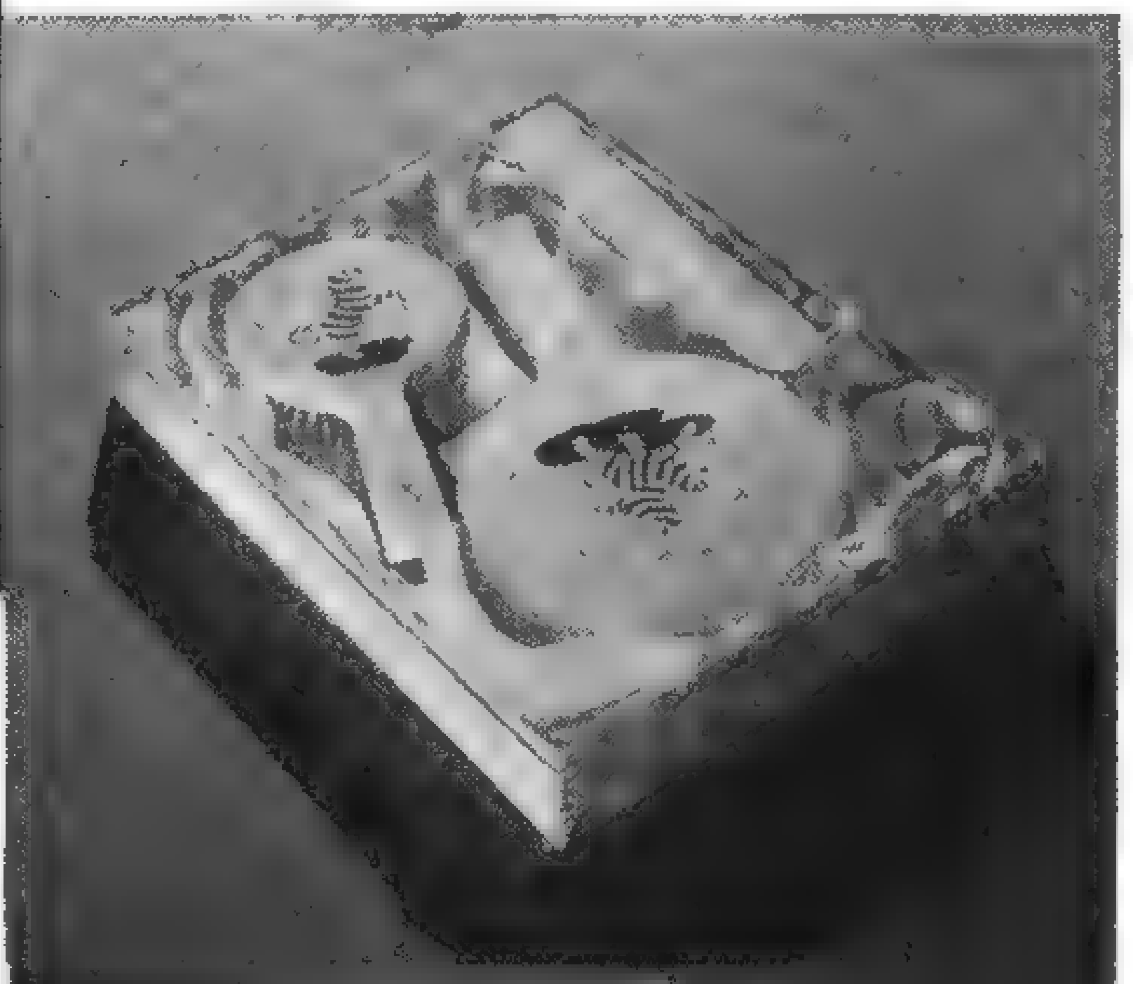
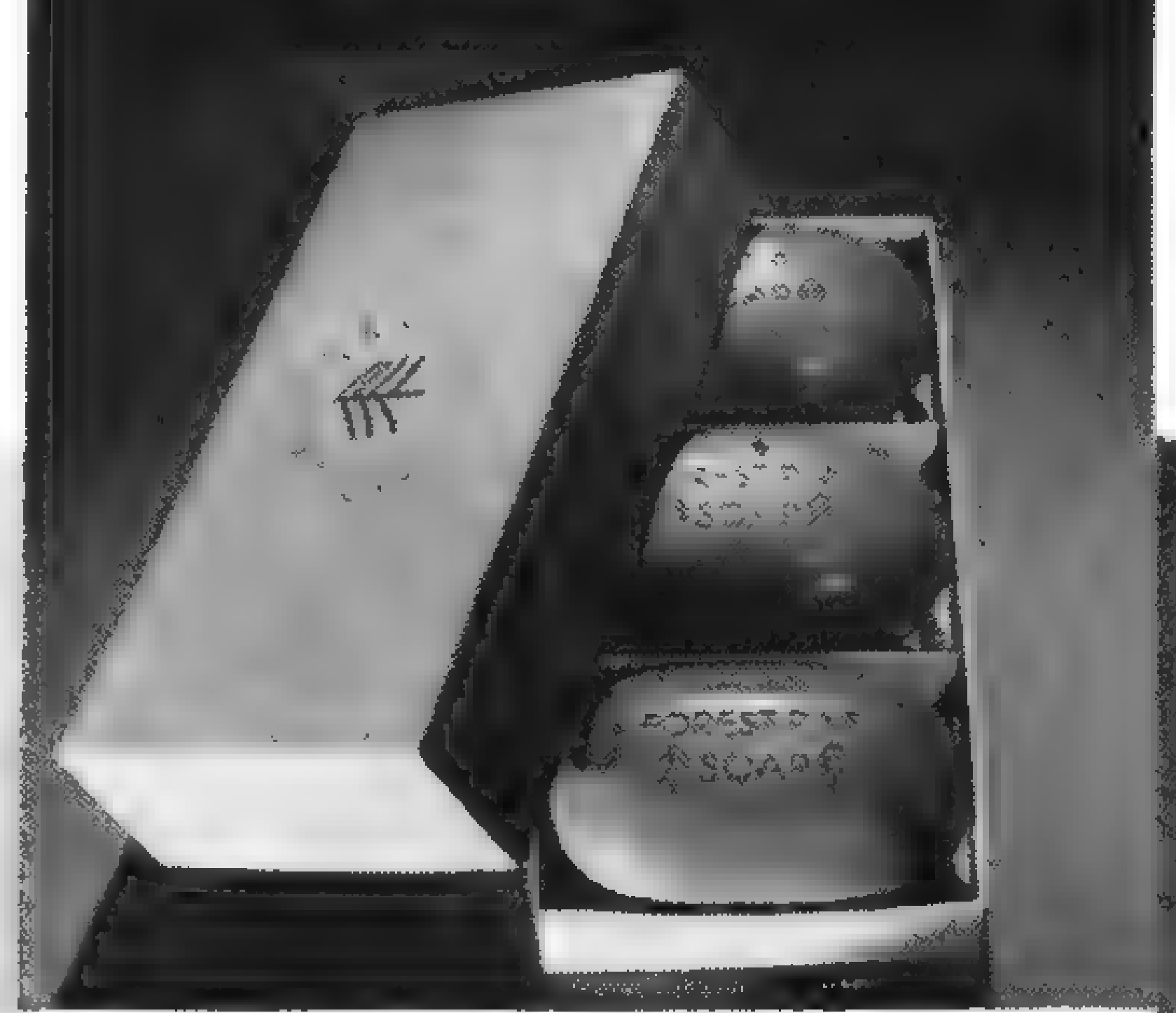


"CHUNKY"—our exclusive LUCITE NAIL BRUSH. Fine Nylon bristles. 1.95 Toiletries. Order #18-1098.

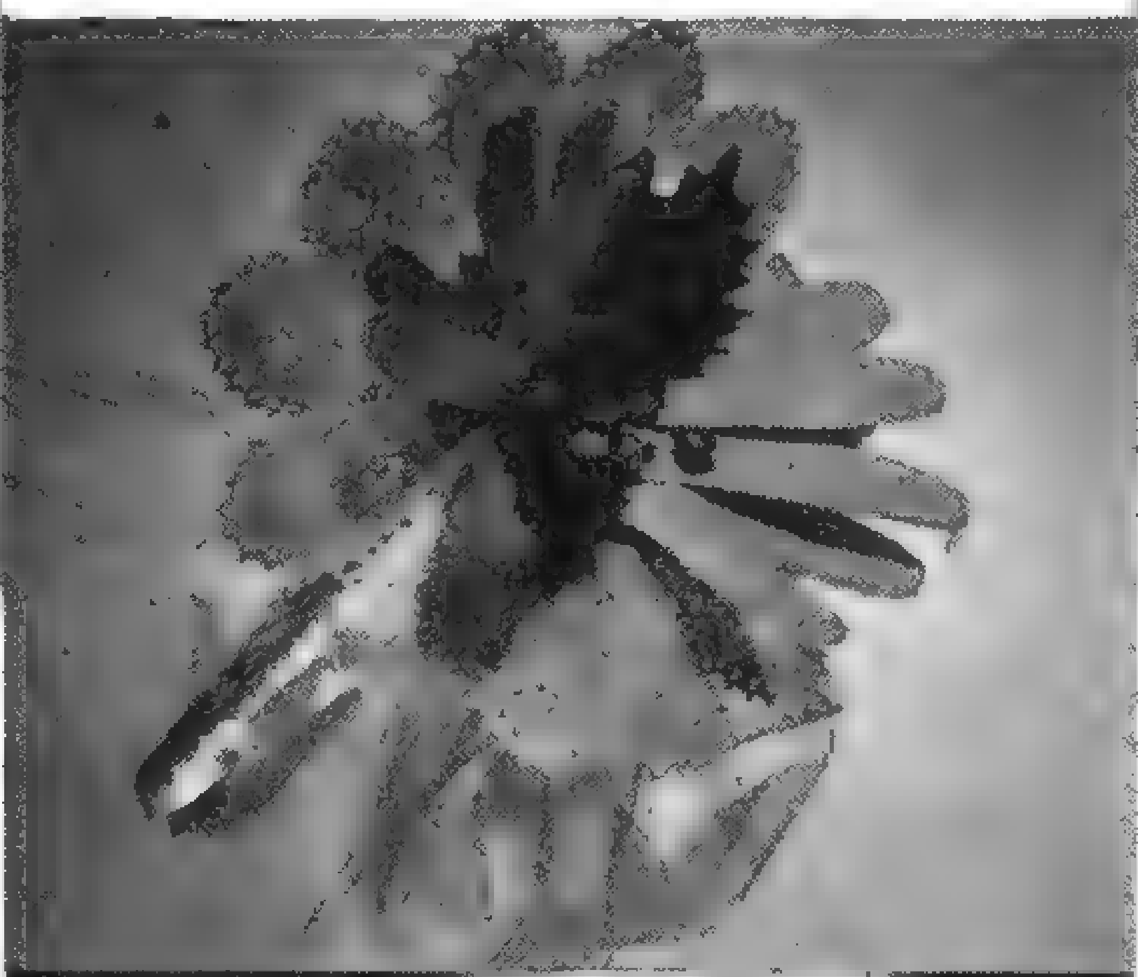


ZEBRA DRESSING SET. Exclusive Dorothy Simmons design. Prophylactic-made. Set, 4.95 Toiletries. Order #18-2000.

LAPEL CLOCK—for a very chic girl. 7-jewel watch in metal case set with fake emeralds, rubies, sapphires or topazes, copy of an antique. Order #16-em. 35.00

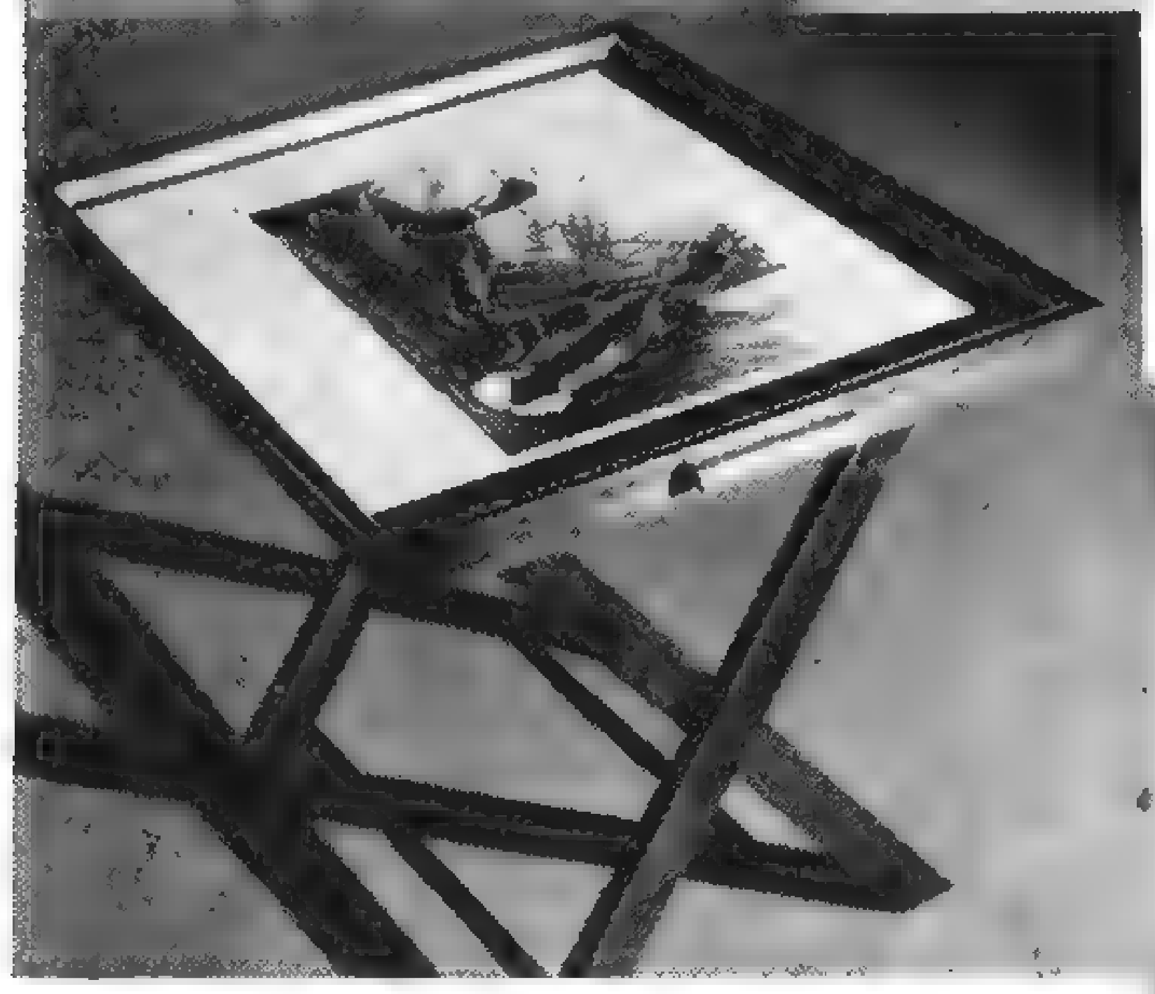


"FOREST PINE" SOAP. Our own. Tingling, fragrant. Box of 3 man-size cakes, 1.00 Toiletries. #18-1099.



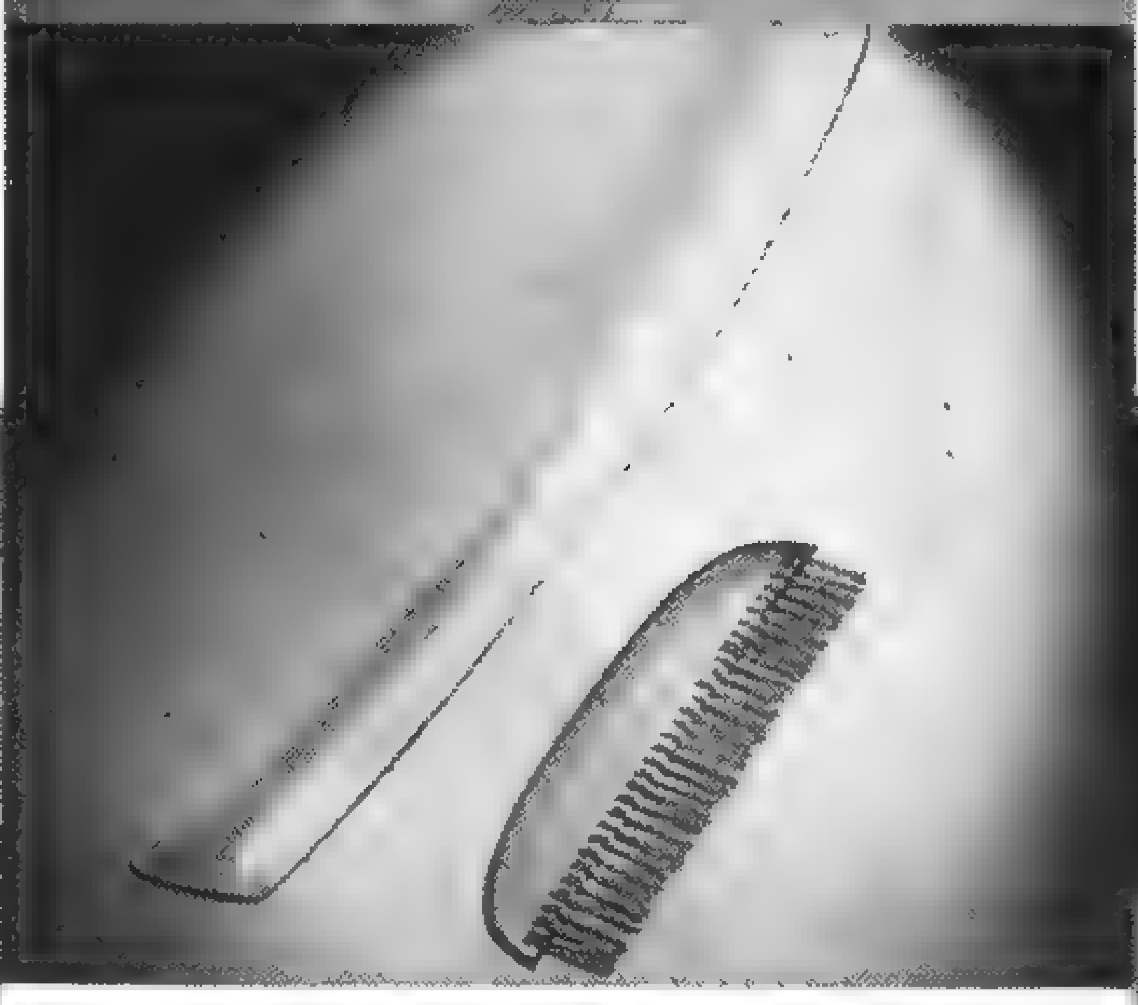
GLOVE BOUQUET. Glamorous but practical. One pair of lambskin gloves (white or chamois) and one of pigskin (natural, cork, black or brown), sizes 5¾ to 7½. Order #12-em2. 5.00 complete.

RED CHRISTMAS BALL, packed with two pairs of sheer silk stockings. Beige, medium or light copper. Sizes 8½-10½. #15-em. 1.95 complete.



TRAY AND STAND. Maple or mahogany . . . the tray a reproduction of Audubon's "Duck and Grouse". 17½" wide, 26½" long, 21½" high. Order #44-B. 10.00

HEART BAG AND MITTENS. Enchanting set for evening. Black or red rayon velvet with silver or gold kid, blue with silver. Zippered bag. Order #9-eml. 5.00 Mittens (small, medium or large). Order 12-eml. 3.95



LUCITE VALET SET. Super-length shoe horn. 18" long; Nylon-bristle clothes brush. Exclusive. Set, 4.95 Toiletries. Order #18-2001.

BANGLE BAG. Adorable new evening bag in rayon brocades, red, black, green or royal rayon velvet or black rayon faille. In transparent box. Order #9-em2. 3.00

# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

### MUSIC THAT MATTERS

The strains of "Home on the Range," beaten out by a motley crew of cowboy fiddlers at an Oklahoma ranch dance one evening about fifteen years ago, affected one of the guests with nostalgia, not for sagebrush and little dogies, but for his native Manhattan. Harry Salter, who had graduated to a mining engineering post from New York University, decided on that last bar of music to somehow work his way home. He was further convinced that home was the place for him when a millionaire Cherokee's oil well exploded, practically lifting the hair from his scalp. The engineer had a little conference with himself as he nursed his wounds, and decided that he preferred Manhattan, where the loudest explosions are apt to emanate from holes along 52nd Street.

During his sojourn out West, Salter had fashioned respect not only for his ability as a geologist, but for his fiddling as well. With his musical background as groundwork, Salter organized a group of semi-professional musicians drafted from the oil fields. The boys shifted from town to town, featuring Hungarian tunes that Salter's father had taught him, playing engagements in Texas, Kansas, Colorado, and Arkansas. Radio was just becoming important, and Salter proceeded in on the ground floor. He moved from the cow country to New York's opulent broadcasting reservations. Since 1925, he has provided the musical atmosphere for dozens of shows, including the recent "What's My Name," "The Hit Parade," "Mr. District Attorney," "Hobby Lobby," and others.

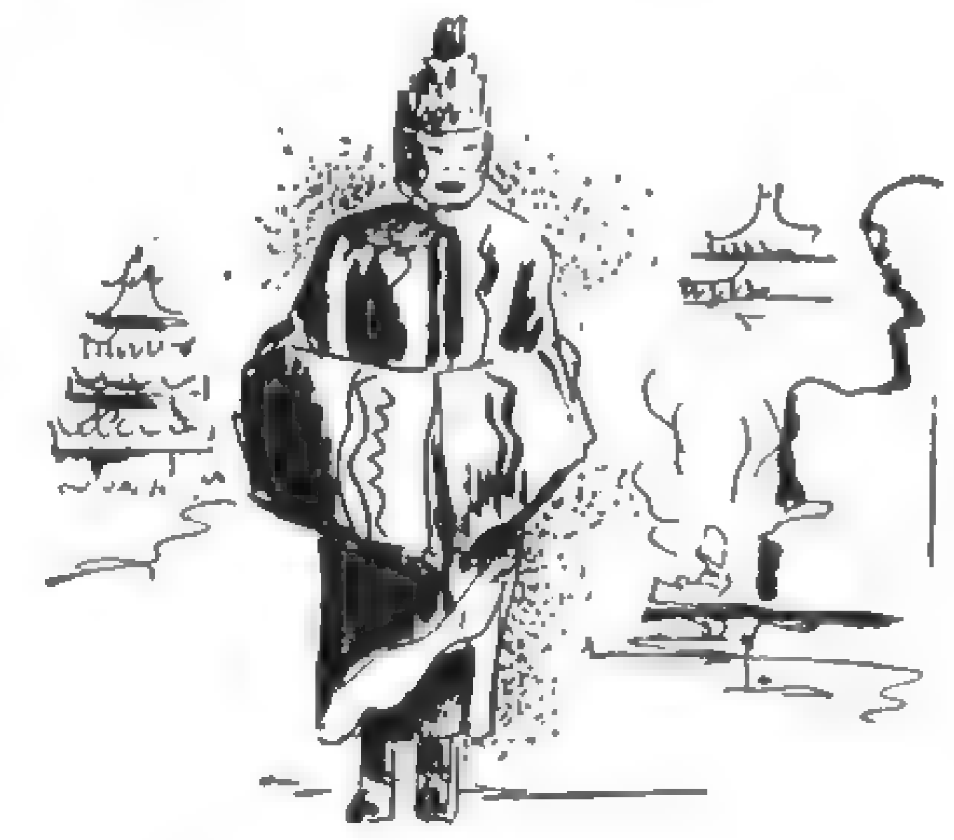
Three months ago, Salter was casting about for an idea for a new type of radio program. Reminiscing at a studio party over his early experiences as a geologist, and the influence of "Home on the Range" in changing the course of his career, it occurred to him that songs have probably influenced thousands of people in a similar manner.

As a trial balloon, he sent letters to friends across the continent asking them whether any particular song had played a significant role in their lives.

Dramatic were the revelations in the return mail. Faith in Brahm's "Lullaby," wrote an old Arkansas hillbilly, had restored the sight of a blind man. The song "Pennies from Heaven" resurrected a bankrupt family. The strains of "I Can't Give You Anything but Love" drafted from a passing automobile turned a man back from suicide. A Buddhist chant heard in a Tibetan lamasery cured an American explorer of amnesia. The lilting "Oh, Susanna" was responsible for preventing the foreclosure on his farm, wrote a Nebraska okie. A former sailor told how the whistling of "The Sailor's Hornpipe" so enraged him during a losing fight that he battered his opponent and became a champion pugilist.

Judging from the letters which Salter received, a particular song is somehow or other connected with everyone's life and holds a strong psychological attachment not affected by the song's general popularity.

With this first batch of letters as an opening wedge, he initiated his "Song of Your Life" radio show, one of the network's outstanding experiments of 1940, and the first effort to blend music with the personal dramas of plain people. Broadcast over an NBC network, it brings to the microphone a unique assortment of people selected from among the 4,000 who write in weekly. Among Salter's "Song of Your Life" guests have been Ken Overlin, middleweight boxing champion, Helen Kane, Vernon Dalhart, author of "The Prisoner's Song," Martin Davis, who runs an elopement service, Jungle Jim Price, a soldier of fortune, Joseph Marte, a blind church organist, Ella Fitzgerald, the sepian singer, and Clarence Warner Stowell, who played the role of the Congressman in "The Ramparts We Watch."



Because of the many letters which now come in to Salter's

Continued on page NY-36

"IT'S TERRIBLE...
IT'S AWFUL! NEVER LET SUCH COFFEE
DARKEN OUR CUPS AGAIN!"

IT CAN HAPPEN AT ANY BREAKFAST TABLE!...

Listen! Mrs. Fred Allen

You'd better switch to mountain-grown Beech-Nut!

DELICIOUS COFFEE every single morning! That's what Beech-Nut offers Portland (Mrs. Fred Allen)! That's what Beech-Nut offers *you!*

The secret of Beech-Nut's never failing goodness lies in special blending. With other choice coffee beans, Beech-Nut blends an extra generous helping of mountain-grown beans from South America's Mellow Flavor Zone. These fragrant beans impart to Beech-Nut a flavor so superb that breakfast grouches turn to grins.

Get a tin of Beech-Nut from your grocer today! End those breakfast-blues tomorrow! Enjoy this appealing luxury coffee that's yours at a moderate price!

It's easier to make fine coffee with Beech-Nut!

THE MELLOW FLAVOR ZONE

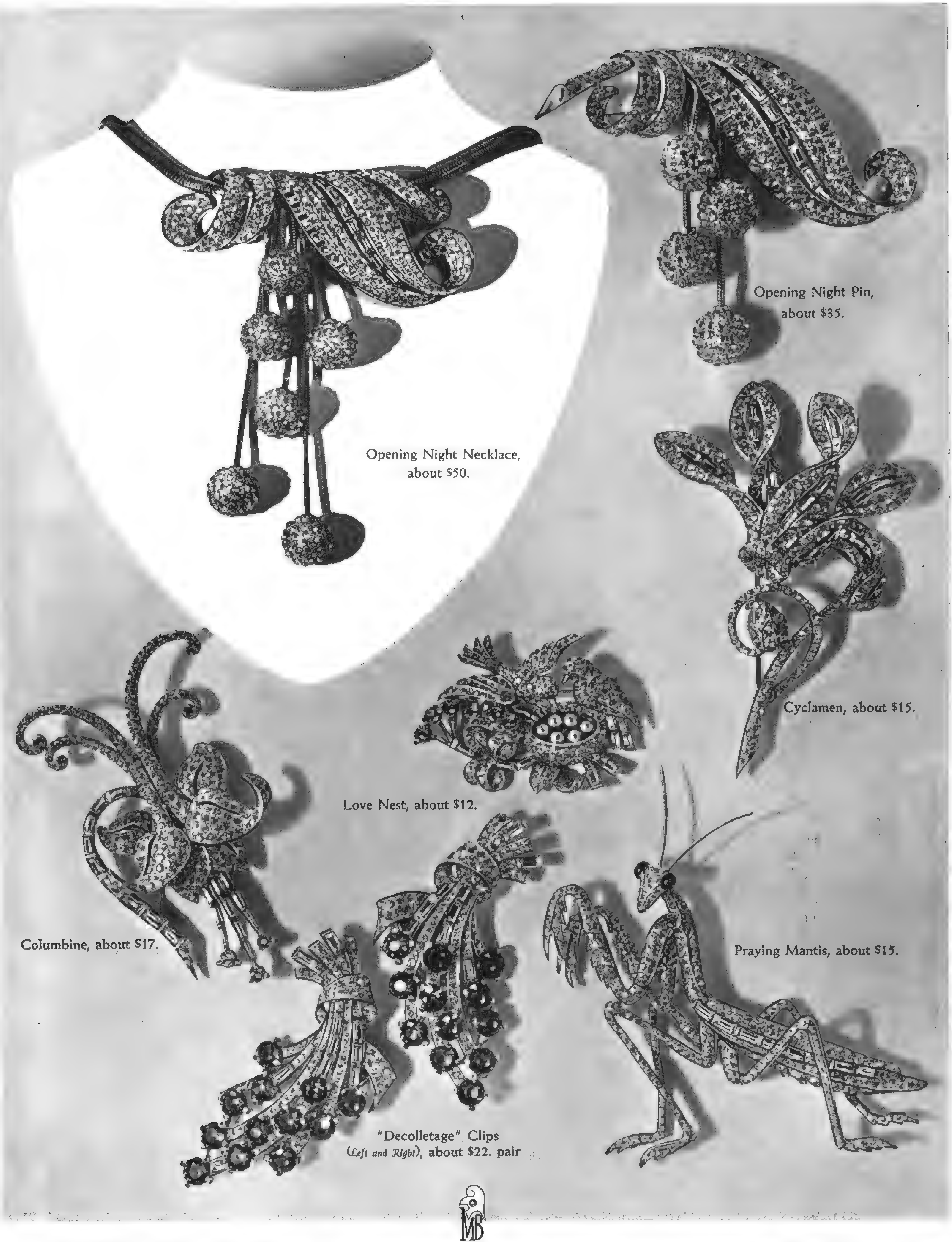
*Mountain-grown beans from the Mellow Flavor Zone add*
EXTRA FLAVOR—EXTRA FRAGRANCE

IN 2 GRINDS: *Drip Grind —Regular Grind (Steel Cut)*
VACUUM-PACKED

**MR. & MRS. FRED ALLEN**
*Be sure to see FRED ALLEN co-starring with JACK BENNY in Paramount's "LOVE THY NEIGHBOR." And be sure to listen to Fred Allen's "Texaco Star Theatre" Every Wednesday evening—Columbia Network.*

Beech-Nut Coffee
*The luxury coffee . . . at the moderate price*

DRIP GRIND
Beech-Nut Coffee
STEEL CUT
Beech-Nut Coffee



Opening Night Necklace,
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Praying Mantis, about $15.

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(*Left and Right*), about $22. pair

Conceived with inspiration, wrought with exquisite finesse—in rhinestones, "pearls" and other simulated precious stones—these original costume pieces are gifts which any woman will truly cherish.

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# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

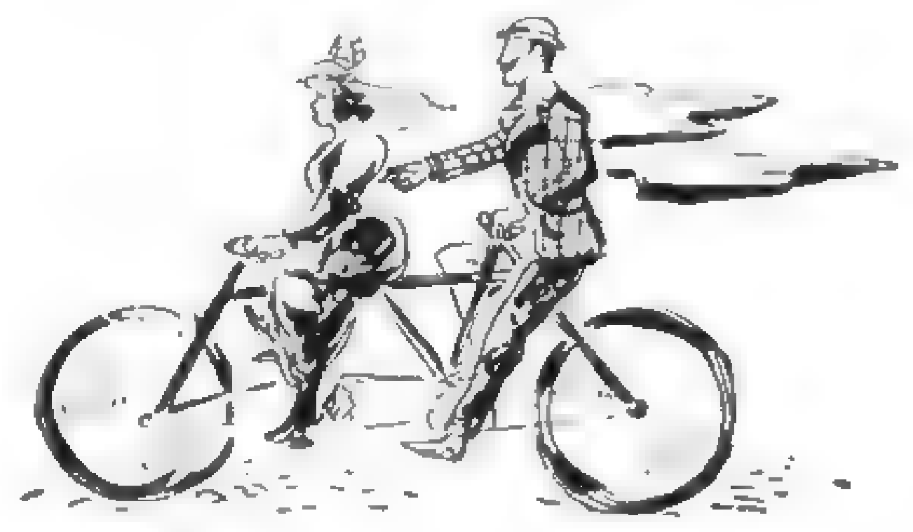
*Continued from page NY-34*

office from people seeing a chance to air their song-stories and conveniently win $25 at the same time, Salter now finds himself in the unique position of keeping tabs on the important songs in the private lives of America. He finds that although most of the songs mentioned are not listed on hit parade selections, one particular popular tune has been outstanding as a melodic turning point. That song is Hoagy Carmichael's "Star Dust." Week after week, more people relate dramatic incidents based on this tune than any other individual song. Cole Porter's "Night and Day," another best-seller, is runner-up.

From the viewpoint of types of music, he's found that hymns are seemingly more important than any other musical genre. Salter estimates that sixty per cent of his correspondents claim a hymn as their song of songs. While Tin Pan Alley's publishers crowd each other to turn out ditties of the itsy-bitsy love-bird school, hoping to disturb the public's heartstrings, hymns and oratories, without the help of big-name band sponsorship, seem to be far stronger influences. Many residents of such worldly ramparts as Hollywood and Chicago are in agreement with citizens of flag-stop towns on this selection. Leading on the hymn parade, Salter judges, is "God Will Take Care of You," and next in favor are "Abide with Me," and "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow."

The "Song of Your Life" director is somewhat baffled by the fact that less than one per cent of his listeners name classical music. Evidently the immortal works of Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms have not entered very deeply into the daily living of our *homme moyen sensuel.*

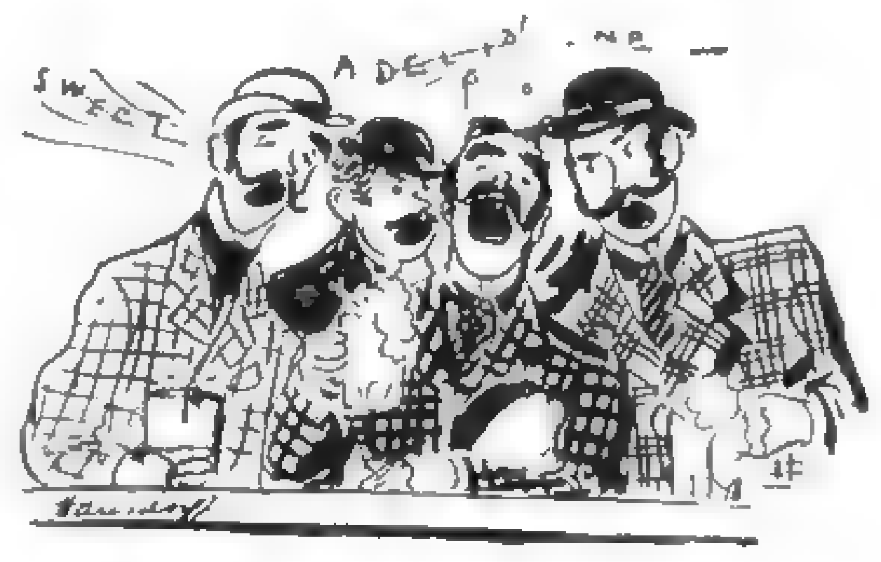
Salter does not depend entirely upon fan letters in choosing his weekly radio guests. On his staff is a "song scout" whose job it is to scour New York and surrounding areas in search of personalities whose lives have been influenced by a single song. Lew Manners watches the newspapers and magazines carefully to check on personalities who might make interesting radio guests. He attends sporting and society events, the theatre, the circus, the rodeo, night clubs, and variety theatres. On occasion, song stories walk right into the "Song of Your Life" offices on Madison Avenue. This happened several weeks ago with the appearance of a husky, shiny-domed and grizzled old gentleman who asked Harry Salter to audition a barber-shop quartet which he had organized among his fellow workers at General Post Office. Salter explained that "Song of Your Life" is not interested simply in singing talent, but only in people and the song of their lives.



The bulky old gentleman turned to go. "By the way," he said over his shoulder, "anybody ever write in about 'Sweet Adeline?' "

"It would be nice to know," he added. "I wrote the song thirty-six years ago. You may know me under the name I used to use as a song-writer—Richard Gerard."

Salter hastily walked him back to the office and sat him down.



"Why didn't you say so in the first place?" he beamed. "We'll put you on the program instead of your quartet."

In his radio appearance, Gerard not only discussed the writing of "Sweet Adeline," but introduced his new tune, "You're the Sweetest Girl of All." Salter, who should know by this time, predicts a happy future for it.

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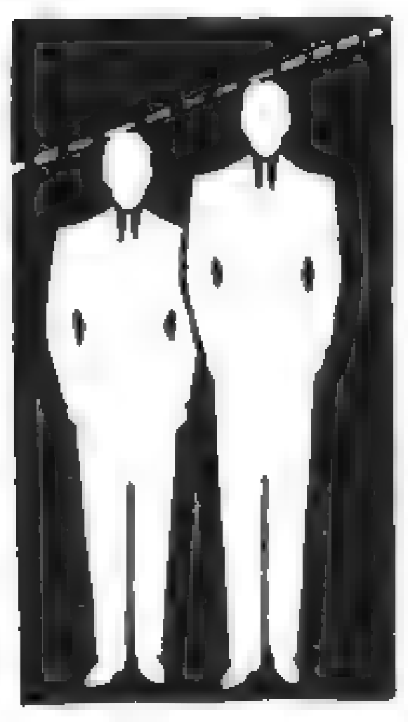

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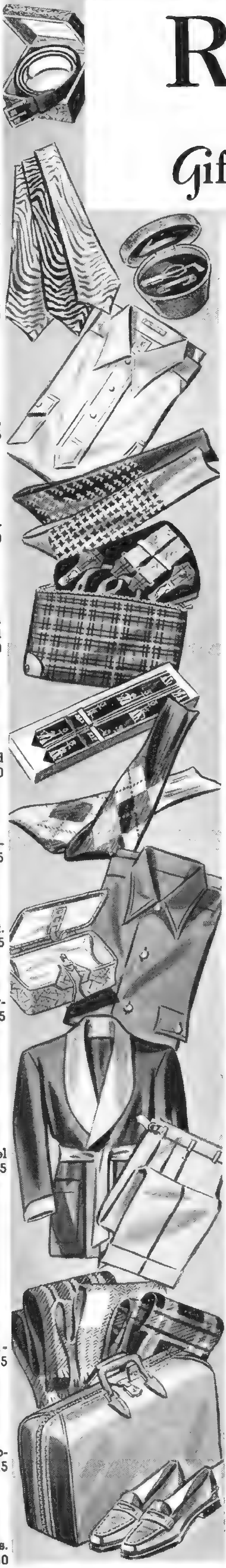

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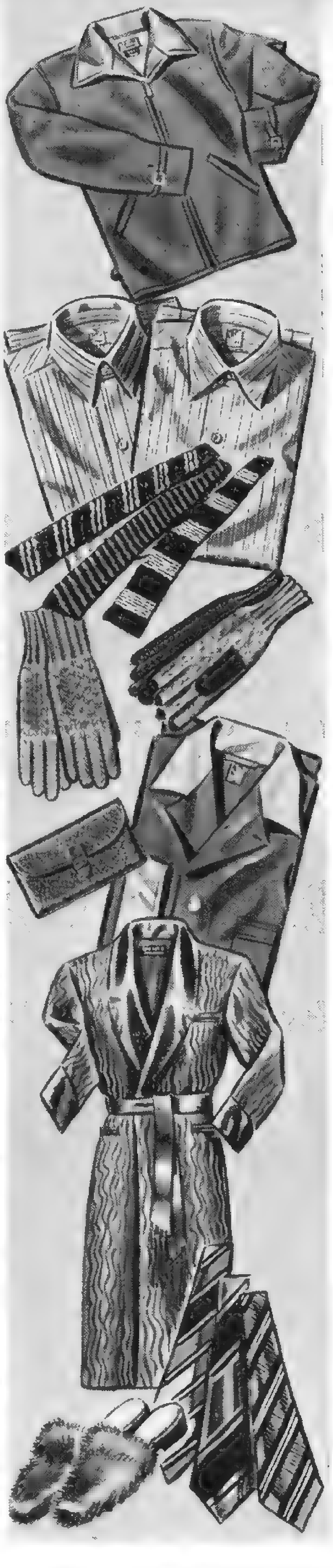
| Jacquarded Robe; rayon, rayon-lined. | $10.85 |
| Bonnie Poplin Neckties of silk-and-wool. | $1 |
| Rabbit's Fur Slippers with lamb's wool insole. | $4 |



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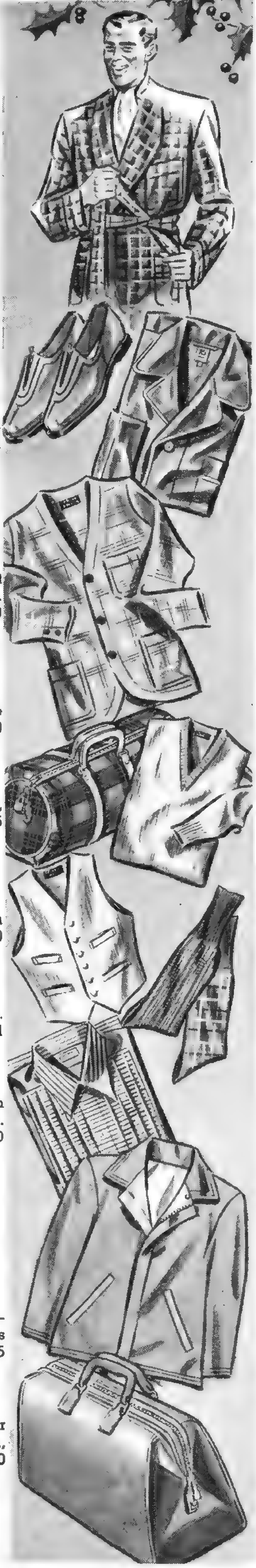

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# Roughies Into Regulars

## The old boys brag about the days when they were dangerous criminals

*by* **CHARLES T. MORGAN**

• ARTICLE •

On Hart's Island they are called "roughies," those seconds from the criminal world—aged men, cripples, bitter old-time bandits who are no longer a menace, just a nuisance. Eagerly they step from the boat to serve their sentences; rebelliously they leave. For to most of them the Island is a goal, not a gaol, with their petty offenses committed deliberately to escape a city that has said, Thou Shalt Not Eat. For at Hart's they get food, good food, with free tobacco and a measure of kindness thrown in, and a division all their own ruled by "Mr. Rooney," an old Irishman who understands them down to the last tatter. They have their own kitchen, mess hall, even a tailor to repair their rags, with no work to do but sweeping the walks and digging vegetables by the hardier ones, and but one fly in the ointment: shower baths. The majority are there for begging, with a few in for attempts to impair the morals of minors, one old Frenchman of eighty-three drawing four months for rape. Nearly all are repeaters, returning to the Island again and again. It is simply coming home to these old derelicts. The most persistent visitor is "Teddy the Beefer," eighty and grouchy, who boasts the distinction of having served twenty years in the Big House. (Sing Sing is a castle of dreams to these old men.) He says that present day jails are too damned refined and that all modern crooks are sissies. Quite a few of these trembling old fellows were tough customers in their day, well-known safe blowers and holdup men for the most. They still cling to their trade names—Tex, Greasy, Boston Louie, Blackie. They haggle about bygone honors, but now their only competition is getting a return date to Hart's. One blind Chinaman of sixty-three tells happily that this time he got ninety days instead of the usual thirty for begging. He said his eyes were put out during a religious celebration in which he was the official exploder of fireworks.

Aside from arguing and reminiscences, an occasional fight brightens things. One between a cripple with one arm and another with a missing leg was refereed by a roughie whose own legs were off at the knees. The one-legged one triumphed.

Boss Rooney has quite a time about the baths. Amazing excuses are offered by the old boys. The doctor said their hearts couldn't stand baths (that's the favorite). Or they plead that they will surely catch pneumonia. Rooney cajoles a bit at first, then if nothing happens he takes down his light stick and switches them to place beneath the showers. But they all like and respect "Mr. Rooney"; he is rough, but he is "regular" and they know it.

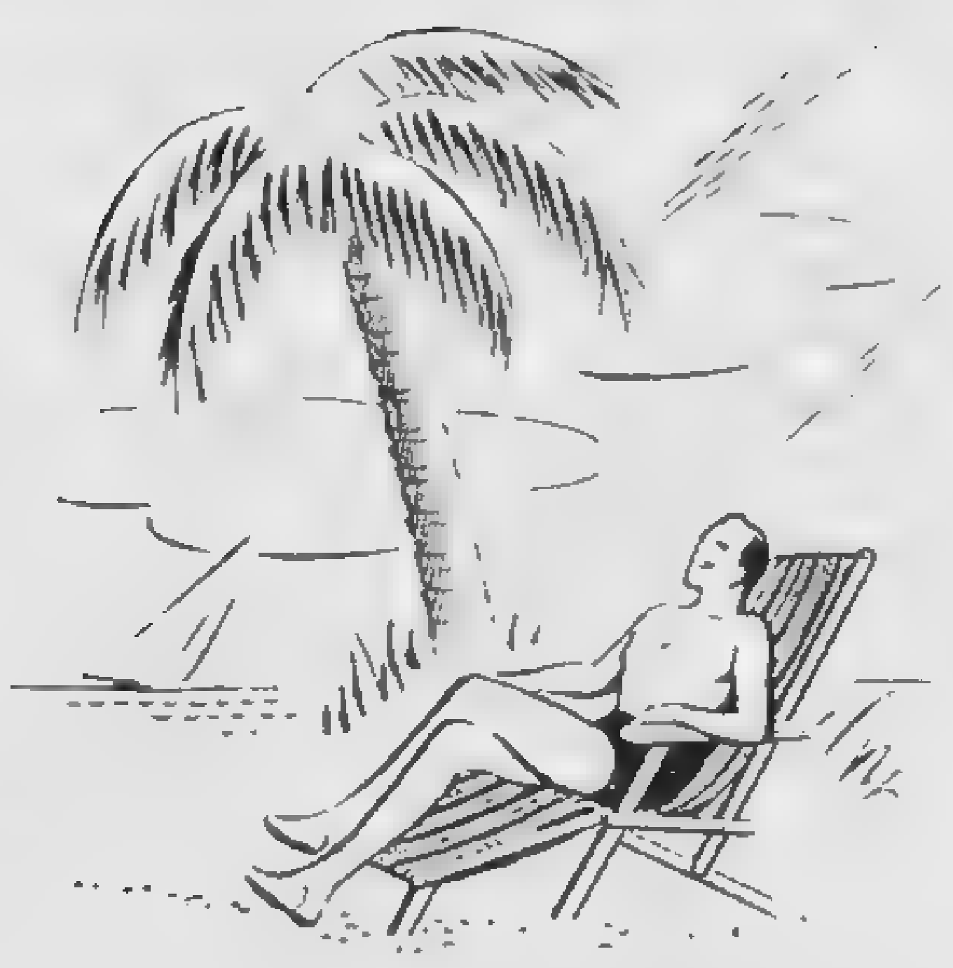
Each old man is given three bags of tobacco every week, or a bag of chewing "scrap." The roughies are greedy about food and always eager to run errands for the kitchen workers, their reward being a piece of pie, perhaps, or a can of peaches or beans. One old lad, "Ratty," constantly whined his craving for roast sea gull, and though he was told the meat was not fit to eat, he persisted in stoning the gulls until he brought one down. Gleefully he plucked it and started roasting it over a fire made on stones. But the bird would not soften that afternoon. He took the carcass to bed with him after supper, fearful that somebody would steal it; then started the roasting process again the next day. The gull finally became a leatherish skeleton and old Ratty was completely disgusted.

Many earn a few pennies by selling souvenirs to the more prosperous men in the regular divisions. They make these things themselves and their old fingers are amazingly skillful. Belts are knitted from colored pieces of heavy cord begged from the bed shop, the cord being used in making mattresses. Cigarette holders are fashioned from melted old combs or tooth brush handles, carved ingeniously. They even melt the pewter spoons, sneaked from the table, and make rings. Other rings have a gruesome origin, for the roughies search through Potter's Field for stray bones, sometimes dig into the shallow graves, the old ones where the boxes have rotted. One shinbone makes many rings. The graves are in three tiers and numbered, the grim record of "who's who" being in the office ledgers. One prisoner, the Warden's secretary, bought one of these bone rings from a roughie and learned the number of the grave from which he had filched his material. Records showed the bones to be those of a young girl buried fifty years before.

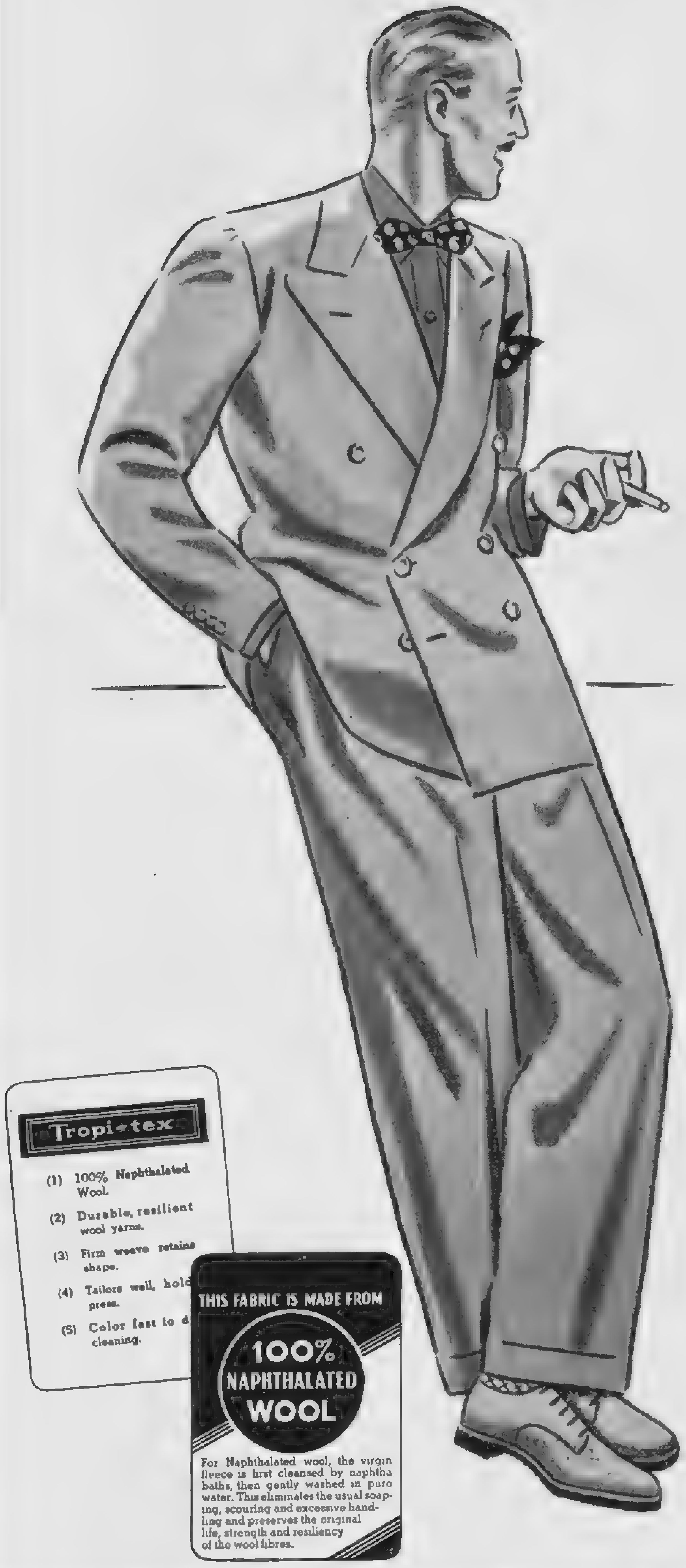
Though they love to brag about their youthful crime records, these old men never speak of a personal life or families. No amount of prodding can get more than a short, "I ain't got no one," or a vague "Can't remember now." Maybe they don't remember—or maybe they remember too well. They never have visitors, never receive mail. When their terms are up many of them are missing at "sailing" time. They are found hiding under beds, or in the toilets. They dread leaving this luxury of regular food and a sure bed. The

*Continued on page N Y-40*

# Southern Fashions



## REQUIRE LIGHT WEIGHT WORSTEDS



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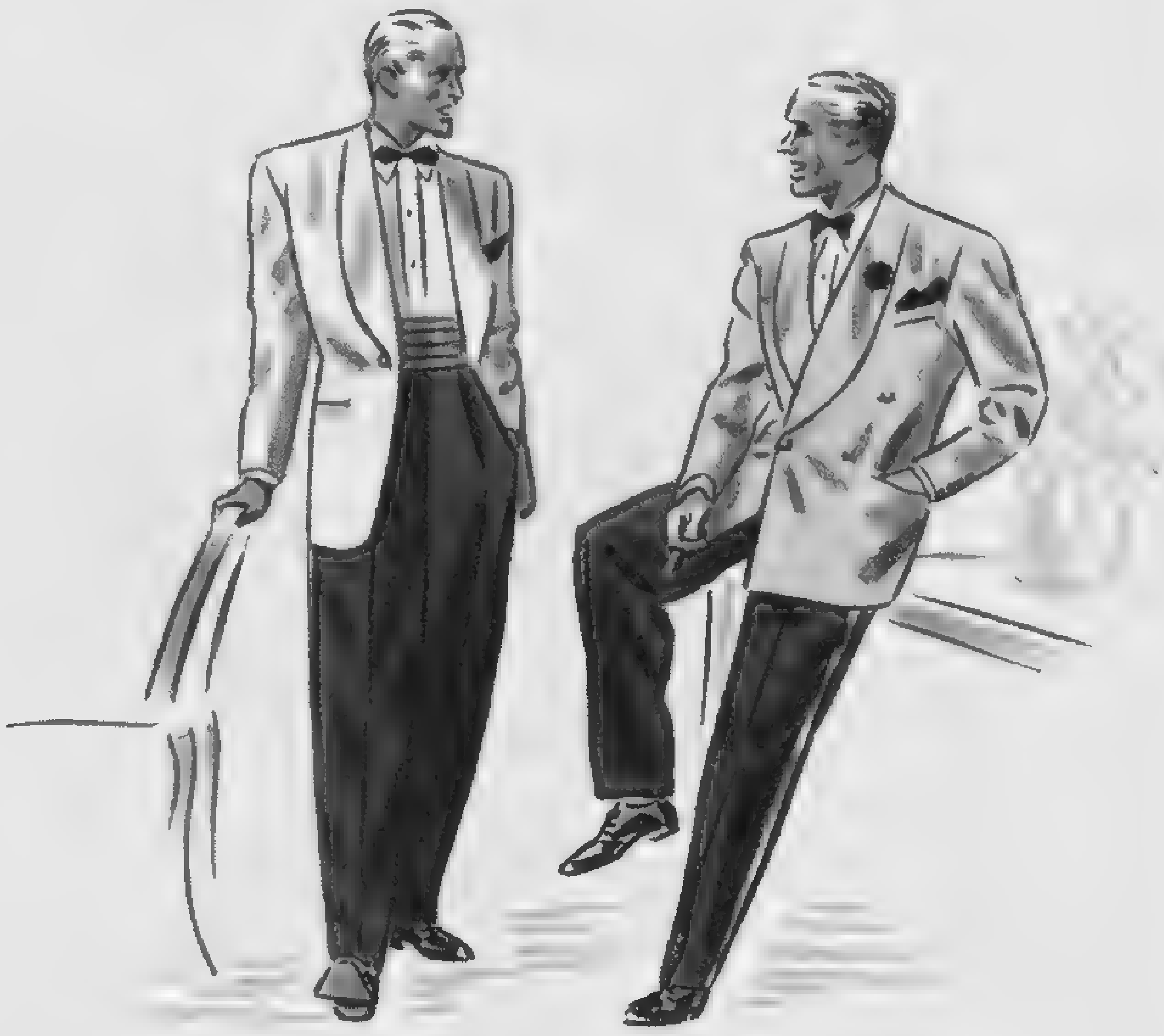

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## Roughies Into Regulars

*Continued from page NY-38*

outgoing men are called "downs," the incoming ones "ups." The all important question to the roughies is how many ups and downs there will be during the week. They are always asking eagerly, like children. Tuesdays and Thursdays are the days for these changes. Those leaving, the "downs," are examined to see that they take none of the prison clothes with them.

Roughies always have more luggage than the men in other divisions, and this usually consists of cigar and shoe boxes filled with childish treasures: pieces of string and wire, broken locks, bits of mirror, corks, cigarette and cigar butts, matches, rags. They always appear relieved when these things are not taken from them on leaving, and hug the boxes tightly. Younger men from the other divisions are sent to escort the roughies to and from the boats, many of the old men needing a strong arm to lean upon. Newcomers to the Island arrive looking vacant and "sunk." But after a few days of good treatment they spruce up and shed years and their dazed expressions and become "regulars" in the making. ⋕

# Black Eagle of Harlem

### Colonel Hubert Fauntleroy Julian is frequently down, but never out

*by* **IVAN SANDROF**

• ARTICLE •

SEVENTEEN years ago, a biplane zoomed over New York's Harlem and exploded two ear-shattering noise bombs. Thousands of excited Negroes thereupon jammed the streets, breaking plate glass store windows and fences in the tumult. The plane banked at thirty-five hundred feet and spilled a red devil with a black face. Halfway to hell, a parachute bloomed like a ripe cauliflower, and the devil dropped safely to rest, dangling his crimson legs around the chimney of a three-story tenement house.

Mephisto was carried to a nearby hall on the shoulders of a jubilant throng. He made an impassioned speech in which he told the audience the stunt was performed partly to demonstrate a new parachute, named the "gravaprista," and also to warn them that a certain Negro department store was in danger of falling into the hands of white owners. Listeners were urged to support the present owners, and incidentally, to patronize a certain eye doctor whose visiting card adorned the devil's shirt front.

To reporters the devil handed a card which read: Lieutenant Fauntleroy Julian, M.D., World's Champion Daredevil Aviator. When questioned, he modestly explained the M.D. meant Mechanical Draftsman and Inventor.

Police handed him a summons for disorderly conduct and endangering public property. In Harlem police station the following morning he was put on six months' probation.

Two days after the probationary period expired, another plane, piloted by Clarence Chamberlain, soared over the same district. This time the audience of twenty-five thousand, notified by circulars and word of mouth, blocked most of Harlem's streets to witness a thrilling, death-defying leap into a Harlem park by Lieutenant Hubert F. Julian, M.D.

At four thousand feet he leaped, but instead of landing in the park, he came to roost on the Harlem police station, dangling from a roof corner until rescued by police. He left rapidly through a rear exit, deeply chagrined, and refused to see a delegation of sympathy from the Harlem chapter of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise.

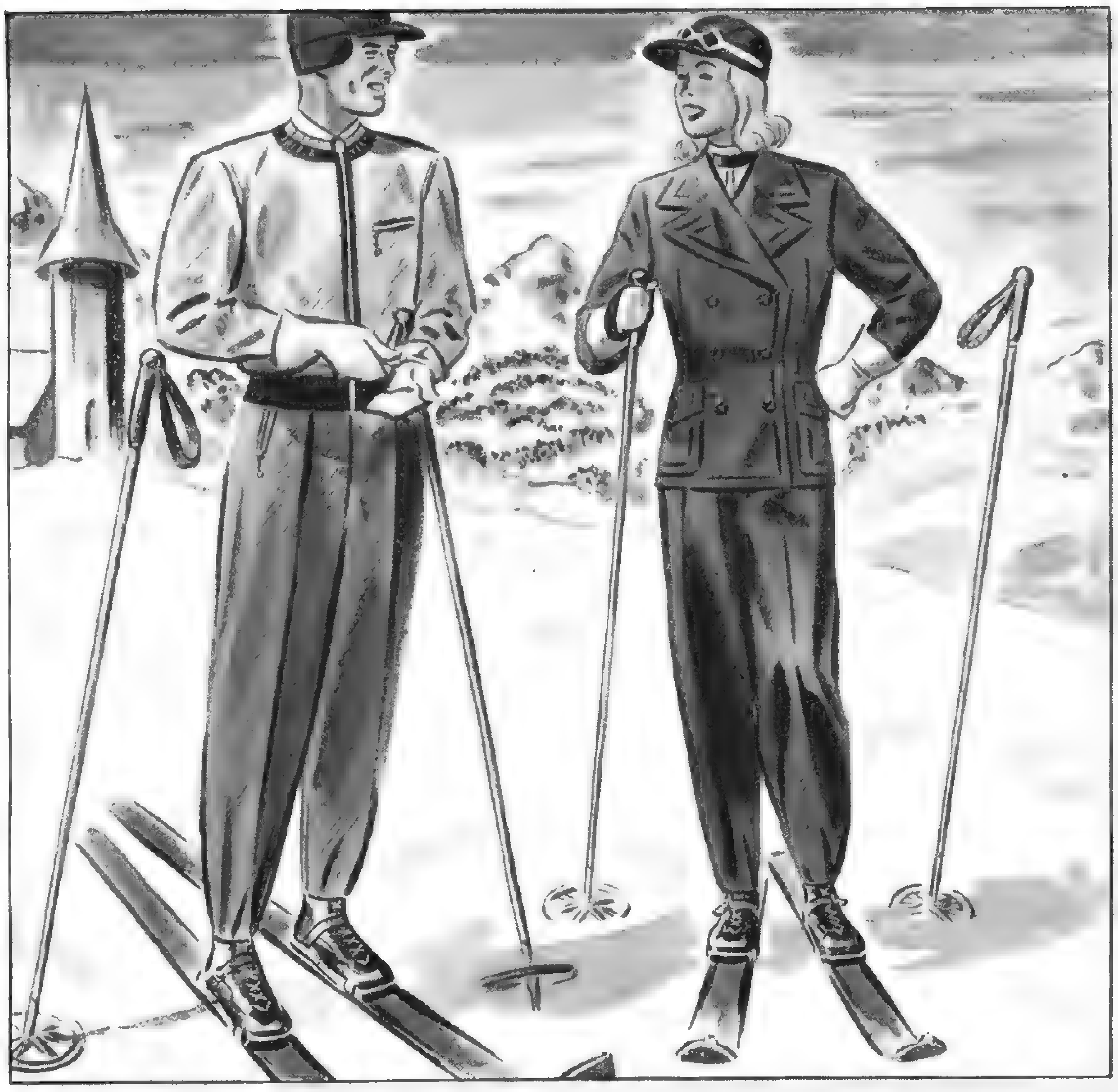
The incident failed to dampen his ardor. In place of another summons, he received an invitation from New York police to make an exhibition jump at their annual games. The original red tights were there, but as an added feature, Mephisto blew sweetly on a saxophone as he wafted downward.

Subsequent publicity revealed that Hubert Fauntleroy Julian, about thirty-one at the time, was a British subject, born in Trinidad, British West Indies. According to his version, and he has no hesitation in giving it, he enlisted in the Canadian army medical corps from his native city during the War, and later transferred to the aviation unit, where he won his wings.

More stories persist, however, that the Lieutenant conferred upon himself the army rating, and that his piloting was learned from Chamberlain, who taught him parachute technique and some rudiments of flying. For several years he indulged in commercial flying and skywriting at Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, with his instructor, best known for his transatlantic flight in 1927 carrying Charles A. Levine.

In 1924, all Harlem reverberated with talk of a sensational round-trip flight to Africa to be made by Julian. On the 4th of July, the day of days, Harlem River Bridge, banks and nearby housetops were black with spectators, estimated

*Continued on page NY-42*

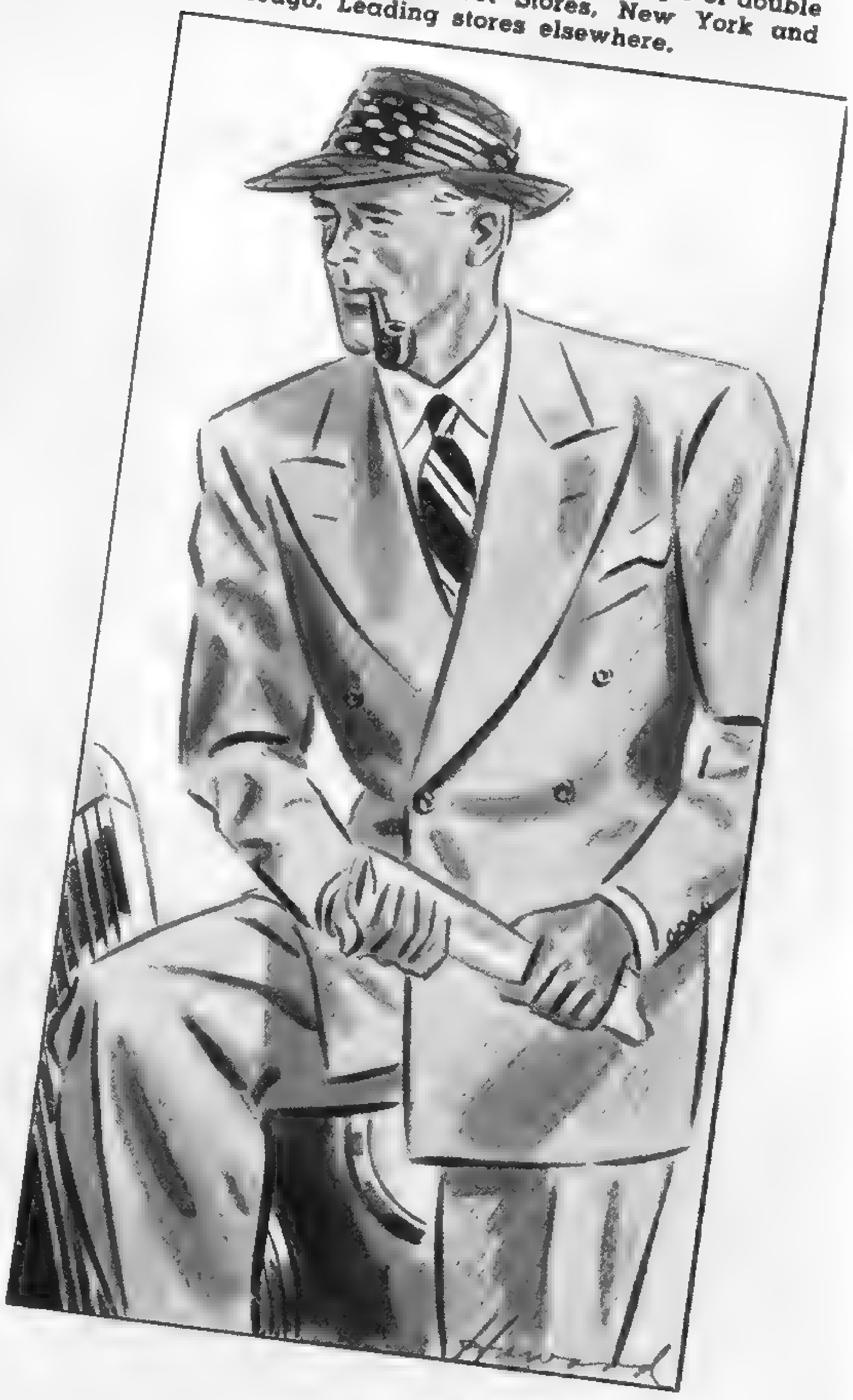


Ski clothes of Arlingcrest Worsted Gabardine designed by Hannes Schneider, internationally-known ski instructor. Water repellent; wind resistant. Pants specially cut for freedom of action.

LEFT—Worsted Gabardine pants. Cotton Gabardine jacket to match or contrast. Abercrombie & Fitch, New York City, and other leading stores.

RIGHT—Misses' tailored Gabardine ski suit with double breasted jacket. This, or other girls' and misses' models for sale at leading stores.

Suit of Worsted-tex Gabardine, single or double breasted. Broadstreet Stores, New York and Chicago. Leading stores elsewhere.



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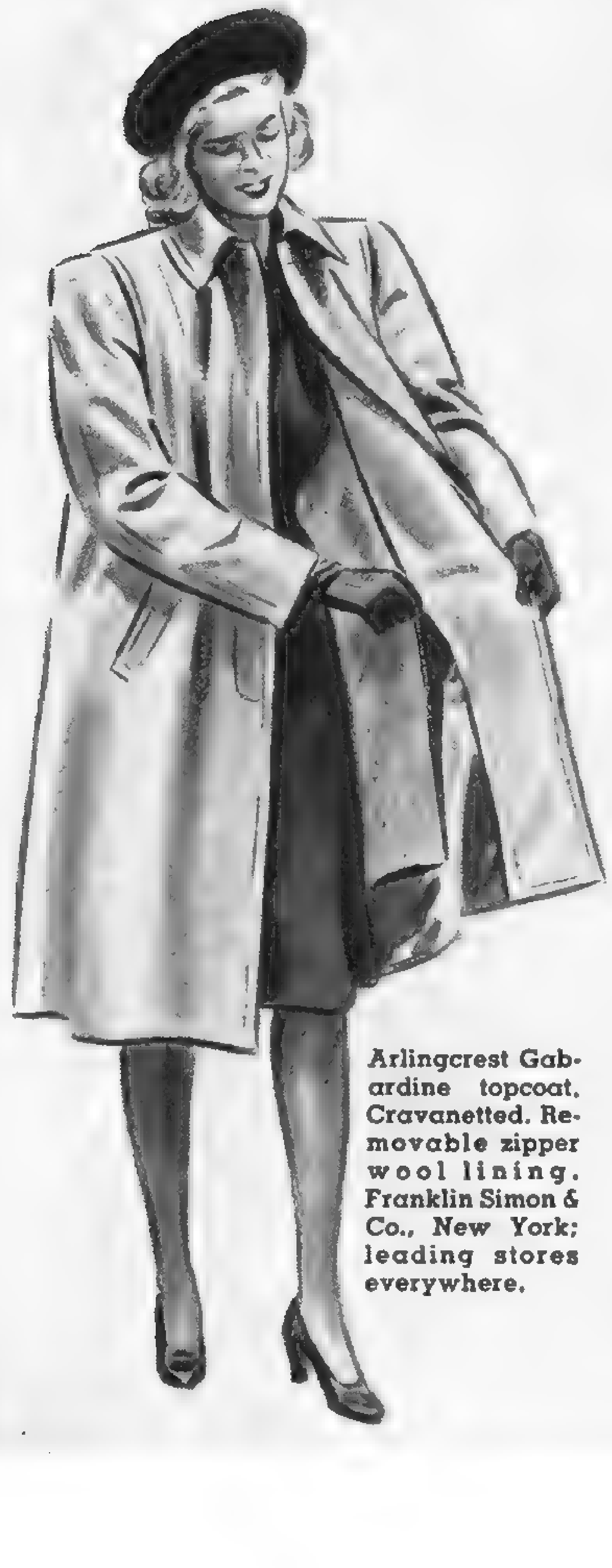
## *is made from*
## NAPHTHALATED WOOL



Arlingcrest Gabardine topcoat. Cravanetted. Removable zipper wool lining. Franklin Simon & Co., New York; leading stores everywhere.

Look for the Naphthalated Wool identification when you buy. It insures that the virgin fleece used to produce the fabric was cleansed in naphtha, eliminating excessive handling and preserving the original strength, life, resiliency of the wool fibers.

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Only superior garments made by reliable manufacturers from Arlington-loomed fabrics can carry the Naphthalated Wool identification. Look for the Naphthalated Wool tag when you buy. If your store does not have these garments, write

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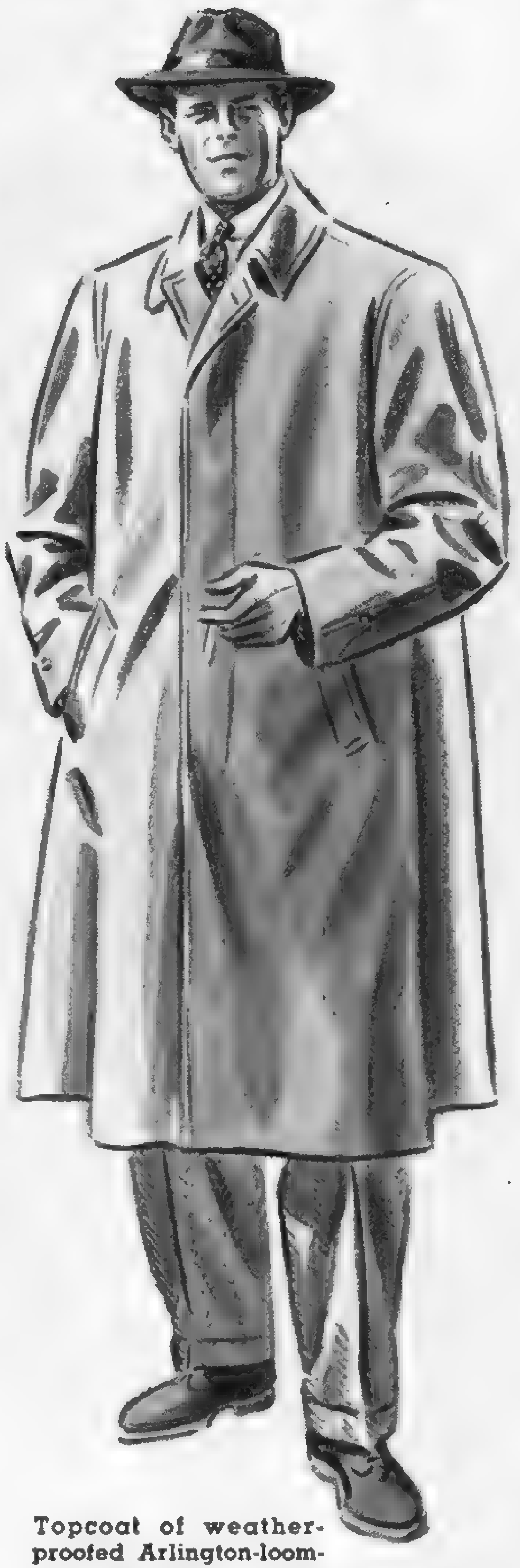

Topcoat of weatherproofed Arlington-loomed Gabardine. Cravanetted. Lord & Taylor, Men's Floor, New York; leading stores elsewhere.

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Three little words that hurt

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## Black Eagle of Harlem

*Continued from page NY-40*

at over thirty thousand. Vendors of hot pigs' feet, frankfurters, ices, cones and watermelon did a land-office business. There were reporters and photographers of the Negro press and a number of Harlem clergymen to keep tabs on the money contributed.

The seaplane, *Ethiopia I*, dawdled near a mud bank, while Julian, resplendently clad, with silver spurs gleaming in the sun, stood on a pontoon and kept warning the crowd not to make him mad.

It seemed that twelve-hundred-fifty was still due on the plane, but company officials had agreed to let him start if he raised five-hundred dollars. He said he had already pawned his own clothes and twelve practically new silk shirts to help raise the necessary amount.

"I'm going to start on this trip, friends," Julian shouted, "when I raise five hundred dollars. Now you folks just chip in a quarter, or a dollar apiece, and when I get the five hundred I'll fly and not before!"

The collection dribbled in too slowly, and after keeping the crowd broiling five hours in the sun, he called again: "Now see what you all have done. You've done kept me waiting here and now the tide's gone out!"

The necessary money finally came in and the tide with it. Julian made a last-minute oration, and while the plaudits of the crowd rang over the river, he climbed airily into the cookpit, adjusted his goggles, gave his ship the gun and took off.

Turning homeward, all Harlem tuned in on the radio for bulletins of their hero's progress across the Atlantic. There was static. There were one or two jazz bands on the upper dials. There was nothing about the dauntless Julian. The morning papers, however, did contain an item to the effect that a proposed seven-thousand-mile round-trip flight to Africa had crashed a few miles from the take-off in Flushing Bay.

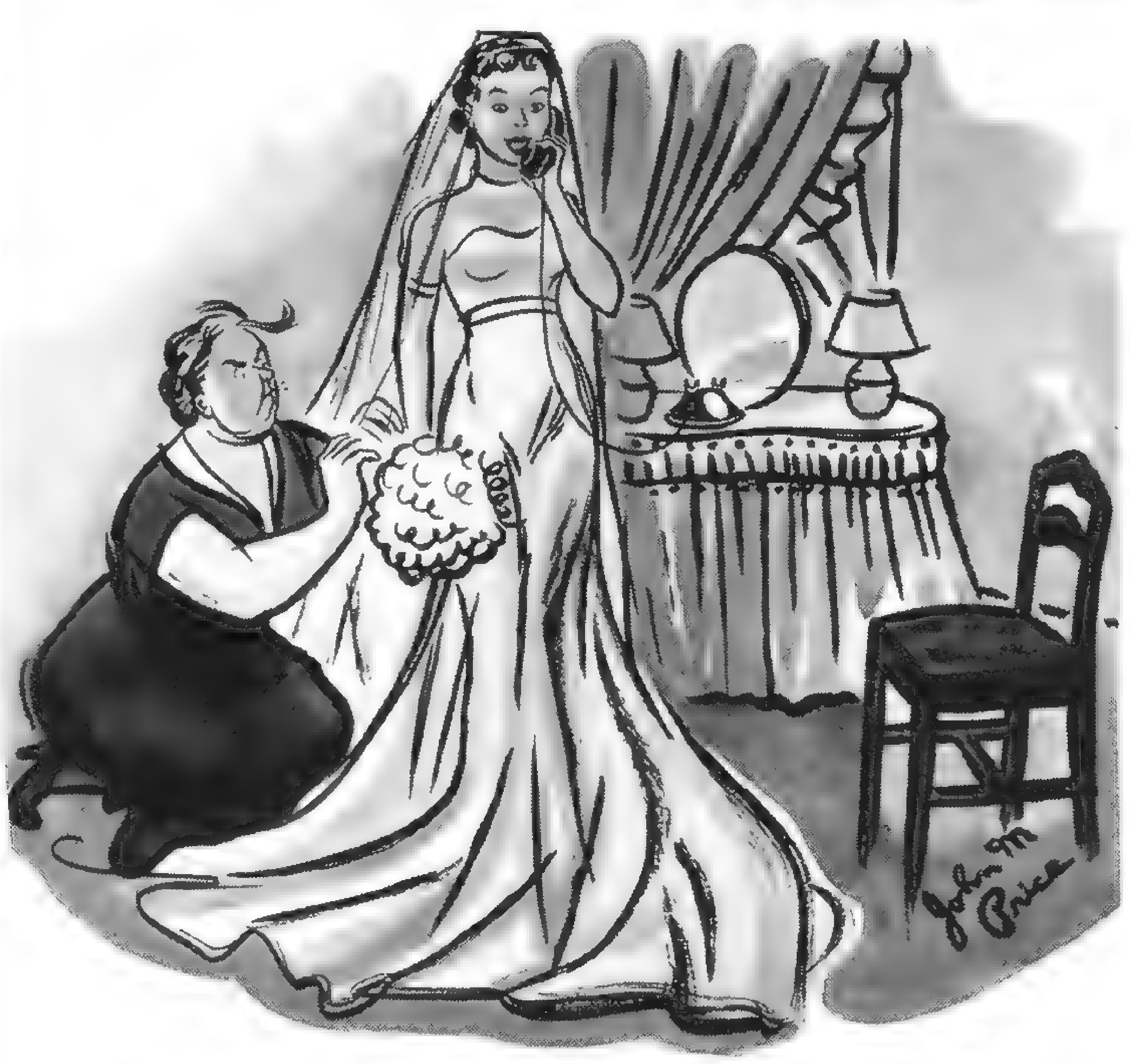
"My pontoons got full of water," Julian explained. "I couldn't get up flying speed. It was most disappointing to me as well as to the crowd."

A flyer may be down, but not out, and officials at Floyd Bennett airport still remember Julian's second attempt to reach Africa by air. Togged out in a giddy new uniform—sky blue tunic and fawn trousers for which General Goering would gladly have swapped six medals and an Alpine hunting hat with feathers, Julian stood before a Diesel-powered Bellanca. An American flag was tied to the propeller and blue and yellow bunting, Julian's version of the Ethiopian colors, draped over a picture of Haile Selassie. A lady friend of Julian's whose last name he couldn't remember, smashed a bottle of champagne over the prow. Everything was going off beautifully until company officials once more caught up with him. There was a large balance due on the plane, and if Julian intended to fly, another payment would be necessary.

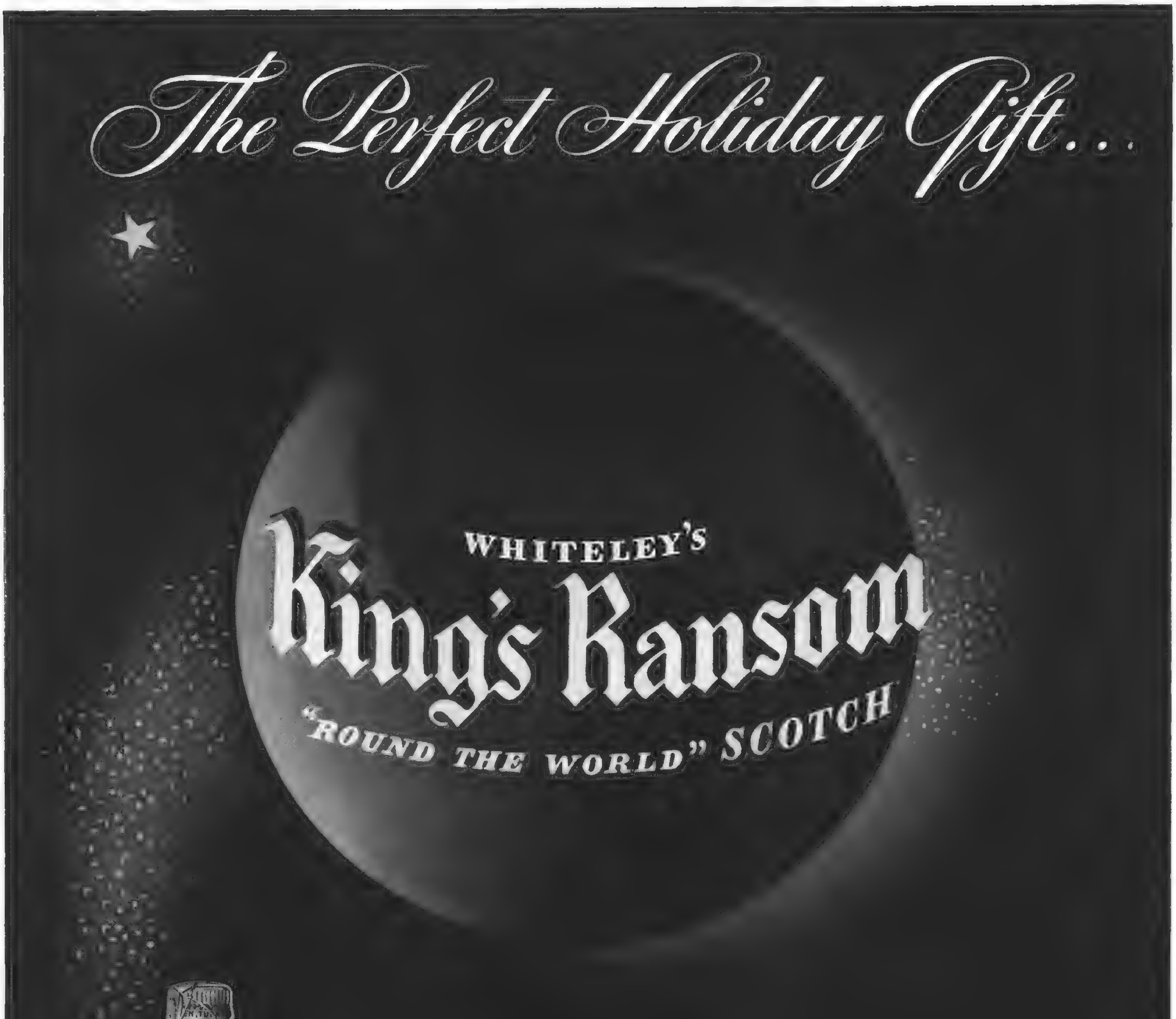
"Folks!" Julian offered in desperation, "for one dollar apiece I will engage to kiss every girl in the crowd!" He was nearly mobbed in the rush, but the plane never left ground.

As undisputed head of American Negro aviation and through subsequent flights, Julian learned the value of public support, both moral and financial. He swaggered through the avenues of upper Harlem, a dusky Pied Piper, followed by admiring throngs, cultivated

*Continued on page NY-48*



*"Mr. Hodgins? This is your secretary. Is it all right if I take this morning off?"*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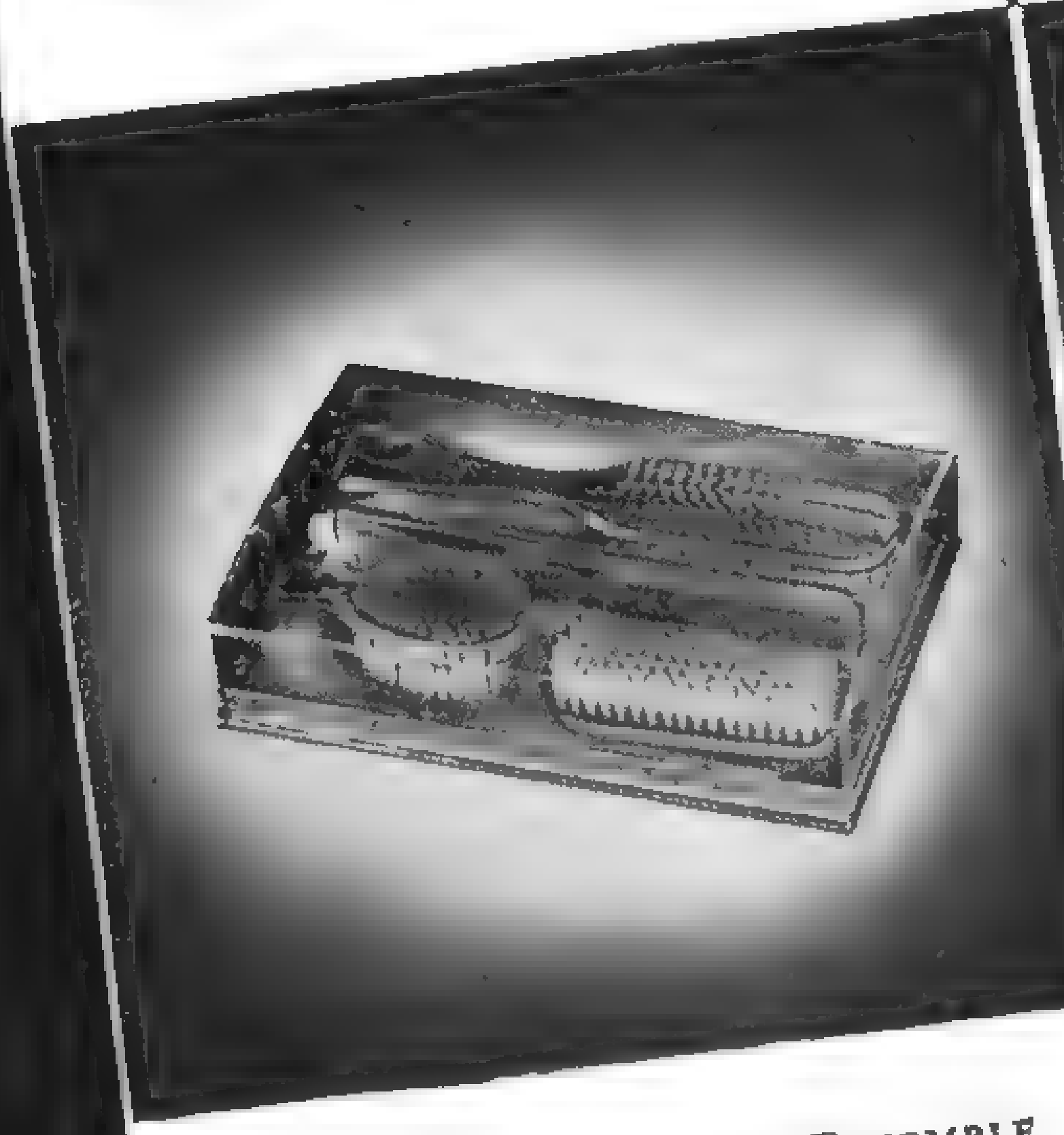

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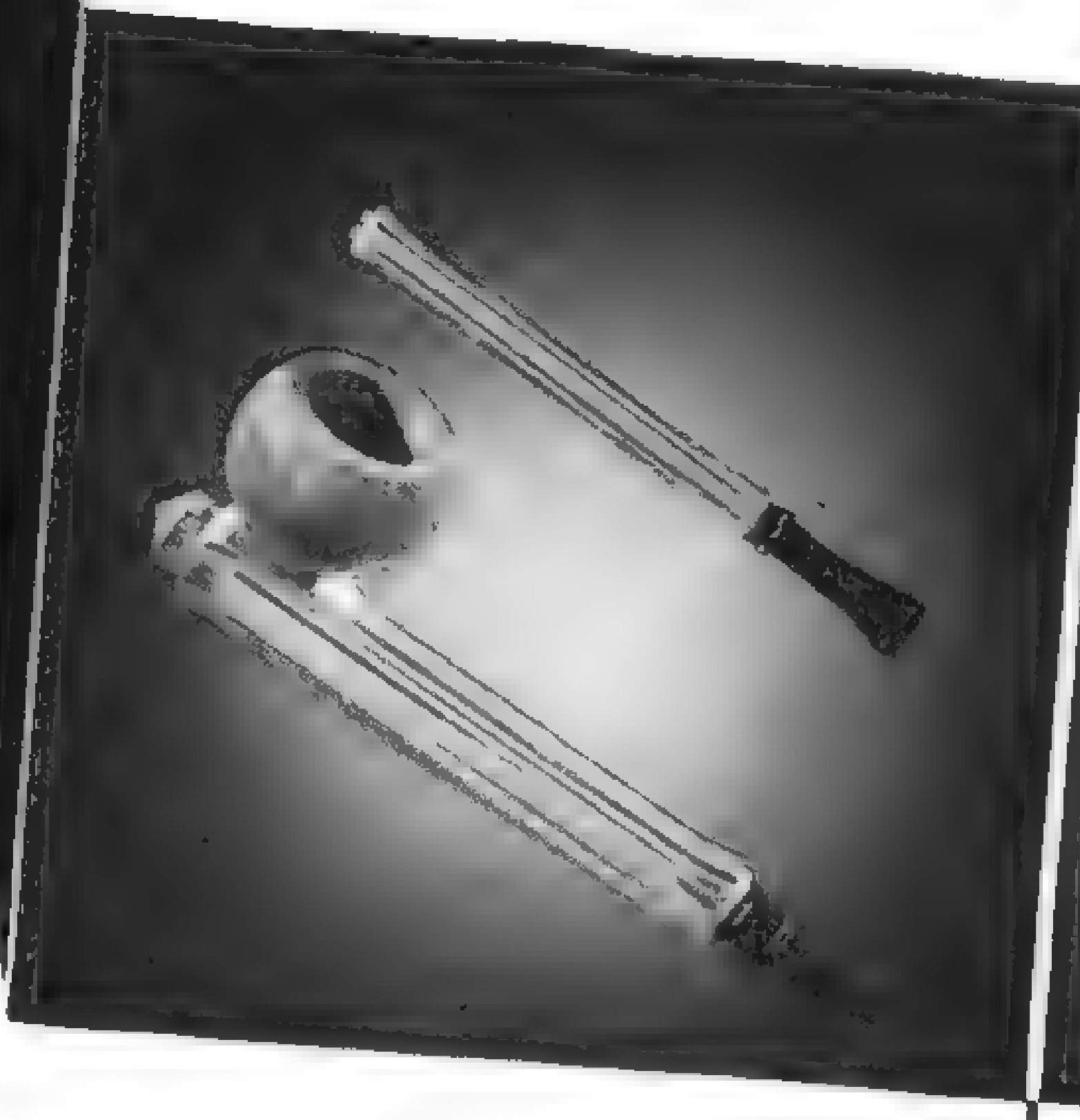

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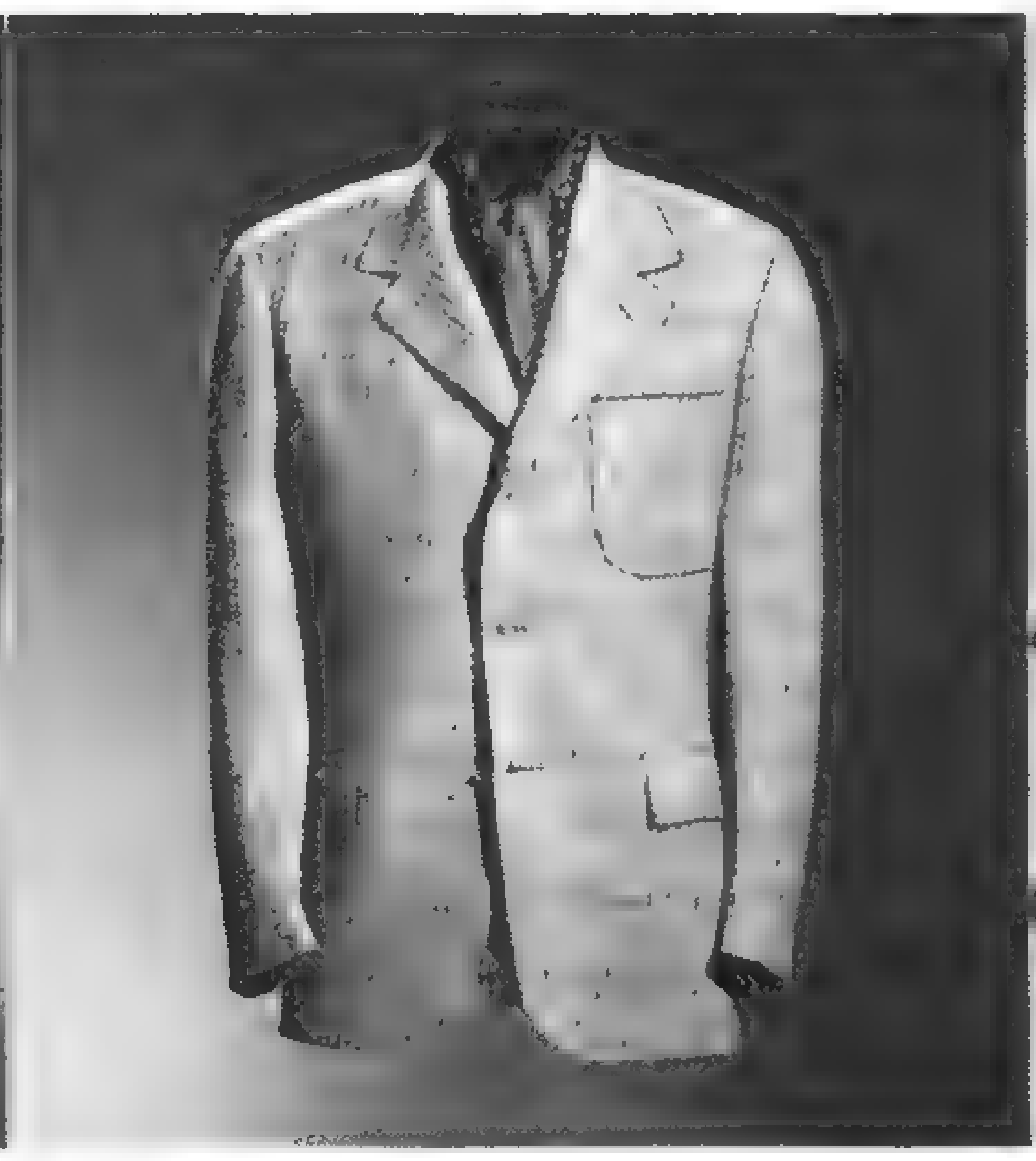

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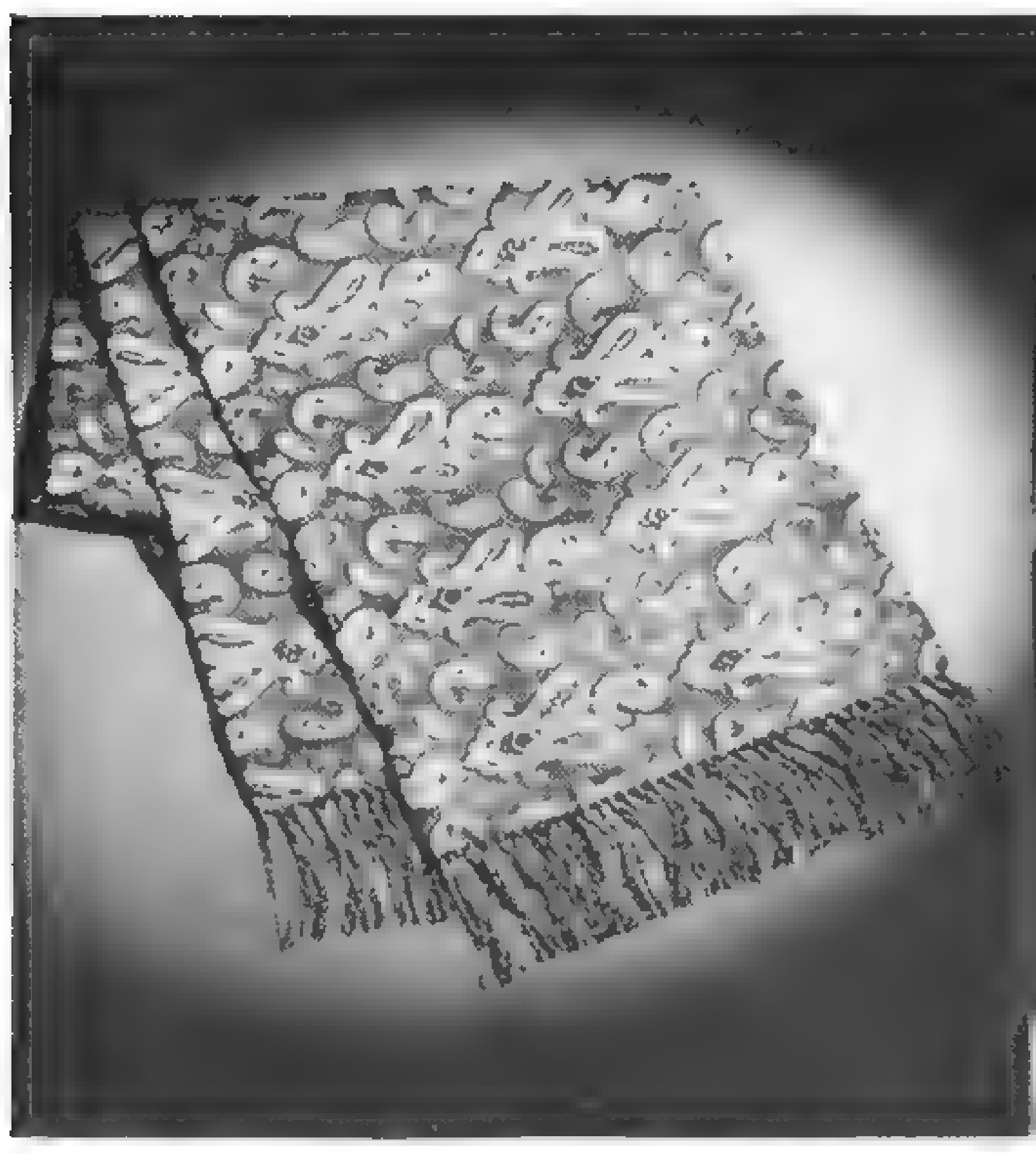

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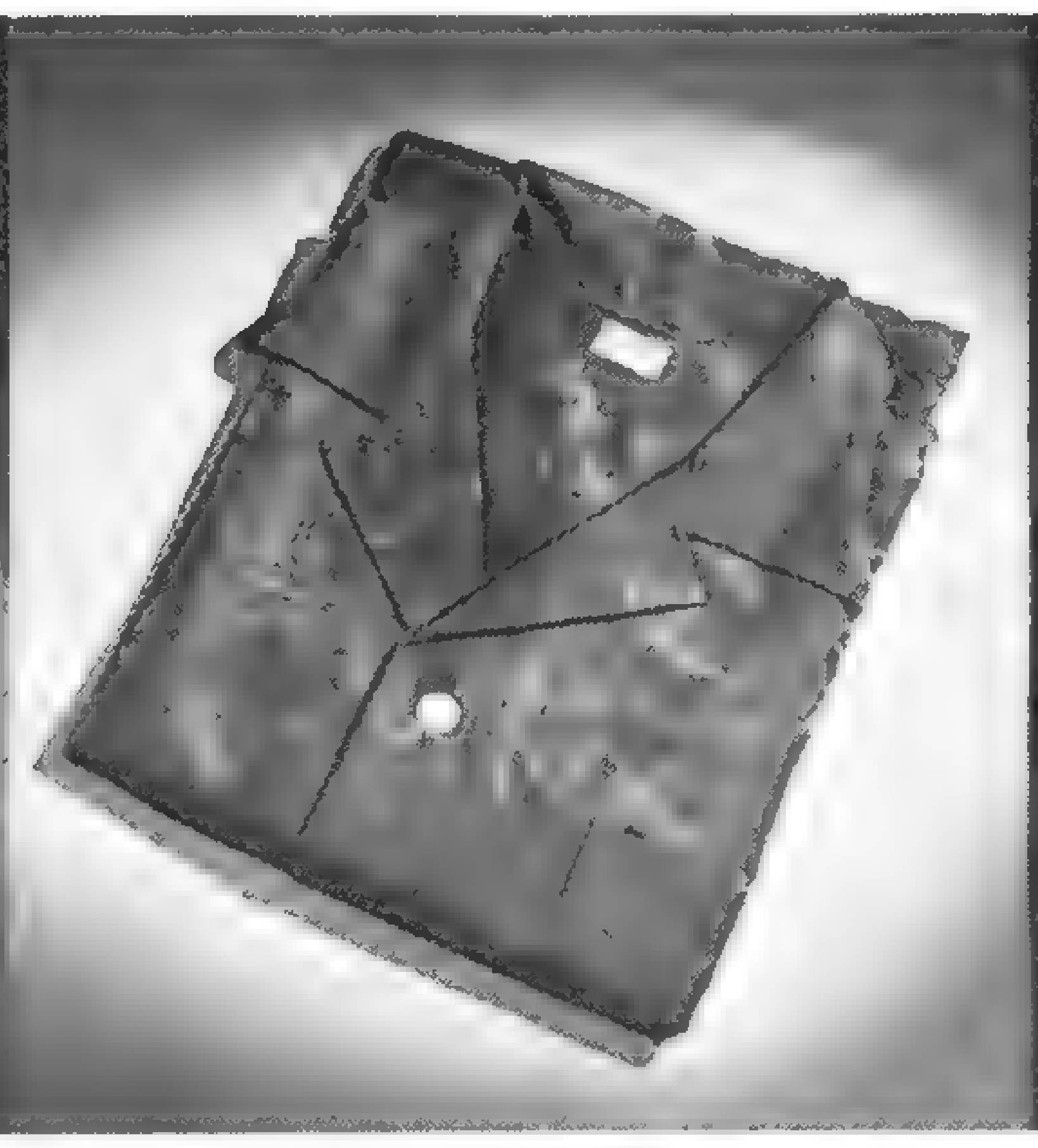

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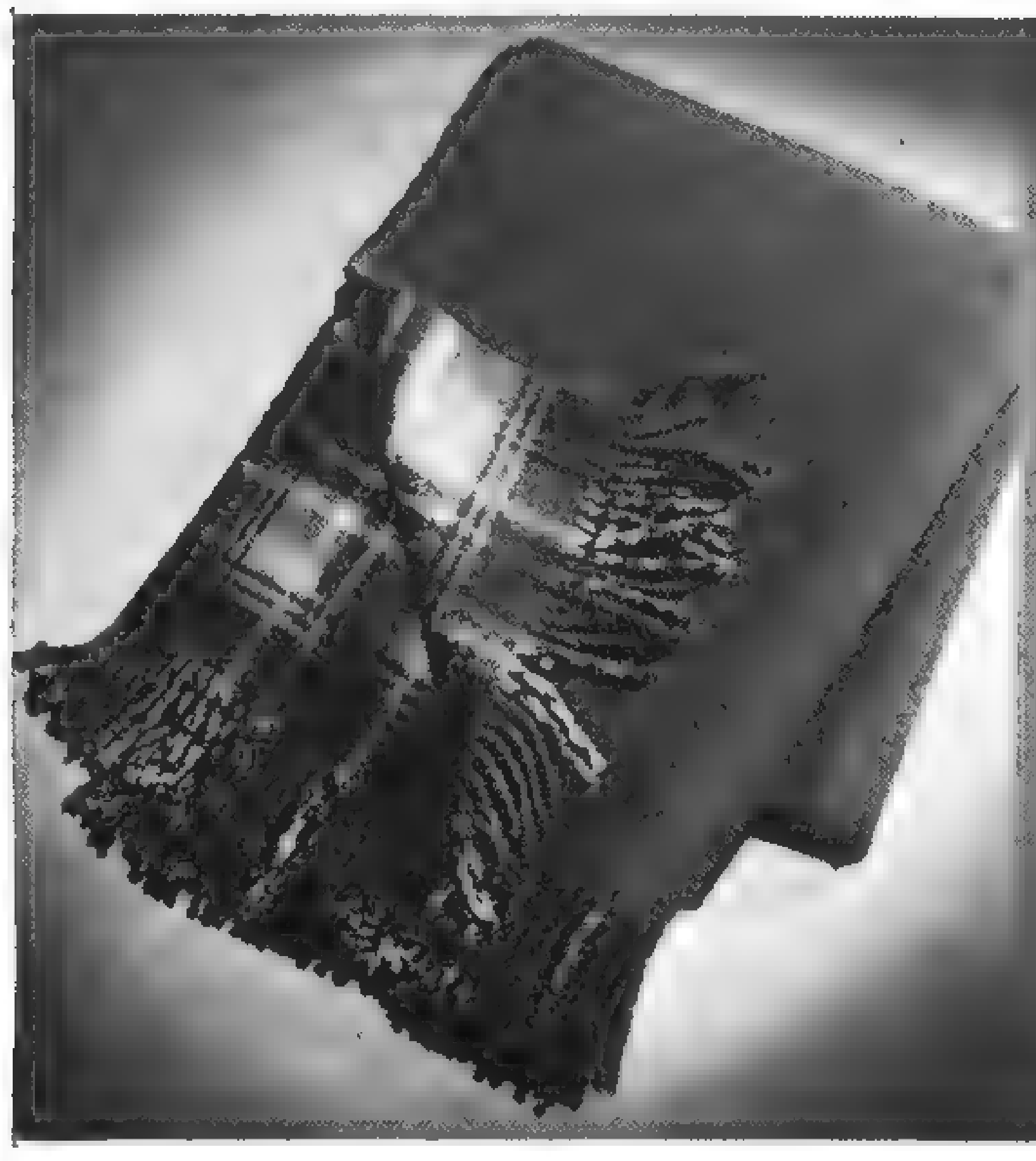
smart sweater jacket . . . all wool gabardine with knitted side panels and sleeve; plaid lined. Convertible collar; zipper closing. Green, tan, blue. Small, medium, large. 22.50



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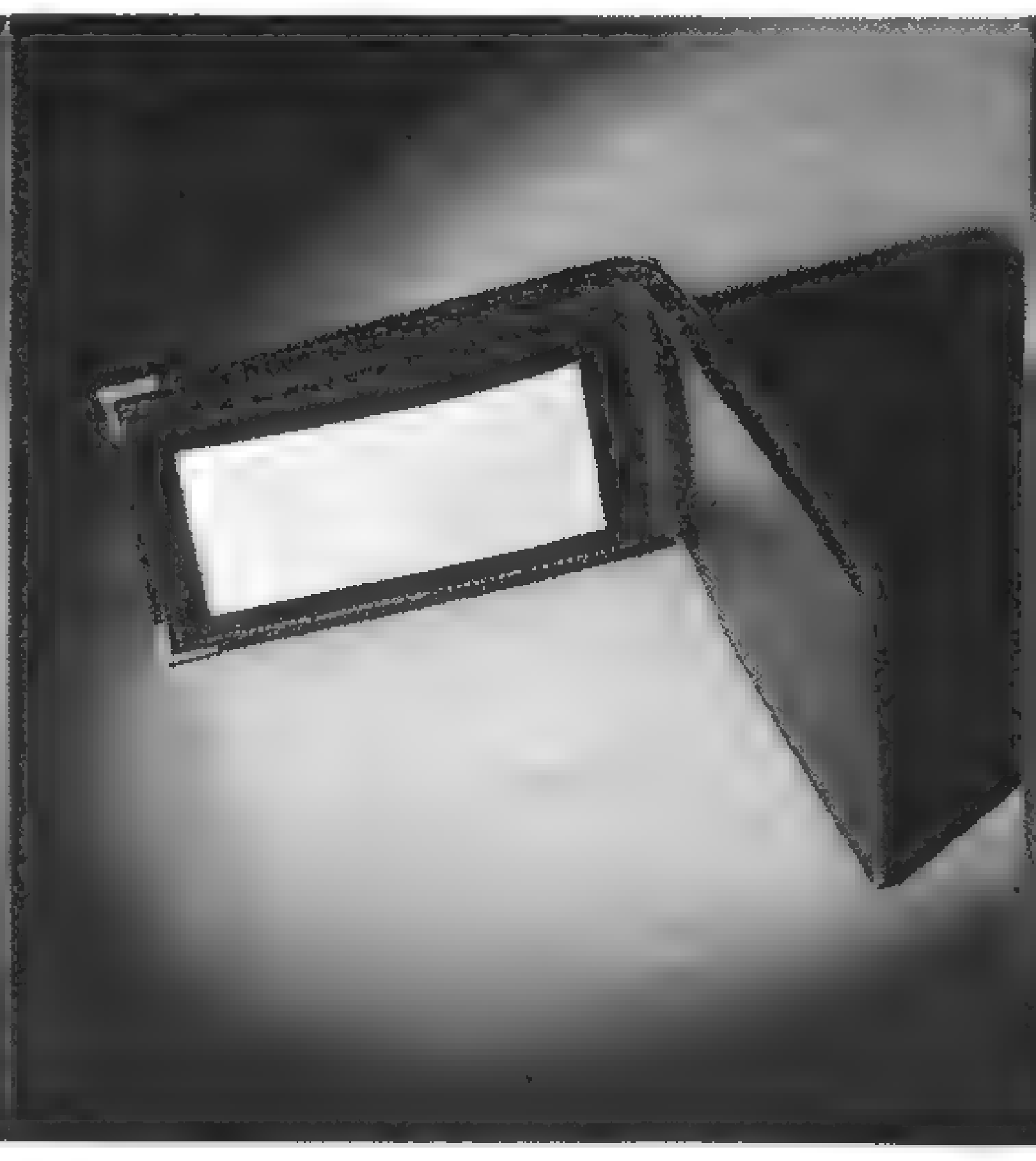

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## Black Eagle of Harlem

*Continued from page N Y-42*

the airs of a Shakespearean ham—Oxford accent with matching manners—and easily qualified as the best dressed Negro in America. His uniforms, triumphs of originality, betrayed to be sure, a weakness for pastels. He sleeked his black hair flat with layers of grease, and lectured at the drop of a hat, or preferably that of a coin.

The passion of the licorice-tinted aviator for publicity did not extend to his wife Essie and several children, however. He kept them in a comfortable Harlem apartment and hugged the limelight to himself. When it proved insufficient, he turned on the heat and made more. Bored city editors used him as balm for news-sore eyes.

Plans were made for still another flight, this time to Paris and back, in a tailor-made plane job to cost over twenty-five thousand dollars. The flight was backed by the National Association for the Advancement of Aviation Amongst Colored Races. The N.A.A.A.C.R. received the endorsement of a prominent senator, and persuaded Bellanca to donate three thousand dollars to the cause. The balance was to be raised by popular subscription.

"This is no commercial proposition," Julian warned, when some murmurs of opposition reached him. "I have no desire for personal aggrandizement whether it be material or honorary."

To condition himself for the flight he stayed awake four nights every two weeks. "I do not anticipate the trip will take more than sixty-eight hours," he declared in his rumbling bass. "I believe in order to carry a fifty-pound weight one should train with a hundred. Do you follow?"

Unfortunately the flight didn't. Insufficient funds again became the bugaboo. Julian thereupon gathered his dignity about him and withdrew to the West, where he joined an enterprising group of young air-minded Negroes, led by William J. Powell. Dispute followed dispute, and Julian headed east under a cloud in a Chevrolet borrowed from Powell, and disappeared from his press and public.

Eighteen months later, the Harlem harlequin bobbed up again, this time ensconced in a uniform that almost bedazzled himself. It was no longer Lieutenant Julian, he haughtily informed ship news men, but Colonel, Chevalier of the Order of Menelik and Chief of Aviation of the Ethiopian Army under his Imperial Majesty, Haile Selassie I, Conquering Lion of Judah, King of Kings and Emperor of Ethiopia!

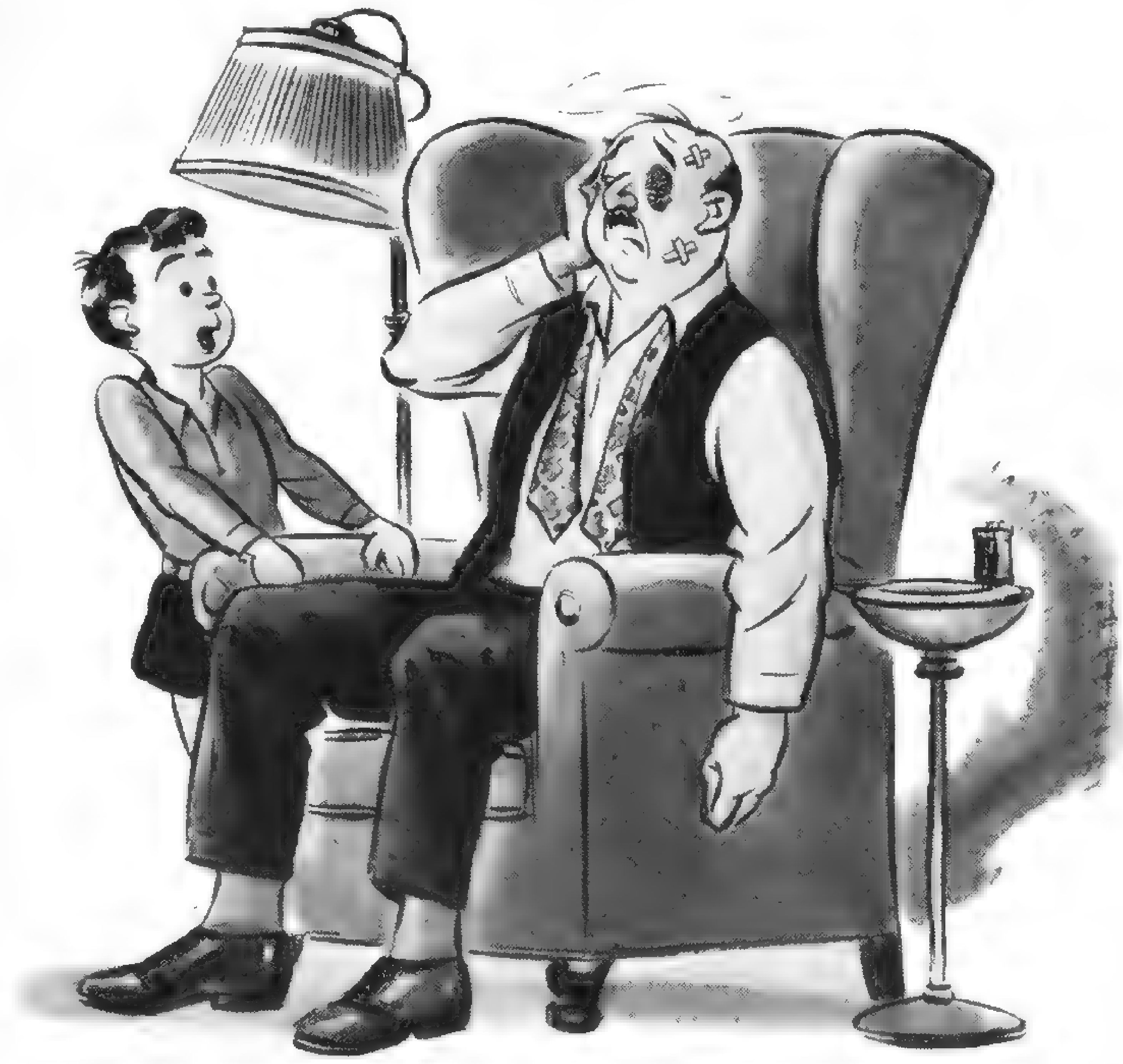
"Ethiopia," he declared "is very much advanced in aviation, I must indeed state."

The King had presented him, he announced, with fifty-three leopard skins, several nuggets of pure gold and two hen's-egg-sized diamonds which were stored in an Addis Ababa vault. He also admitted having performed several parachute jumps, one for the special benefit of Selassie.

"So delighted was the King," Julian reported, "that he climbed down most unprecedentedly from his throne, slapped me on the back, swore me in as an Ethiopian citizen, made me Colonel of the Air Forces, pinned on my chest the Menelik medal for bravery and gave me five thousand bucks in cash!"

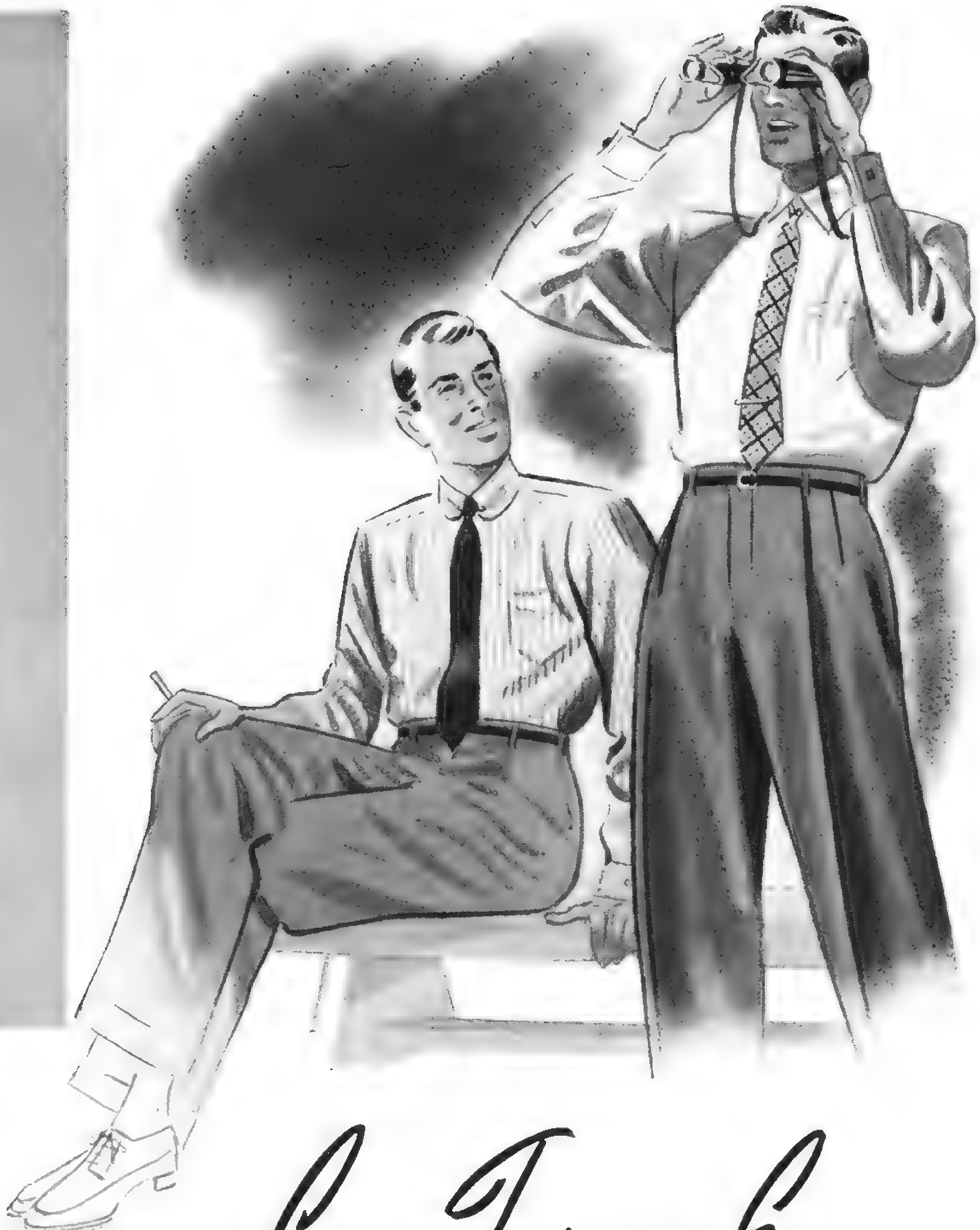
After a brief tour of Harlem, in which Julian not only roped his former popularity, but tied and branded it, he returned to Ethiopia to attend the grand coronation of the King of Kings at the

*Continued on page N Y-50*



*"What can I do to grow up and be big and strong like mama?"*

# A knife in the hand of a man in Troy



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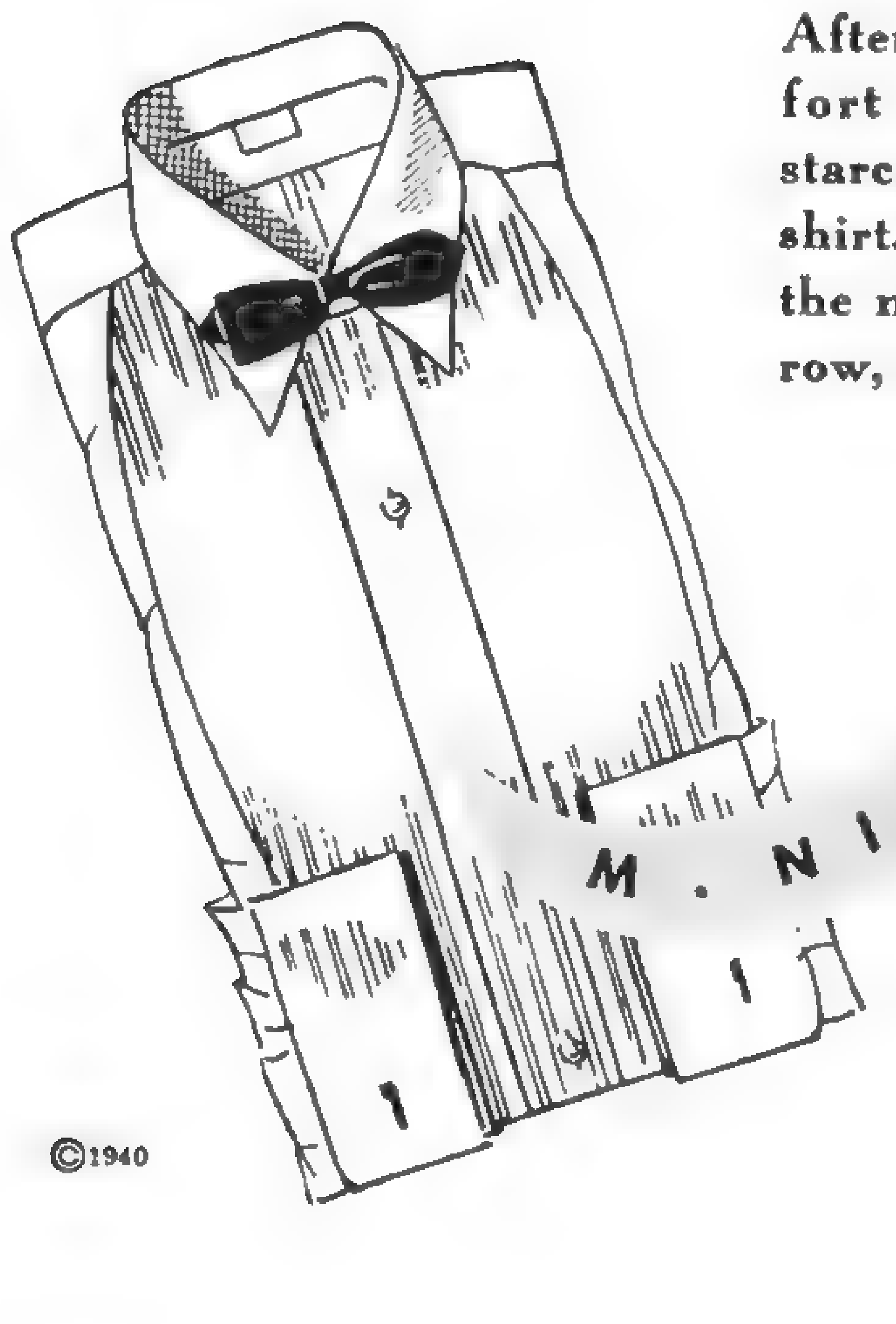

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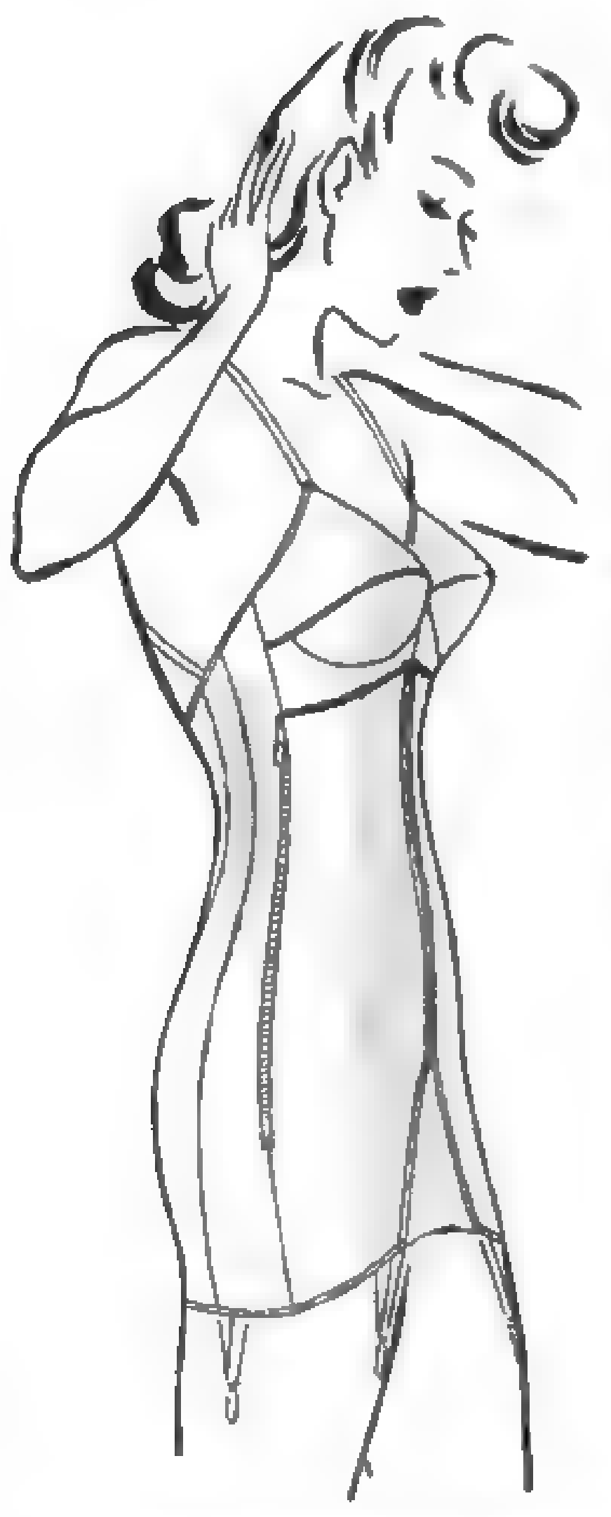

They mould the bosom into lovely, glamorous lines—but that's only part of the thrilling story. They *also* fit to a fraction of an inch, because back-fastenings and shoulder straps are *adjustable*—and the low backs are shaped to stay in place, without "riding up." Bandeau, or with 2- or 6-inch diaphragm band—$1.00 to $3.50.

The bandeau style, as shown above, has a *removable* tab, which may be attached to the girdle with extra-low back gowns and a *five-way* fastening. The long-line versions have *two-way* fastenings. You may also select *"Once-Overs" (one-piece foundations) with "Allegro" brassiere tops, with or without "cloth-back" control for slimming the hips —$5.00 to $7.50.

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***Get set*** for a new kind of tomato juice flavor! Because your first sip of delicious College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail will tell you it's worlds different from mere tomato juice. Its zestful, bracing flavor has what it takes to make you forget the watery, tasteless tomato juice you're probably weary of now.

***You'll like it!*** So will the children. And it's good for them. Made of the juice of finest, vine-ripened tomatoes, blended with a subtle seasoning that's College Inn's secret and then aged to a rich mellowness for weeks. So chill it in its shaker-shaped, re-usable glass jar and serve today!

COLLEGE INN
Tomato Juice Cocktail

Copr., 1940, College Inn Food Products Company

## Black Eagle of Harlem

*Continued from page NY-48*

Imperial Palace.

The flower of the kingdom was present. Aside from the royal household and retinue, notables included the Crown Prince, five great native chieftains from the interior, State officials, Ministers, Attachés and Secretaries.

Included in the ceremonies was an air pageant by the Empire's three-plane fleet, piloted by French aviators. The Emperor had purchased a white de luxe Moth plane, fitted with accessories and leather upholstering, in Selfridge's London department store. Royal decree forbade the plane leaving ground, but the Emperor had his favorite plaything wheeled before him and the motor started to impress his guests.

Suddenly Julian stepped forward, swept the attendants aside, jumped into the plane and took off. The royal Moth zipped up a few hundred feet, went into a complicated loop, nose dive and tailspin, and crashed almost on top of the Lion of Judah.

By a miracle, Julian escaped the crash and the wrath of the Emperor.

Incensed at the complete wreck of his pet craft and Julian's defiance of orders, Selassie conferred at length with his Foreign Minister, and the desirability of jailing Julian was given earnest consideration. It was abandoned only after the Emperor decided it would be too expensive to feed the six-foot-two prisoner. He was advised to leave Ethiopia.

Short of funds, despite an alleged salary of two thousand dollars a month as Air Minister, Julian persuaded American foreign correspondents in Addis Ababa, to whom he had more than once furnished entertaining, if not enlightening, copy on dull days, to contribute sufficient funds for railroad fare to Djibuti, some three hundred miles along the coast.

As previously stated, a flyer may be down but not out. Julian next appeared in America on board the *Île de France.* Faultlessly clad in morning attire and dangling a malacca stick with a genuine red amber top, he adjusted a tortoise-shell monocle in his left eye and received attention easily in the ship's library.

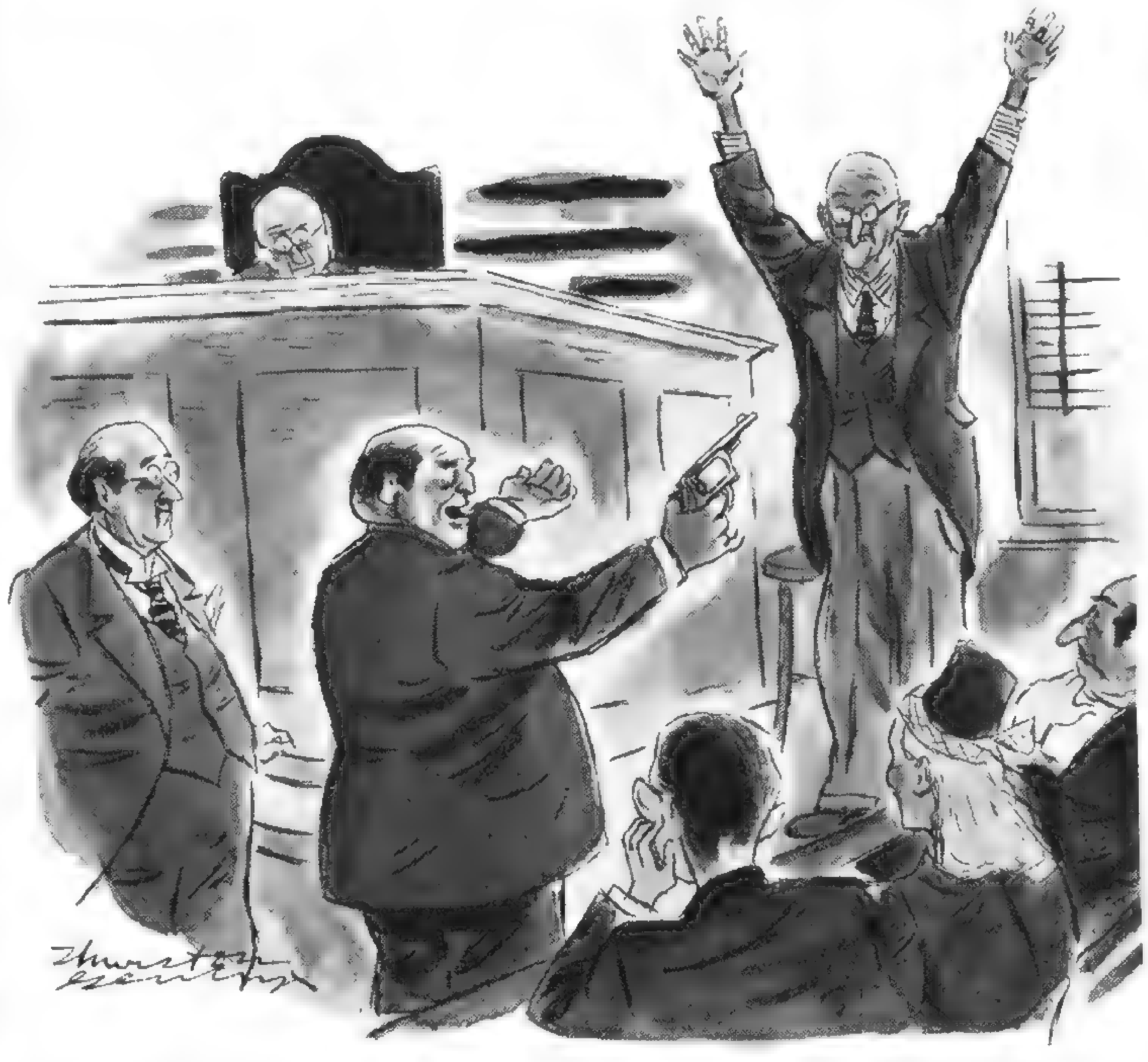
"The Emperor and I parted on the best of terms," he declared, "and you can prove the logicability of this by sending a cablegram to the Emperor. As for the canard that I am not persona grata with him since that unfortunate contretemps at the coronation, I did not disobey him by taking that plane up. As Air Minister I needed no permission. On one occasion the Emperor was present and I took the small Moth up to give him a thrill. Even an Emperor likes a thrill now and then."

His facial muscles, weary after several attempts to retain his monocle, relaxed, and he put away the eyepiece with a sigh.

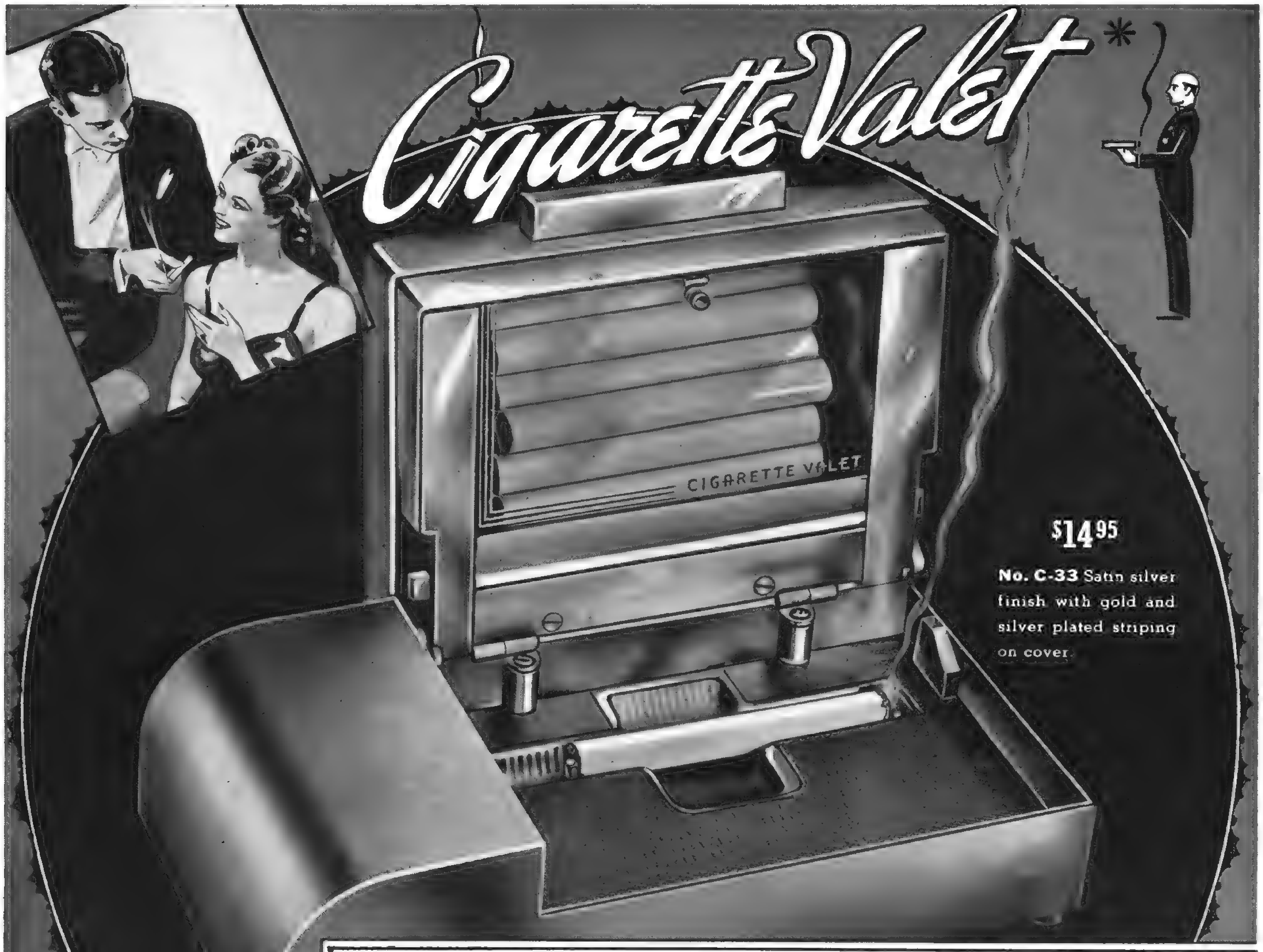
There was a plot against him, he revealed, by certain persons who were embittered by his popularity as Air Minister. These certain persons tampered with planes in which the Colonel was about to take off, and several other peculiar things happened, especially to the Moth, which failed him at a most inopportune moment. Other means were employed to bump him off, he insisted. Rivals even put poison in his soup.

"As for that Moth, it just went to pieces right under me. Those French pilots are absolutely no gentlemen! The Emperor was certainly not displeased with me. After the accident he sent to inquire how I was and was agitated for fear I had been injured. Is that

*Continued on page NY-52*



*"Well this is the way I done it, gentlemen, but I'm afraid I can't make it very convincin' with an empty gun"*



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Until today, you offered a *lighted* cigarette to intimates only. But now, CIGARETTE VALET enables you to extend this flattering courtesy to every guest in your home, every caller at your office. That's "CIGARET-i-QUETTE", America's newest smoking courtesy—luxury's latest contribution to thoughtful entertaining.

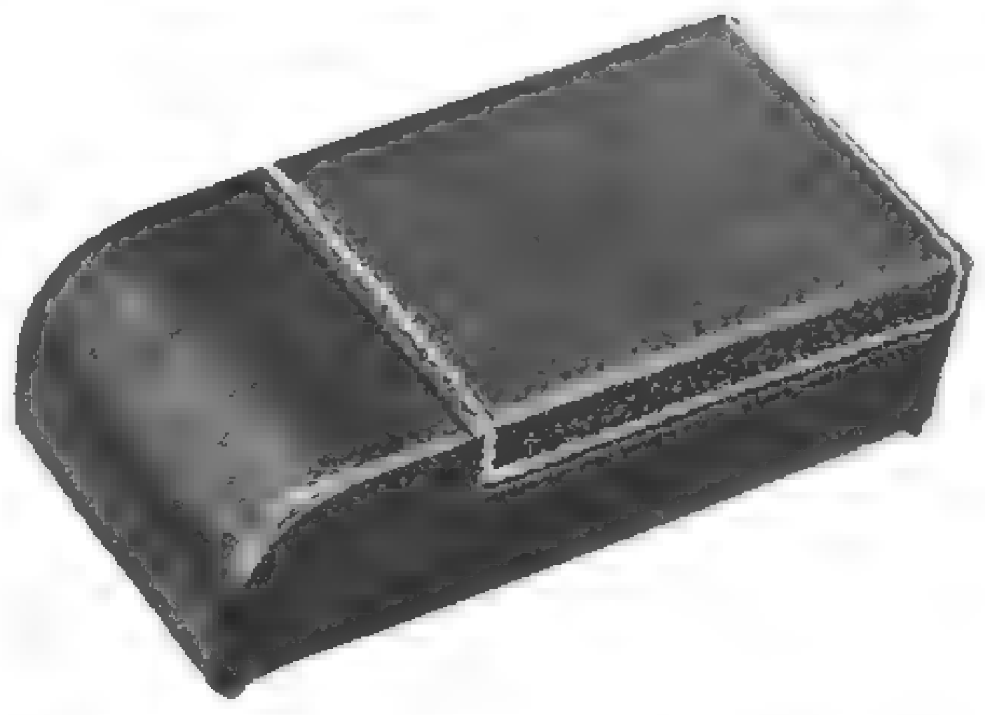
*Cigarette Valet* serves a **LIGHTED** *cigarette*

...Gone are the days when you passed the cigarettes with one hand, and fumbled for a match or a lighter with the other. Now, CIGARETTE VALET performs for you...each time you open the lid of this distinctive container, it produces a freshly *lighted* cigarette, ready to smoke.

CIGARETTE VALET holds 23 cigarettes. Unobtrusively connected to an electric outlet, it needs no fluid, flint, or batteries.

It's the year's most fascinating gift...available at leading stores.

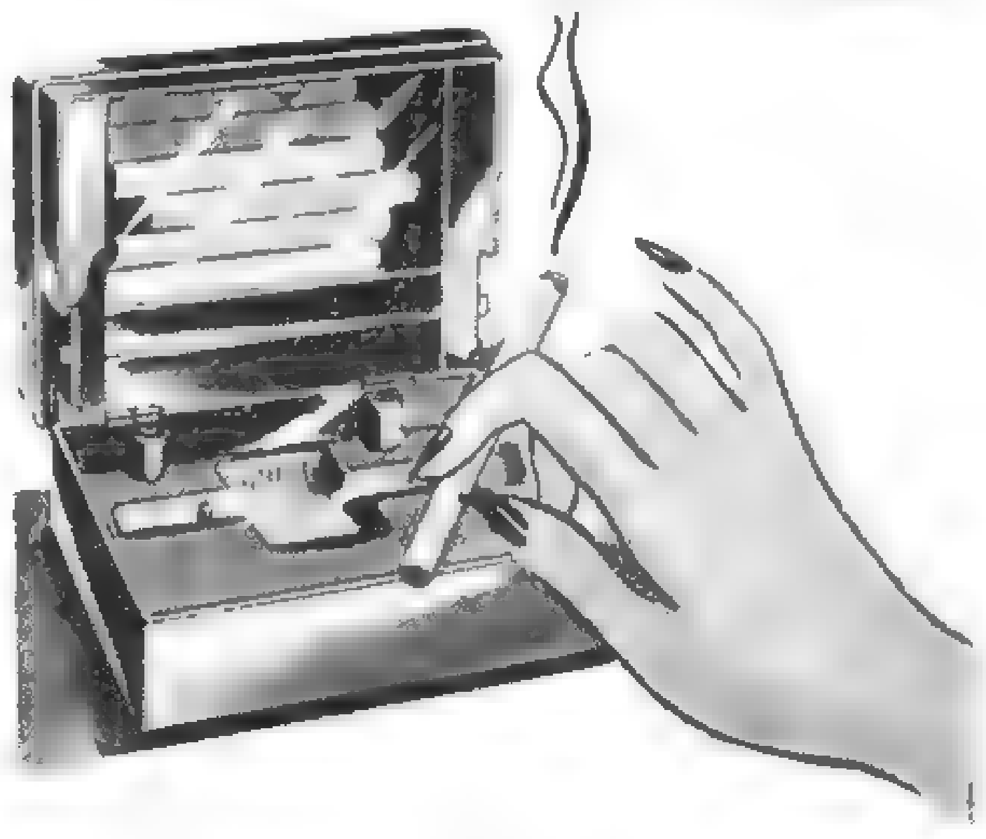
**MASTERBILT PRODUCTS CORP.**
212 Fifth Ave. • New York, N.Y.



**No. D-43** Genuine pigskin leather with rich white stitching . . **$19.95**

**No. B-21** English bronze plated with brass handle . . . . **$12.95**

**No. E-51** and **No. E-52** "Limited Edition" models in Sterling Silver **$110** and **$150**

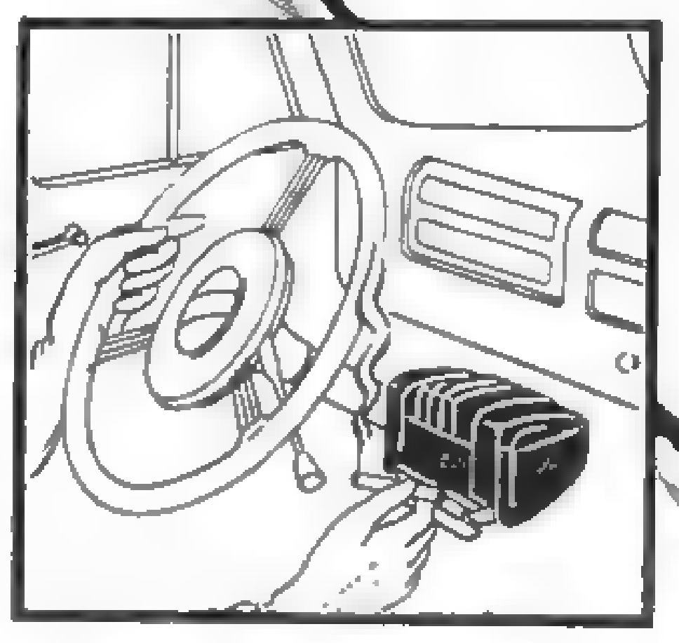


**No. A-12** Square model, bronze plated, brass initial plaque **$9.95**

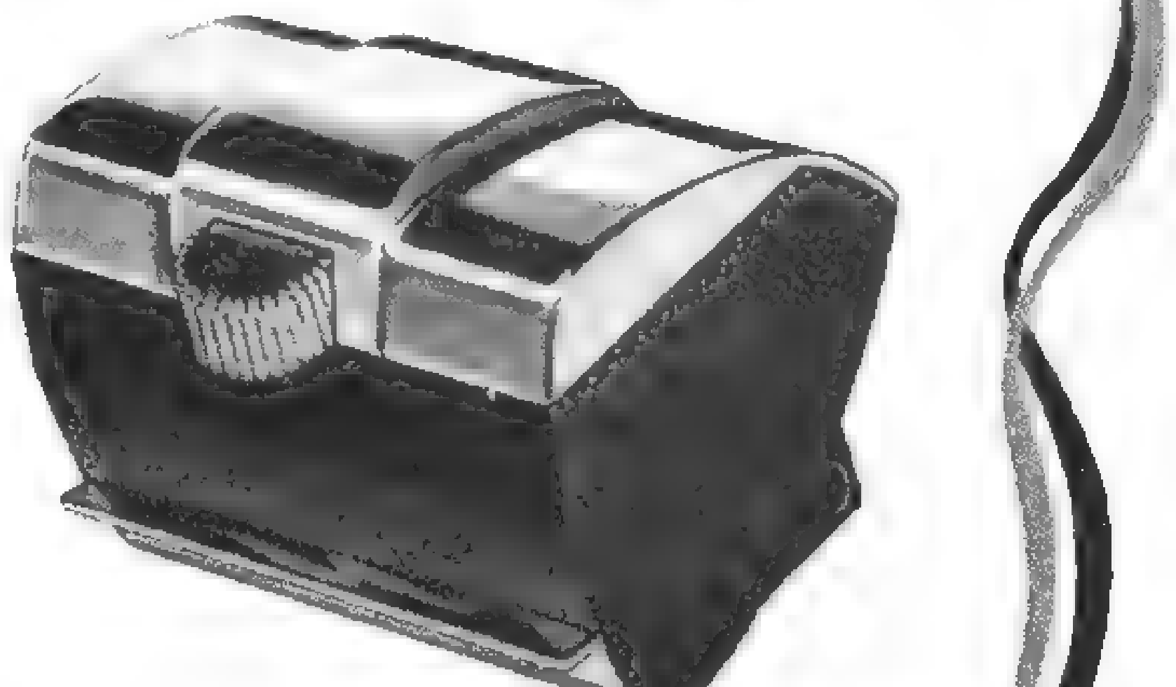
## *Pres-a-Lite*

### FOR THOSE WHO SMOKE WHILE MOTORING...

This clever case hands you a *lighted* cigarette — at a touch of your finger—while you're driving. Does away with dangerous fumbling. Keeps hand always on the wheel, eyes on the road. Holds 23 cigarettes.



*Easily attached to steering post of any car*



Black metal case, with mirror-polished chrome lid. $4.95

Other models, $2.95-$6.95-$8.95

** Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

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*For Him*

**The Personal Gift That's Useful and Appropriate**

There's a G-E Clock that will suit the particular taste of every type of man.

**G-E SADDLE**—For the outdoors man. Pigskin-grain facsimile leather . . $5.95

**G-E NAVIGATOR**—Amateur Sailors and other seafaring men will like this one! $5.95

**G-E ALMANAC**—This one tells the day of the week as well as the time . . $9.95

**G-E FRAMINGHAM**—For the tycoon . . . the modern cyclometer clock with revolving numerals . . $9.95

**G-E GLOUCESTER**—With real ship's-bell strike. For people who love the sea. $18.95

GENERAL ELECTRIC

## Black Eagle of Harlem

*Continued from page NY-50*

evidence of displeasure? Only last March a Junkers plane crashed and an aide of the Emperor's was killed and the pilot incarcerated. Yet, when my plane crashed I was not incarcerated. The next morning, as soon as I returned home, I was visited by Prince Ras Halioue, richest Multimillionaire in Ethiopia. He was accompanied by two hundred servants. They crowded in the streets and hundreds of others came to join them. I tell you in all modesty I was the cynosure of admiration that day . . . I had to force my resignation—they regretted it so."

He sighed again. "I don't fear being killed," he explained modestly, "but I want to die with my boots on."

In Bermuda for a rest shortly afterward, he dropped a hint that a flight from New York to Ethiopia was in the offing. He stated he would not be bothered with radio, or any other extra equipment that transatlantic fliers required. When he returned to New York, he paused there long enough to sue a metropolitan daily for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, claiming reports that he had been kicked out of Ethiopia were untrue. The case was settled out of court by a pair of tickets to the Polo Grounds.

Several months later he bobbed up in Paris and announced he was still planning the flight. Another bulletin shortly afterward said the flight would be to India. Neither materialized.

Field attendants at Croydon field one afternoon opened their eyes wider when a plane with shredded wings dropped out of the sky, and out stepped a pale-blue tunic and fawn-colored pants with a colored aviator inside.

"I," he said, "am Colonel Hubert Fauntleroy Julian." When attendants glanced at the tattered craft, Julian reported with a sigh, "I had a most trying time." He hired the plane in Paris, he said, and ran into a hail storm over the English Channel that nearly knocked him into the waves. He also let it be known that he was willing to let bygones be bygones with the Emperor of Ethiopia.

In Los Angeles, in the meantime, William J. Powell together with his air-conscious Negroes, had staged a successful show and formed the first colored flying group in the country. At this point, by a peculiar coincidence, a congratulatory communication was received from Colonel Julian. There was also a detailed account of his Ethiopian exploits.

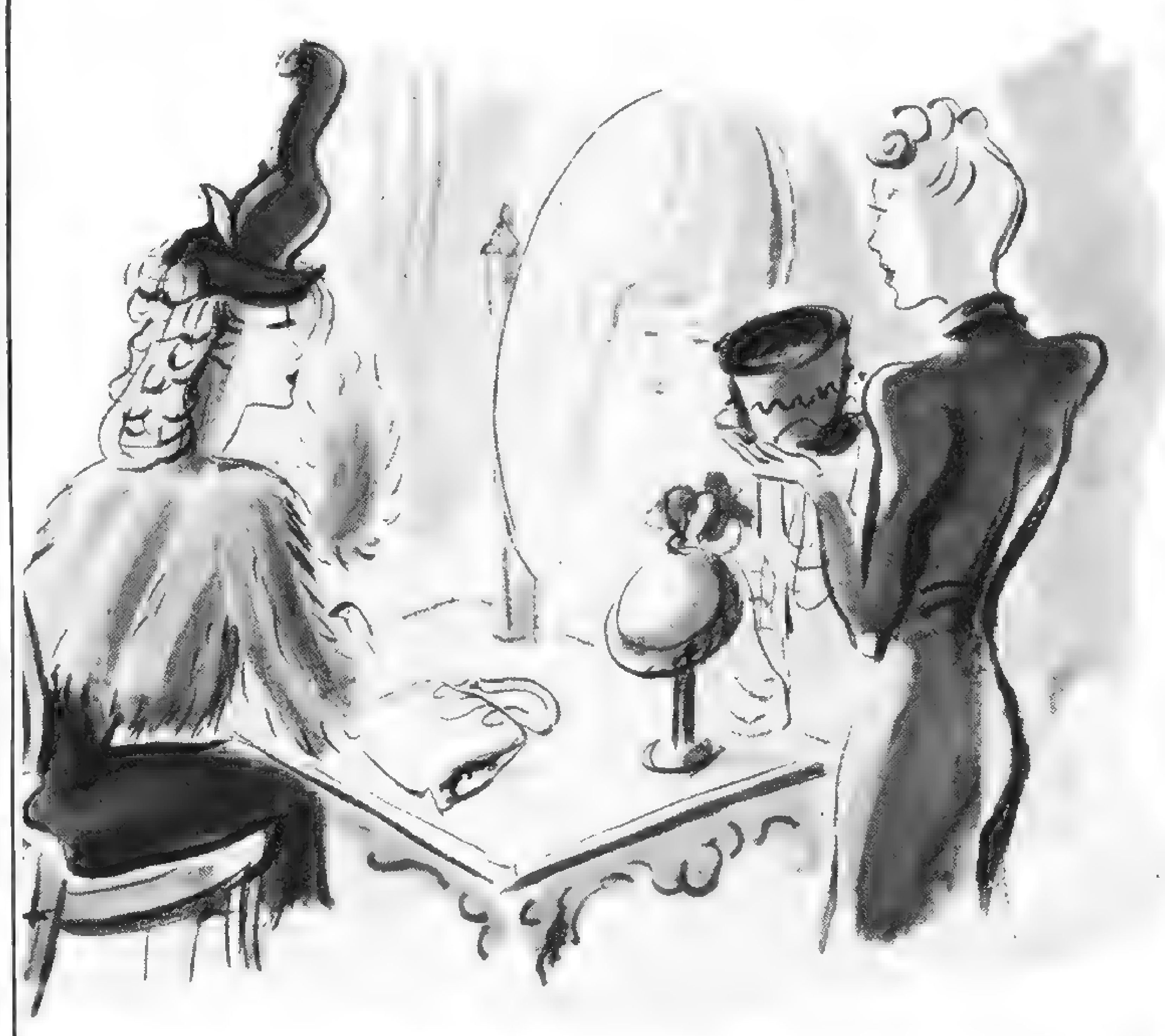
Powell decided, in view of the scarcity of Negro flyers, to bring Julian's name before the aviation club—despite Julian's failure to pay for Powell's car "borrowed" three years before.

Objection was distinctly unanimous, and as Powell put it, "referred to unsavory rumors about the man." Bill insisted. There was the publicity angle, he argued. Here was a name that would take them all to town—Colonel Hubert F. Julian, Black Eagle of Harlem, recent Commander in Chief of the Royal Ethiopian Air Force in a Thrilling Air Show with Powell's Five Blackbirds in Formation Flying!

Travel funds were sent to New York and Julian once more invaded the West. In the meantime the publicity committee began to get up steam.

Arrangements were made to have the Mayor of Los Angeles welcome the hero of Ethiopia, and the event went off with a flourish. Powell made a speech, introduced the Mayor, who made a speech, who introduced Julian, who made

*Continued on page NY-54*



*"Let's eliminate the feather—I don't want to be conspicuous"*

*For Her*

**The Personal Gift That's Useful and Appropriate**

If she's inclined to be the least bit tardy she needs a G-E Clock . . . if punctuality is her pride she wants one.

**G-E WAREHAM**—Dainty white onyx . . . perfect for her dressing table . $12.50

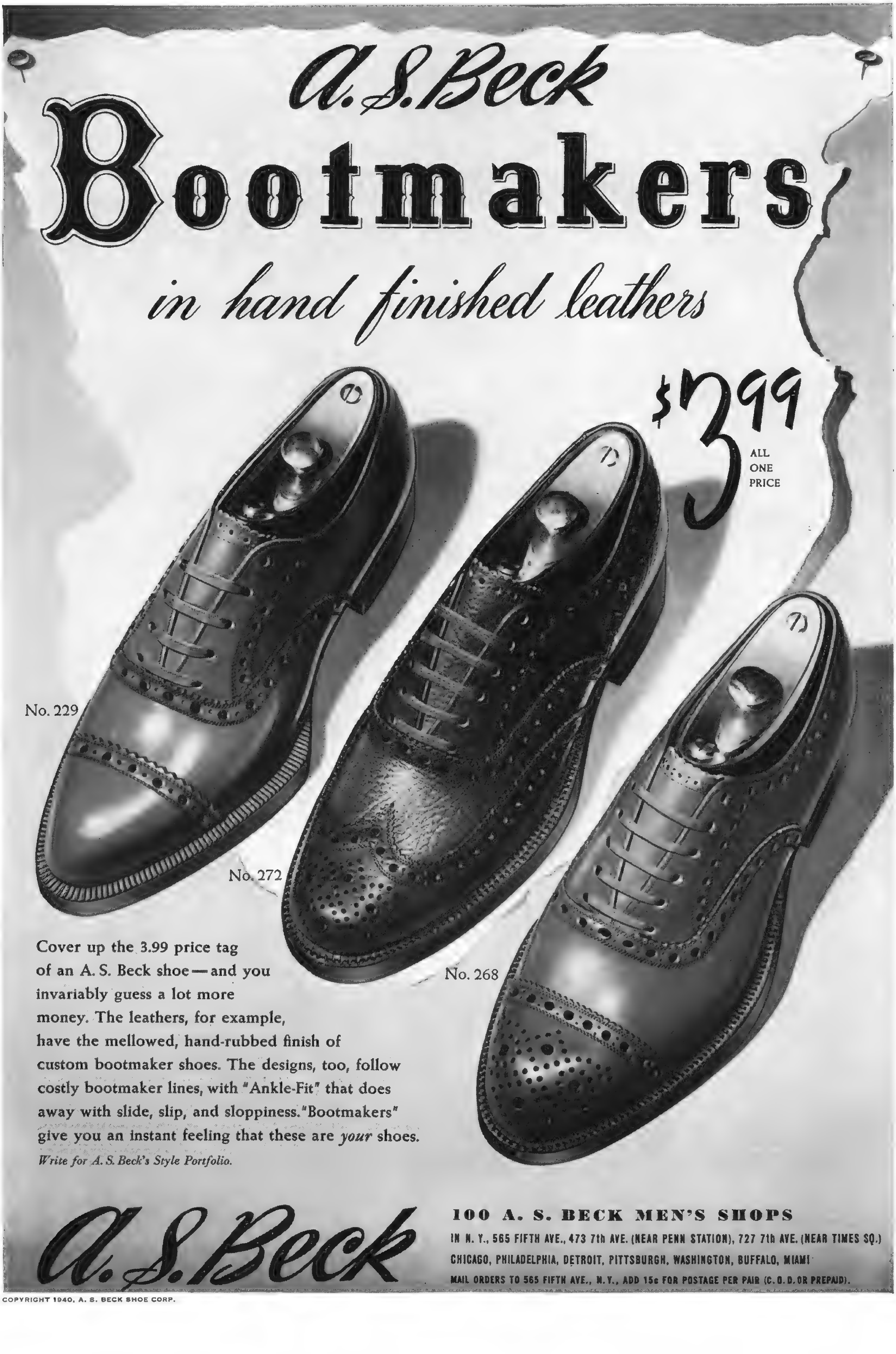
**G-E RAPTURE**—For the "deb" . . . modern as the new transparent plastic furniture . . . . $9.95

**G-E RIDGEFIELD**—If she likes antiques here's a real colonial reproduction . $9.95

**G-E SERENADE**—Westminster Chime Clock for the traditional lady . . . $19.95

**G-E DOMESTIC**—For the homey type. Attractive kitchen clock in ivory, green, white, or red . $4.95

GENERAL ELECTRIC



A. S. Beck

# Bootmakers

in hand finished leathers

$3.99 ALL ONE PRICE

No. 229

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Cover up the 3.99 price tag of an A. S. Beck shoe—and you invariably guess a lot more money. The leathers, for example, have the mellowed, hand-rubbed finish of custom bootmaker shoes. The designs, too, follow costly bootmaker lines, with "Ankle-Fit" that does away with slide, slip, and sloppiness. "Bootmakers" give you an instant feeling that these are *your* shoes.

*Write for A. S. Beck's Style Portfolio.*

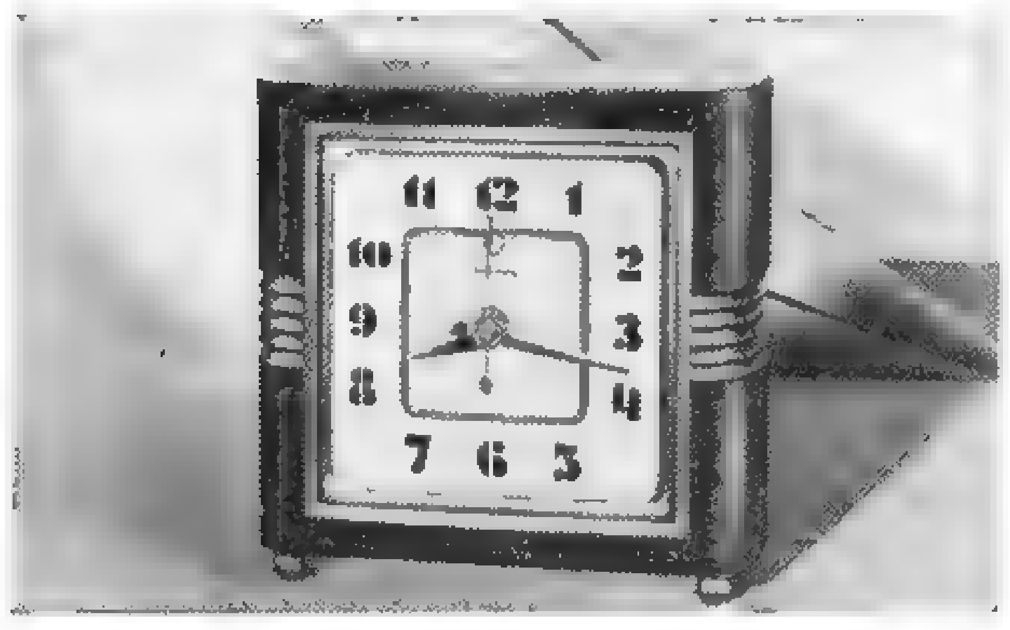
A. S. Beck

**100 A. S. BECK MEN'S SHOPS**

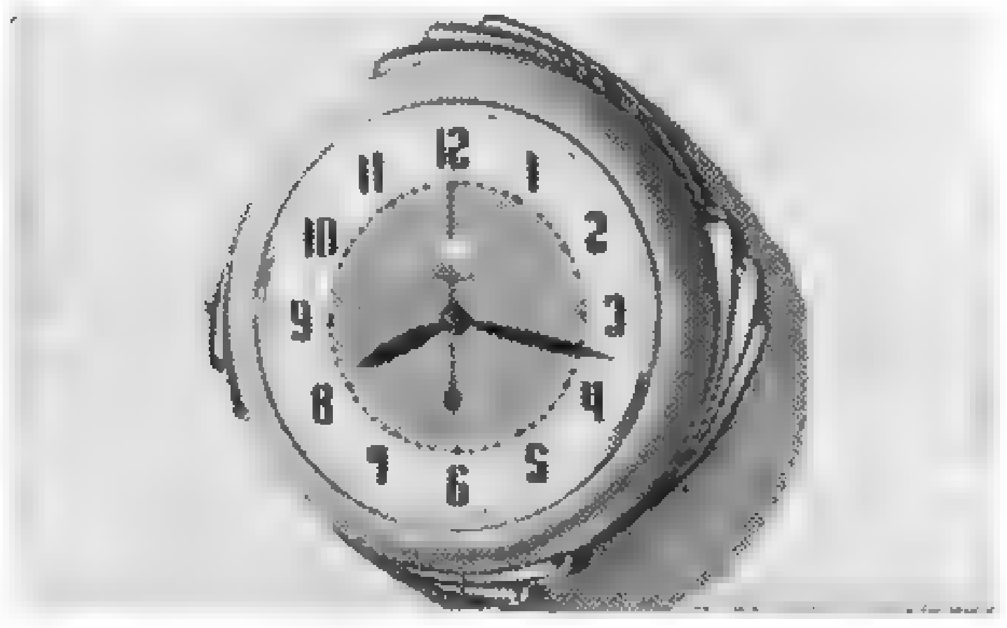
IN N. Y., 565 FIFTH AVE., 473 7th AVE. (NEAR PENN STATION), 727 7th AVE. (NEAR TIMES SQ.)
CHICAGO, PHILADELPHIA, DETROIT, PITTSBURGH, WASHINGTON, BUFFALO, MIAMI
MAIL ORDERS TO 565 FIFTH AVE., N. Y., ADD 15c FOR POSTAGE PER PAIR (C. O. D. OR PREPAID).

COPYRIGHT 1940, A. S. BECK SHOE CORP.

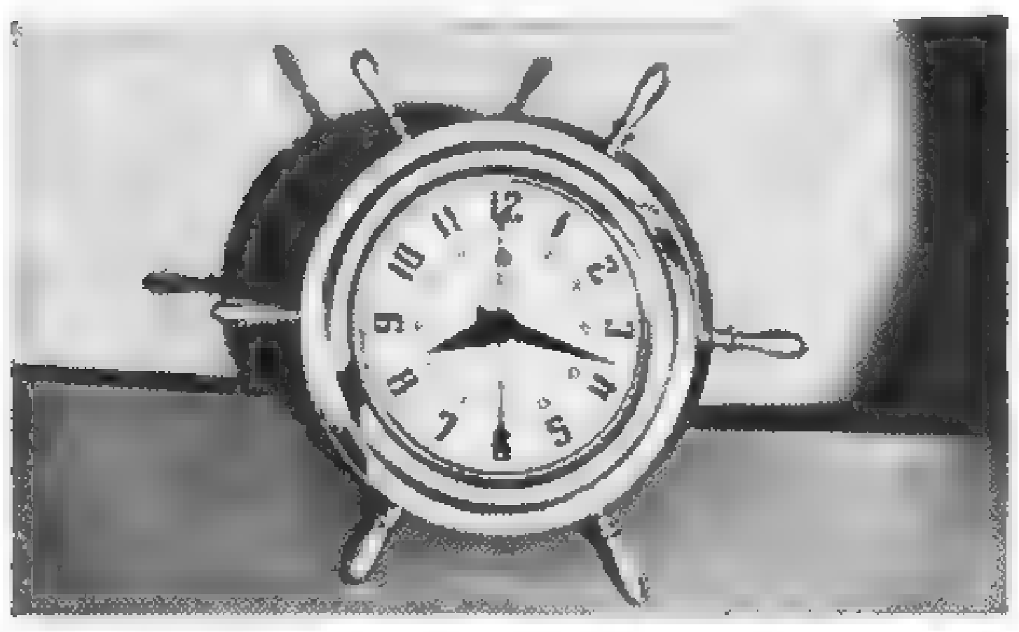
TIME FOR CHRISTMAS



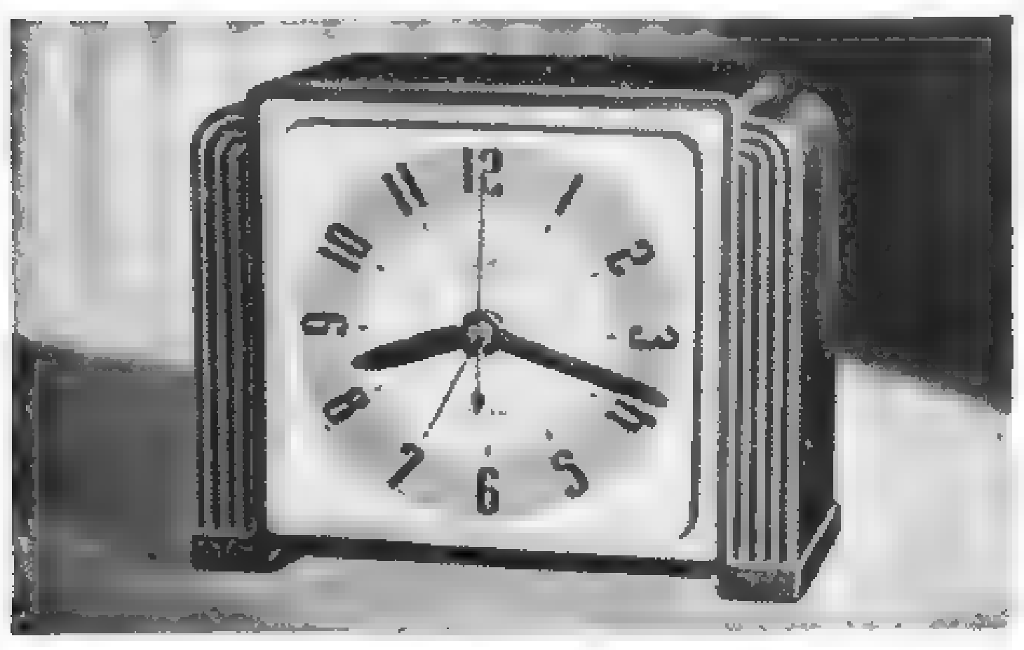
**BANCROFT** —This dignified design has a brown wood case with lateral flutings. 5½ inches wide........**$6.95**



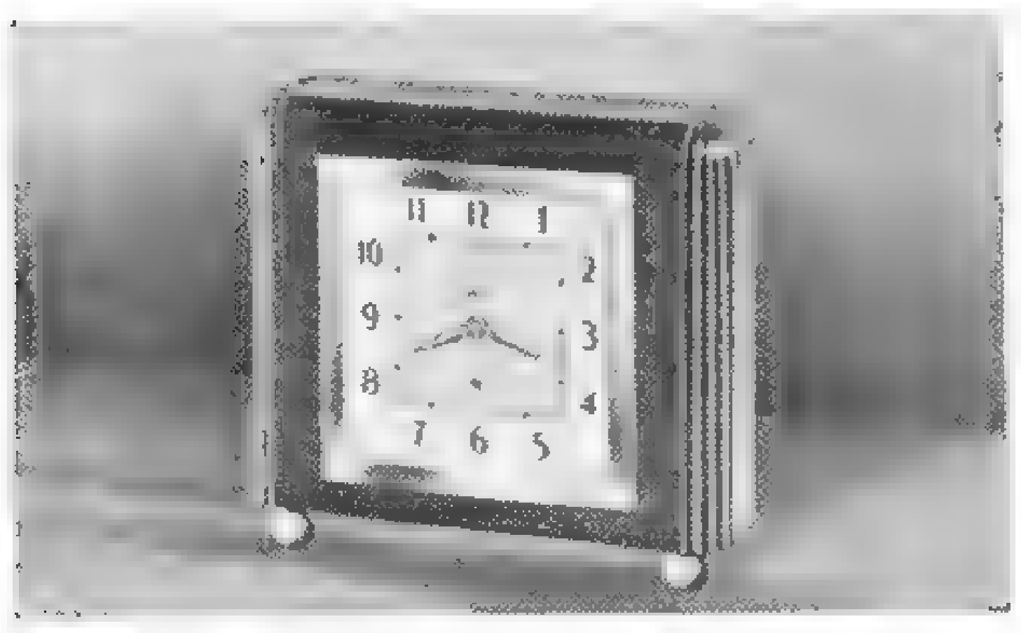
**STEWARDESS** — A new clock for the kitchen or bathroom wall, has a metal case that is available in a choice of colors — chrome with ivory, green, black, white, red, or all chrome. 7⅝ inches across...............**$4.95**



**RESOLUTE** — A popular ship's wheel clock in gold-color metal case with six wheel spokes. Blue-starred, cream-color dial. 7½ inches wide...**$5.95**



**SECRETARY** — A bell-type alarm clock in mottled brown or ivory-color plastic case. 5 3/16 inches wide. Brown case, **$3.95.** Ivory-color case, $4.50. ***Cordial,*** same case design but with luminous numerals and hands, $1 more.



**FORUM** — Just the clock for the living-room table! Brown wood case with vertical side flutings........**$9.95**

Telechron
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
SELF-STARTING ELECTRIC CLOCKS

## Black Eagle of Harlem

*Continued from page NY-52*

a speech, and incidentally drew the most enthusiastic applause. Candid lens lice had a holiday snapping pictures right and left. It was the first time a Negro had been received by the Mayor on the steps of City Hall.

Julian lost no time in becoming the toast of coffee-colored society. He arose and shone at various functions, and cast his net about one Reverdia Woods, dusky Los Angeles belle. Reverdia's mother was, of course, completely captivated by the Colonel's imported manners, his Oxford bass and inexhaustible wardrobe—the manner in which he screwed a monocle into his eye and declared Reverdia was "most chawming," so much so, in fact, that she must learn to fly and soar away with him—the Black Eagle of the Air.

He gave the young lady flying lessons, or started to. After the fourth lesson, the owner of the training ship brutally refused Julian use of the craft. He had already warped the steel propeller and made over a dozen crash landings from heights of seven to ten feet with consequent injury to the undercarriage.

Came the great day. Eastside airport began to swell with automobiles from Los Angeles and surrounding towns, until forty-thousand spectators crowded the field, anxiously awaiting his highly-touted parachute jump and his exploits as chief solo exhibition stunt flyer of the day.

Came the events. Julian succeeded in making one jump, but the crowd preferred the woman who had preceded him. The Eagle was decidedly ruffled. He took off in a wild swoop and this time kept the crowd breathless as he circled to a six-thousand-foot altitude for an exhibition of stunt flying. A few minutes later he descended for a glass of water. He said it was quite difficult to do all that hard flying and jump as well.

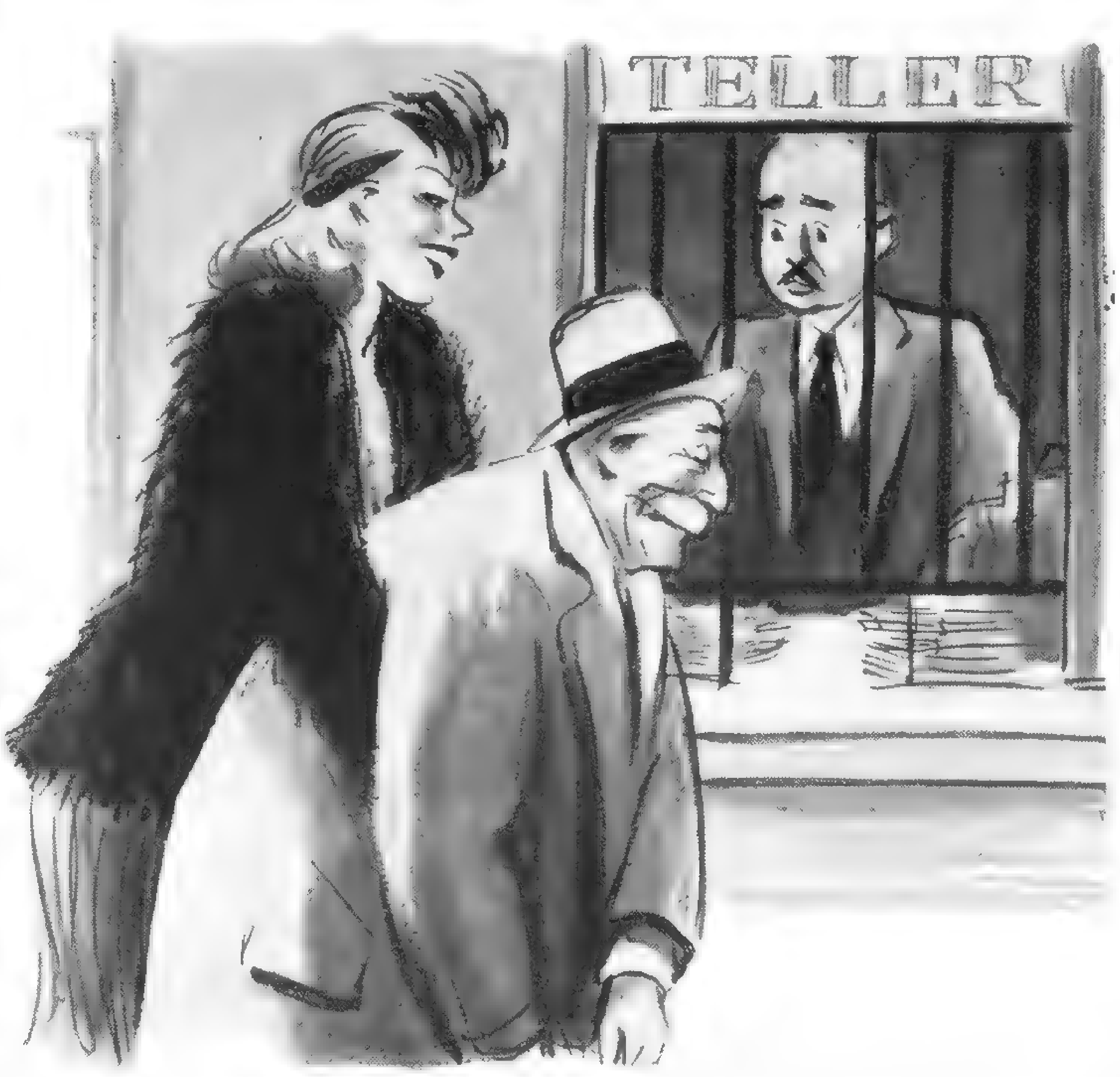
Last on the program was an exhibition of mass flight. Seven planes took off, Julian among them. The pilots had previously agreed to fly to Vail Field, a few miles distant, take off again and return to the starting point.

Everybody landed at Vail Field except Julian. The six pilots impatiently waited, motors turning over, but the sky was singularly free of eagles, black or otherwise. After a while they returned to the airport. The crowd applauded and broke up. As the last stragglers were leaving, Julian made his belated appearance. He got lost, he announced, and went to the wrong airport, where he waited for the bunch.

When Ethiopia was first invaded by Il Duce's Blackshirts, Julian was in New York. He cabled immediately to Selassie offering his services in the impending war. The cables went unacknowledged, but the intrepid Eagle sailed regardless. Refused admission at the border, he slipped into the back door to Ethiopia through Berbera, British Somaliland, presented himself before the Emperor and implored an opportunity to redeem himself. Although still the sartorial dandy and wearing his monocle, there appeared no prospect of his defending Ethiopia against the invading horde. Nor was the Emperor interested in two bags stuffed with photographs of airplanes which Julian had hoped to sell him.

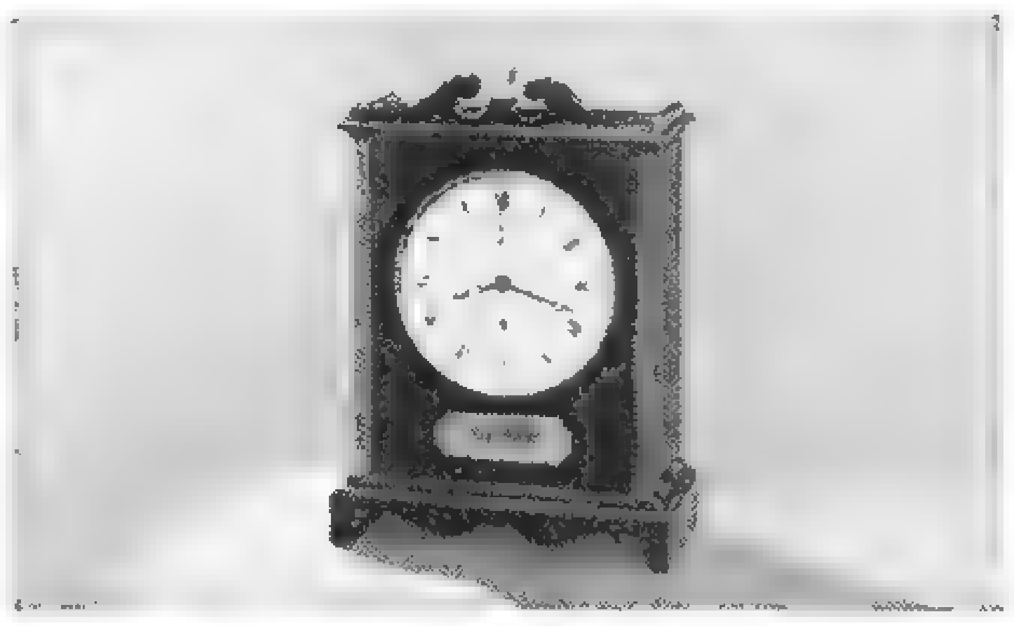
Julian passed word around that he would be extremely happy to get a job of some kind, but no Ethiopian business concern seemed impressed. He continued to plead his cause, and the Emperor finally relented—on condition that Julian

*Continued on page NY-56*

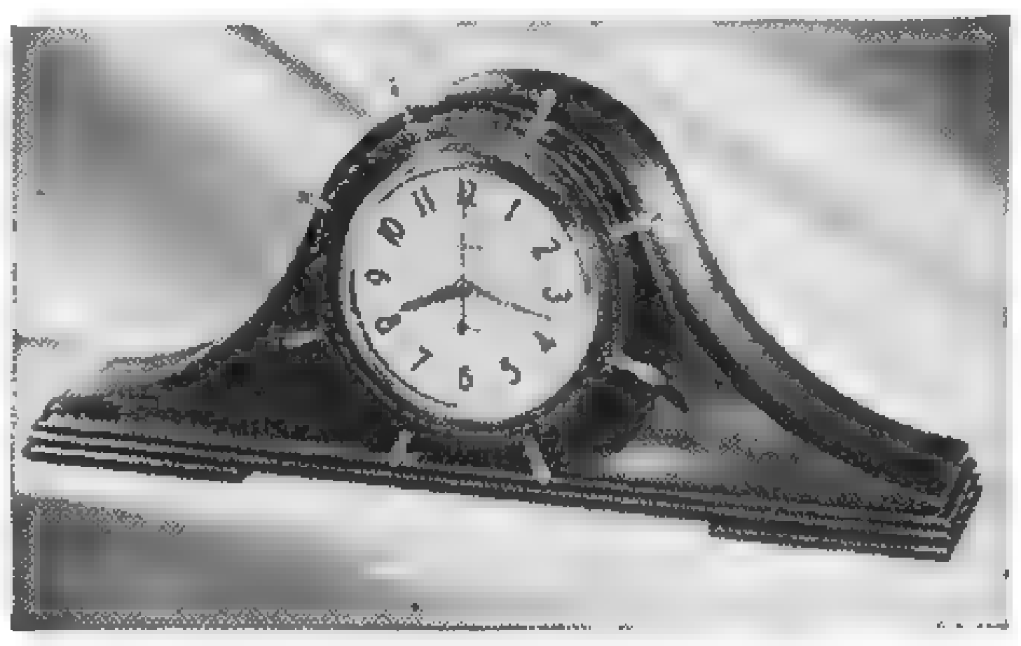


*"Mr. Holdrige has decided we should have a joint account"*

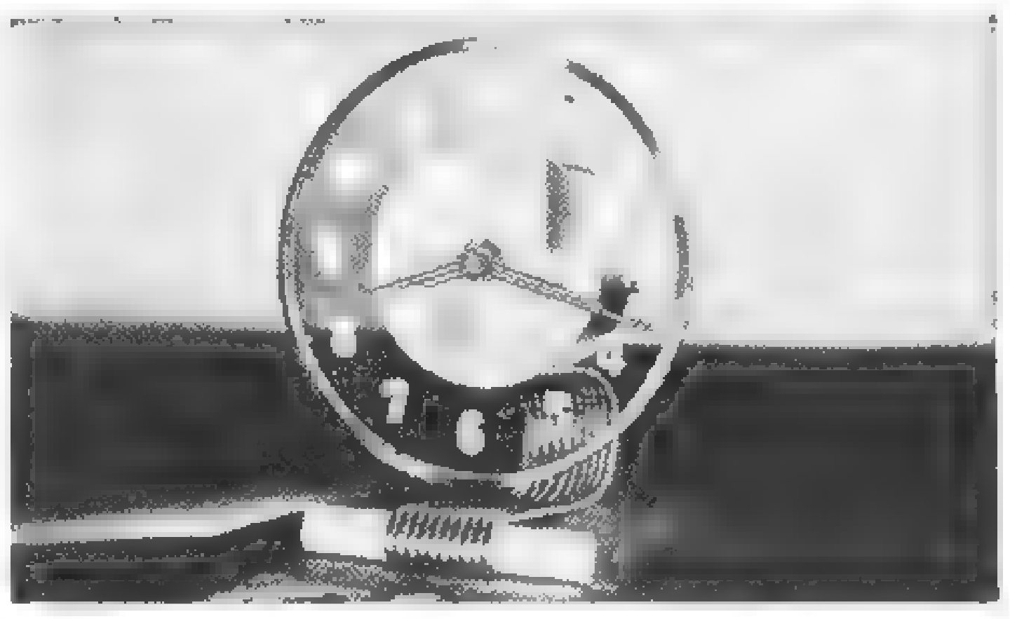
GIVE TELECHRON TIME



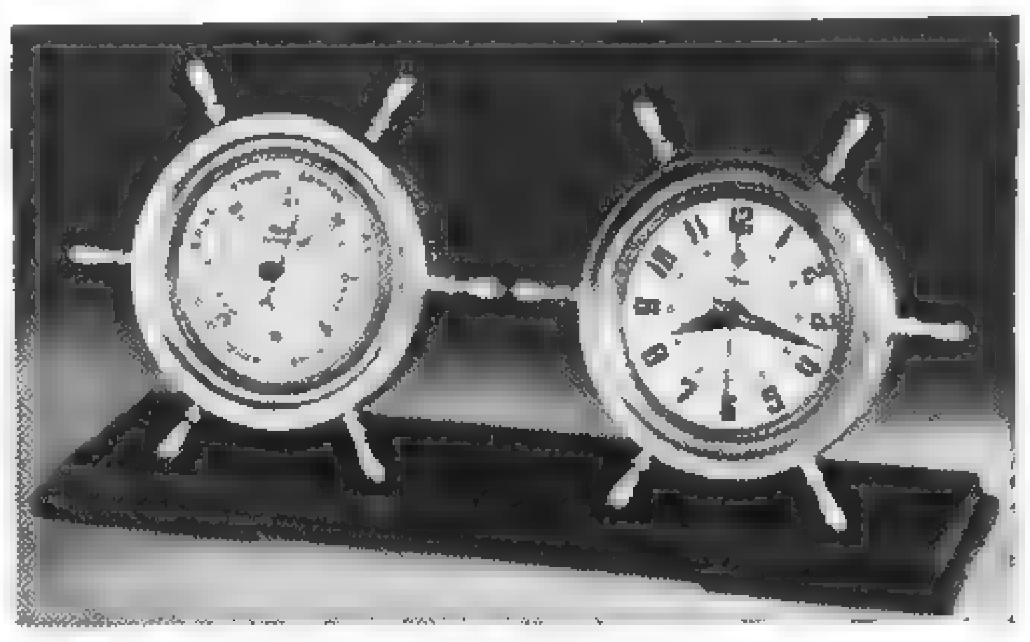
**KNICKERBOCKER** — An early-American design, 11 5/16 inches high, with brown wood case and gold-color top ornament..................**$9.95**



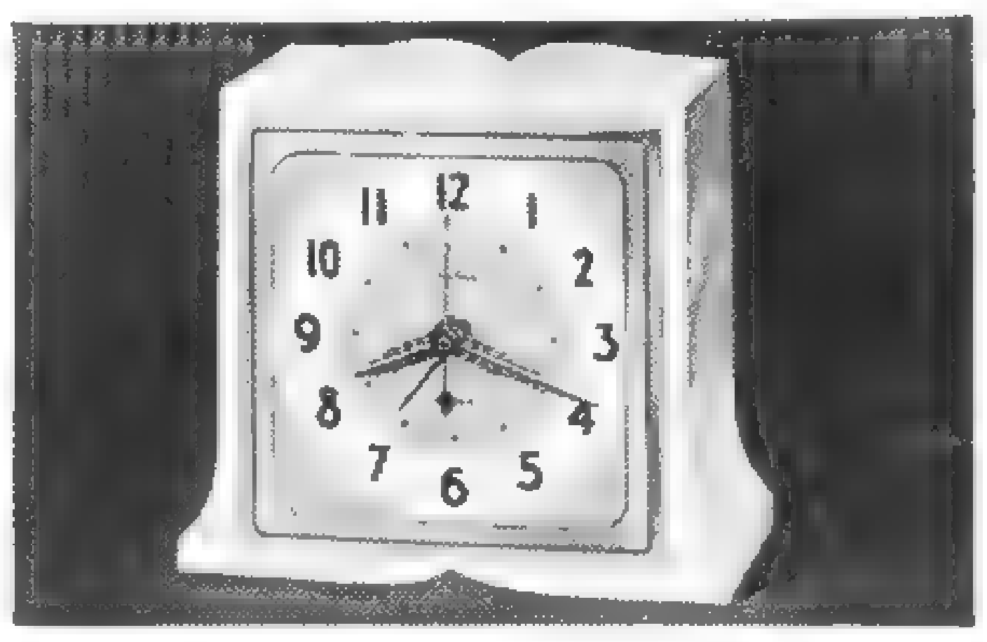
**YACHTSMAN** — Here's an ideal clock for those who love the sea. This wood tambour model sounds hours and half-hours in ship's bell sequence. 18⅜ inches wide...............**$17.50**



**SATELLITE** — A new design in transparent glass and gold-color metal. Ivory-color base rod and plate-glass dial with mirror center. 6⅞ inches high..................... **$9.95**



**QUARTERMASTER** — This combination ship's wheel clock and barometer set makes a handsome gift. The clock is the ***Resolute.*** The barometer has an identical case. Mahogany mounting panel, 15⅛ inches long.....**$16.50**



**IMP** — This bell-type alarm is offered in choice of ivory, rose or brown color plastic cases. 4⅝ inches wide. **$5.95**

Telechron
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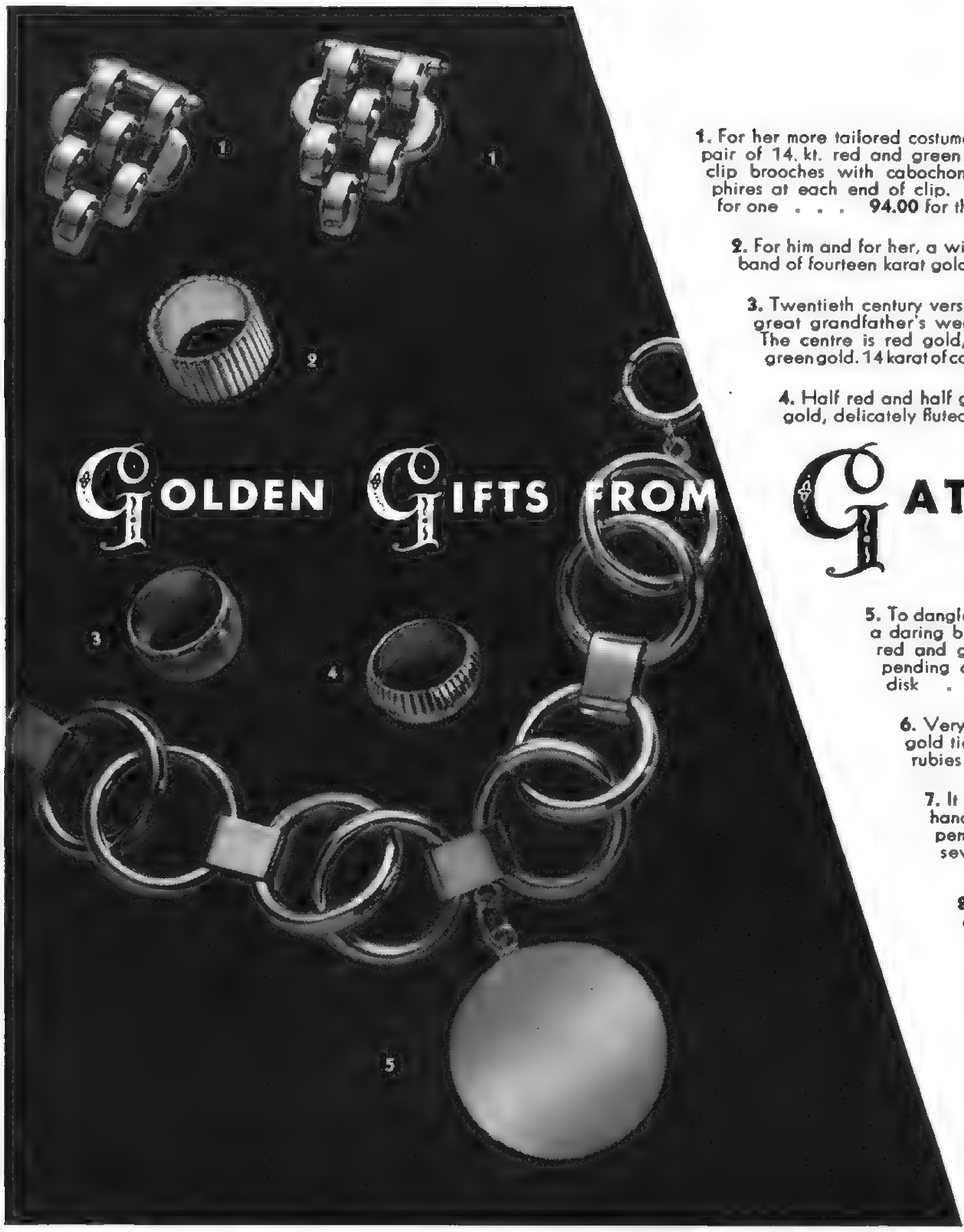
SELF-STARTING ELECTRIC CLOCKS



## GOLDEN GIFTS FROM GATTLE

1. For her more tailored costumes, a pair of 14 kt. red and green gold clip brooches with cabochon sapphires at each end of clip. 47.00 for one . . . 94.00 for the pair.

2. For him and for her, a wide fluted band of fourteen karat gold. 40.00.

3. Twentieth century version of your great grandfather's wedding ring. The centre is red gold, the edges, green gold. 14 karat of course. 26.50.

4. Half red and half green 14 karat gold, delicately fluted . . 25.00.

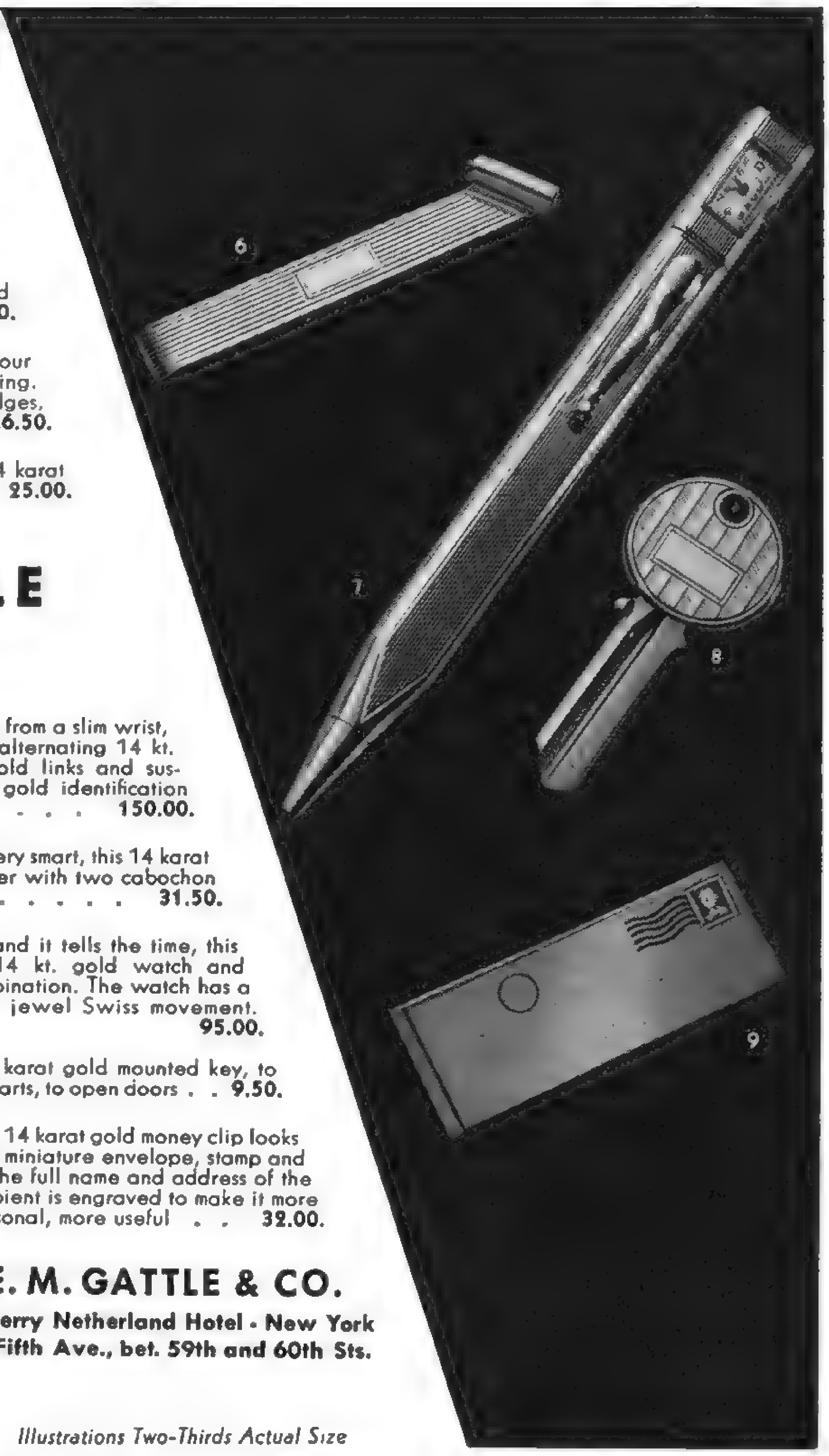
5. To dangle boldly from a slim wrist, a daring bracelet alternating 14 kt. red and green gold links and suspending a huge gold identification disk . . . . . . . 150.00.

6. Very new, very smart, this 14 karat gold tie fastener with two cabochon rubies . . . . . . . 31.50.

7. It writes and it tells the time, this handsome 14 kt. gold watch and pencil combination. The watch has a seventeen jewel Swiss movement. 95.00.

8. A 14 karat gold mounted key, to open hearts, to open doors . . 9.50.

9. This 14 karat gold money clip looks like a miniature envelope, stamp and all. The full name and address of the recipient is engraved to make it more personal, more useful . . 32.00.



**E. M. GATTLE & CO.**

**Sherry Netherland Hotel · New York**
**Fifth Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts.**

*Illustrations Two-Thirds Actual Size*

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# Henri

**CONFISEUR**

Est. 1906

## Suggests Distinctive But Palatempting Xmas Gifts

**No. 1** **HENRI'S FAMOUS PLUM PUDDING**
*In three sizes . . . . $3.00, $4.00 $5.00*

**No. 2** **HENRI'S CHRISTMAS CAKE**
*Packed in Tin Boxes . . . $4.00 & $6.00*

**No. 3** **HENRI'S EXQUISITE FRENCH CHOCOLATES**
*America's Finest, 2, 3, 5 lb. tin boxes . $2.00 a lb.*

**No. 4** **HENRI'S CHRISTMAS PACKAGE**
*contains*

*One Box of Assorted Chocolates* — *One Nougat Bar*
*One Box of Caramels* — *One Bar of Henri Chocolate*
*One Christmas Cake* — *One Box Salted Nuts*

*A Superb gift for only $10.00*

**GEORGE ROSS — New York World Telegram writes:**

*"One of the ten best in town . . . has been a superlative restaurant close to 35 years. Their food as always . . . is the best in Manhattan"*

*Make a Memo now: Tonight...Henri's for a delectable dinner*

15 EAST 52nd STREET
New York City
*Phone Orders Filled*
PLaza 3-7130

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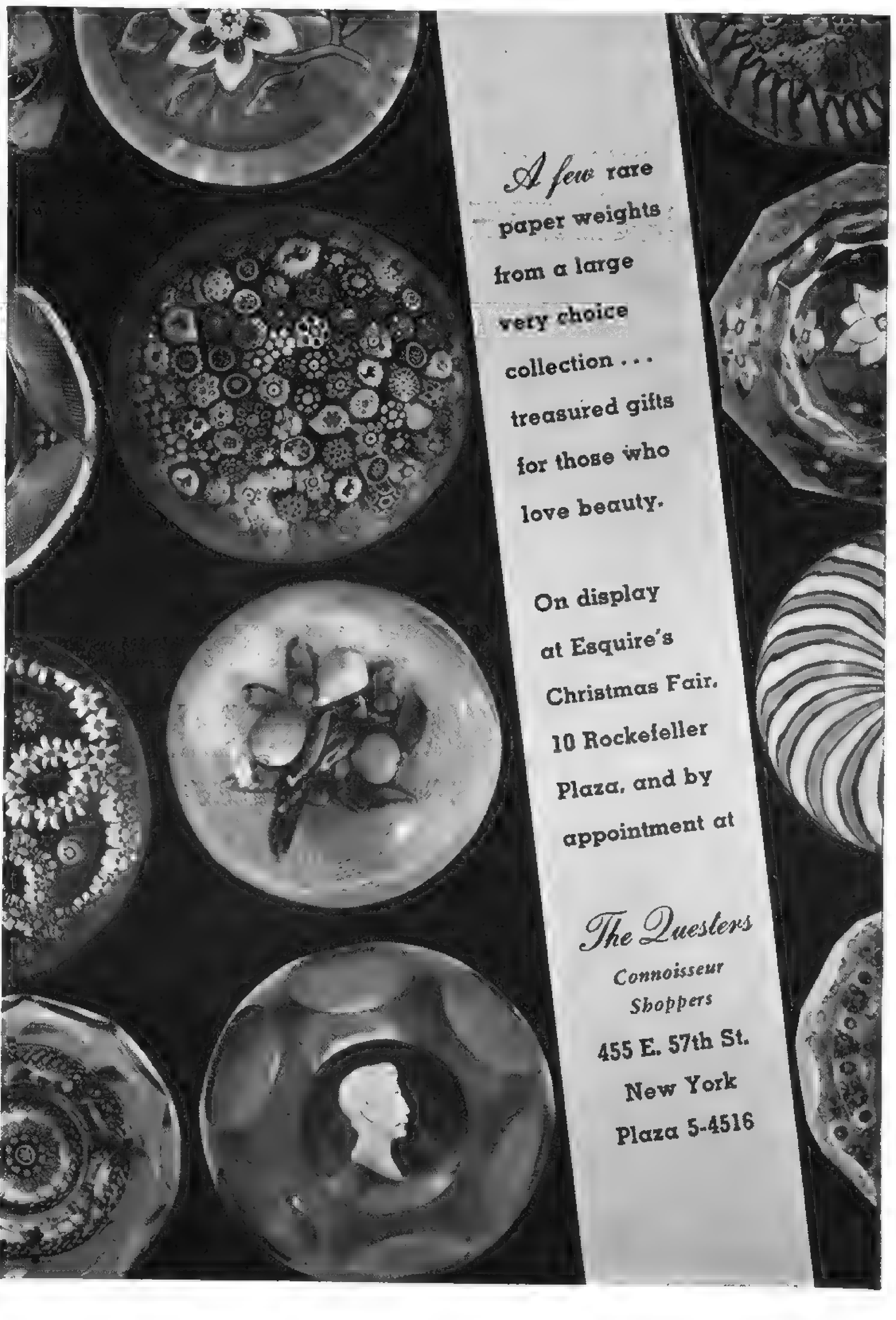

*A few* rare paper weights from a large very choice collection . . . treasured gifts for those who love beauty.

On display at Esquire's Christmas Fair, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, and by appointment at

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ANNOUNCING THE OPENING OF

Hattie Carnegie's Christmas Bazaar

INDIVIDUAL AND EXCLUSIVE GIFTS . . . FROM $5.

P.S. FOR MEN ONLY—and their Christmas Shopping problems! Hattie Carnegie will again open her famous Blue Room. Private entrance at 46 East 49th Street.

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42 EAST 49th STREET

Exquisite Perfumes from Britain's Flower Gardens of the Western World

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BERMUDA

Easter Lily • Oleander • Wild Jasmine • Gardenia • Passion Flower • Eve

LILI PERFUMES, INC., 122 E. 42ND ST., N. Y.

## Black Eagle of Harlem

*Continued from page NY-54*

become a full-fledged Ethiopian citizen, subject to all the laws of the Kingdom.

Once installed in the Emperor's good graces, Julian became chummy with foreign correspondents and tossed them various tidbits of dubious state information. He intimated to a few select correspondents that he might wed the Emperor's daughter, but refused further details about the charming Princess Tschai, only unmarried daughter of Selassie. Despite the rigors of the African climate, he maintained his reputation for elegance. It was town gossip that Julian changed attire three times daily. A consort of two natives in white sheets tagged behind him with suitcases, and the gold braid on his resplendent uniform was never dusty.

When the Italian advance began in earnest, a large detachment of natives was mobilized in the capital, Julian among them. Just as they were about to leave for the front, Julian complained of agonizing stomach pains. Holding his stomach, he barely managed to creep into a hotel. The troops marched on. A few moments later, Julian reappeared, loud with chagrin that the troops had gone. His health improved miraculously, for the following day he rode a white charger down the main streets during a military review and was wildly cheered by the populace. It was the highest he rose in the air, however. Apparently the fate of his Moth still rankled in Selassie's mind.

In the interim, another Negro, John Robinson, a Chicago mechanic, had volunteered to fly under Selassie's banner and made good, much to Julian's discomfiture. The two became embroiled in a fist fight over alleged lack of sympathy in America for Ethiopia.

A laconic A.P. dispatch from the capital announced that the Brown Condor of Ethiopia, John Robinson, had replaced the Black Eagle in the Ethiopian Air Force. In the battle of birds Julian had emerged with clipped wings. He was transferred to the remote Wallago region, four hundred miles in the interior, to train rookies.

Two months later, a foaming mule dashed into Addis Ababa with Julian on its back. He announced breathlessly that he had been riding without rest for thirty-one hours in response to an urgent telegram from the Emperor.

"What news?" he demanded.

Palace attendants informed him that Adowa had fallen.

"If the Emperor wishes," Julian announced, "I can start immediately for Adowa to help recapture that city. I know how to fight the Italians," he added. "I knew many of them in Harlem!"

The Emperor was not impressed. Conflicting stories arose that Julian had not been paid, that his authority had not been respected, that the Emperor had canned him altogether. At any rate he decided to resign. He persuaded Linton Wells, one of the correspondents, to type a heroic note for him to Selassie in which Julian denounced the back-stabbing tactics of his enemies, and swore a pledge of deathless fealty to the Emperor. The next day, during an impressive military review, one Colonel Hubert Fauntleroy Julian, late of His Majesty's Air Force and Army, tearfully bade farewell to the Kingdom and announced his departure thence forevermore.

"Your Supreme Illustriousness," he said, "it is with overflowing emotion and bleeding heart that I am resigning as an officer of the great army of the conquering Lion of Judah."

*Continued on page NY-58*

# SHINING EXAMPLES ★ ★

OF WHAT SHE EXPECTS

B.
up to
8x10
photo
$11.50
up to
10x12
photo
$17.00

C.
up to
8x10
photo
$14.00
up to
8x10
photo
$8.00

A. LUCITE COCKTAIL TABLE. Sparkling plate glass top with clever Lucite frame that holds a flower pot. 18½ ins. Unusual at **$19.75**

B.-C. PICTURE FRAMES (illus.). Crystal plastic, Plexiglass. No borders. Stands without easels. Your photo front or back (if you rate). Photos slip in, fasten with chrome buttons.

D. LUCITE COFFEE TABLE. Marvelous new plastic, Lucite, sweeps down from heavy plate glass top to form a magazine rack. 15x28 ins. **$39.50**

**Distinguished Gifts**

*Hale's*

605 5th Ave. (near 49th)
New York

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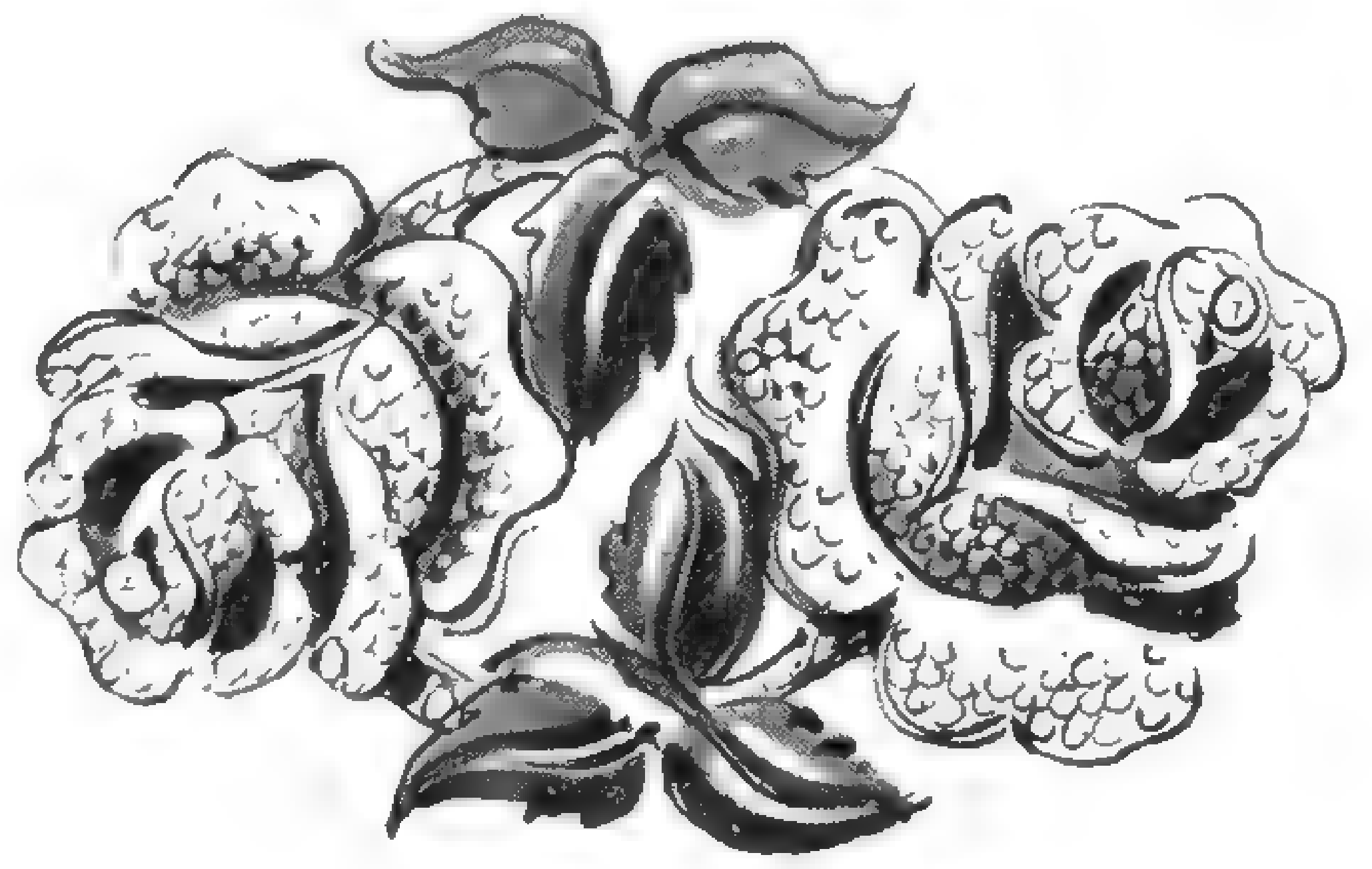
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER

## •• SAKS FIFTH AVENUE ••



*Entwined like True Love....*

A pair of prize roses
..with a julep frost on them for her lapel.
Inseparable?
Well, just a bit
...like all true loves. They come apart...
and form a pair of single
rose clips. Designed by
Coro...25.00

*Street Floor*

Mail and phone orders filled

## •• SAKS FIFTH AVENUE ••

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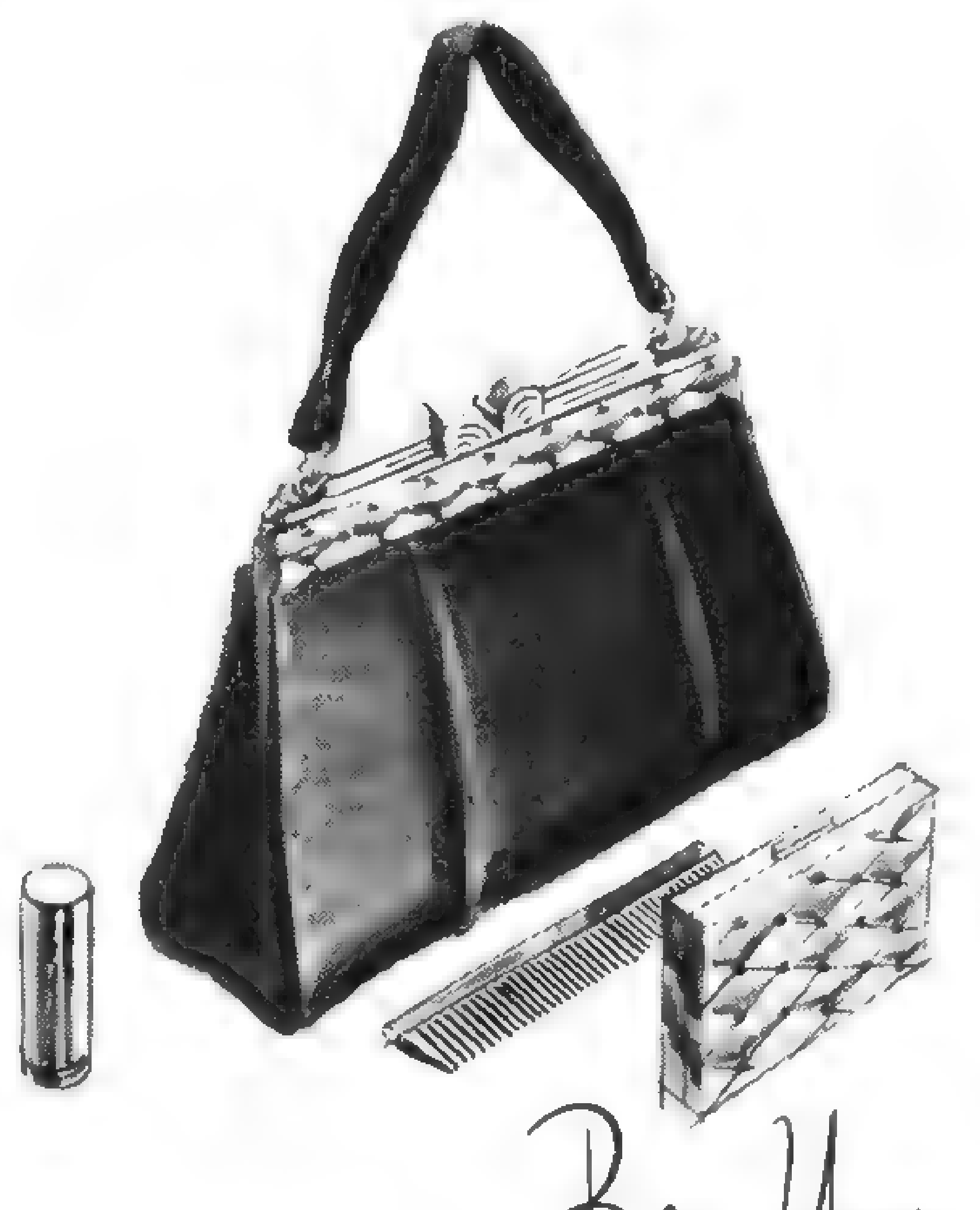
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER

## •• SAKS FIFTH AVENUE ••



*Bag Your Woman....*

Fascinate her with the handbag she doesn't dare get for herself. Black French suede, a jeweler's frame in two tone 24 kt. gold plate. Studded with ruby or emerald colored cabochons. Fitted with matching compact, lipstick and comb. 38.50

Everything by Evans     Street Floor

## •• SAKS FIFTH AVENUE ••

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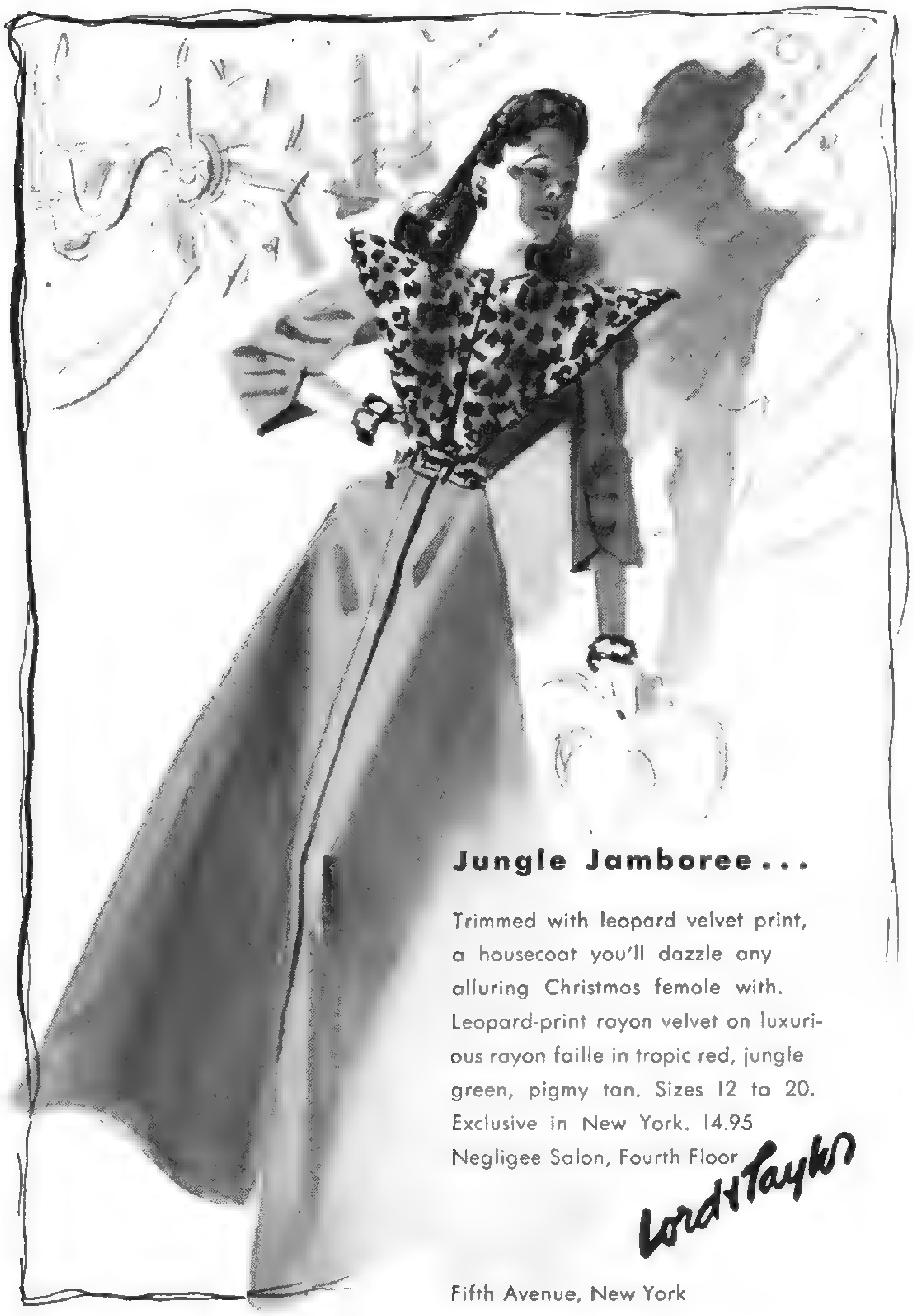


**Jungle Jamboree...**

Trimmed with leopard velvet print, a housecoat you'll dazzle any alluring Christmas female with. Leopard-print rayon velvet on luxurious rayon faille in tropic red, jungle green, pigmy tan. Sizes 12 to 20. Exclusive in New York. 14.95
Negligee Salon, Fourth Floor

*Lord & Taylor*

Fifth Avenue, New York

Smart, indeed high fashion . . . so that she will love it. The velvet with the bright new nailheads see to that. Feminine, and dignified yet snuggly . . . so that *you*, too, will get a kick out of it, and who has a better right? The persuasive negligee sketched just happened to be brilliant red, but you needn't learn to like red, unless you care to. We've blue, black, purple, yellow, green . . . in fact, just stroll up to Filer-Machol with your $35.(or phone Regent 4-6844) and name your color. Or maybe you'd like sheer wool. It's $29.75 that way, in peacock blue or dusty rose.

The gadgety pin has nothing to do with the case. It was just so quaint, it clamored for a break. Gold metal flower pots with colored jeweled flowers actually move on a pulley. Dizzy, smart and $9.75.

Velvet for Virgin or Vixen

FILER MACHOL

747 MADISON AVE., BET. 64th & 65th STS., NEW YORK

To Mr. *and* Mrs.

For her, a wicker breakfast tray with a removable mirror top that hides a reading stand. In white, green, peach or yellow, $10. English china breakfast set, rose dawn or grey dawn, 12 pieces, $6.50.

For him, steeds to hold his books. Impressive crystal-like glass, well modeled into book ends, $10 a pair. Mail orders filled.

*Slight additional charge for mailing outside regular delivery area.*

**W&J SLOANE**
Fifth Avenue at 47th • New York

## Black Eagle of Harlem

*Continued from page NY-56*

To correspondents, he said: "I am not less loyal to His Majesty and to the Ethiopian cause than I always have been. After all, please be so good as to remember Ethiopia is my country, I am its citizen, and I am willing to shed my life's blood for it! But fate is deciding otherwise. My heart will always be here, yet after all, I must eat, and I feel I have no alternative but to leave."

When the Cunard White Star *Aquitania* docked at New York, reporters, learning of his presence, hurried to an expensive first-class stateroom. They knocked and entered to find Julian before a mirror in his shirtsleeves, carefully adjusting a black and white scarf. He whirled around and threw up his hands in horror.

"Christopher Columbus!" he exclaimed in his best Oxford, "this is an intrusion!"

He pleaded for time in which to dress and reappeared in black morning coat, light gray trousers, pearl gray spats, ascot tie, derby hat, chamois gloves, beaver coat, dangling an ivory-handled umbrella. It was Saville Row fashion to the last buttonhole.

Someone remarked about the elegance of his clothes and the expensive suite.

"I am flushed," he said. "In Port Said an Englishwoman gave me sixty thousand dollars. She admired my sincerity of purpose and honesty in resigning my commission to tell the truth about Ethiopia. I can never divulge her name."

He was asked if the lady in question could possibly have been the Italian government in disguise. Towering to his full height, he said, "No, it was impossible!" In regard to Ethiopia itself, he said, solemnly, "I want no more of that barbarously cruel nation. The Italian invasion was an act of God in answer to the suffering cries of humanity. I left Ethiopia because I felt it was my duty to sacrifice my career and my ambitions in order to tell the truth. Yes, the persecutions suffered by early Christians were mild compared to what I have seen. I do not condone what one nation does to another, but I could not justifiably serve His Majesty after what I saw."

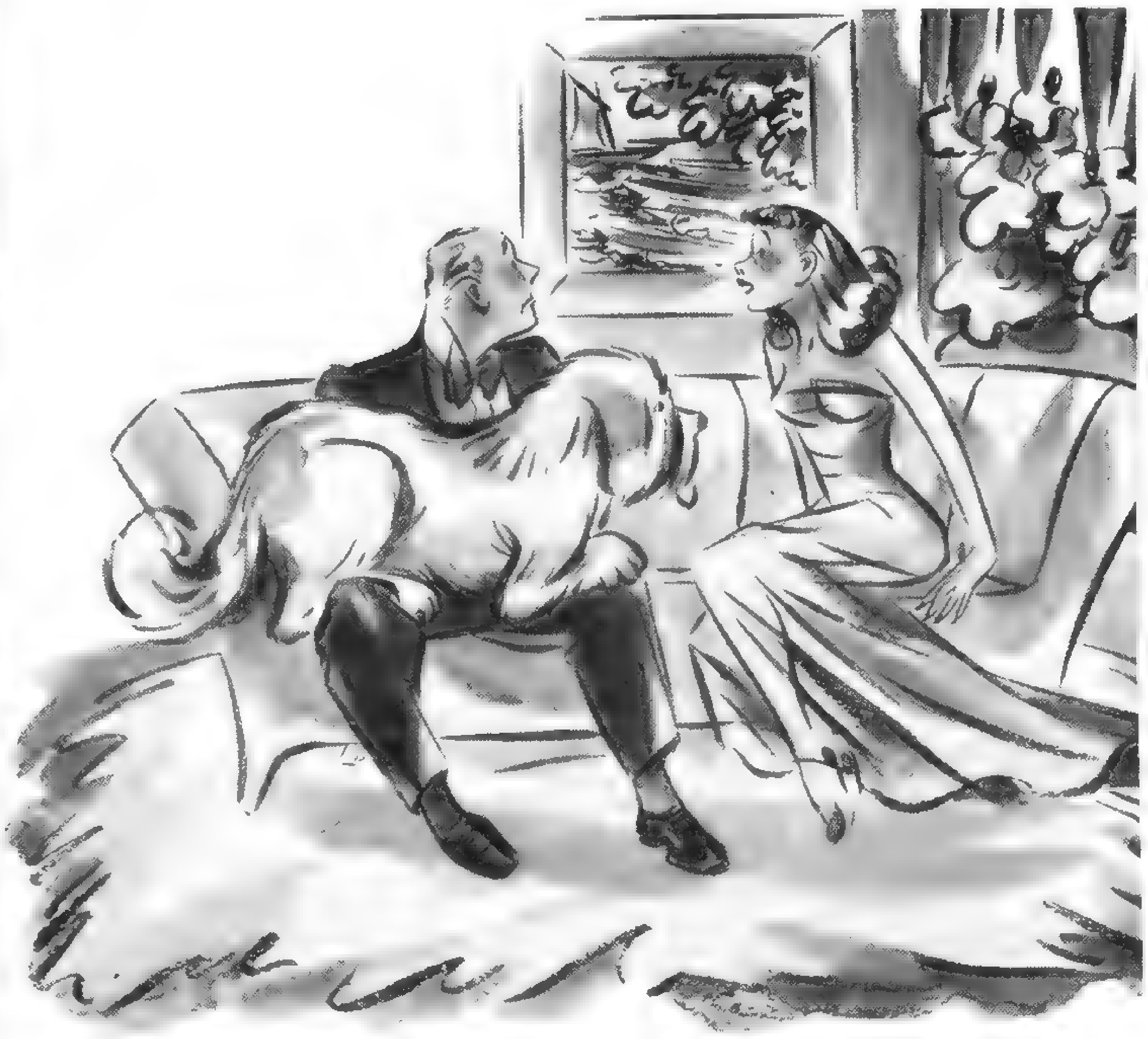
Julian turned out in a new Rolls Royce driven by a white chauffeur, and apparently with a great deal of money. He said the car and chauffeur had been presented to him for use as he liked by a wealthy citizen of New York State, but failed to release his benefactor's name.

All at once he engaged passage on an Italian liner, and was whisked to the pier by his chauffeur and secretary. There was a rendezvous in the offing, he said, with his titled English friend, the same who had furnished money for his flight because she was so touched by his courage in renouncing Ethiopia.

"I am going to Italy for the first time," he also let it be known, "to realize my prospect of a transatlantic flight between New York and Rome. I do not expect to use the ground at all, but hope to take off from America, fly to Rome and return home without landing by refueling in air." He would use a "special mystery plane" that was being built for him, and also remarked he would go to Monte Carlo to do "what anyone does at Monte Carlo."

In his time Julian had traveled under the British, Canadian, American and Ethiopian flags. Now on board the Italian liner, he was the hero of returning Fascisti. In Rome he kept the carabinieri waiting a full hour until a

*Continued on page NY-60*



*"Oh don't worry about Prince, Mr. Hostetter—if he isn't comfortable he'll get down!"*

Noel . . . Noel . . .

Let these flaxen-haired choristers enhance the gladness of your holiday board. Beautifully executed, these figures happily reflect the Yuletide spirit. The group illustrated, with candles $5.50. Other subjects and groups from $1.25 up. Write for Holiday Gift Booklet.

Sweden House, Inc.

FIFTH AVE. at 51st ST. NEW YORK, N. Y.

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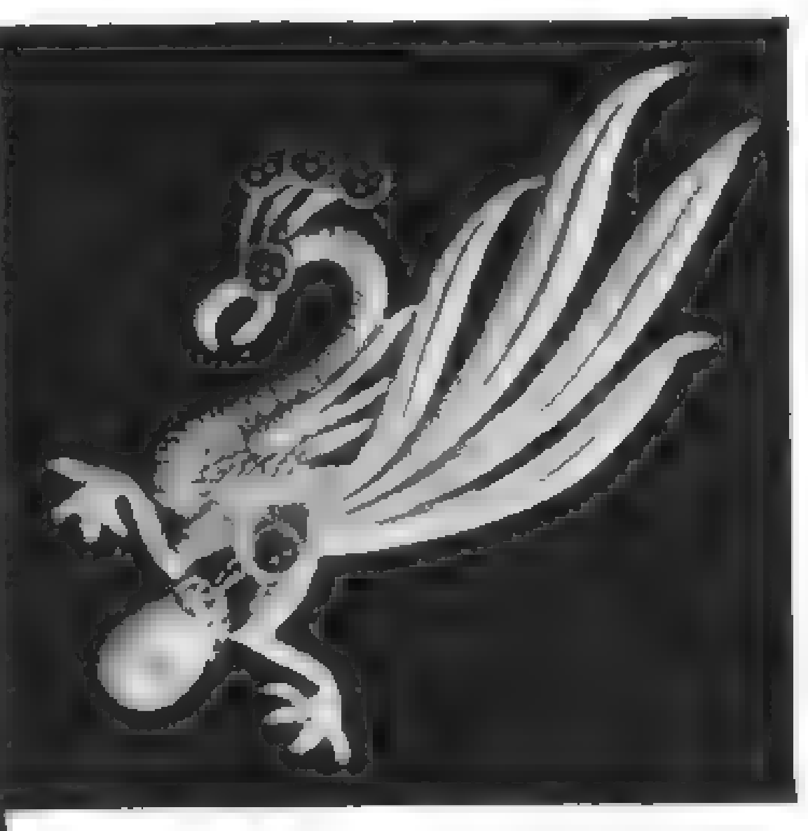
Chastity Belt with jeweled key conveniently attached is the amusing note of this original tea-gown of shimmering satin. Choice of colors. $95.

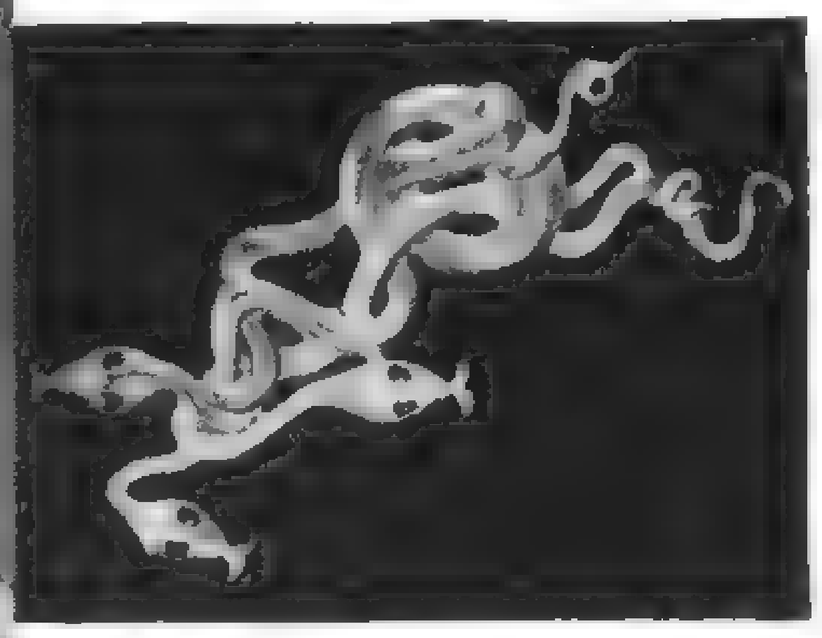
Nina Price

8 EAST 53RD, NEW YORK



The Phoenix bird of gold on sterling rises from the flames to make a handsome pin. Nina Price original. $25.

Peacocks with jeweled tails; for your ears and hat or dress. Exclusive. $25.



Medusa serpents with jeweled eyes set in gold on sterling base. Curved to fit your lapel. Nina Price original. $25.

---

**TIME to please an EPICURE**

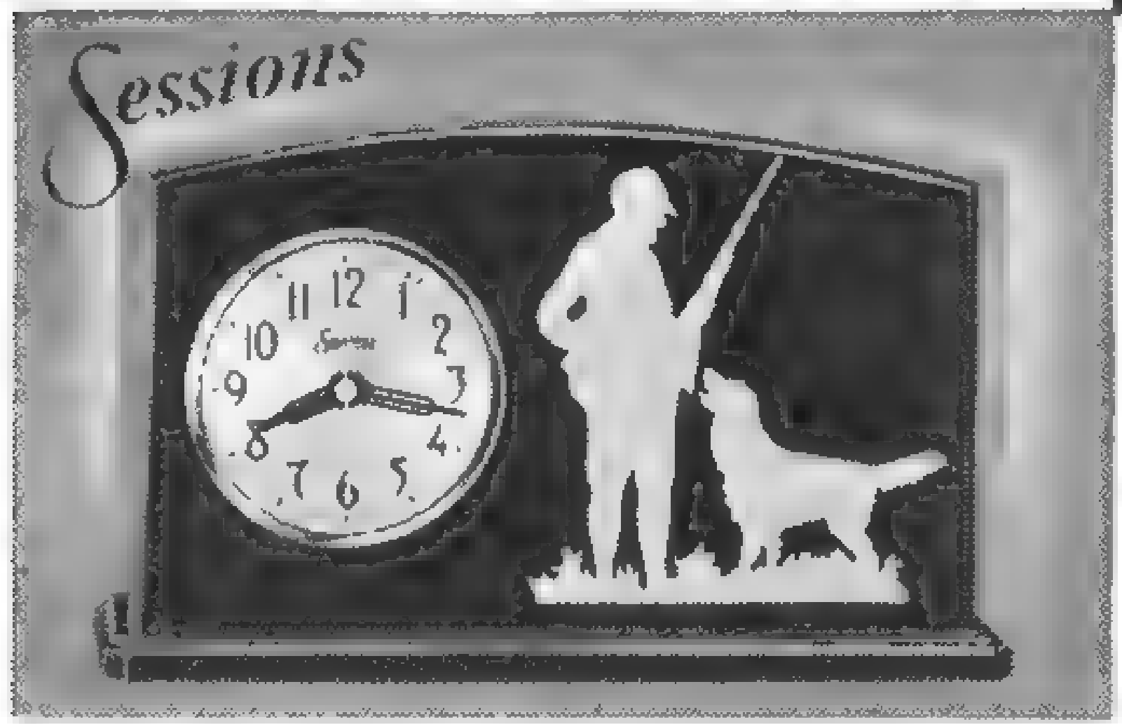
Give yourself the reputation as an epicure of Christmas gifts! Give one of these smart new Sessions Clocks backed by more than a hundred years of clock-making craftsmanship.

**No. 381W**—Skipper's trim binnacle clock—dial similar to a compass card—self-starting electric movement. Walnut case. Size 6½" x 5½".

**Price $8.00**

**No. 380W**—Epicure's Delight—with knife and fork for hands! Self-starting electric movement—Size 10½" x 7¼".

**Price $4.35**



**No. 385W**—Huntsman's Pride—silhouette table clock—also choice of bright metal silhouette of sailing ship or 18th century couple. Self-starting electric movement. Size 10" x 6½".

**Price $6.55**

See these Sessions Clocks at the Esquire Christmas Fair at 10 Rockefeller Plaza. Better department and jewelry stores offer a wide selection of Sessions Clocks. See them today or order direct if your dealer cannot supply you. Illustrated folder will be sent on request.

**THE SESSIONS CLOCK COMPANY, Forestville, Conn., U. S. A.**

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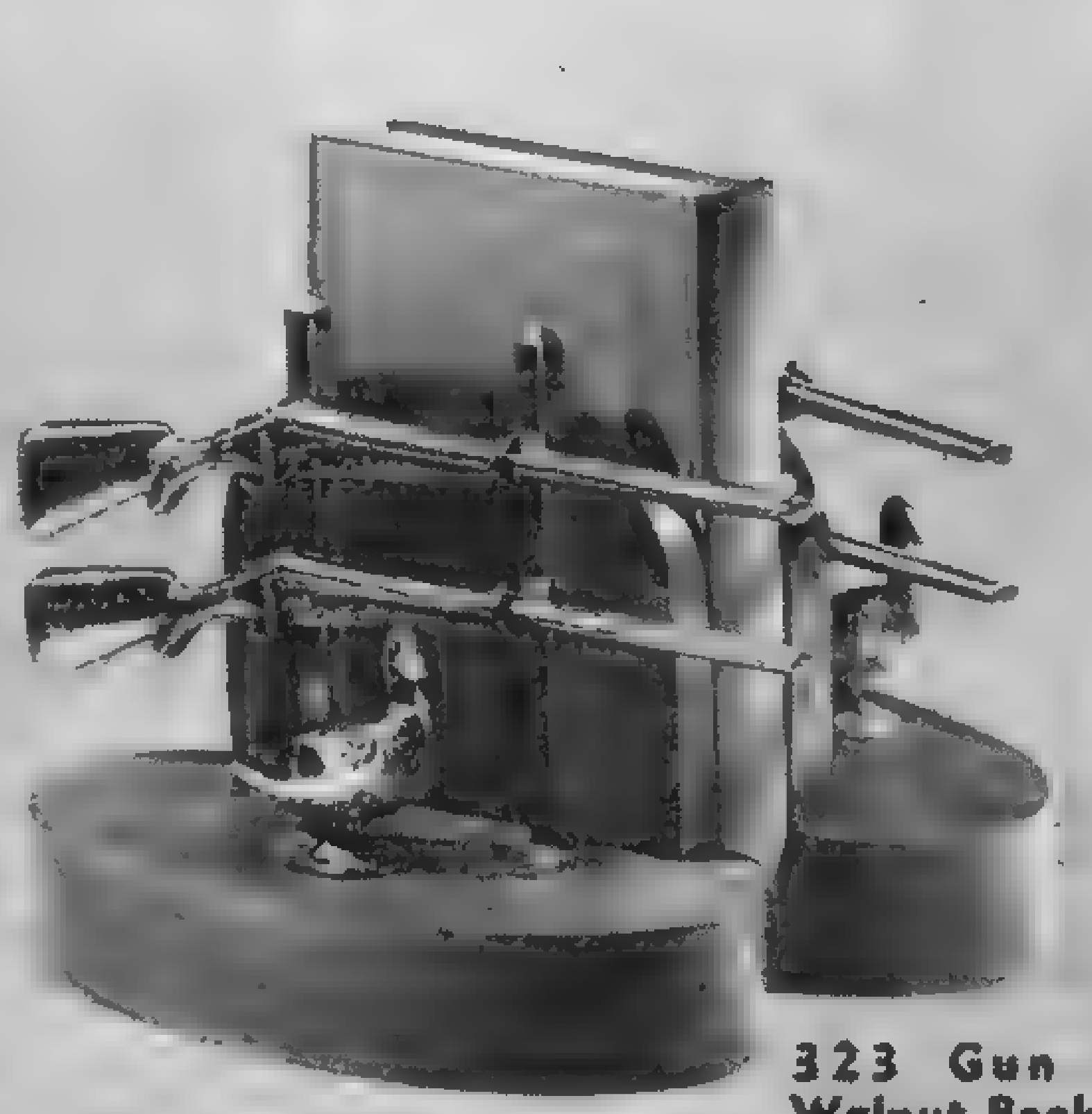
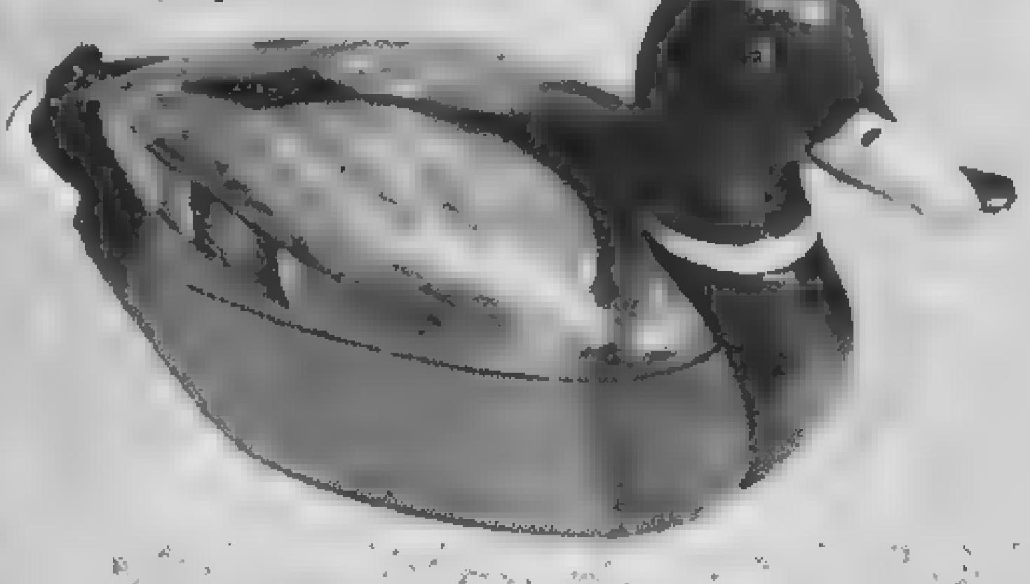
**Gifts for ye SPORTSMAN**

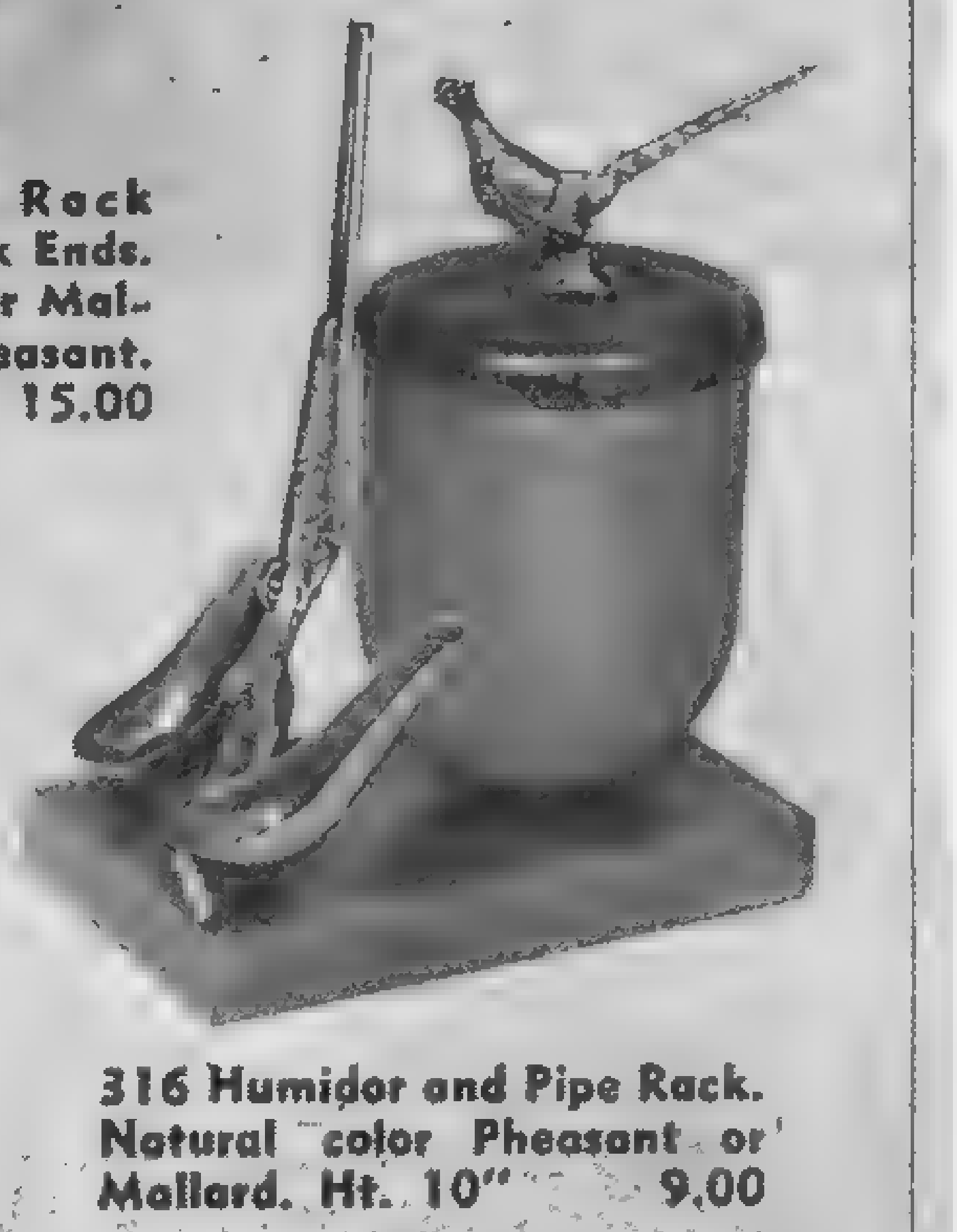
301 Metal Shot Gun Table Lamp. Quail, Mallard or Pheasant shade. Ht. 24" 23.00



323 Gun Rack Walnut Book Ends. Natural color Mallard or Pheasant. Overall 9" 15.00

100 Mallard Duck Decoy Cigarette Box. Touch head back flips open. Overall 8" 6.00 (patented)





316 Humidor and Pipe Rack. Natural color Pheasant or Mallard. Ht. 10" 9.00

*At Leading Stores, or order direct giving local dealers name. Check folders desired.*

☐ Gifts for the Skipper ☐ Gifts for the Horseman ☐ Gifts for the man who Shoots.

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good time can be had
*by all*

There's no time like the present, and no present like *time*, when you give New Haven clocks and watches. Alert modern eyes light up at sight of their stunning beauty; swift modern lives are paced more precisely by their stop-watch accuracy. Good time is had by all . . . for each and every New Haven timepiece is backed by 123 years of clock-craftsmanship. Time and Christmas-tide wait for no man . . . so choose now, from this grand assortment:

**LIBRARY ALARM CLOCK** . . . A superb mantel-masterpiece in its lustrous case of finely grained Catalin . . . a grand "waker-upper" with its full-toned alarm bell . . . here's the all-purpose clock you've been looking for. Unbreakable crystal, gold-color numerals outlined in black, silvered dial. One key winds both time and alarm mechanisms. 4⅛" high, 5⅛" wide, 2" deep. Your choice of dark green or ivory. $4.50.

**DEN ALARM CLOCK** . . . Very much like the above but without the base. 3⅜" high, 4" wide, 2" deep. $3.75.

**TOURIST NO. 2 ALARM** . . . In a travelling case worthy of a previous jewel, this folding alarm clock accompanies you on your trips, wakes you at the appointed hour, gives you the security that only an accurate timepiece can confer. Black, tan or brown simulated leather and gold-color metal give distinction to its cloth-lined case. Radium numerals and hands; unbreakable crystal. When closed, it's 1½" high, 4½" wide, 4" deep; open, it stands 4⅛" high. $7.95.

**STYLIS** . . . What executive's desk wouldn't look better with this modern electric clock? Large, easily visible numerals flip over like the pages of a book. This ingenious device is housed in glass, mahogany and white holly. 3¾" high, 7¾" wide, 3¾" deep. Runs on AC only, 110V - 60 cycles. $11.25.

**OVERNITE ALARM** . . . It goes where you go, stays where you stay . . . your faithful bedside companion at home or on a week-end jaunt. Sliding shutters cover front and back, giving complete protection when closed. Unbreakable crystal, silvered dial, radium hands and numerals. One key winds both time and alarm mechanisms. 3⅛" high, 4¼" wide, 2" deep. Packed in colorful gift box. Black and chrome, $3.75. Ivory and polished brass, $4.25.

**"EMBLEM" WATCHES** . . . These are patriotic times, gentlemen . . . and *these* are patriotic timepieces, these "Emblem" pocket watches. Each has a red-white-and-blue shield on its dial; No. 1 has a flag on the back, No. 2, two crossed flags with an eagle. Young nephews present no gift-problems, with these genuine New Haven watches priced at only $1.75.

**At better jewelers and department stores everywhere.**

*The New Haven Clock Co.*
*Fine Timepieces Since 1817*
**NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT**

## Black Eagle of Harlem

*Continued from page NY-58*

red carnation was obtained for his lapel, then presented himself before Fascist officials as the first Ethiopian citizen to submit to Mussolini. In Naples he emerged with a new name. It was now Colonel Huberto Fauntleroyana Juliano, subject of Italy. After that his Italian itinerary included a leisurely trip to places of interest and Monte Carlo, where he probably did "what anyone does at Monte Carlo."

Immigration officials snared him in a passport tangle when he returned, and he was barred from the country after a special board of inquiry on Ellis Island sifted his case and found it full of holes. Julian appealed to Washington, and in the interim sailed for France. He was in low spirits, so low as to refuse an interview with the press. Enemies were conspiring to kill him, he believed. In anticipation of sudden death, he had left two thousand dollars to a Harlem burial establishment, with instructions to be buried "head up, feet down, with my hand at salute."

At the height of his popularity, Julian was lauded in the Negro press with such flowing sentences as: "To Lieutenant Hubert Julian of the 269th Infantry, New York National Guard, the gallant old Fifteenth Regiment, the thought of spanning the gray wastes of the Atlantic is by no means new." That, however, was before the hero worship that made him kingpin of the Negroes had fizzled out. Feeling against him was running to a blood heat in colored sections of the country.

Harlem thinks him an imposter seeking the middle ground of eccentricity. Frequently mulcted for funds toward flights which never left ground, infuriated by his treachery in going over to Mussolini, former champions are more than dubious of his integrity. An editorial in the *Amsterdam News*, prominent Harlem newspaper, declared:

HE'S GOT WINGS—FOLDED

"Brother Hubert Julian, whose long-distant flights have always been made on boats and trains, says he is ready for another of his periodic 'hops.' This self-styled colonel, 'an Italian subject by conquest,' says he's going to head for London and Paris without a stop for gasoline, or even a hamburger, and head right back to the United States.

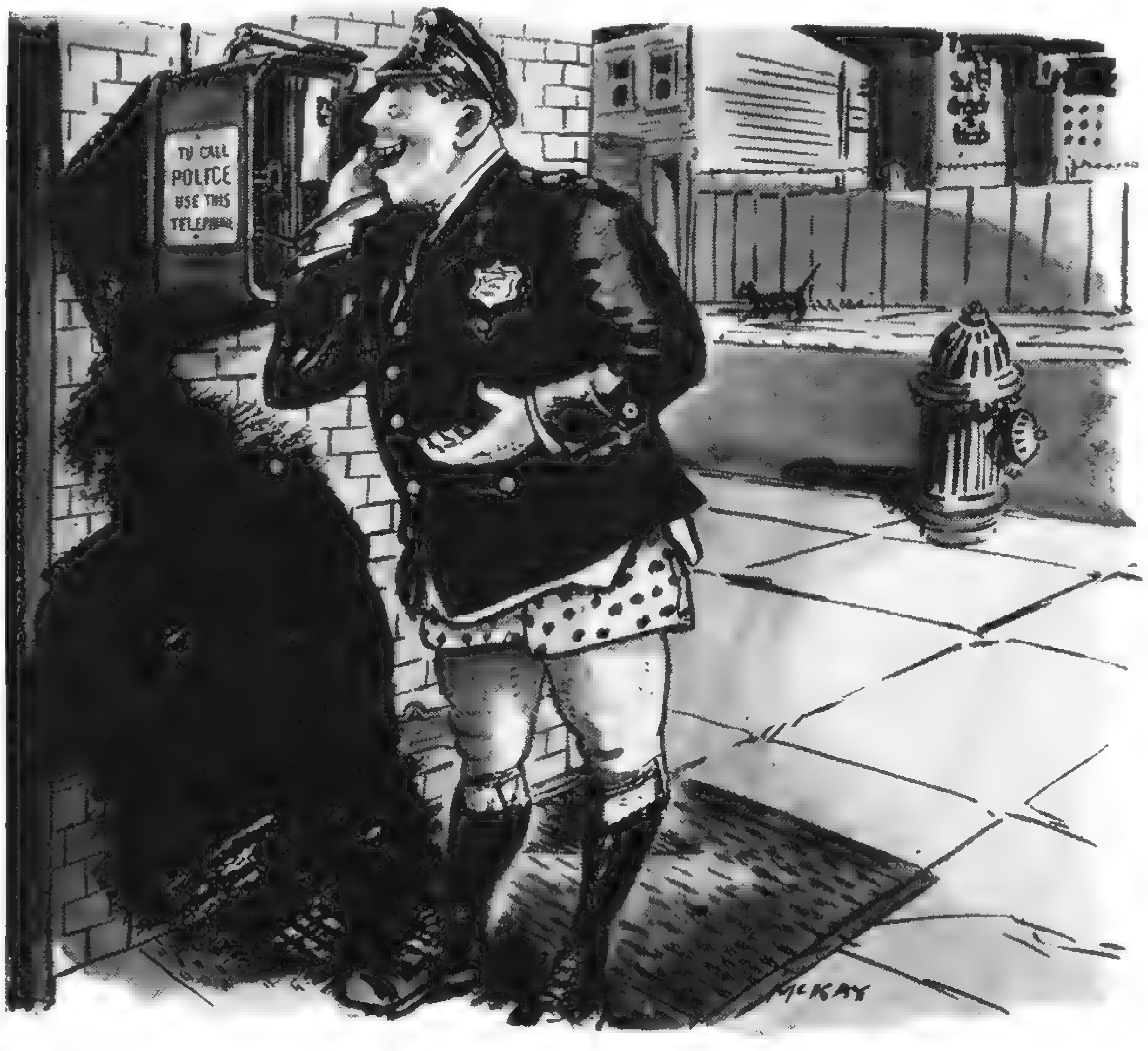
"Julian has picked for his navigator, Allen Moton, son of the president-emeritus of Tuskegee Institute, whom no one has ever accused of being as conservative as his distinguished father. The Black Eagle is not satisfied merely to do the round-trip hop, but says he'll win the air race in June to mark the anniversary of Lindbergh's jump to Paris. When Lindbergh's aviation wings were still folded and unused, Julian was talking about flights over the Atlantic. Today he's still talking.

"If Negroes didn't have a half-dozen top-rate fliers and a few dozen passable ones, fellows like Julian wouldn't be so funny."

Two years ago the Black Eagle volunteered to fly for the Chinese against Japan, and in a valiant sprint for the dock, missed the *Queen Mary* by ten minutes. At last accounts he had challenged Goering to an air duel, to be fought over the English Channel.

While the German Embassy characterized the offer as "beneath notice," Julian claims his wife received an anonymous phone call from Washington. The speaker said:

"Tell that fellow his challenge has been accepted and to be on the spot." ⌗

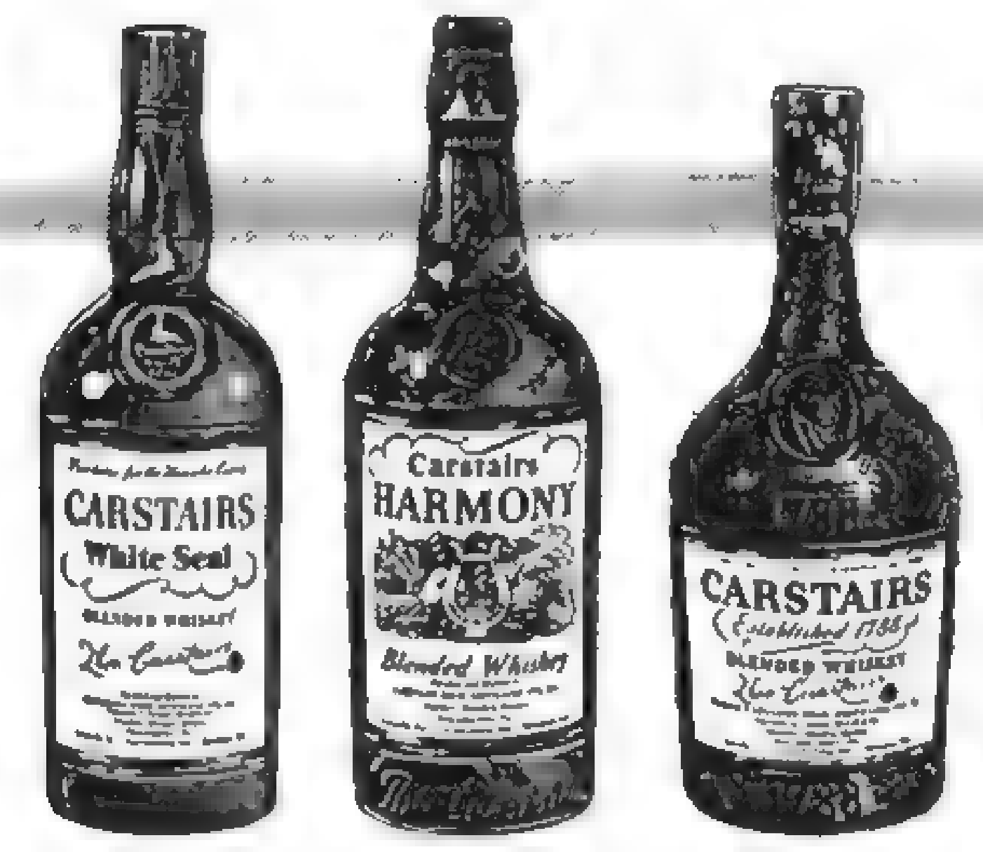

TO CALL POLICE USE THIS TELEPHONE
McKAY

*"Chief? This is O'Rourke—wanna hear something funny?"*

## Do Your Friends Say "Ah"?

We predict they'll pay that pleasant tribute to the taste of your drinks . . . to *your* taste as a host . . . if you're thoughtful enough to serve Carstairs whiskies. Made expressly for "The Man Who Cares", *they're America's most distinctive whiskies.* Carstairs has been a name of character since 1788.

**THE MAN WHO CARES SAYS: CARSTAIRS**



**BLENDED WHISKIES**—CARSTAIRS (Est. 1788), 86.8 Proof, 65% grain neutral spirits. CARSTAIRS WHITE SEAL, 86.8 Proof, 72% grain neutral spirits. CARSTAIRS HARMONY, 86 Proof, 75% grain neutral spirits. Copr. 1940, Carstairs Bros. Distilling Co., Inc., N. Y. C.

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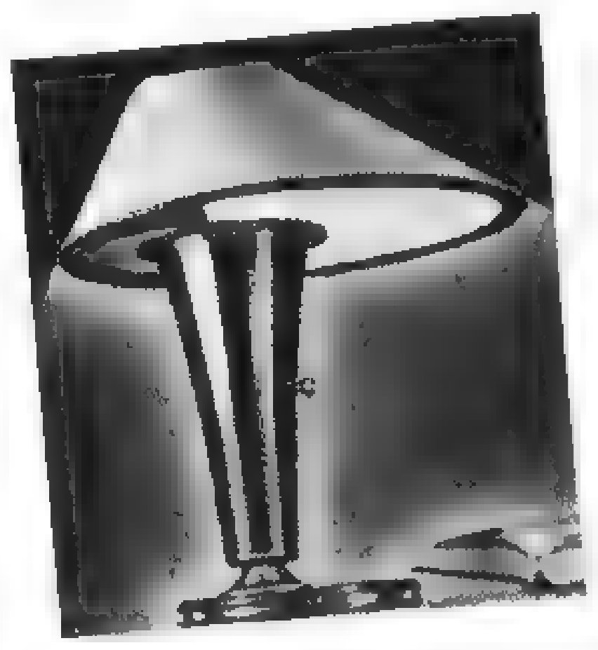
### EVERY DAY, ALL YEAR!

A priceless present — BETTER VISION, through the miracle of POLAROID ⓒ *Glare-free* light—now offered in lamps and glasses at figures to fit all budgets. At smart stores everywhere—

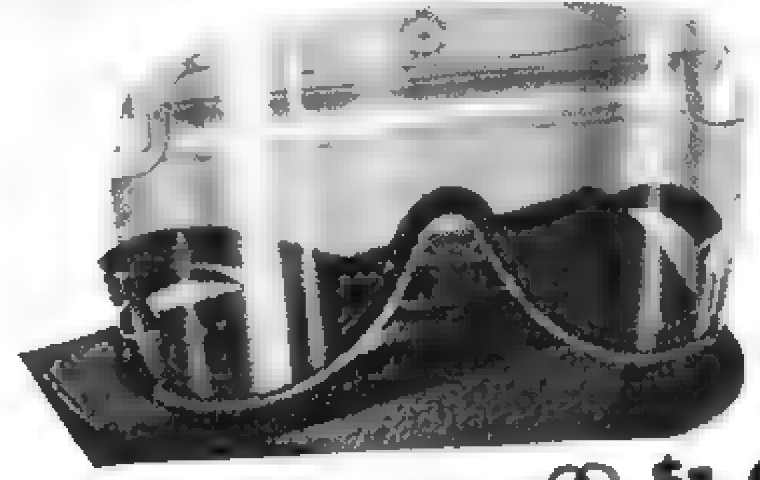
**POLAROID Day Glasses $1.95 • $2.95** *and up*

Let in *seeing* light—shut out *blinding* glare. Unique scientific principle. Shatter-resistant lenses. Many styles, including Fits-On models.



**New POLAROID Study Lamp $2.95** *(left)* **• $9.75** *(right)*

The "magic lamp" that wipes away glare, *doubles visibility.* Modern styling. Two models—one for students—one for executives.



**POLAROID Eyetogs ⓒ $1.95**

Specially designed for skiers, by skiers. Flexible plastic. Non-fogging, full vision. *No glass or metal.*

**$17.50**

**POLAROID Variable Day Glasses**

Adjustable to control brightness. Move button on bridge to admit *more* or *less* light. Plastic frames.

ⓒ T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

# POLAROID ⓒ

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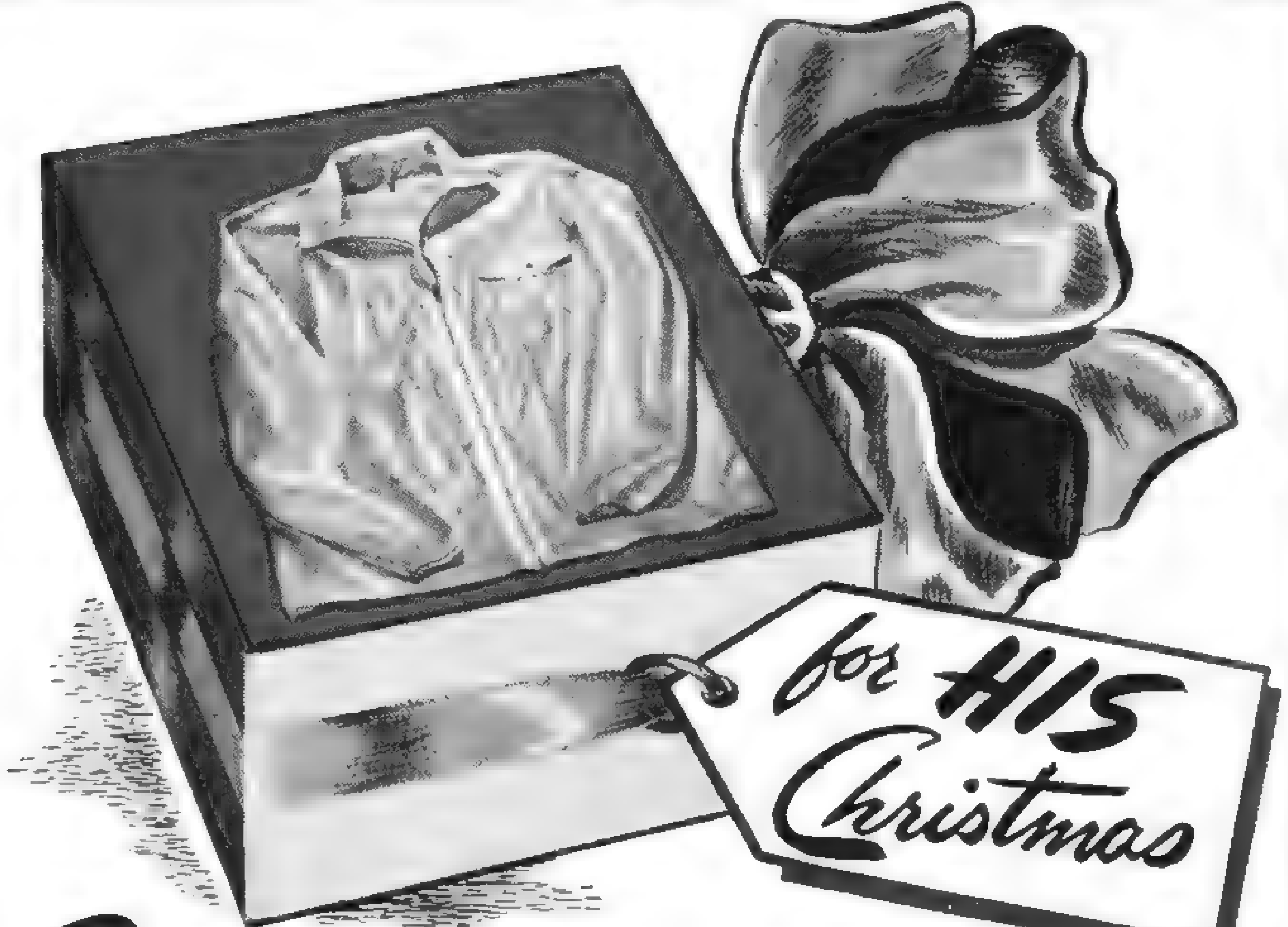

## Give him a Genuine HORGO SILK SPORTS JACKET

In beautiful, crystal clear Christmas package six inches square with engraved gift enclosure card.

—or one that is NEOPRENE TREATED by Hodgman's exclusive process. . . . For rainy weather—100% WATERPROOF, yet weighs only a few ounces and can be carried in the pocket in a handy carrying pouch. Priced from $4 to $6. Trousers to match available. . . . Sold at better stores everywhere—See them on display at ESQUIRE'S CHRISTMAS FAIR, Rockefeller Center, New York City.

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## Magnificent..

Magnificent furniture to grace your home...the best in music for family and friends . . . . yours with a

**MAGNAVOX**

Radio-Phonograph . . . The world famous qualities of the Magnavox have this year further been enhanced by an improved "world-wide" radio, a vastly extended tone range and the revolutionary low pressure pickup with permanent sapphire needle.

The model illustrated at the top is the "Contemporary" and is available in Walnut and Mahogany—$198.50. Bleached—$205. The Chairside combination is available in Walnut, Mahogany and Bleached—$165. Other Models from $89.50 to $495.00.

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Fashioned of soothingly luxurious Taffa-crepe styled for comfort and appearance, this Manhattan pajama is designed for lounging or sleeping - the year's most appreciated gift. In solid shades with harmonizing piping, elastic waistband, price: $3.50

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SPORTEROBE

Size open 54″x72″; closed 7″x18″

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of a dozen uses. Home: extra throw for den, couch, porch. Outdoors: motor, football, picnics.
$5.00 complete with leather carrying strap at better stores or the
ESMOND BLANKET SHOP, Inc.
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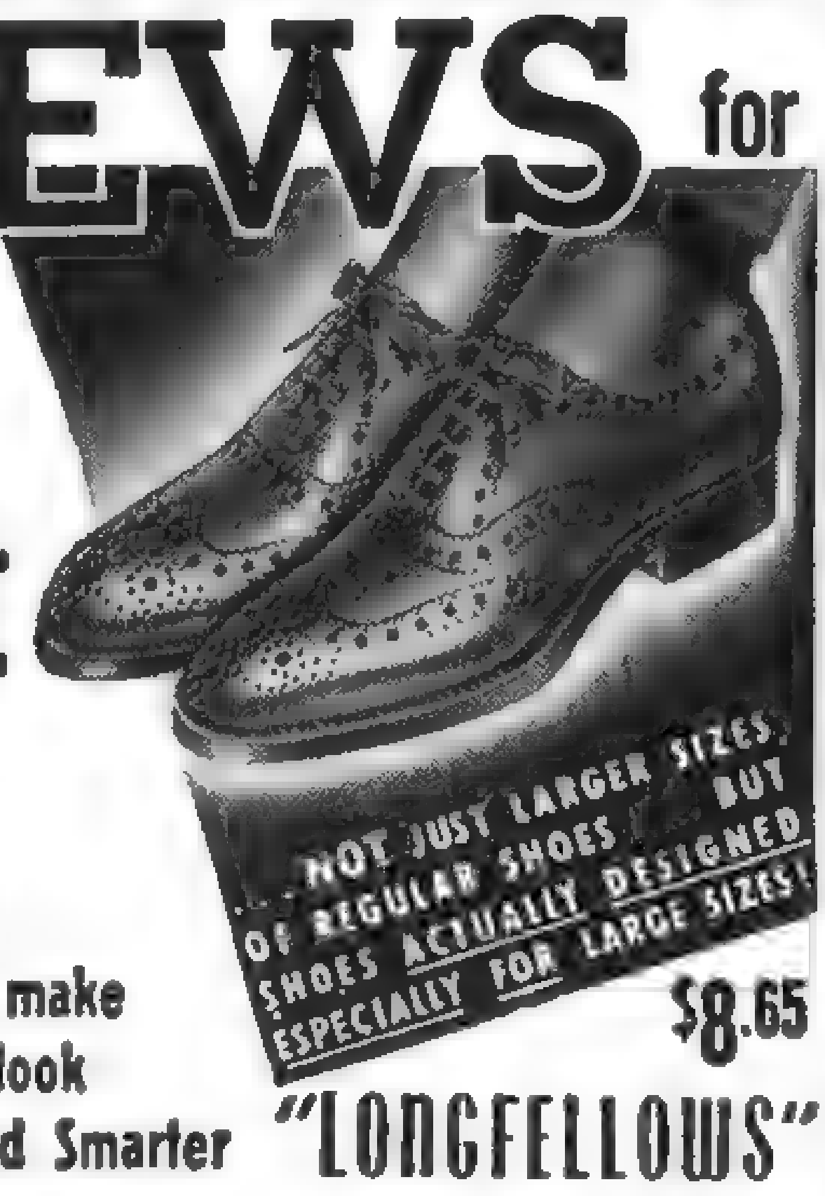
NEWS for Six-Foot Men



...NOT JUST LARGER SIZES OF REGULAR SHOES BUT SHOES ACTUALLY DESIGNED ESPECIALLY FOR LARGE SIZES!
$8.65
Shoes that make your feet look Smaller and Smarter
"LONGFELLOWS"
10 Smart Styles
Sizes 12 to 16
(Widths AA to E)
Available now at one Adler store ... OR BY MAIL
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NEW YORK CITY

# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

## NEWSREEL DECADE

The events of the past few years—presumably the most critical decade in modern history—have crowded upon us so rapidly and at such a constantly accelerating pace that most of us have been unable to see the forest for the trees. There has been a continuous pattern of aggression throughout the world during the past ten years—a pattern of which most Americans were unconscious because its origins were distant and its growth so diffused.

Paramount Pictures has undertaken to show this pattern and how it has led to our own doorsteps in a film, just released, called "The World in Flames." Its subtitle, "A Picture for a Free People," is significant, for only in a democracy could this exciting history of the growth of war be shown.

Drawing from the extensive files of its newsreel company, Paramount has put together a factual, dramatic story of a world that seems intent on marching to its own destruction under false prophets. Its impact is greater for the fact that its scenes are actual newsreel shots—for the truth here is much more dramatic than any drama could be.

The seizure of Manchuria, the first battle of Shanghai, the seizure of Austria, the rearming of the Rhineland by Hitler, the Munich crisis, the German march into Prague, the occupation of Denmark and Norway, the blitzkrieg and its tragic denouement for the Low Countries and France—all these assume a breathless perspective as the years succeed each other. The pattern shows aggressors prepared and armed for action—and their victims slow in awakening and indecisive in their policies.

The camera leaves Europe in the midst of the Battle of Britain, showing the feverish and surprisingly effective resistance of the British to the onslaught. "The World in Flames" concludes with a panoramic view of America growing alive to the dangers that confront it; it depicts the average American's respect and love for freedom and the democratic processes. It closes on a note of optimism—for it expresses the common belief that America can cope with the aggressors now that it has become aware of the need for action in its own defense.

Oddly enough, "The World in Flames" has only one actor—and he is not an actor. He is Arthur Menken, famous newsreel photographer, whose personal history has, to a great extent, paralleled the history of the last decade. Menken has "shot" the Battle of Shanghai and the fall of Nanking, a large part of the Spanish Civil War and, until a few weeks ago, a considerable portion of World War II. Some of his most sensational work was done in Finland, along the Mannerheim Line, and his footage on the bombing of Helsinki managed to elude the censors and get through to America. Some of the most spectacular scenes ever made are the ones he shot when he withdrew from Norway with the British forces under constant aerial attack from the victorious Nazis.

After his trip back from Norway, most of Menken's time was spent in France and Britain, helping to grind out the grisly photographic record of total war. Menken returned to the United States recently to take a fling at normal living again. A large part of the photographic reporting in "The World in Flames" is Menken's and his is the direct speaking role, aside from the narrators', in the film.

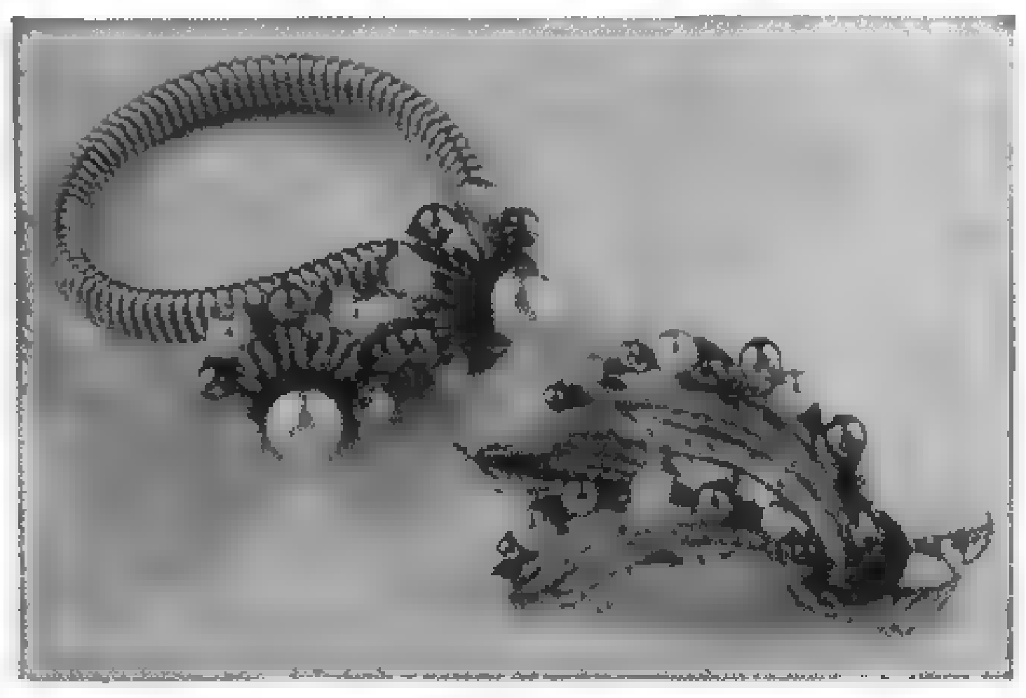
Menken combines the best characteristics of the explorer and the reporter. He has an almost prophetic nose for news, which includes an ability to be on the spot when big things are happening, and is the owner of an engaging cheerfulness which seems to no whit diminish under any situation.

He doesn't believe the situation is as black as it might seem for the democracies. Long before the Battle of Britain started, he maintained that the British could successfully withstand any invasion. He still maintains it. He knows first hand the magnificent *esprit de corps* of the R.A.F. He also knows that the red tape sometimes encountered by a newsreel man can drive a man to drink within a half hour.

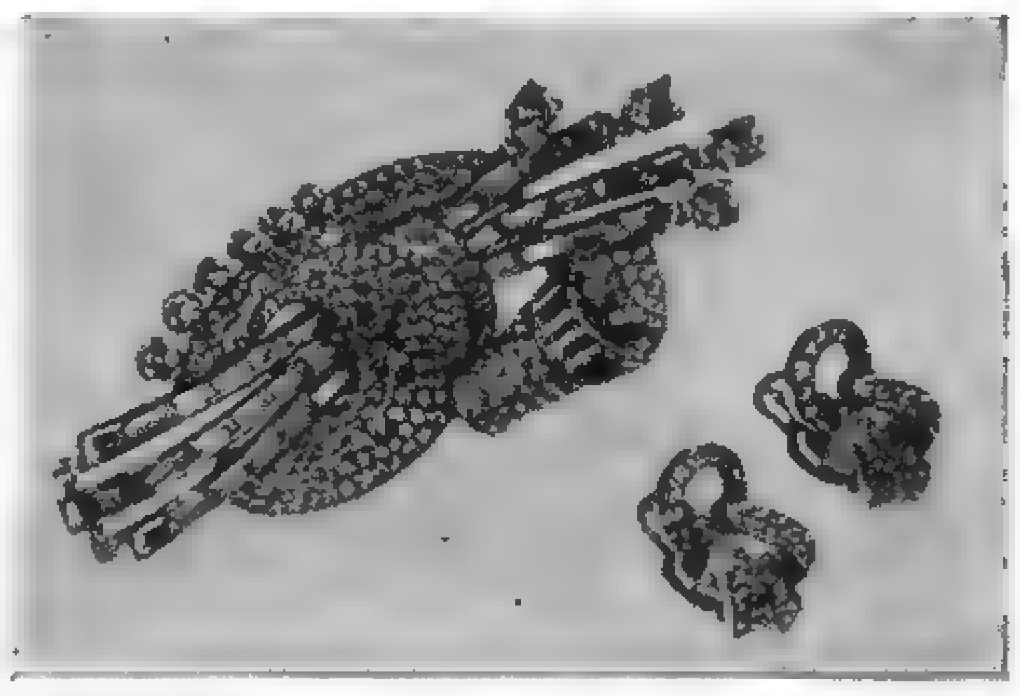
An example of the latter that he cites is the fact that only sixty feet of film of the bombing of Paris by the Germans was passed by the censors, aside from the official French version. Thousands upon thousands of feet of film,

*Continued on page NY-64*

*Gifts worth while*



**GILT SPIRAL BRACELET**—mounted with trim of black enamel, black and white pearls—old museum design . . . . . 3AH17—8.95
**PRONG CLIP PIN** of matched effect 3AH49—10.95



**BROOCH**—exquisite diamond design, closely paved brilliants and baguettes . 1BH56—14.95
**CLIP EARRINGS**—effective design to harmonize—paved with brilliants . 1BH67—4.95 pr.

**GILT FLEXIBLE BRACELET**—diamond design ornament, paved with brilliants and rubies 5CH44—14.95
**CLIPS** to match ornament . 5CH43—8.95 ea.

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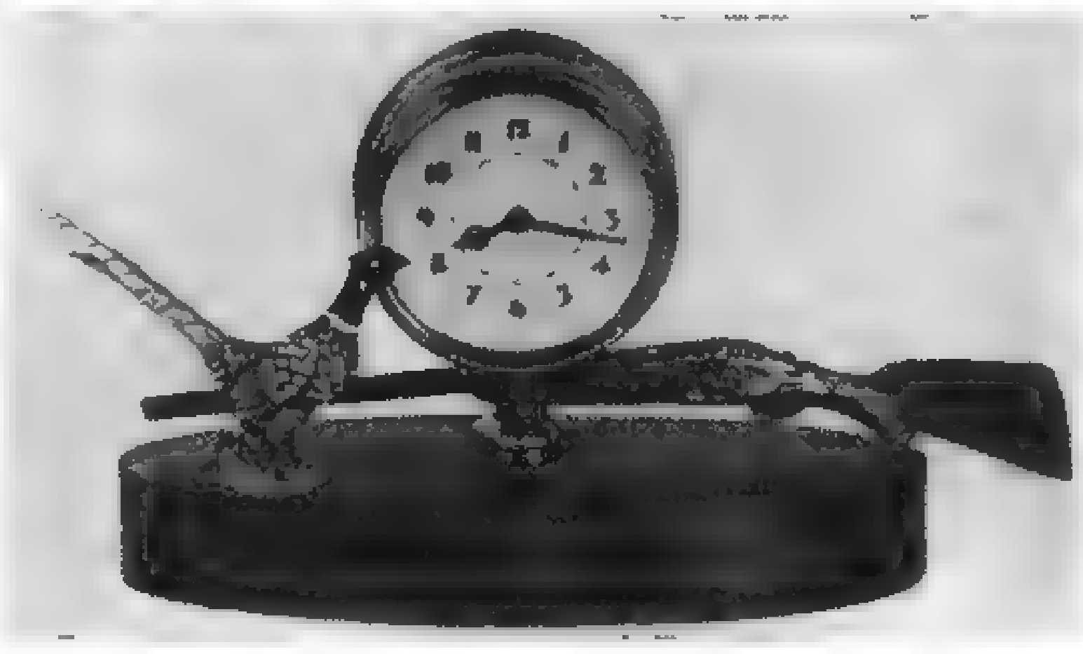

SPORTSMAN'S GIFT
A pleasant reminder of hours spent afield. Guaranteed 8 day clock in gold plated case mounted on oval walnut base with English bronze shotgun and your choice of either pheasant or mallard duck, hand painted in natural colors. Size 9½″ long 5″ high. $14.00 postpaid in U. S. A.
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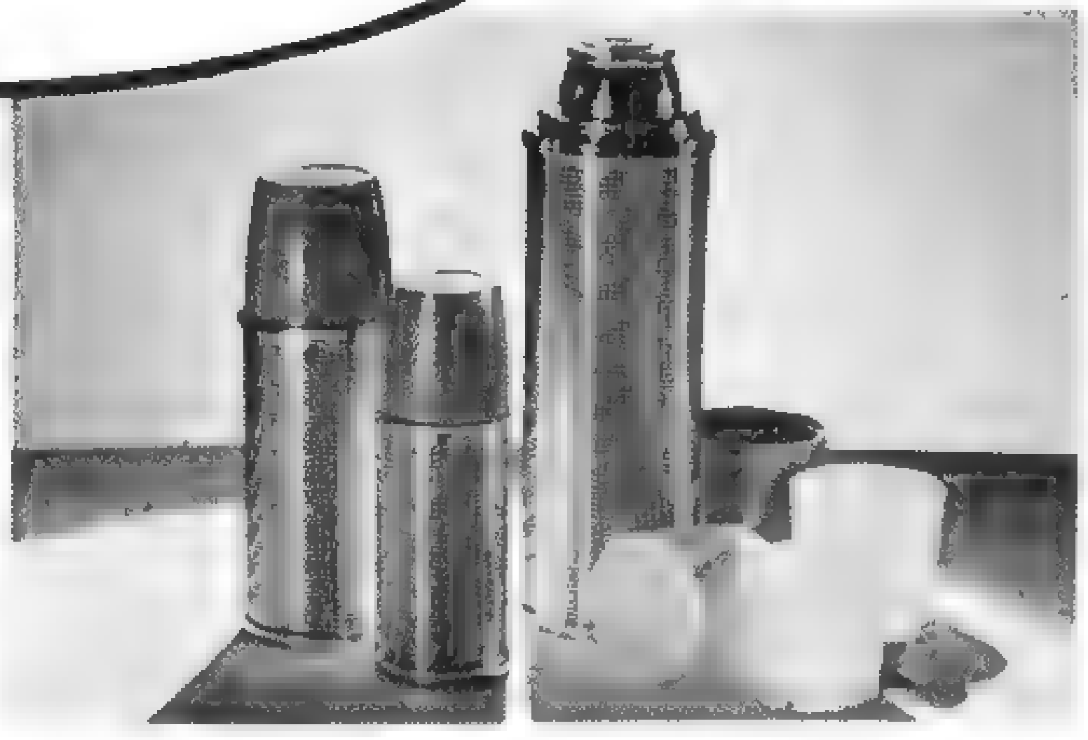

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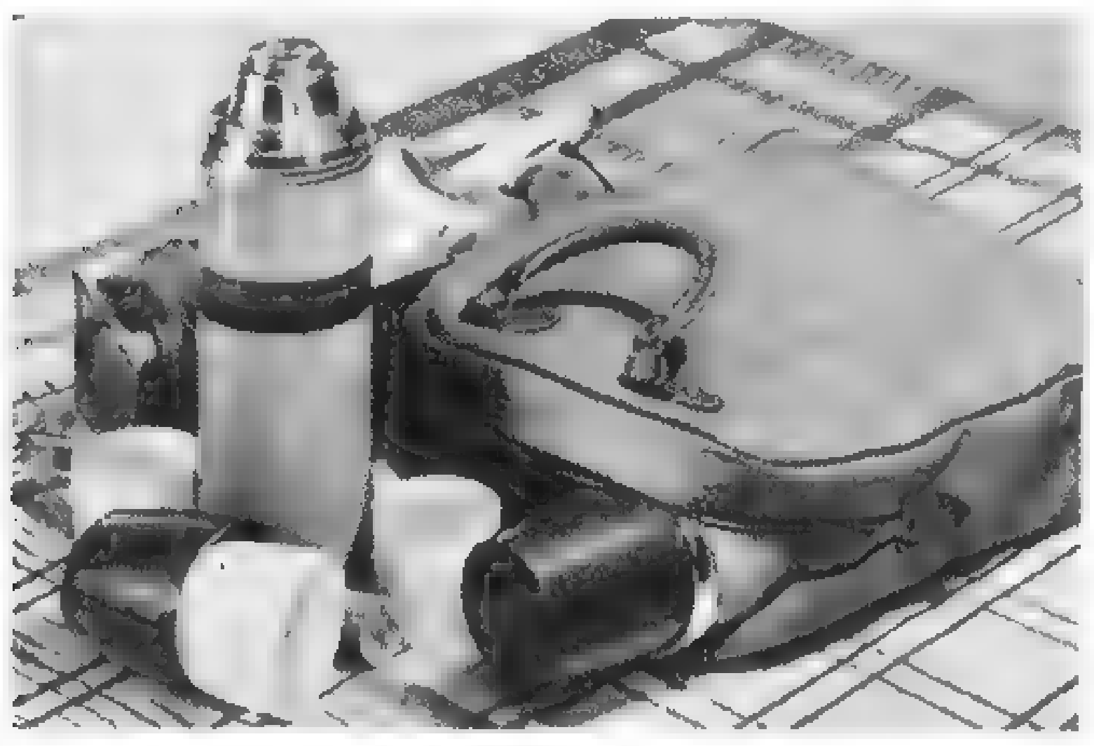

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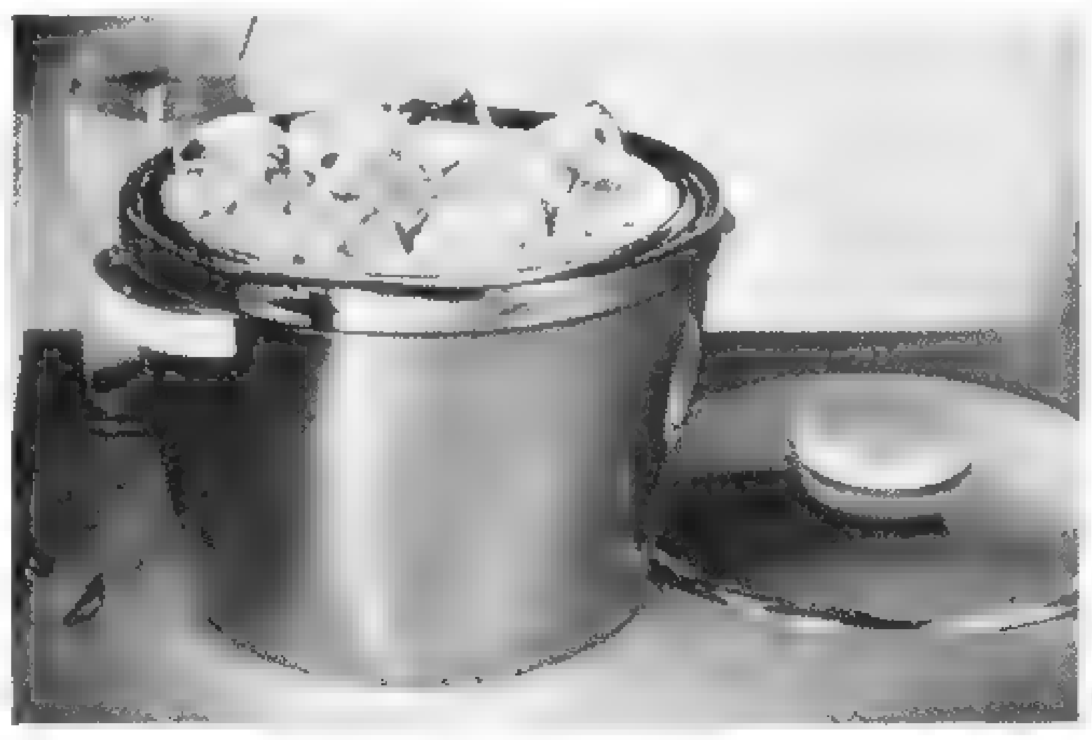

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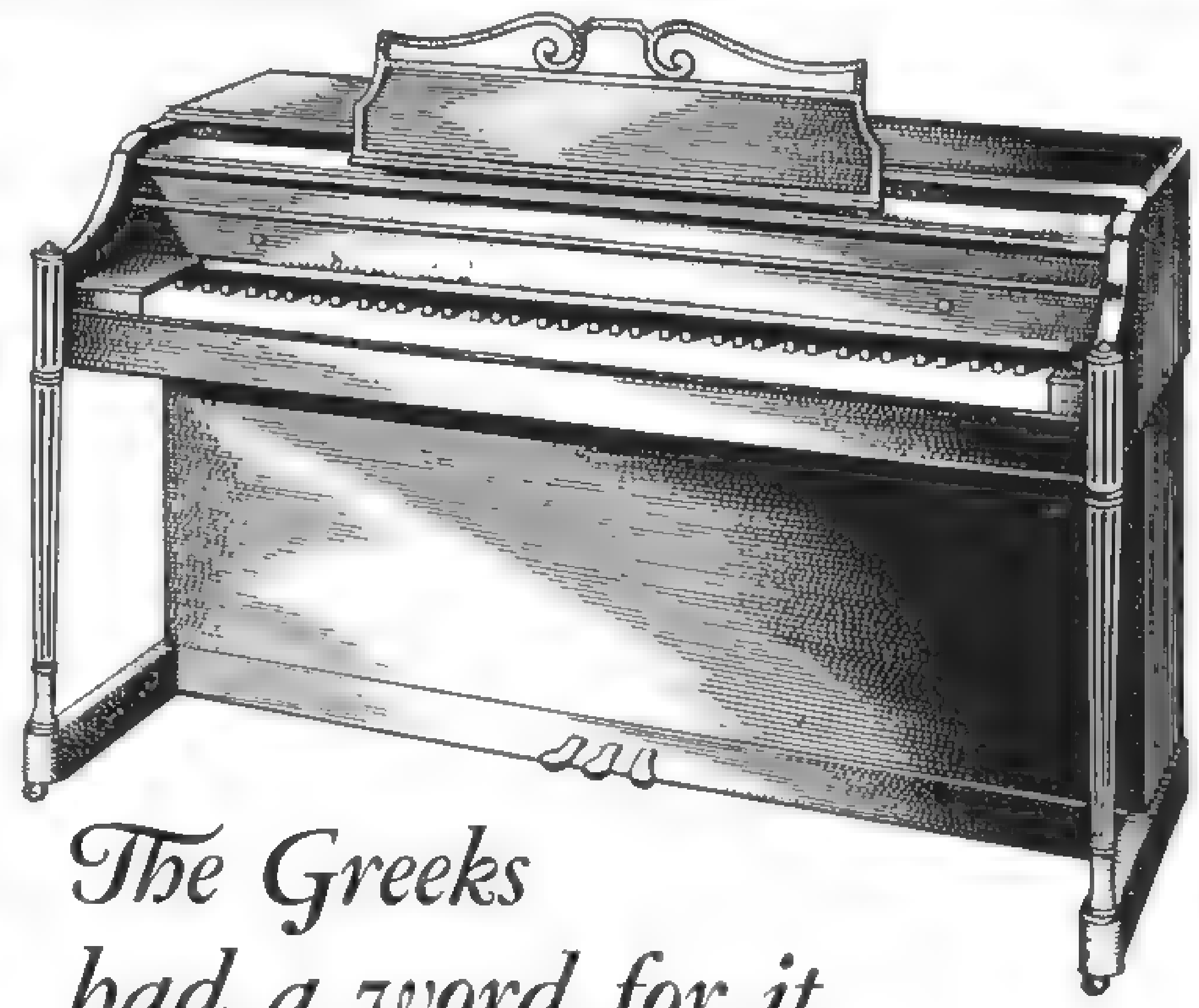

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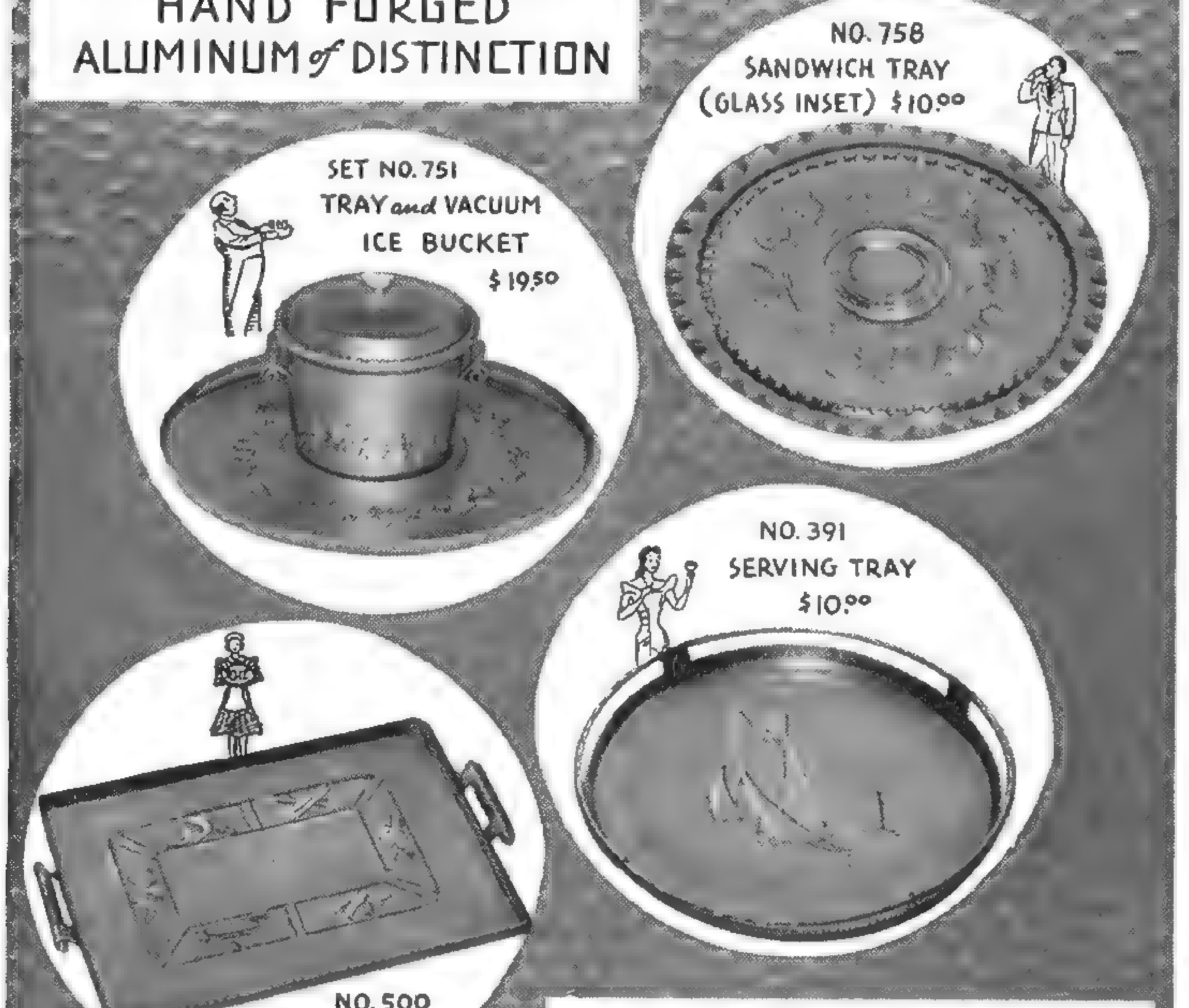

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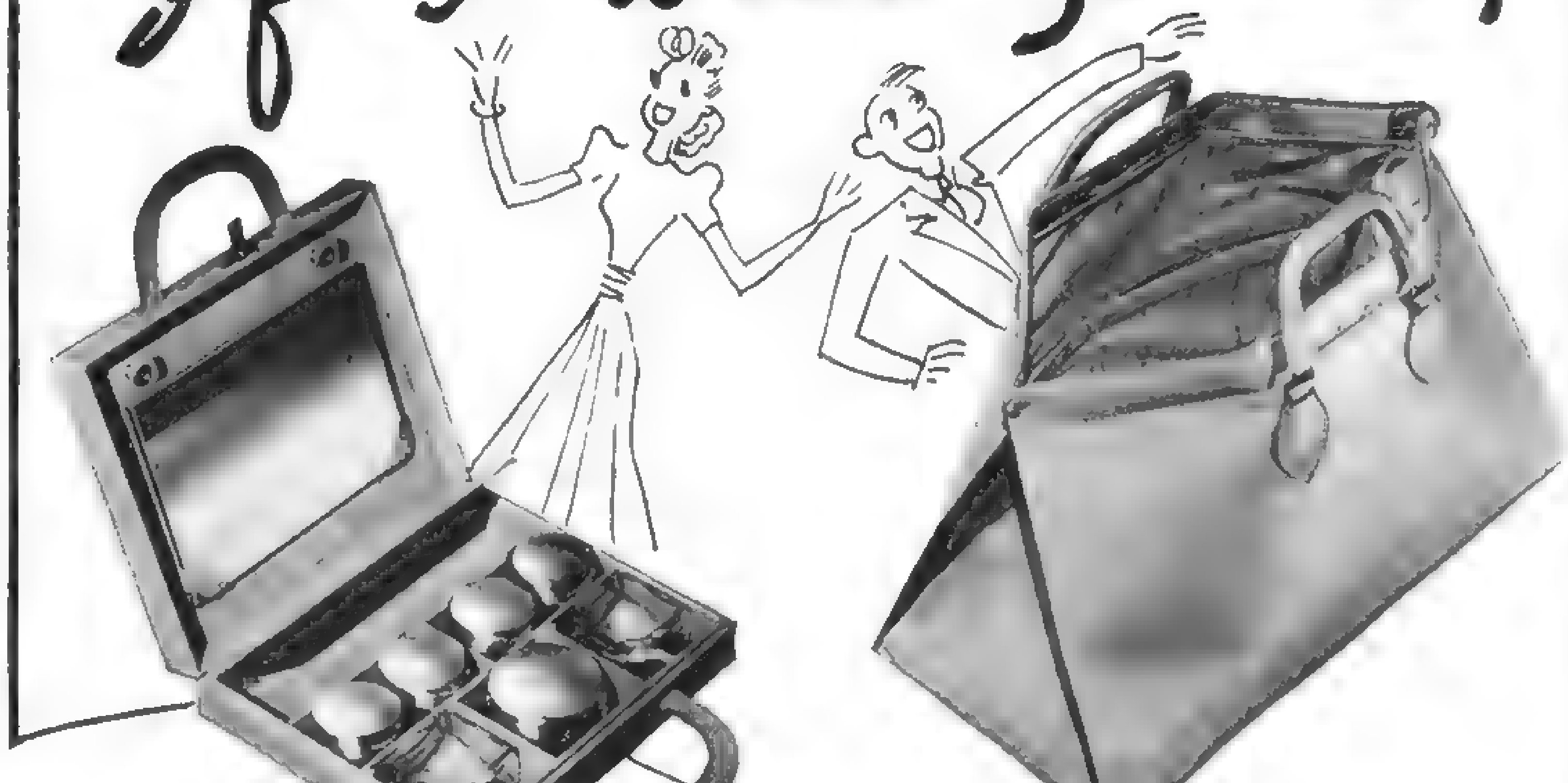

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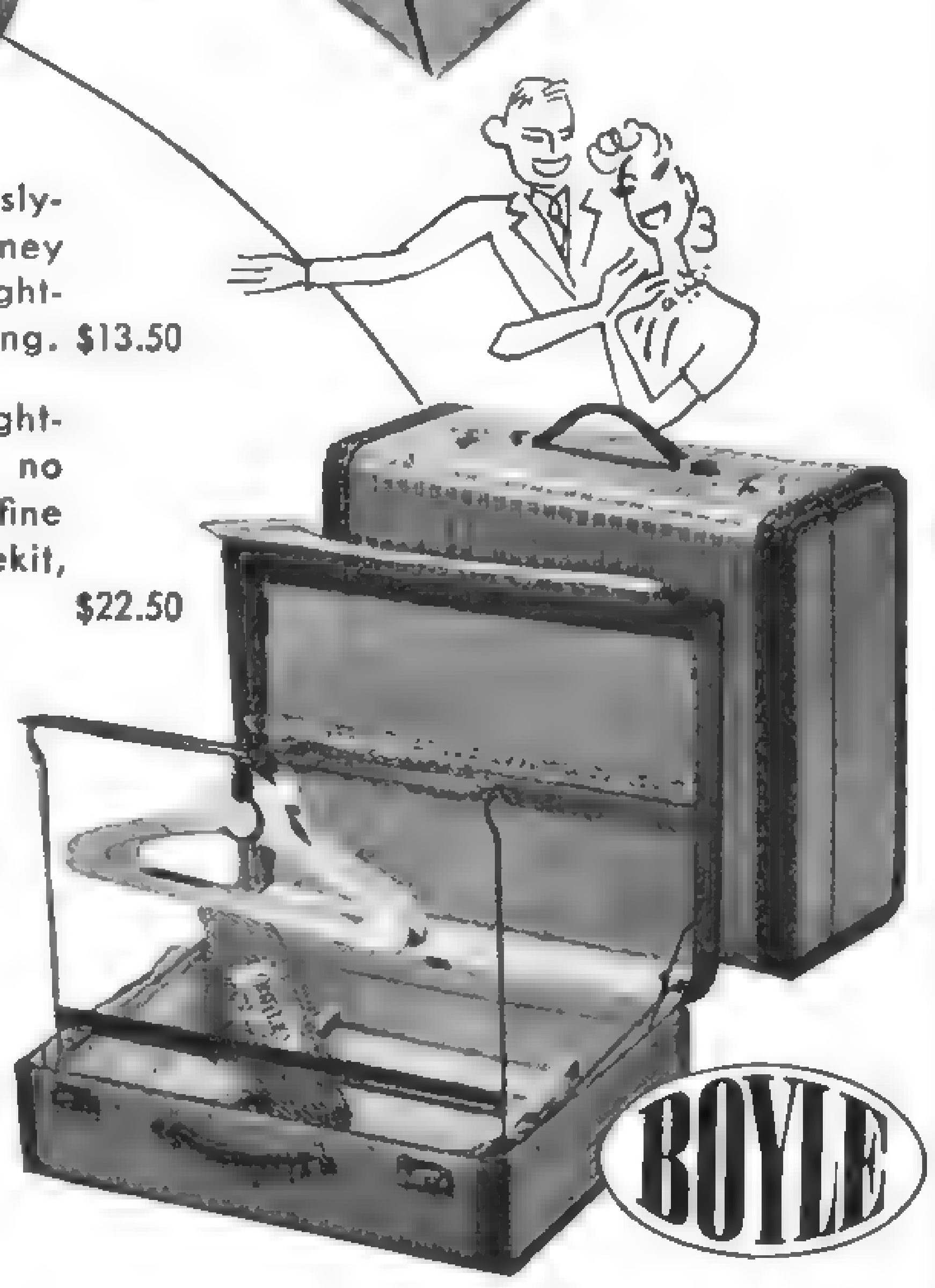

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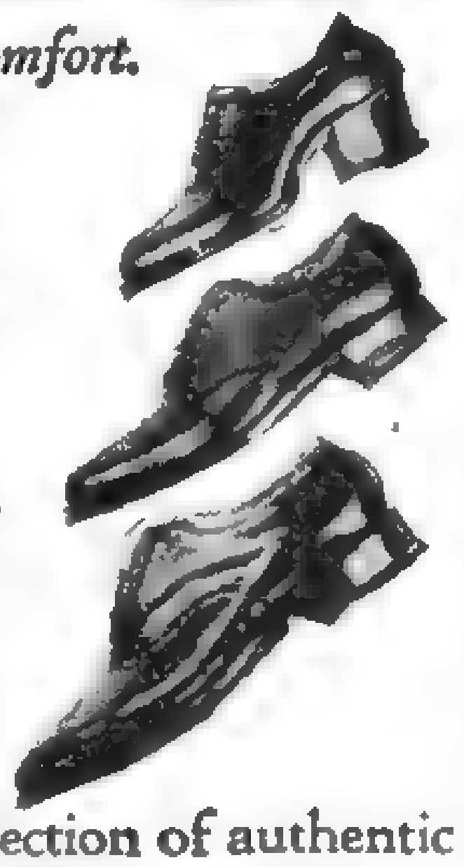

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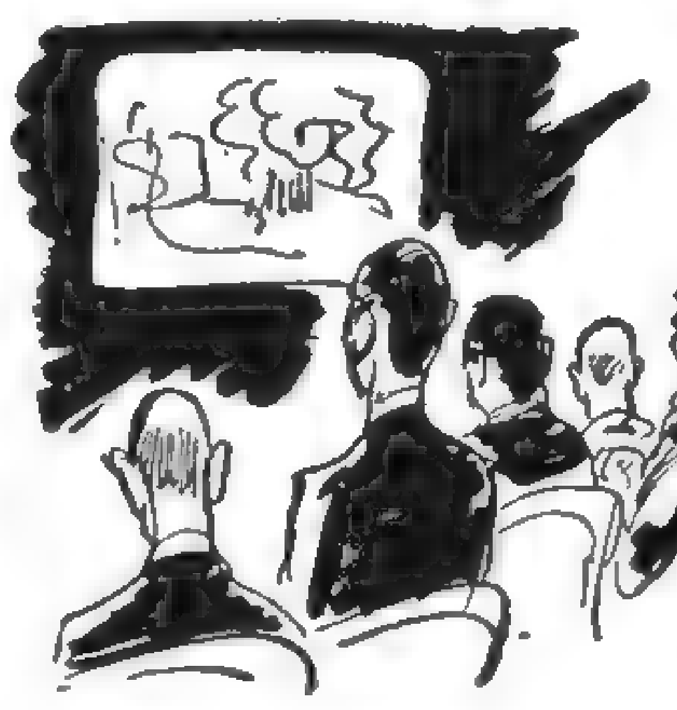
# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

*Continued from page NY-62*

shot at the risk of several cameramen's lives, were wasted.

A newsreel man is also in a dilemma during the Battle of Britain, Menken tells us. If he shoots an air battle over London, the regular censorship and the Ministry of Information must pass on it.

If one of the planes is shot down and hits an important building, it is also the affair of the Ministry of Home Security. If the building is also a factory, it must be passed upon by the Ministry of Labor, too. If the German aviator is captured, it is also within the province of the War Office.



On some particularly maddening occasions, a newsreel would have to be approved by six different and separate Ministries before it could be released—and by that time there was every chance of it falling under the classification of history rather than news.

The percentage of rheumatism, neuritis, and kindred ailments among American correspondents is becoming depressingly high as a result of the Battle of Britain. This Menken attributes to the dankness of air raid shelters. Since the British flesh is just about the same as the American, he figures that rheumatism stands a chance of becoming Britain's national malady and that the British will want to pay Hitler back for many a neuritic twinge and throb.

Three of his experiences stand out most strongly in Menken's mind. The first was how wonderful, delicious, and miraculous a carrot seemed to him in Central Finland during the winter of the Russo-Finnish war. No vegetables were obtainable in Finland that winter. The Finns seemed able to stand the lack, but not Menken or the other Americans. They continually craved vegetables and kept themselves going with strong doses of Vitamin B-1. One day, by sheer luck, Menken and a friend found a frozen carrot. It was the first vegetable they had had in months. They set to promptly, and the feast on that carrot was the most glorious he has ever had.

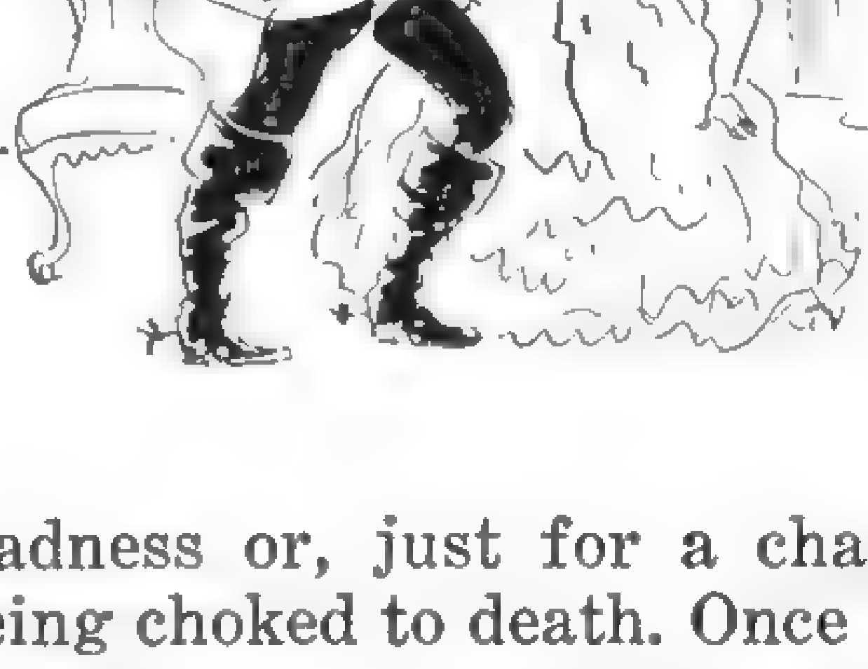
The second experience concerned a young Swedish woman he had known in Hongkong. Shortly after he met her there, he was called away and sailed for Europe. By a strange coincidence, he saw her on a Stockholm street as he was leaving for Norway, then the new scene of German invasion. Two days after he returned to the United States, he spoke on a radio program over the Columbia Broadcasting System. As he was getting ready to leave the studio, a phone call came through for him. It was the same Swedish girl. She had happened to hear the broadcast and had phoned to say hello. She was now living, she said unconcernedly, in Brooklyn.

But the most exciting experience to Menken was getting back to the States, arriving in New York, and not having to find out where the air raid shelters were.

### DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT

Fortunately for coloratura sopranos in general and Miss Lily Pons in particular, even opera impresarios realize that getting killed or going crazy once a week, regular as clockwork during an opera season, can become pretty monotonous. For just as the poor basso is condemned to grease-paint feats of villainous derring-do, so is the coloratura heroine scheduled to be victimized by some form of murderous monkey-business before the last-act curtain falls. Regardless of how well she sings, Miss Pons, with one or two repertorial exceptions, seems doomed to wind up behind an operatic eight-ball.

The situation seems like a conspiracy among composers. For three or four acts they put her through a routine of the most complicated vocal pyrotechnics. Then in the last scene of the last act she gets her reward. It's either a knife, poison, suicide, madness or, just for a change, being choked to death. Once in a while, as in "The Barber of Se-



*Continued on page NY-66*

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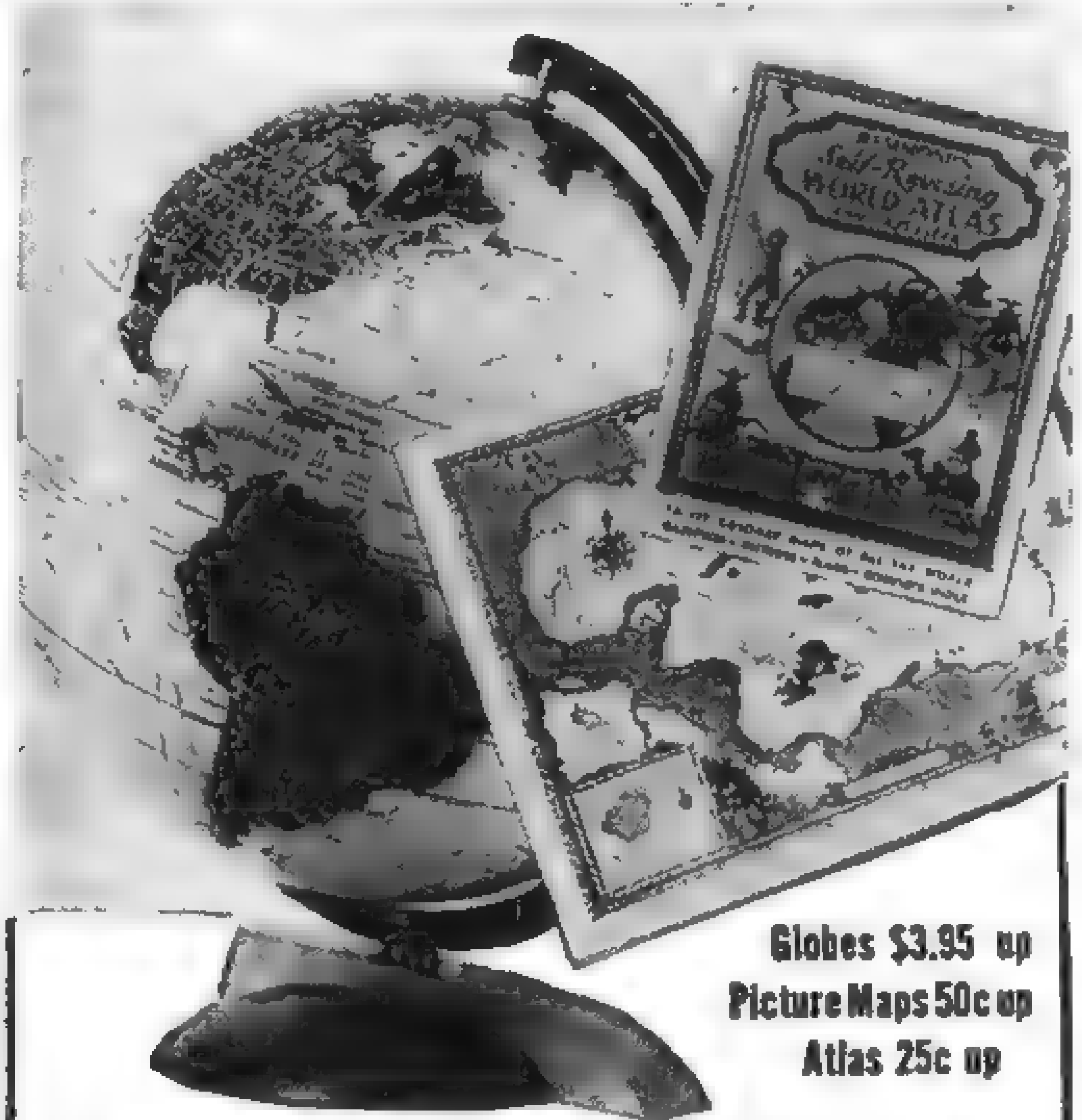

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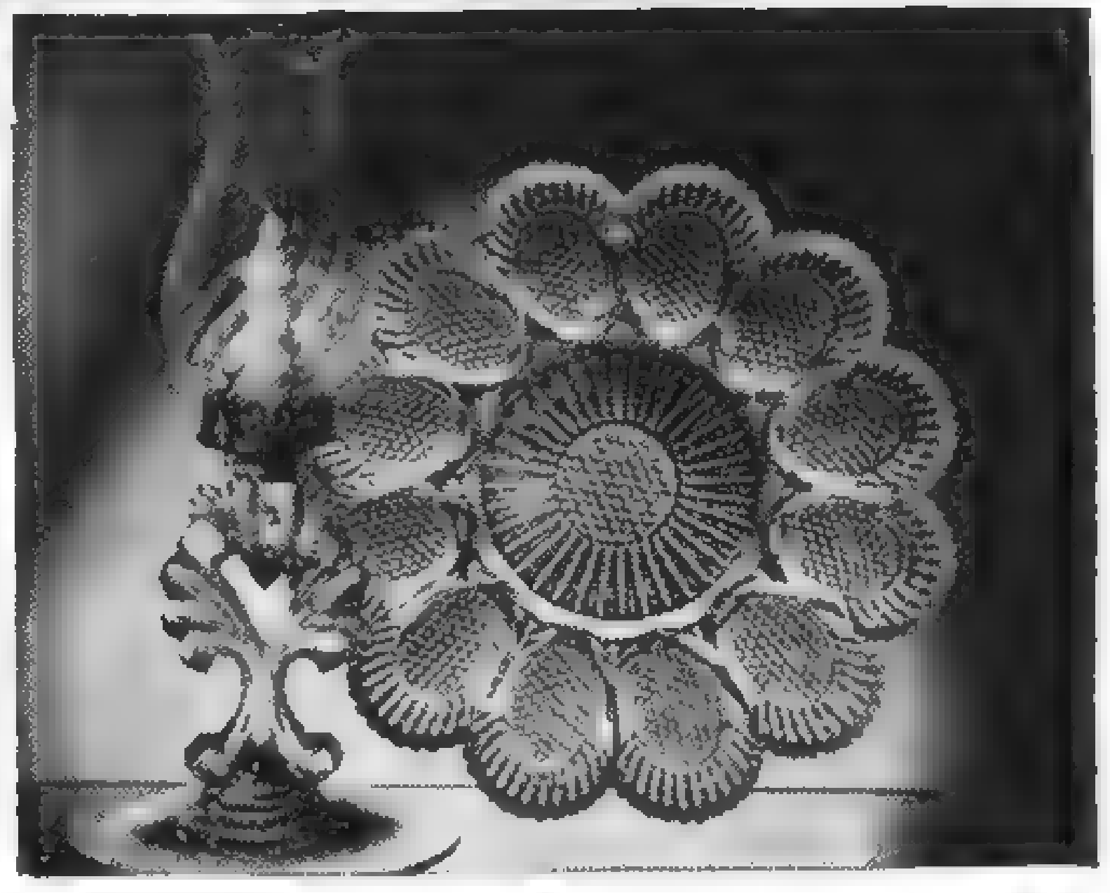

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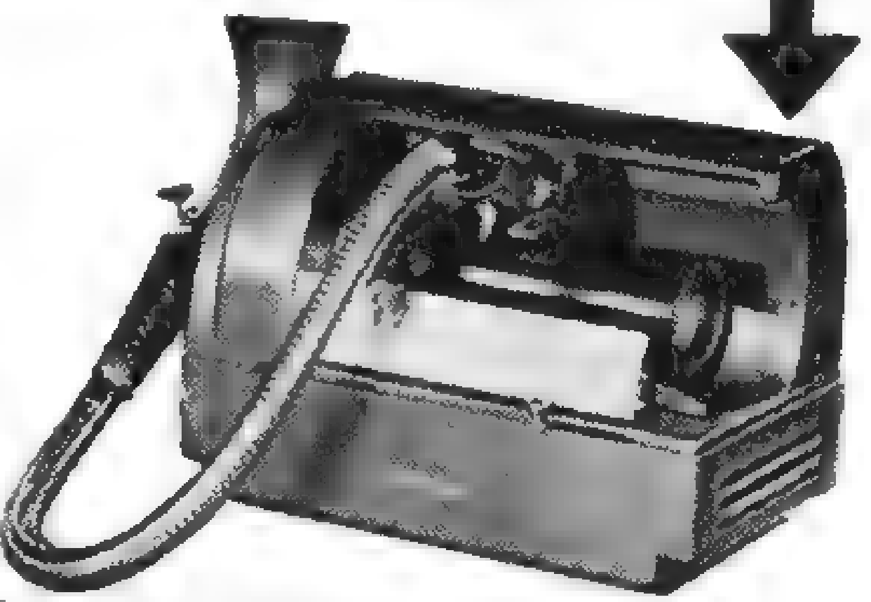

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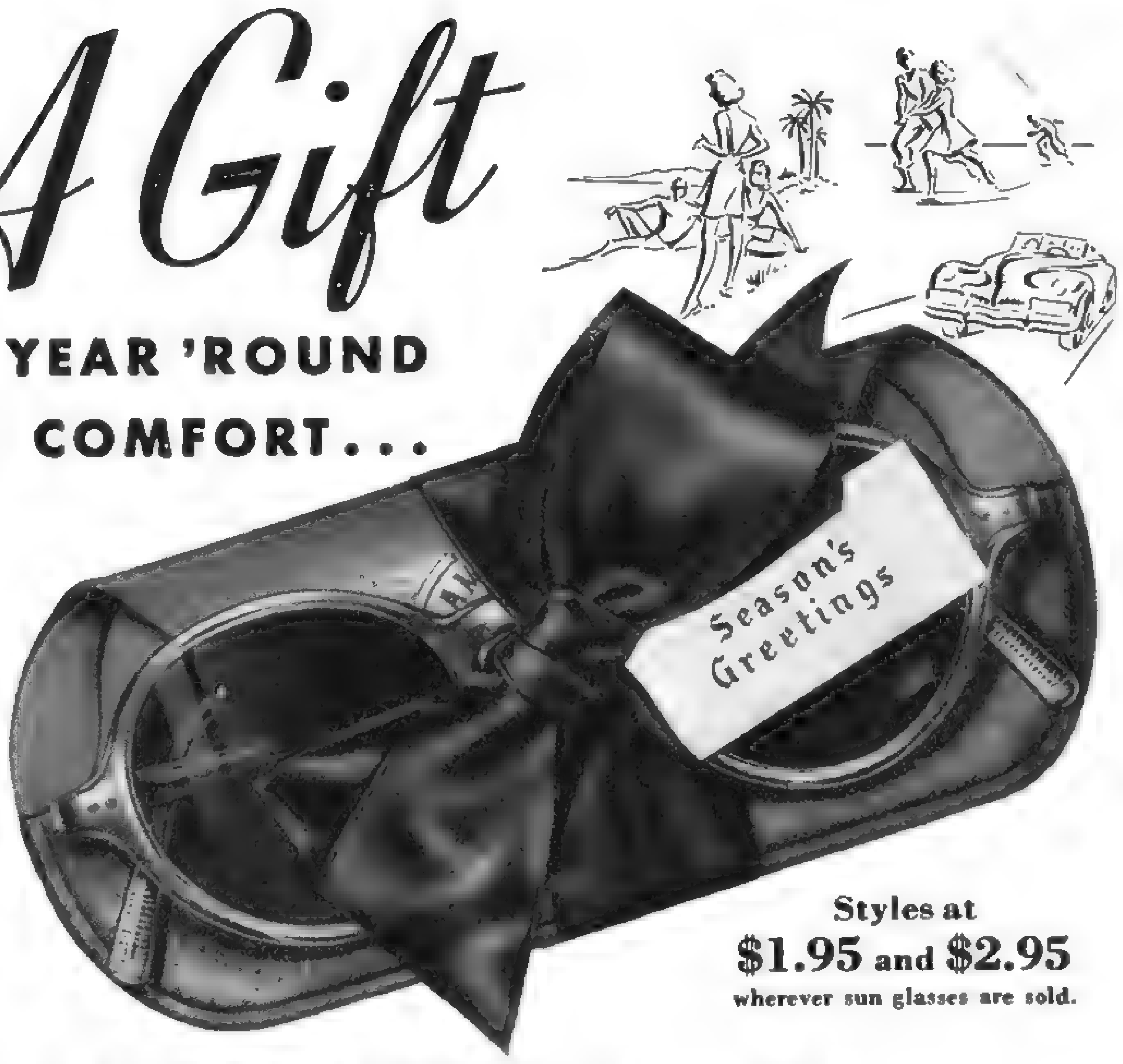

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# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

*Continued from page NY-64*

ville," she gets a break and everything ends up nicely. But in "Lucia," "Rigoletto," "Lakme," she either winds up as a corpse or stark, staring mad.

The Metropolitan management seems to have taken cognizance of this macabre state of affairs, and Miss Pons, who went crazy in Lucia the first night she set foot on the Metropolitan's hallowed stage just ten seasons ago, is finally destined for a break.

This season, in December to be exact, the Metropolitan presents Miss Pons in a vivacious, lighthearted role—that of Marie, the vivandière in Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment," an opus that has gone unperformed at the 39th Street house for more than twenty-one years, and which is being revived during its own one hundredth anniversary year.

Based on the French libretto "La Fille du Regiment," by Bayard and Jules H. Vernoy (the Marquis St. Georges), it was translated into the Italian "La Figlia di Regimento" by Donizetti himself and was scheduled for a world première in Naples, when the composer got himself involved with Neapolitan authorities in connection with another opera and left for Paris. While he was acting as director of the Salle Ventadour, Donizetti finally succeeded in arranging for performances of several previously unheard works, among these "The Daughter of the Regiment" in its French version.

It wasn't until 1902—January 6th—that the tiara-ed and bejeweled Diamond Horseshoe set at the Metropolitan heard this melodious light opera. They did the equivalent of tossing their youngsters from the parterre boxes in their enthusiasm—they split their white kid gloves applauding Marcella Sembrich's interpretation of Marie, the regimental mascot. Impresario Maurice Grau, then at the helm of the Metropolitan, had decided that the opera was too long neglected, and that it was a perfect vehicle for Sembrich. Her performance was its first in the French opera comique version. Prior to that it had been heard in New York with Jenny Lind, Sonntag, and Patti, but always in Italian.

"Daughter of the Regiment" wowed them. Grau scheduled it for two more performances during the 1901-02 season and the following season it was heard six times. Then it faded from the Met repertoire, only to be taken up by Impresario Oscar Hammerstein, the Metropolitan's great rival, who produced it at his Manhattan Opera House in 1909 with Luisa Tetrazzini as a slightly plump vivandière.

Its subsequent revival, during the 1917-18 season, is peculiarly reminiscent of its current renaissance. In December, 1917, the United States was already on a wartime basis, when the late Gatti-Casazza revived it as a new vehicle for Frieda Hempel, and its colorful costuming—the very setting itself—was very much in keeping with the country's martial spirit. In fact, when it was performed again the following season, Mme. Hempel favored the audience with an interpolation of Ivor Novello's ballad, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," although the Armistice had already been signed. Fortunately, Donizetti was long a-mouldering and not available for comment. "The Daughter of the Regiment" was heard nine times thereafter and then laid away in mothballs.

Revival of the opus with Miss Pons singing Marie finds the United States once again military-conscious. Miss Pons, however, is more or less one up on all the other Maries of history. The diminutive diva, now an American citizen, is actually a "Daughter of the Regiment." On September 22, the day before the 71st Regiment of the Army departed for a year of active service at Camp Dix, Miss Pons was officially inducted as daughter of the regiment by Colonel Grant Layng, commanding officer. At the conclusion of a church service and Blessing of the Colors, which took place in Central Park Mall, Miss Pons sang the national anthem, and was then presented with a huge bouquet of flowers and the regimental cap, and officially named "Daughter of the Regiment."

It will be the first time since the Paris première at the Opera Comique that "La Fille du Regiment" herself will be as French as the title of the opera. Which raises an interesting point. This opera will be Number Five in the Met's "L" series, all of which have been revived especially for the petite singer, who celebrates the tenth anniversary of her debut on 39th Street in January. "L" stands for "La Somnambula," "Le Coq d'Or," "Lakme," "Linda di Chamounix"—and, incidentally, Lily Pons.

*Ranger*

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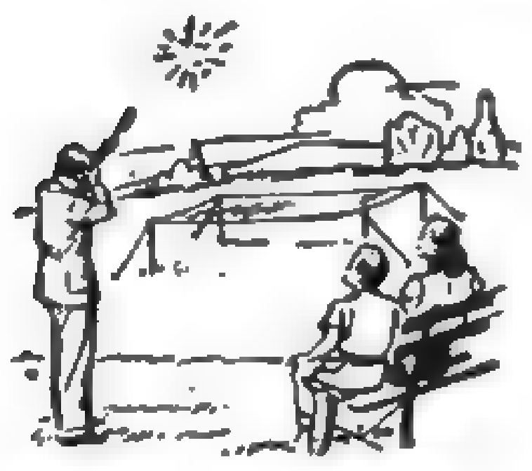

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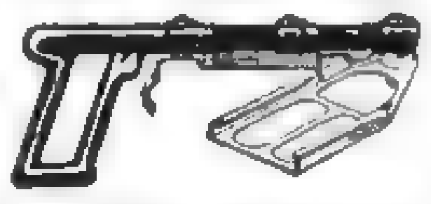

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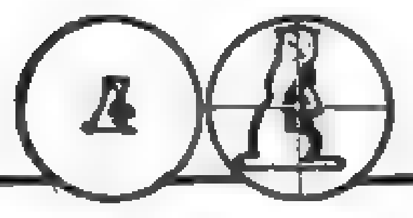

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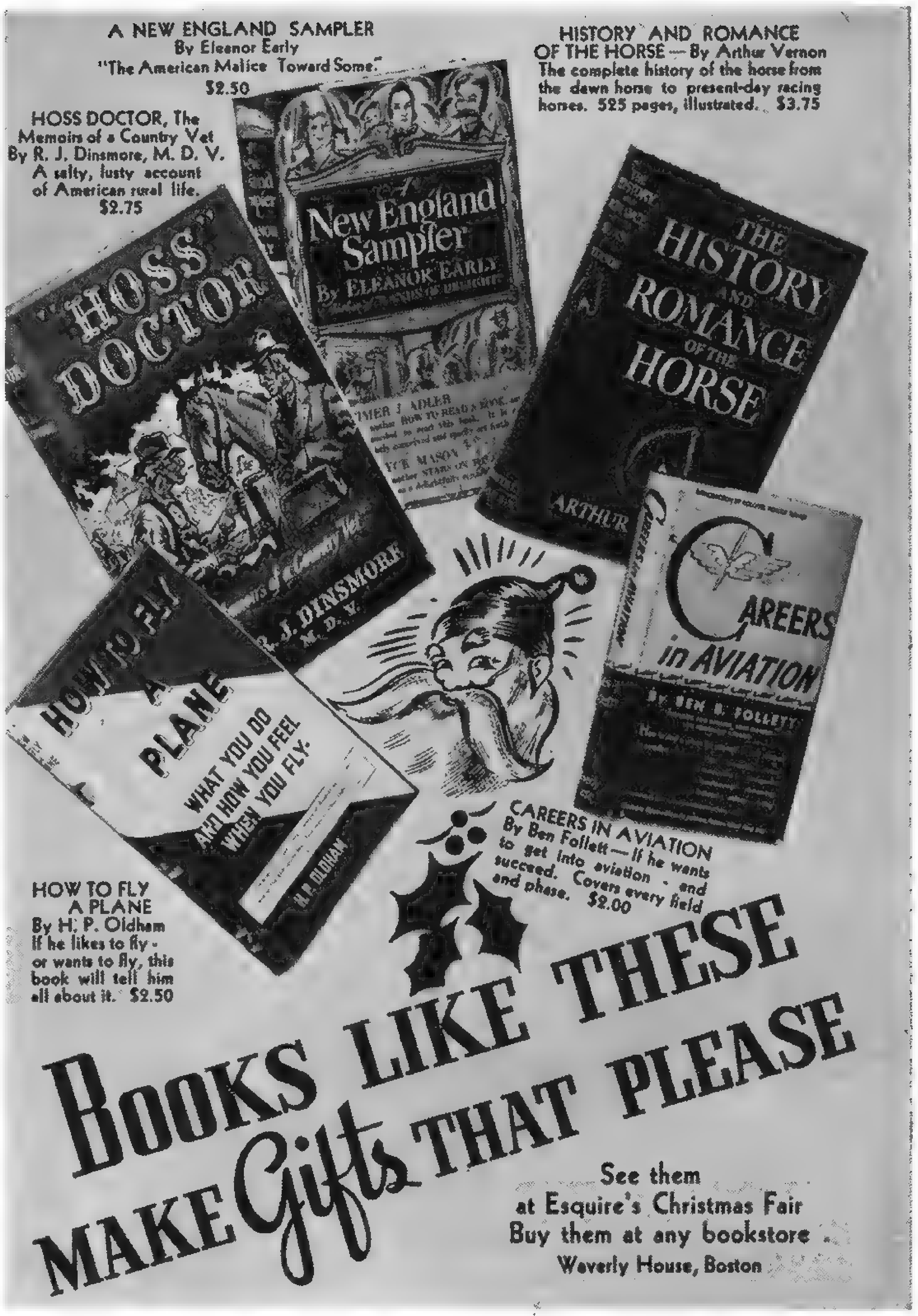

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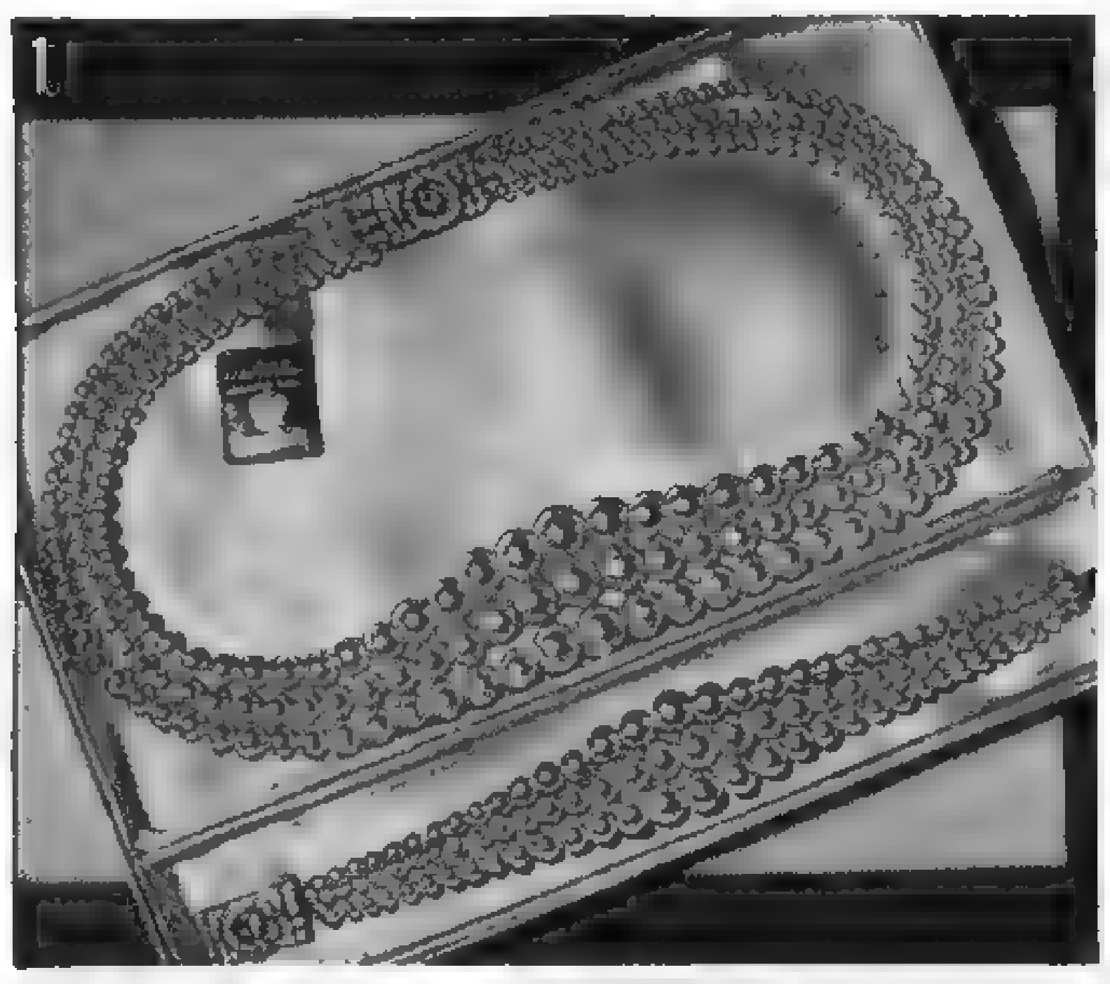

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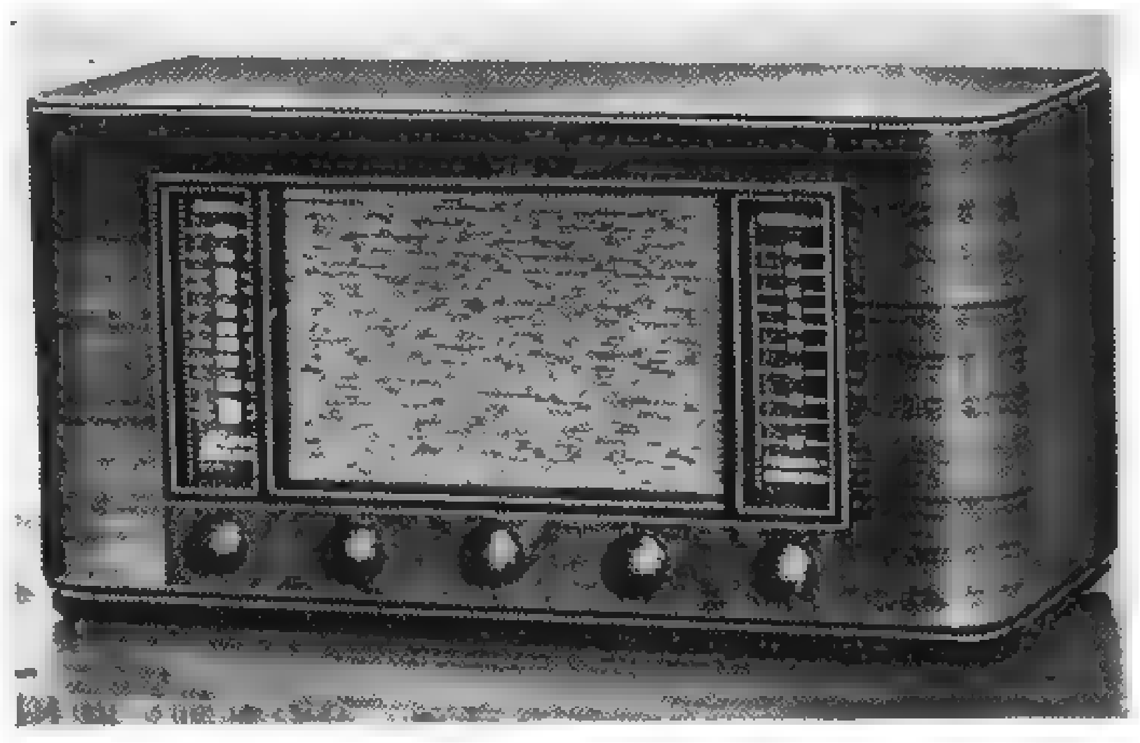

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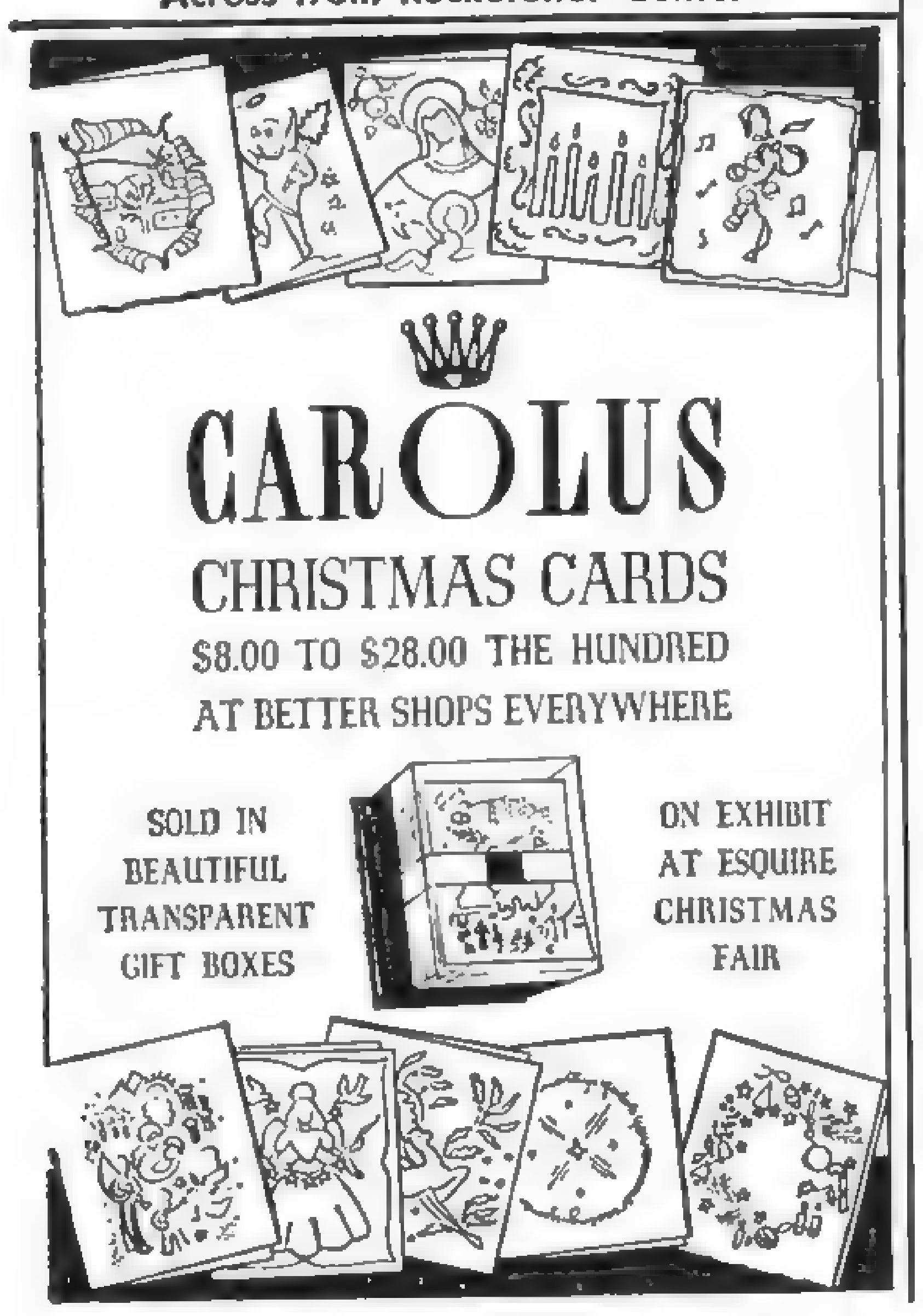

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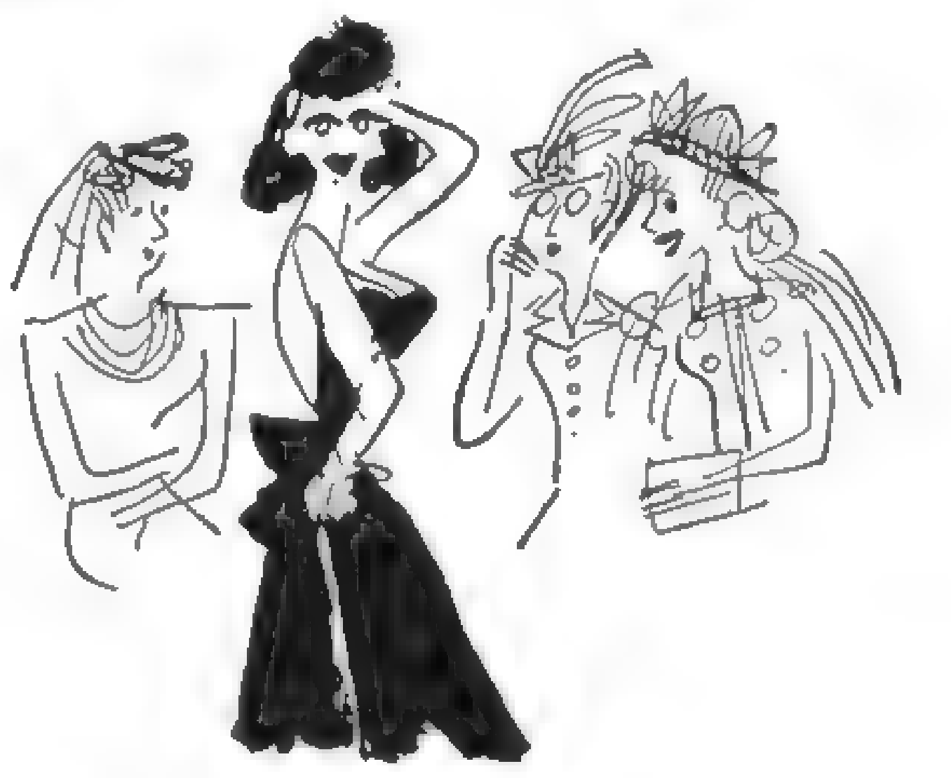
# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

### SCHIAPARELLI SPEAKS

"The future of the French couture is up to the men!" Schiaparelli flicked an ash from her cigarette and added: "Until men stop admiring beautifully dressed women, the couture has nothing to fear. American women helped to make Paris the smartest cosmopolitan city in the world. They gave distinction to the clothes designed for them because of an unerring sense of dress.

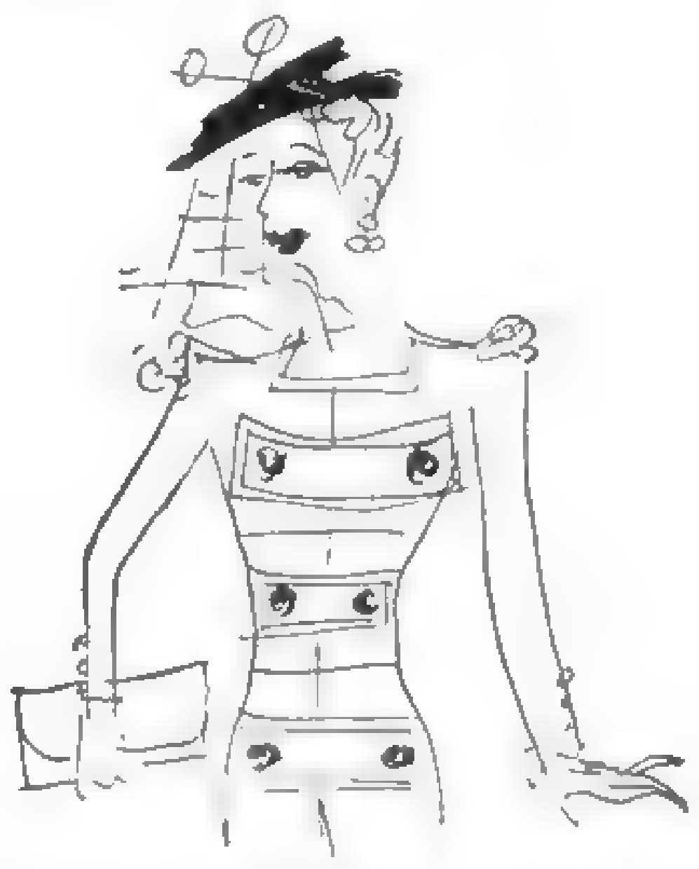


"Why, you will ask, does elegance mean so much to them? It is because your American male is generous and exacting. He wants to admire! And all this admiration, this accent on good looks and elegance, is good for the morale of a country. The American man knows that. It is good for his morale too."

Schiaparelli, who had just reached these peaceful shores, spoke earnestly. "In those countries where the slogan is guns instead of butter, the dress industry died long before the war broke out. Something in the women died too. All sweetness and charm went out of their lives. Men no longer admired; their thoughts were not on beauty.

Who, she wondered, could say that American men do not like glamour? It is an adjective heard more often than any other. "I should say that word means the ultimate in feminine appeal. Certainly it is the final summing up – good looks, personal *'soin,'* lovely clothes.

"You men want American women to continue to be glamorous—don't you? This will be difficult without the inspiration of Paris. Although Paris is not producing, I see many dresses which reflect their French origin. Made in America, yes, but the Paris idea is there. Why decry this inspiration?



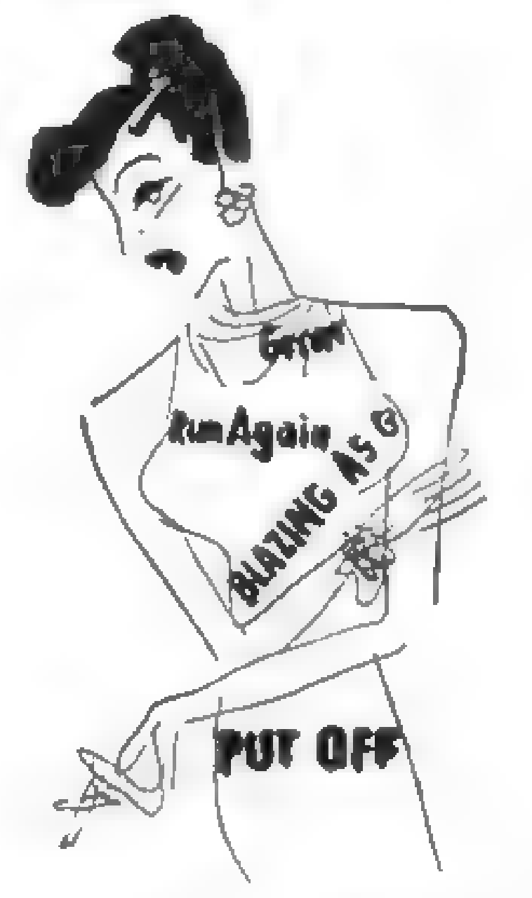
"In Paris, things are born of a receptive mood. During the riots a few years ago, it was discreet to dine in day clothes, but the theatres and resturants lost their gaiety, so the tweed evening coat and dinner hat came into being. They are still with us.

"Just before the war started, there was a period of gaiety. Our sense of humor returned. Do you remember the pockets I designed after Dali's bureau drawers? Those coats were a novelty, something for the press to laugh about, and they also kept us from taking fashion too seriously. Men liked them enormously. They were a great success.

"Artists are a great help to Paris. Matisse, Picasso, Berard, and others, give us much in the way of color. They shock and delight us because of their daring. You see, they know what men want.

"In the couture, we must dare. If we are held back by market requirements and big problems of merchandising, then we cannot produce. Something stops. Our mood is not receptive. We cannot think of profit and beauty at the same time.

"When I told one of our manufacturers I wanted a silk printed like a newspaper, he laughed. But he was a good enough sport to make it for me, thinking no doubt that I had gone completely crazy. It was a gamble for both of us, but we dared and the result was all right.



"Because Paris is temporarily out of the fashion picture is, of course, no reason we should 'liquidate' beauty and elegance from our lives. Many of the couture houses are open. We have grave responsibilities to face. Our employees cannot be turned out after years of faithful service. We must carry on if we can.

"Look at my friend Edward Molyneux. In London, with bombs falling twenty-four hours of the day, he has produced a collection. (I hear the models just received in New York are superb—the best he's ever done.) Molyneux belongs to Paris. His house in the Rue Royale is open, just as my house is open in the Place Vendome. We cannot give up. We must not lose faith in Paris—in the couture.

"War must be endured, but human nature does not change. Women—on both sides of the Atlantic – will always want lovely clothes. And men will always want to admire women who wear them. No, the Fates will not be so unkind as to stop the weaving of silken gowns!"

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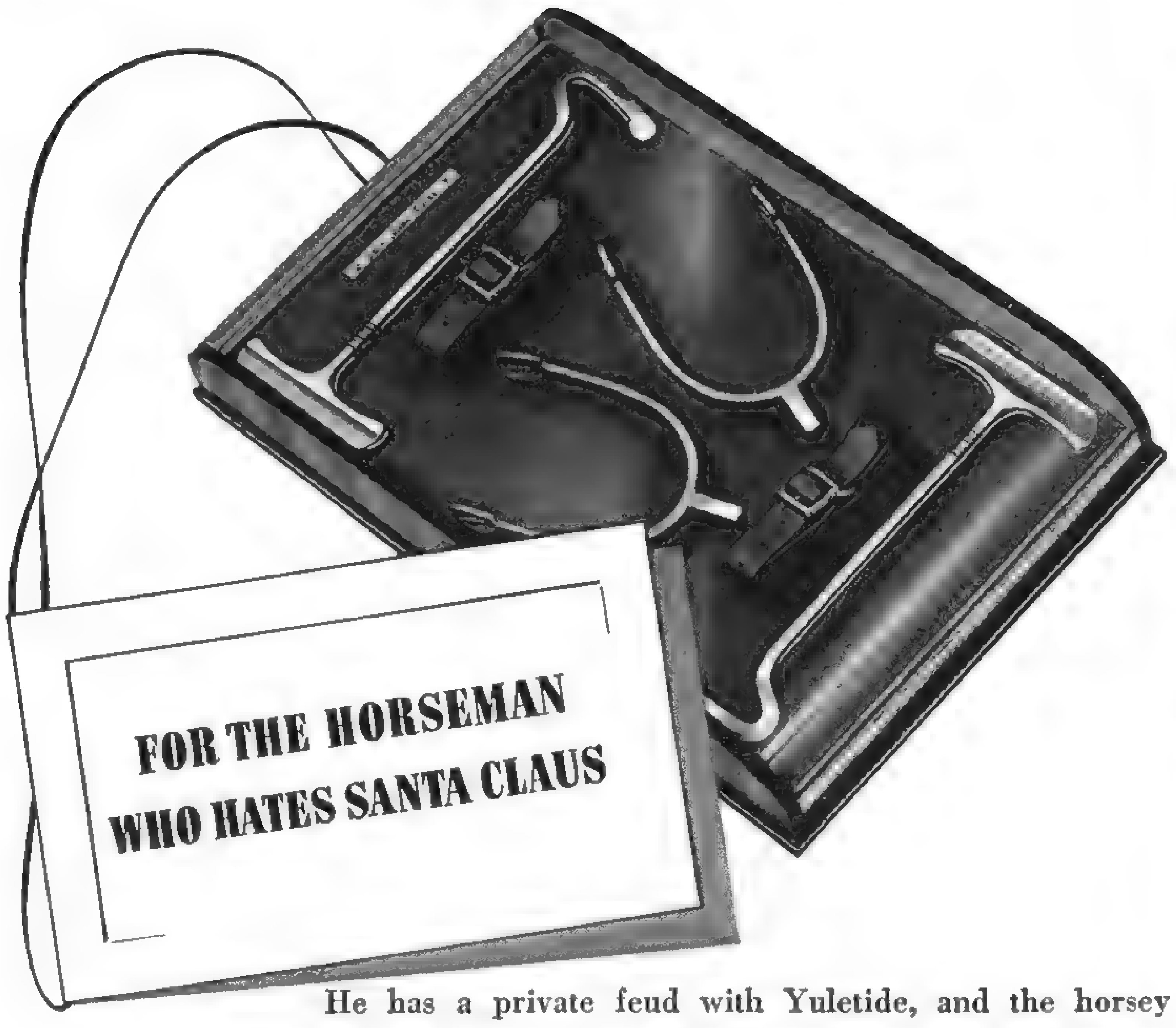

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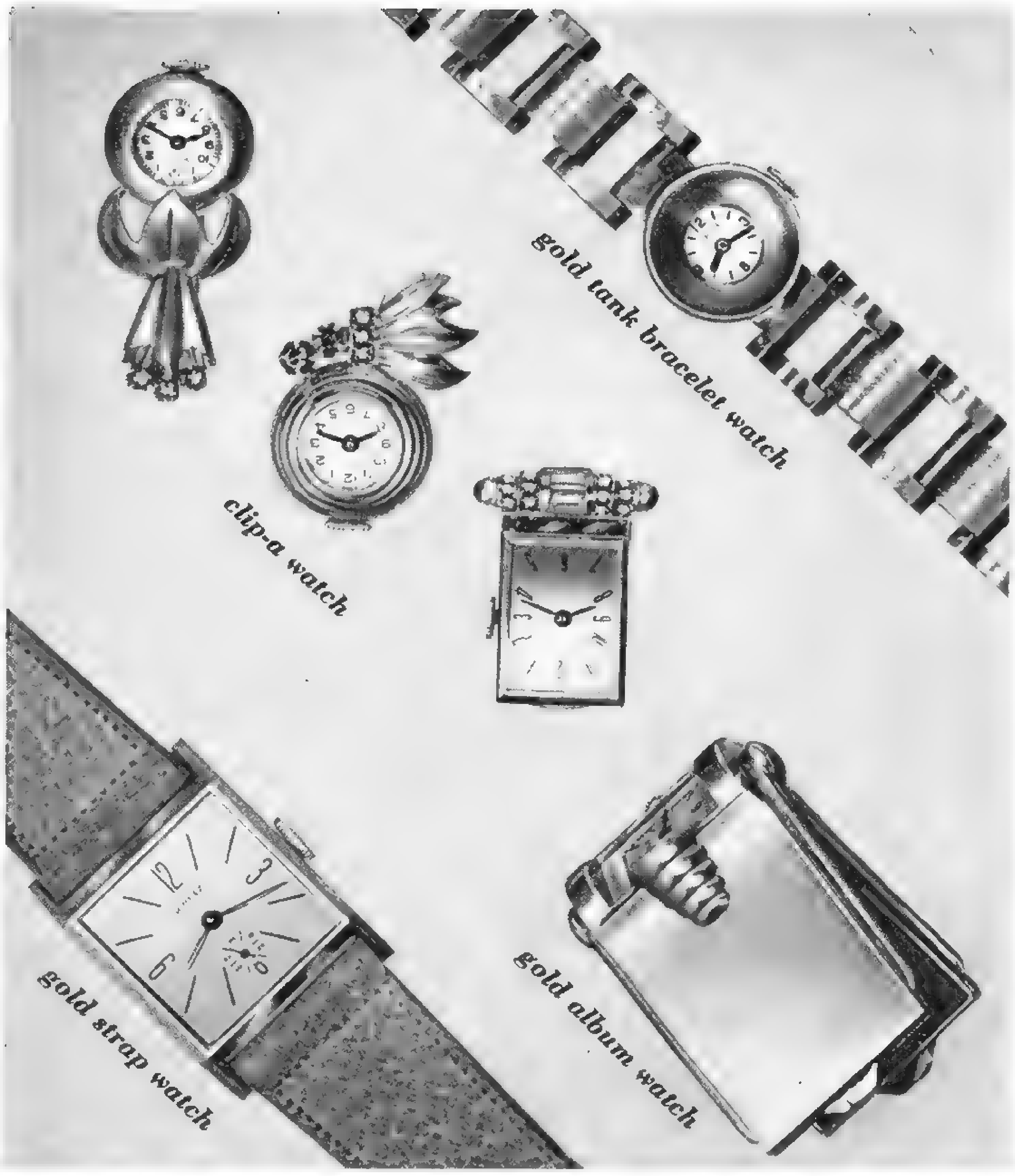

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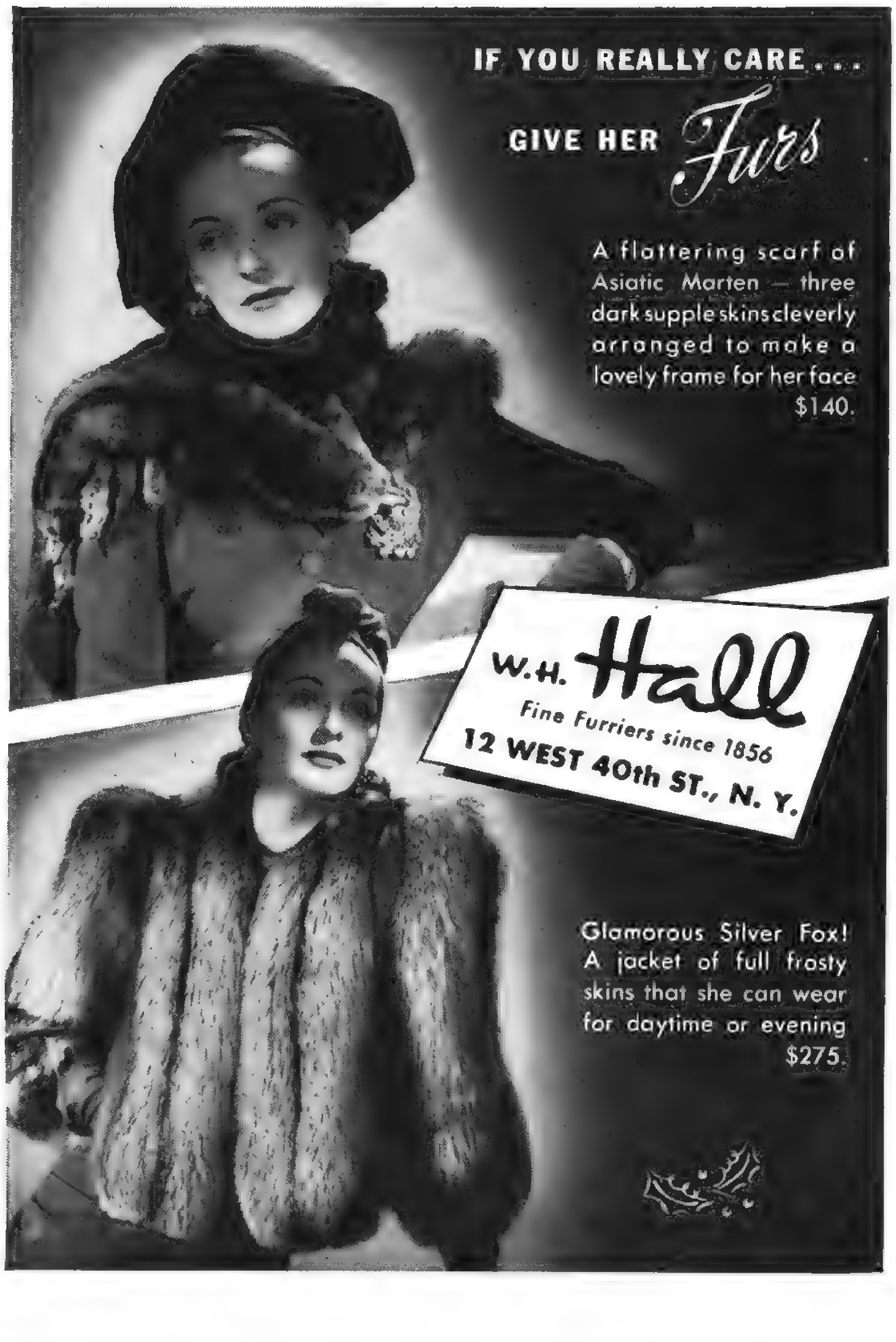

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# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

### MR. SCHWARTZ AND SONGS THAT SELL

Everyone has a song in his heart, but only a handful of people can express music on paper. One of the youngest and foremost tune writers in America today is Arthur Schwartz, who has certainly found no trouble in transmitting his music to the voices of millions of individuals throughout the country. Schwartz has hundreds of popular songs to his credit. For more than ten years, people all over America have hummed, whistled, or sung his melodies, including his "Louisiana Hayride," "Dancing in the Dark," and "Give Me Something to Remember You By."

In the lives of thwarted souls who want to pour their hearts into a song, Schwartz' new book, "How to Write a Popular Song," should be a welcome arrival. Mr. Schwartz says that one does not have to be a musician to write music. The composer himself started a career in law before he became one of the country's most distinguished song writers. However, as a boy of six, Schwartz remembers, he spent many idle hours running his fingers over the keyboard of the piano at home, making up little ditties as he went along.

One of the first songs Schwartz sold was somewhat phenomenally entitled "Baltimore, M.D., That's the Only Doctor for Me." It netted him exactly $8.43 royalty—enough for a good time, for that was in 1923, when he was a law student at Columbia University. The composer, by the way, holds a bachelor's degree from New York University, received the degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Jurisprudence from Columbia, and is a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

As early as 1926, however, the young composer was acclaimed for his splendid music in "Grand Street Follies." After only four years of law practice, he decided to make music his career. His first great success came with "The Little Show." Since then he has been turning out tunes that people on three continents have sung. In 1931, he had Americans singing the catchy melodies from "The Bandwagon;" the following year everyone was whistling "I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plans."

Writing music, for Arthur Schwartz, is no real task. He has a sane and deliberate approach to his work. Mr. Schwartz studies the show for which he is to write songs, and then, with a clear concept of the script and story, he retires to his study. There, with no apparent effort on his part, the music is "made to order." If there is a star in the show (he has worked with Libby Holman, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Jimmy Durante, Lily Pons, and Lawrence Tibbett), he composes his music for the star performer. If there is a specific situation or scene, he will create music for that. For instance, when "The Bandwagon" went into rehearsal, he was asked to write a slow, even-rhythmed, yet imaginative tune. The result was "Dancing in the Dark."

He has collaborated with Howard Dietz and Oscar Hammerstein II in bringing us some of his finest works. His music has been heard in such Broadway hits as "Three's a Crowd," "Between the Devil," "At Home Abroad," "Flying Colors," and "The Show Is On." Any number of his tunes have been heard in motion pictures and on the radio.

When Schwartz is not writing songs, he is busy taking pictures. He is considered an expert photographer, and not long ago had several of his photographs used as illustrations in a book on the subject.

There's little time, however, for Schwartz to spend on his hobby now. He's working on a set of songs for a new Broadway musical, "The Glamour Boy," scheduled to open soon, and which will probably star Jack Haley. It's a full season ahead for this youthful master of melody.

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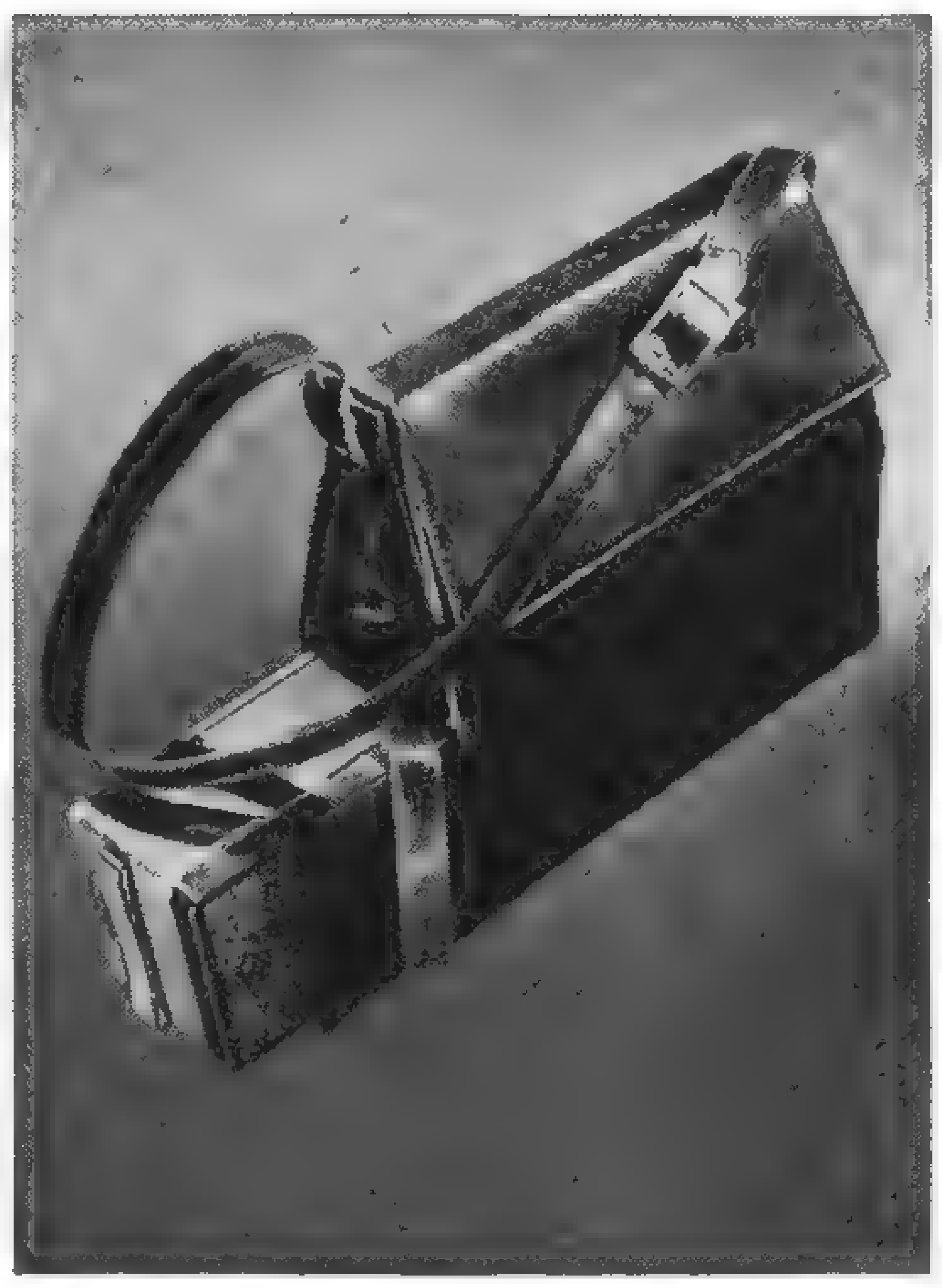

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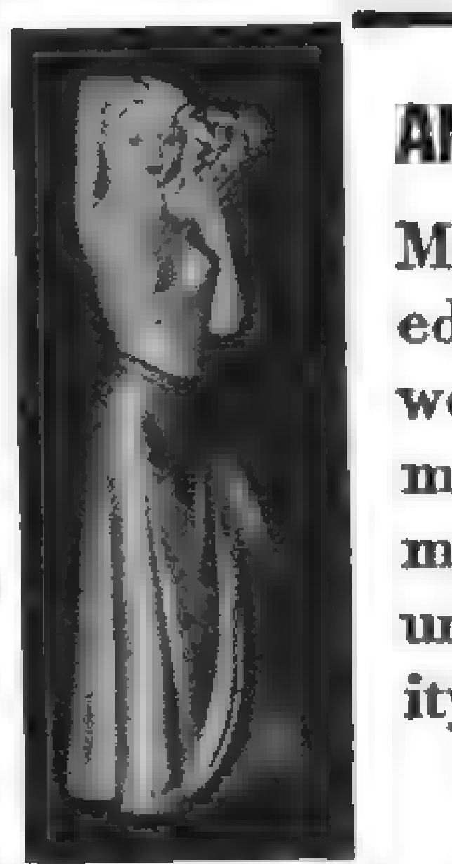

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# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

## NEW PICK-UP OLD SONGS

In a tiny, crowded room at the Library of Congress a short while ago, a demonstration was made of a newly invented phonograph pick-up, created by Philco Corporation engineers and designed with the same basic engineering principles as applied in its recently announced photo-electric radio phonograph.

By its use, the mute days of thousands of old Edison-type wax cylinder recordings, of from twenty to forty years of age, should soon be over. Voices long silenced, and folk songs and chanteys unknown to living persons, will once again be heard by music and research students.

This new invention, in the words of Percy Grainger, renowned pianist and composer, "is the most important thing that has happened in the folk song collecting field since the application of the phonograph and gramophone to field collecting."

To the layman, the new device, which permits the transcription of words and music from old wax-type cylinders onto flat disk type records, will mean the opportunity to hear the voices of orators, politicians, musical artists, and others of past decades.

In addition, the new invention promises to aid in the creation of new American music and the restoration to use of thousands of unheard Indian calls and songs, as well as folk songs and chanteys of American and foreign origin.

The problem facing the Library of Congress was the development of a pick-up device to transcribe a collection of valuable cylinder-type records, numbering about five hundred. Two months of labor on the part of E. O. Thompson, Philco engineer, resulted in the creation of the first pick-up, which, under extensive testing, seems entirely satisfactory.

Basic reason for the success of this machine is the very slight five-gram downward pressure of the sapphire stylus in comparison to the approximate twenty-five-gram pressure on the original reproducer stylus. This feature, and the minute round sapphire used in contrast to the old-style pointed needle, prevents gouging out and destroying the delicate impressions on the fragile wax.

The first extensive transcription job was conducted a few weeks ago when Percy Grainger transcribed more than three hundred cylinders, recorded in many parts of the world more than thirty years ago. Unplayed all these years, the new recordings of Mr. Grainger's original cylinders revealed details of pitch he had not realized were present.

It's expected that composers and lyricists will edit many of the transcriptions of these old musical renditions and create new American music based upon long-forgotten melodies.

## TIPS

One of New York's most unusual personalities is Renée Carroll, whose main function has been, until now, accepting hats (and tips) at Sardi's Restaurant, on West 44th Street. Sardi's is to the theatre what the Colony is to society, and Bleeck's to journalism.

Miss Carroll, red-headed and impetuous, has become the confidante of New York's theatre world. Impresarios confide their plans to her, actors tell her their hopes, and they all give her their hats.

She has now been appointed to the unique post of "liaison officer" of Stage Magazine, which is being revived in New York by a duet consisting of two Alexanders, Ince and King, both with memories of Budapest and Vienna, but higher hopes of New York. It's Miss Carroll's job to act as sort of a super-Winchell, keeping her magazine in touch with the goings-on of the theatre world, and to whisper to either Alex intimations of "what's new along Shubert Alley." Are Dick Whorf or Alfred Lunt spending their spare time drawing caricatures? Miss Carroll finds out, tells her boss, and the magazine gets the drawings. Is a certain producer the author of a certain, almost unquotable *bon mot?* Miss C. finds out, and her magazine reduces the wisecrack to printable dimensions.

Miss Carroll generally is, as the phrase goes, "lousy with aplomb," but that aplomb was broken the other day when Alexander King, managing editor of Stage, and his star contributing editor, William Saroyan, approached her cubicle. Hatless, they divested themselves of the ties they wore, solemnly checked these oriflammes, and grabbed Miss Carroll's hat, which they brought to their table. Miss Carroll, completely broken, forgot to tip them.

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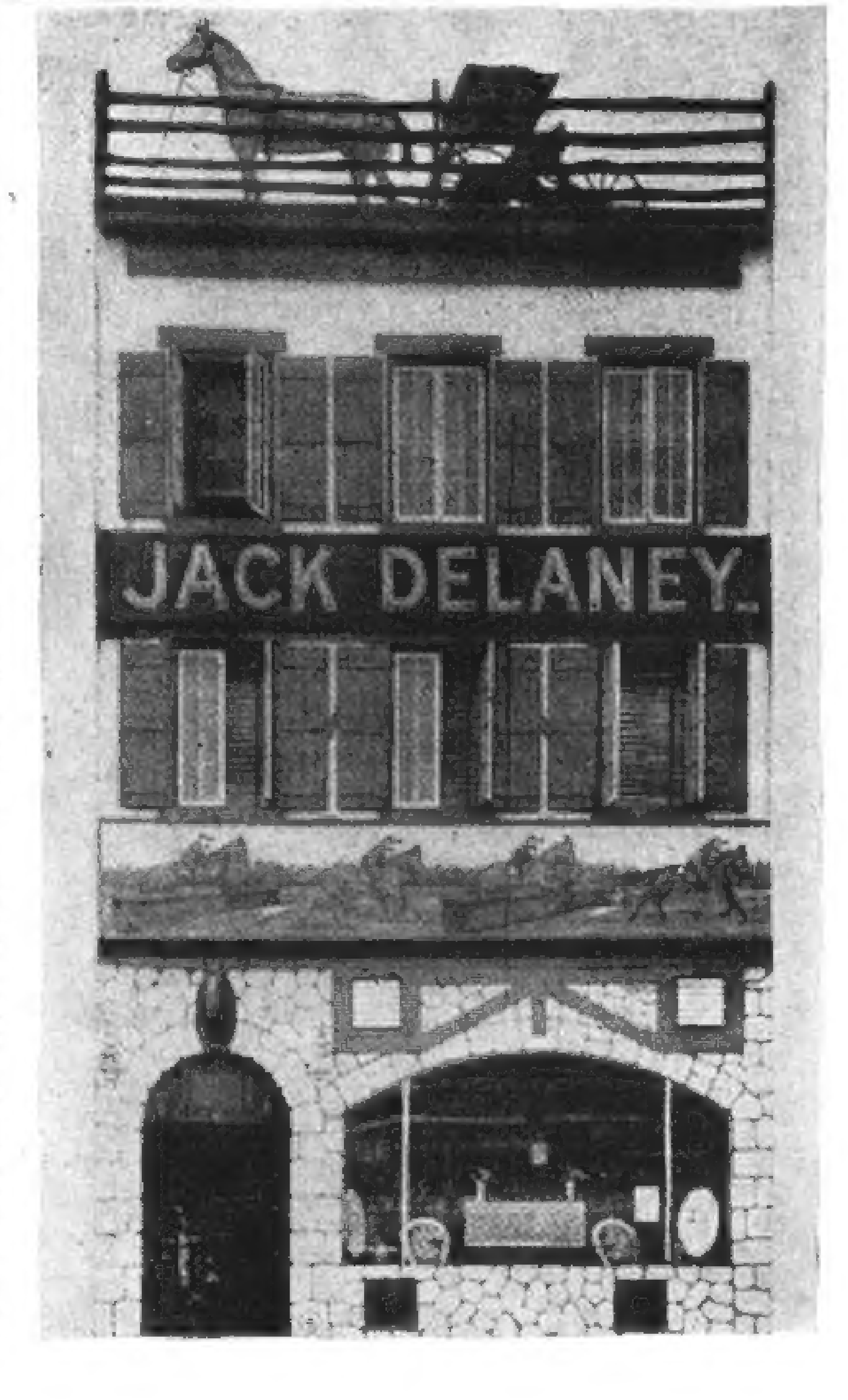

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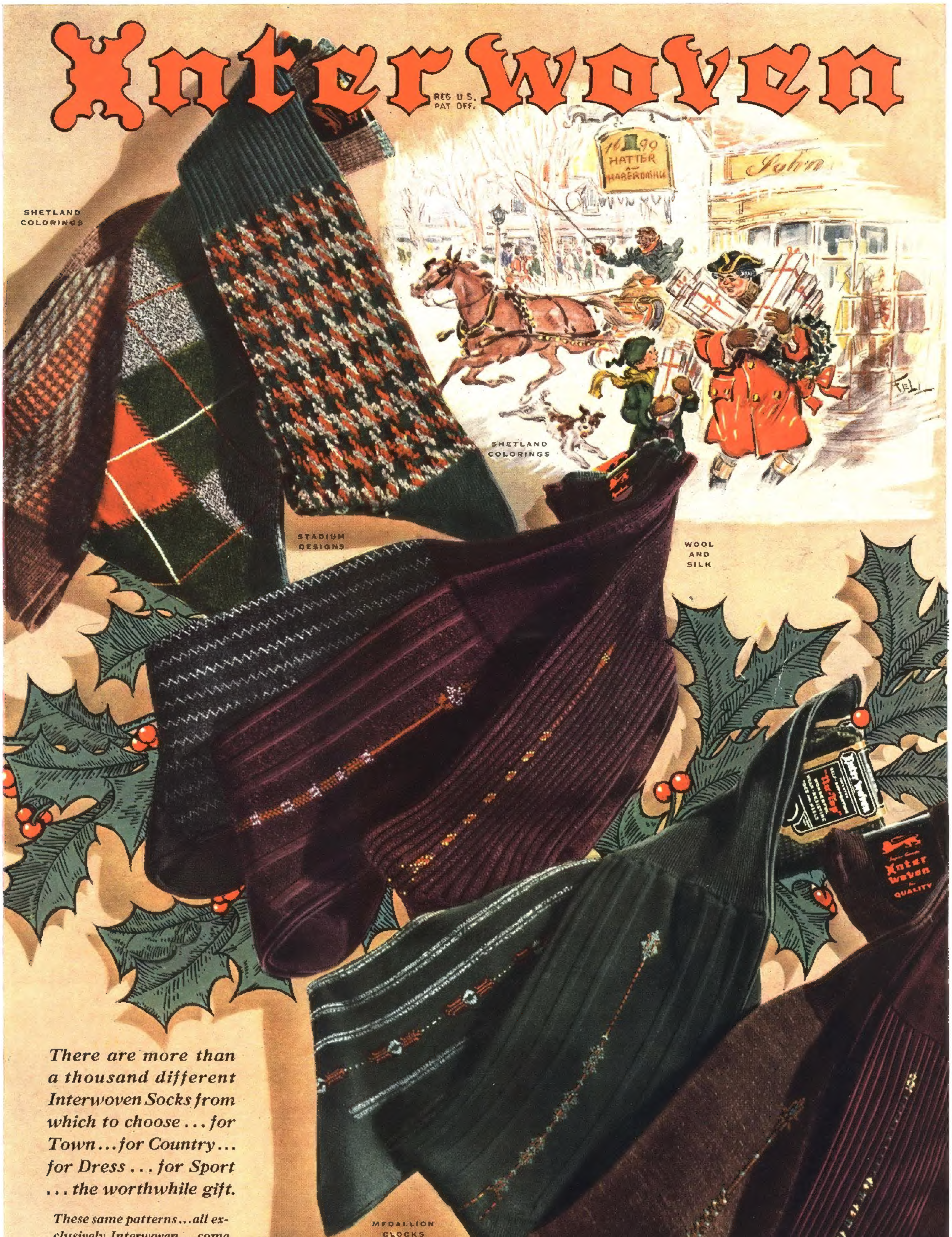
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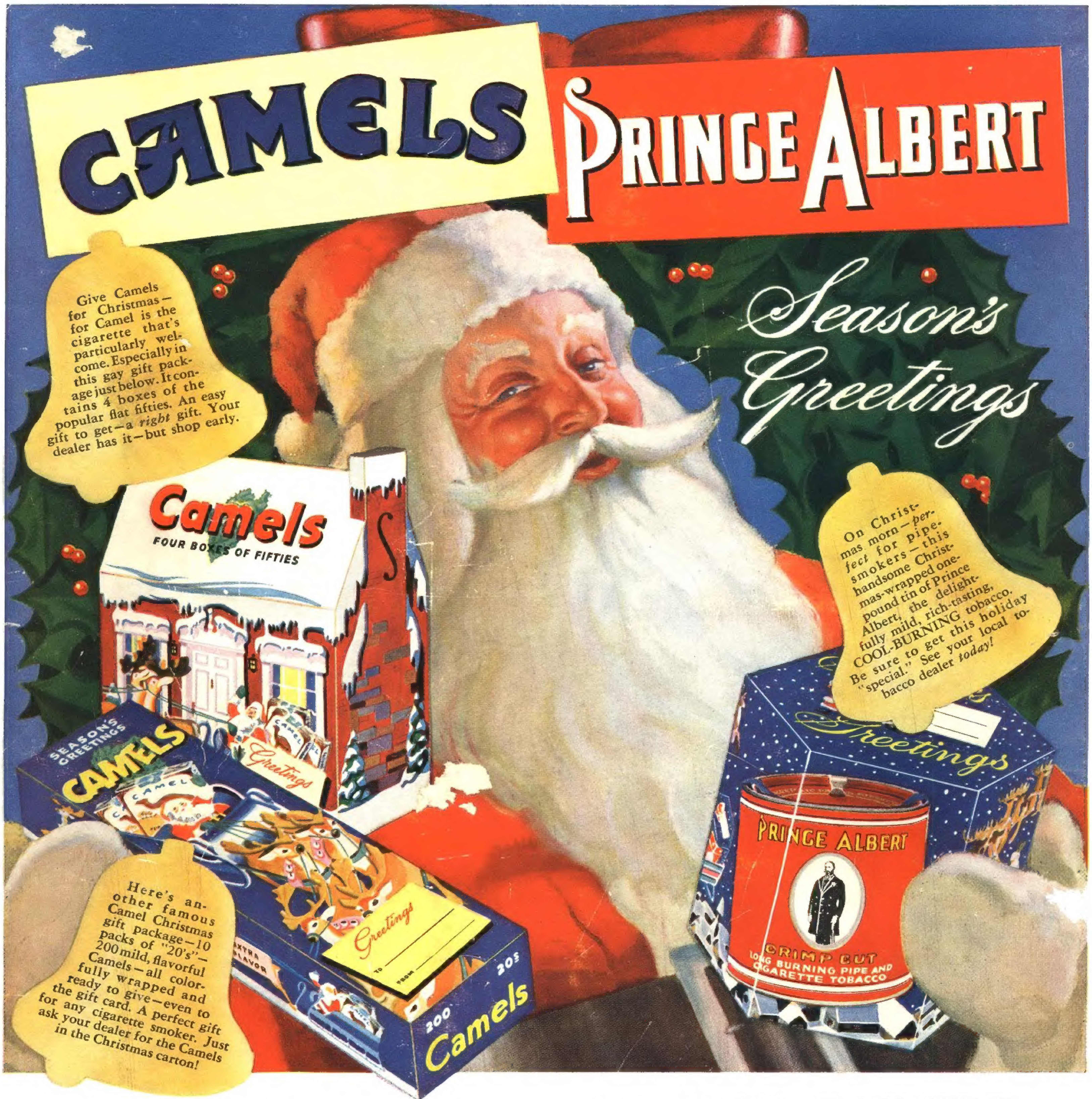
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